

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



SAVED THROUGH THE SNOW PRAYER.

RONALD was one of the cheeriest boys I ever met. To see him dressed in his naval uniform, like the admiral of the fleet, learning his sister Gracie to skate on the pond, was a sight to fire the ambition of any artist, and a subject fit for the canvas of a Royal Academy picture.

On getting better acquainted with Ronald, and inquiring about his conversion, a simple and stirring incident was related. Along with two of his companions he was in the habit of attending Gospel services in a place not far from his father's house. Little by little the three boys got interested in the glad and glorious Gospel. Nay, more, they got anxious about being saved and knowing their sins forgiven. One night they waited for the after-meeting.

"Well, boys, are you saved?" kindly inquired the servant of God. "No, sir, we are not, but we would like to be." As the hour was late, and the boys had to be home at a certain time, the preacher thought a moment, then said, "Well, boys, go home and turn up the snow prayer in Psalm 51. 7. Read it, kneel down and pray it honestly, then come and let me hear how you fare."

The next night they were all at the meeting in good time. As the preacher spoke of the love of God in giving "His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," he noticed the deepening interest on each face. Going up to them at the close of the address, he said, "Well, boys, are you saved yet?" At once they replied cheerfully, "Yes, sir." "How did it happen?" Ronald first, then the others in turn, told how they had done as suggested—turned to the Bible, read the snow prayer, and on bended knee cried, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." At the same time they looked to

the Lord Jesus Christ as the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1. 29), and found the promise of God to be true, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa. 45. 22). Looking unto Jesus, they lived.

Did conversion make them miserable and unable to play or enjoy the fun in the snow? Nay, it made them enjoy it better.

Did they die soon after, for don't all good children die young? On the contrary, they can each still say:

"Years have passed away
Since I began to pray,
And I love the Lord to-day,
Bless His Name!"

Whether your name be Ronald or Rachel, George or Gracie, or anything else, let me ask, Have you prayed the snow prayer? Are you cleansed in the Blood of the Lamb? Do you know your sins forgiven? If not, get your Bible and turn up some of the precious promises of God, such as Isaiah 1. 18, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as *scarlet*, they shall be as white as SNOW; though they be *red* like crimson, they shall be as WOOL."

Then there is the Saviour's own invitation to *you*. Read it for yourself in Matthew 11. 28: "Come unto ME, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Accept His invitation, trust His precious blood, and you will be able truthfully and heartily to sing:

"How sweet! it is true that I am
made anew,
I'm washed in the blood that did
flow
So freely to cleanse away the dark
stains,
And to make our hearts 'WHITER
THAN SNOW.'"

More than that, when all the days on earth are past you will be amongst the white-robed throng in the Glory Land. Hyp.



HOW A BELFAST GIRL GOT THE BLESSING.

DEAR EDITOR,—I get the *Boys and Girls* every month, and enjoy the reading of it very much. I thought I should like to send you the story of my conversion, so that you could put it in some time. I pray that many may be saved through reading it. I wish you every success with your papers.

I should like to tell you how the Lord saved me when a little girl going to the Sunday school. The teacher often spoke to me about being saved, but somehow I could not understand it. I remember one evening she was speaking to me I told her that I *did* believe on Jesus. Then she said that I was saved. I said I could not say that. She said I was making "God a liar" (1 John 5. 10), for He said, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3. 36). That annoyed me very much.

A short time after this conversation with the teacher I was alone in the house and the thought came to me, "this would be a good opportunity for asking the Lord to save me." I prayed, and asked the Lord to reveal Jesus to me. I remembered the teacher said she was converted through Romans 10. 9. "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "I said, I do believe that Jesus died for me, and that God raised Him from the dead, so I must be saved; for the verse says, '*thou shalt be saved.*'" I got down on my knees and thanked the Lord for saving me. I said I am going to believe what God says, no matter how I feel.

But somehow I felt there was something wrong. I had a book called "The Traveller's Guide." I thought I would get it and see if there was anything in it that would help me. The first place that I

read was what a Japanese Christian convert said: "Believing that Jesus died would save nobody; it is simply a matter of history." Believing that Jesus died *for me*—will save anybody—this is an act of faith. There and then I saw for the first time that it was taking Jesus for *my own* personal Saviour. Believing that He suffered for my sins on the Cross that would give me everlasting life, and at that

moment I did rest my soul on His "finished" work (John 19. 30) and was saved. I can say, like Paul, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20). M.P.

Like Minnie, take God at His word, "If thou shalt confess with *thy* mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved." He loved *you*, He died for *you*, He was raised for *you*, He lives to save *you*. Take it all to yourself. Make Him *your own* Saviour, and like her, you will have the assurance of Salvation. Put



MINNIE PATTERSON, BELFAST.

Him to the test even now. HYP.

Add to this testimony of one little known the witness of one well known—FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL—and see how they agree. Miss Havergal wrote: "If Jesus has paid *my* debt, and borne the punishment of *my* sins, I simply accept this, and believe Him, and it is all a true and real transaction. I did this—I believed it, and cast myself, utterly hopeless and helpless in myself at the feet of Jesus, took Him at His word, and accepted what He had done for me. *Result?*—Joy and peace in believing, and a happy, FULL trust in Him, which death cannot touch.

Now it is a reality of realities to me—it is so intertwined with my life, that I know nothing could separate me from His love.

I could not do without Jesus. I cannot and I do not live without Him. It is a *new* and different life."

LUBIN OF THE VALE.

POOR Lubin was an orphan boy;
He watch'd a rich man's sheep,
And oft by night was heard to sigh—

By day was seen to weep.
For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or rambling wether
But right or wrong, on
Lubin's head
The blame was ever laid.
Yet not a trustier lad was known
To climb the mountain's brow,
Nor could a kinder heart be
In all the vale below.

Yet hard unkindness made him weep,
Beneath a tyrant's sway;
But Lubin had a tender FRIEND,
Who wiped his tears away.
And oft I saw poor Lubin smile,
And raise his drooping
When speaking of the love of Him
Who for us sinners bled.

Once on a dreary winter day,
The hungry flock had stray'd
Across the heath—beneath
To seek the scanty blade.

When Lubin brought them home at night,
He missed a favourite lamb,
That seem'd to shun his eager search,
Nor heard its bleating dam.

With heavy heart he homeward
And told a tale so sad,
As almost touched his master's
With pity for the lad.
Poor Lubin own'd his sheep had stray'd—

Own'd he had let them go;
Yes, he had learn'd to pity them,
For he had hunger'd too.

And had he to their pinching wants
The neighbouring fields denied,
With cold and hunger overcome,
They must have droop'd and died.

'Away!' the unfeeling master said,
And turn'd him from his door,
Which, till he find the favourite lamb,
Must ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
The winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
Fast came the chilling snow.



Yet Lubin left his master's house,
And took his wand'ring way,
By man cast out, but follow'd still
By his good faithful Tray.

Thus 'midst the horrors of the night,
They enter'd on the heath,
The heavy clouds were dark above,
The ground was white beneath.

No little cheering star was there,
To shine with twinkling ray;
No sound, but of the howling winds,
No track to guide his way.

While life was fleeting fast away,
And death came on apace,
The sunbeam of the morning rose,
And shone upon his face;
And show'd him—oh! heart-rending sight!

The cause of all his woe—
His little lambkin, cold and stiff,
Stretch'd on his bed of snow.

The mist of death insensibly
Stole o'er his closing eyes,
'Poor lamb,' he said, 'where thou hast died,
Thy careless shepherd dies!'

Duty led one that very morn
To cross the dreary heath,
And there his last expiring prayer
He heard poor Lubin
'I go to serve the King of kings—

To join the songs of praise,
That round Jehovah's glorious throne
His ransomed thousands

'Nothing have I, O God to plead;

My faith is in THY SON;
His blood hath full atonement made—

The work of grace is done.'

So pray'd the youth, and gently sank
Beneath the hand of 'Jesus, my Lord, my life, my ALL,

Poured forth his parting
Sad, sad indeed the piteous fate

Of Lubin of the vale!
Yet one and all must not forget

A sweeter, sadder tale.

The Shepherd who forsook a throne—

Whom tenderest pity drew,
To seek such straying sheep as I,
Such wand'ring lambs as you.

Oh! what a bleak and stormy waste

The Saviour's feet have trod,
What hours of dreadful agony
Rolled o'er the Son of God!

But from the darkness of the
Ascending soon He rose, [grave
And high in heav'n He reigns enthroned,
And triumphs o'er His foes.

There rich in majesty Divine
He pleads, His suff'rings past,
And all who rest upon His blood,
Shall dwell with Him at last.

Then haste, and make the Lord your Friend,

And take Him for your Guide,
And never, never may our steps
Stray from that Shepherd's side!
D-T-R.

EDGAR AND THE GOLD WATCH.

MOTHER had left her watch upstairs one morning, so when Edgar wanted to know if it was time to start for school she could not tell him. She felt in her pocket, but the watch was not there. "Oh," she said, "I remember that I left it on the dressing-table upstairs." "Shall I fetch it for you, mother?" said Edgar. Now Edgar was not a careless boy, but mother's watch was a gold one, and she valued it very much. She was afraid to trust her little boy to carry it down the stairs. He might drop it and break it. "No, thank you, Edgar," said mother; "I will go for the watch myself."

The Lord Jesus has a great treasure in this world. All those who trust in Him, whether they are boys and girls or grown-up people, are His jewels. All of them together are like a very precious pearl—

"a pearl of great price," in His sight. He is not going to leave His "pearl" in the world for ever. He wants His loved ones to be with Himself in His bright home in glory. How will He get them there? Will He send an angel for them? No. He loves them so dearly that He will not let an angel bring them to heaven. He is coming for them Himself!

There is a verse in John that tells us this. Will you find it in your own Bible? "I will come again and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Just as Edgar's mother would go for the watch herself, because she valued it so much, so the Lord Jesus will come Himself to take us to be with Him. All who belong to Him will be caught up to meet Him. What a glad moment that will be for all who are *ready*. I am ready. Are you? H. P. B.



ARTISTIC AND EVANGELISTIC STUDIES.

ART SERIES OF PAINTINGS for busy fingers, No. 1. Monthly awards for (1) *Painting the Picture*, with crayons, paints, or other ways as you think best; (2) *Describing the Picture* in your own words, not exceeding a hundred words; (3) *Writing out Portions* of the Bible which describe the picture. Not less than three and not more than twelve texts from any part or parts of the Word of God.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy Searchers, No. 237.

A prophet who oft wept the bitter tear, [fear;
And one who made Baal's prophets quake with
The strongest man, I'm sure you know his name;
What self-willed king a leper sad became?
A prophet who made Saul feel guilt and shame,
In the Old Testament you'll find this same.

Initials spell the sweetest name
That ever human tongue could frame;
Tell me the name, and tell me, too,
If this sweet name is loved by you? E. J. M.

Answer to 236.—Elijah, Pharaoh, Haggai,
Ruth, Anna, Isaiah, Mizpah—EPHRAIM.

EASY EPIGRAMS for little folks, No. 49.

A SEARCHING IN 1 KINGS.

There was a *man* who feared God much,
None in the house *he* served more such.
His mistress with a rage was filled,
And many prophets' blood she spilled.
This *man* with sympathy was moved,
And valiant for the right was proved.
He carefully thought out a plan
By which *he* saved an hundred men.
With bread and water *he* them fed,
For in *his* heart God's fear was shed.
Thus side by side there's praise and blame,
Please try and find the *servant's* name. Js. Fs.
Commence at once to find the answer.

Answer to 48.—Sea of Tiberias, or Sea of
Galilee (John 6. 1). "Search the Scriptures."



THE RIGHT WAY FOR 1914.

THE Centre Picture, which depicts our new annual volume, not only indicates the class of matter inserted for 1913 but clearly states the course we purpose continuing during 1914. We are pleased to find interest in *Boys and Girls* unabated, and count upon a rising scale in the circulation in this, as in former years. Kindly make known.

"The Right Way" contains 100 Pages, 100 Pictures, 100 Precious Portions, 7 Nutshell Wonders, 12 Eyegate Lessons, Searchings, Paintings, &c., beautifully bound in bevelled boards, gilt stamp, 1/6, post free. Nothing finer for Rewards, Libraries, Home use, little friends at a distance, or making the message clear and plain to anyone. Five volumes, all different, for 5/, post free.

Art Paintings. A new series of Bible pictures by the famous artist, SCHNOR, have been specially prepared for our pages. They are in outline, true to Bible days, really artistic, and should fill many hands with work, many minds with study, and many hearts with the knowledge of Salvation. **Three awards** will be made monthly, as stated on opposite page. Post by 31st January, to HY. PICKERING, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow. Put name, address, and age on each paper sent in. No limit in any way.

Acrostics and Epigrams as on opposite page. Send answers to Editor by 31st January, and awards will be made in March number. *Simple Searchings* and *London Lessons* are held over this month in view of the 50 Prizes as below.

For Very Little Folks.—Writing out twelve nice texts with the word "COME" in each. Give chapter and verse for each. Any age under 10. Prize 46, little boys; 47, little girls.

The New Scheme of Lessons takes up the subject of *THE JOURNEY HOME*. It is got up in neat folding form at 1/6 per 100, post free. Specimens free to any teacher.

1914.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Jan. 4,	The Start on the Way, Exod. 15. 22-27,	Phil. 4. 19
" 11,	Food for the Journey, - Exod. 16. 1-15,	John 6. 51
" 18,	Water on the Journey, - Exod. 17. 1-15,	John 7. 37
" 25,	God's Appointed Lamb, - John 1. 19-34,	John 1. 29
Feb. 1,	The Burning Mount, - Exod. 19. 1-16,	Gal. 3. 10
" 8,	The Two Broken Tables, Exod. 32. 15-28,	James 2. 10
" 15,	Tabernacle in the Wilderness, Exod. 40. 1-16,	Exod. 25. 8
" 22,	The Rejected Stone, - Matt. 21. 33-45	Psa. 40. 2

50 Prizes for All in connection with *Boys and Girls* and *Boys and Girls Almanac* and "Scripture-Searching Textbook" (6d. per doz., 3/6 per 100, post free). Prizes 1 to 25, and 40 to 42, for filling in Daily Texts in Almanac. 26, for Short Essay or description of the SAVIOUR'S OWN PICTURE (as in Almanac) with references to Scripture, in your own language, or in Bible words. Making Outline Tracing or Copy of Moses

and the Serpent (as in Almanac), any size, any colours.—27 and 28, boys or girls, according to age. Painting the Picture, as given opposite, in ink, crayons, or paint.—29, under 10 years; 30, under 12 years; 31 under 14 years. Short Biography of DAVID LIVINGSTONE. Not more than 100 words.—32, by boys; 33, by girls. TEXT MAKING.—May be any substance, size, shape, and painted or worked, but the words must be, "Look unto Me, and be ye saved" (Isa....); 34, little boys, 35, little girls; 36, older boys; 37, older girls, according to age. For best brief report of Blackboard Address, Object Lesson, or any address, talk, or lesson which specially interested you.—38, according to age, merit, &c. SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC, or Simple Searching.—Prize 39.

For Teachers.—Prize 43, for male; 44, for female teacher. Best Eyegate Lesson for infant class, or whole school, suitable for *The Pathway*.

For Anyone.—45, Paper on "The Value of Child Life in the Present Age." Long or short. For Answer to **Original Acrostic** in Almanac. Prizes 49 and 50, according to age and merit.

Rules.—All papers must (1) be sent in from Britain by February 2, and from abroad by April 1, 1914. (2) Bear the name, address, and age of sender. (3) Be addressed to Hy. Pickering, Editor of *Boys and Girls*, Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

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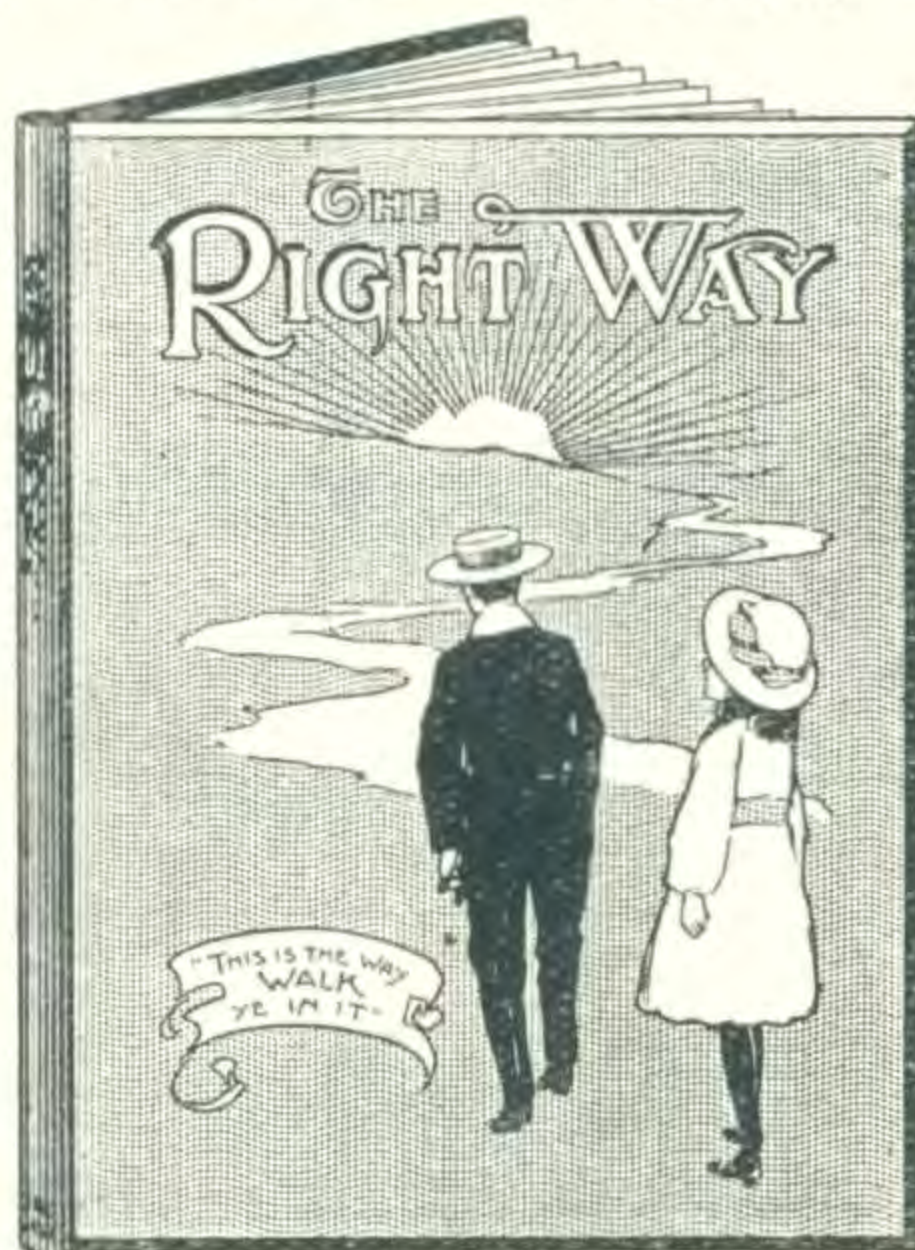
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THE BEST INVITATION EVER GIVEN.

BLACKBOARD ready? I am going to give a lesson to-night simple enough for the youngest, deep enough for the oldest, and certainly meant for ALL. It is "the best invitation ever given!" It was given by the Saviour "in the days of His flesh." It holds good to-day. Who can guess it? "COME UNTO ME." A boy might read Matthew 11. 28. Now a girl. How many can repeat it? Many hands up. Altogether. What a grand sound. Eyes front whilst I point out the four I's of this Invitation. (1) It is

INVITING.

"COME." Many have the idea that the Gospel demands something from us. I used to think God was a hard master, delighting to punish sin and condemn sinners. Now I know there is no more inviting message than the Gospel, and no more gracious invitation than God's invitation to *you*. "COME THOU" (Gen. 7. 1) was His message to Noah thousands of years ago. "COME NOW" (Isa. 45. 22) was His message to sinful Israel. "COME—THOU—Now" has been His message to sinful men all through the ages. Only when they refuse His "Come" does the King at last say "Depart" (Matt. 25. 41.) You may never be invited by Britain's King, America's President, the Lord Mayor, Provost, or other great personage, but you are heartily invited by the best of all Persons, the Lord Jesus Christ, the King of kings, who says to you now, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." (2) Then it is

INDIVIDUAL,

"UNTO ME." Who could give such an invitation but the Lord Jesus Christ? He is the *Creator* of the world; "All things were created by Him and for Him" (Col. 1. 16). He is the *Upholder* of the world; "By Him all things consist" (Col. 1. 17). He is the future *Ruler* "Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things" (Heb. 1. 2). Best of all, He is the *Redeemer*, "in Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins" (Col. 1. 14). Truly He is empowered to invite the "weary and heavy laden" to pillow their aching heads on His Almighty bosom.

Notice well the invitation is "Come unto ME." Many make the mistake of coming only to a church, a creed, an ordinance, a preacher, a form, and such-like—all of which may be right in their own place, but none of which, or all combined, are of any value in obtaining eternal salvation. "Neither is there salvation in any other, for there

is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). See to it that you do not come short of coming to a Person, and that Person "the Lord Jesus Christ." (Acts 16. 31). (3) Again I write a word

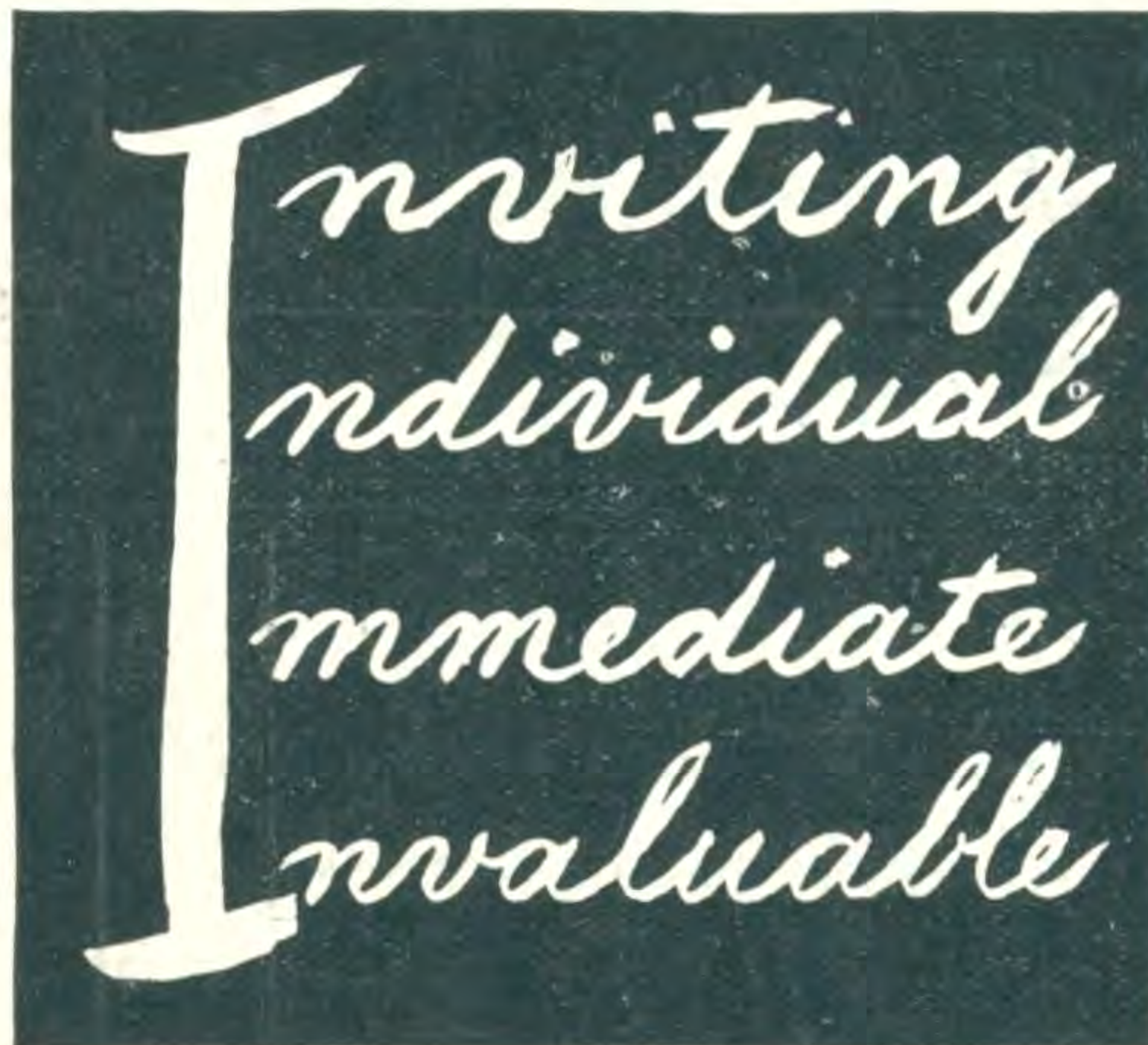
IMMEDIATE.

"I WILL GIVE." It is not I will *sell* you rest, I will *grant* you rest as a reward, I will *dole out* rest as a charity, but "I WILL GIVE YOU REST." How long did it take you to *accept* your New Year's gift? Just a moment. How long any gift? Just a moment. So with the greatest of all gifts, "rest," "Everlasting Life"—it is the gift of a moment. He gives, I take, and Salvation is mine for ever. How simple. How free. Yet think not that it is little worth. The eternal God emptied the Glory throne of "His dear Son;" the Son of God passed through the untold agony and woe of Calvary, in order that the sinful sons of men might have "the gift of God, eternal life" (Rom. 6. 23), without money and without price. Have you ever in

your heart of hearts said, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift?" (2 Cor. 9. 15). (4) It is

INVALUABLE.

"I WILL GIVE REST." Rest from *sin*, that gnawing, aching worm that even disturbs the bosom now. Come unto ME, and find the burden of sin removed. Rest from *sorrow*. Not that the Christian is without sorrow. He has his aches and pains, his trials and temptations as others, but he is "as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing" (2 Cor. 6. 10). Rest from the *fear of death*. Who does not fear death—the king of terrors and the terror of kings? Myriads have passed through "the valley of the shadow of death" saying, "I will fear no evil" (Psa. 23. 4). Rest from the *Judgment Day*, when for "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment" (Matt. 12. 36). Rest from the *Lake of Fire*, where "they have no rest day nor night" (Rev. 14. 11). Then rest in the precious blood and finished work of the Son of God, and thy portion shall be "rest, sweet rest," now and for evermore. REMEMBER there are only two ways of treating an invitation. You CAN ACCEPT, or YOU CAN REJECT. As an Ambassador (2 Cor. 5. 20) for the Lord Jesus Christ, I ask thee, Which wilt thou do at this moment with the best invitation ever given? HYP.



Annual Volume, THE RIGHT WAY. Now Ready (1/6 Post Free).

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"PERHAPS TO-DAY."

A GENTLEMAN whom I know has a strange thing hanging on his dining-room wall. It is not a picture, it is not a text, it is not a calendar. What do you think it can be?

It is a large card with a nice frame to it. On the card these two words are printed:

"Perhaps To-day."

Why does the gentleman have these two words hung up on the wall of his dining-room? What do they mean?

I will tell you. That gentleman loves the Lord Jesus Christ, and he has read in his Bible that one day He will come again. It may be any day. The gentleman will not be a bit afraid when Jesus comes. He knows that all his sins are washed away by His precious blood, and he longs to see the face of the Saviour who has done so much for him. So he put the card with the two words on his dining-room wall. When he comes down to breakfast each morning he sees "PERHAPS TO-DAY" in front of him. He remembers that Jesus has promised to come again, and that perhaps He may come before another day is passed, with all its cares. We do not know when the Lord will come. Perhaps it will be *to-day*. Shall you be glad when He comes? Or are you still unsaved, and not ready to meet Him?

Perhaps loved ones are ready. Are you?

A dear old servant of God, now in heaven, used to say whenever he went to bed at night, "Perhaps He will come before the morning." In the morning, when he got up to dress, he used to say, "Perhaps He will come before the even-

ing." He was looking out for the Saviour. Are you?

A little girl, eleven years of age, said to her mother: "Mother, as I came up the lane just now, I saw the clouds moving very swiftly along the sky. So I stood still and looked up, for I thought that if the Lord Jesus were coming, how I should like to be the very first to see Him!"

Perhaps you can't understand this at all. It would frighten you, instead of making you happy, if you thought that the Lord would come to-day. Ah! you need to know Him as your own Saviour, and to be washed from your sins in His precious blood, before you can look forward with joy to His coming again.

Will you learn a verse from the Bible about Jesus coming again? Here it is: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." Look for it in your Bible. It is in the Acts of the Apostles. And see if you can sing this verse of a hymn:

"Jesus is coming! sing the glad word!
Coming for those He re-
deemed by His blood;
Coming to reign as the glori-
fied Lord,
Jesus is coming again!"

If you are not ready, even now "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" as your own personal Saviour, and you will know the joy of sins forgiven, become a child of God, and have implanted in your heart a desire to cry "Come quickly, Lord Jesus."

H. P. B.



READING THE SCRIPTURES.

Written for *Boys and Girls* by the author of
"There's a Friend for little children."

Whene'er I read God's Holy Word,
Almost in every page,
I find the "Coming of the Lord"
My happy thoughts engage.
I once was sad whene'er I read,
Or thought upon that day,
For then that I believed in Christ
I could not really say.
I could not say that I should share
In that bright glory then;
For sin unpardoned, well I knew,
Would surely me condemn.
But now I know the Saviour's mine,
I wish the day to come,
For I shall be with Jesus then,
In my eternal home.
He bore my sins upon the tree
And put them all away;
'Tis this which makes me glad whene'er
I think upon that day.
I wish that all we love were one
With us in precious faith—
Were saved above the fear and dread
Of judgment and of death—
Could grasp this promise to their hearts,
And, joy to think! a home
Above the clouds, where Jesus is,
And cry, "Come, Saviour, Come!"

ALBERT MIDLANE.

A YOUNG MAN'S CONVERSION.

I WAS brought up in a Christian home, and was often spoken to by my father about my soul. Alas, I was bent on having my own way, so I went in for all kinds of so-called pleasure. Immediately after I became a journeyman ship-joiner I went off to work in Harland and Wolf's ship-building yard in Belfast, Ireland. It was so arranged that I went to board with Christians. After being a year or so there I left my situation and went home to Glasgow. My mother's first words were, "Well, Willie, I hope you have come home to get saved."

On 21st January I attended the theatre, but left before the performance was over, as this failed to satisfy me, being troubled about my soul. I felt very miserable. Special meetings were being held in Parkholm Hall, Glasgow, and my mother asked me to go next evening. That night the preacher, John Ferguson, gave a very searching address. After the meeting was over, a friend spoke to me, and read various portions of God's Word. But although really troubled and anxious, I could not grasp God's way of salvation. While on the way home the thought came to me, "This might be my last chance, and if I die to-night I will be lost for ever. I said to myself, "If it is possible to be saved, I will be saved this very night."

Walking slowly along, the hymn came to me:

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou canst make me whole."

I stood still and repeated these

words, sent as a message from God to me, and then said, "Yes, I am a guilty, lost, helpless sinner, on my way to hell." But immediately I added, "Lord, Thou canst make me whole." Thus, while standing alone that dark winter night, 22nd January, 1902, in Shields Road, Glasgow, I received the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour, believing, as the Word says, "Christ died for the ungodly," therefore died for *me*.

I was so happy that I had to tell my fellow-work-

men what the Lord had done for me. Since then I have had the joy of telling out the grand old story of Jesus and His love in various parts of the world. I am indeed thankful to God for saving me, and I gladly pass on to others how God in mercy plucked me as a brand from the burning. Reader, is your soul saved? What God has done for me He wants to do for you. "Prepare to meet thy God." "Flee from the wrath to come." Jesus said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6.37). Come now. W. J. M.



W. J. MILLER, SAVED IN SHIELDS ROAD, GLASGOW.

"MOTHER!"—A RECITATION.

I'M mother's little darling,
She calls me this, you know;
Sometimes she calls me Lambie,
And says I'm white as snow.
She says my hair is golden,
And that my eyes are blue;
Because my mother says it,
I know that it is true.

I know she loves me dearly,
I am her constant care,
She presses soft, warm
kisses
On cheeks and brow and
hair;
She folds her arms around
me
When sitting on her knee,
And oft when I am naughty
Tears in her eyes I see.

When I am sick and ailing
She tends me night and
day,
She scarcely ever leaves
me,

No matter what folks say.
She comes to me so often,
And lays her soft, cool hand
Upon my burning forehead,
Ah! she can understand.

There's none on earth like mother;
It stills all my alarms
To feel tight clasped around me
Her tender, loving arms.
She gave me three nice dollies,
And I do love them so:
There's fair-haired Nance and Beauty,
And darling brown-eyed Flo.

I try to please my mother,
This pleases God, you see;
My parents I must honour
If long-lived I would be.
My darling mother tells me
Of Jesus and His love,
How on the Cross He suffered
That we might dwell above.

My mother always helps me
To learn some verses sweet
From my own little Bible
While sitting at her feet.
At evening hour and morning
She bids me kneel in prayer,
She tells me God will hear me,
For He is everywhere.

Oh, I am only dreaming
Of happy days that's gone,
My darling mother's sleeping
Beneath yon mossy stone.
No more she calls me darling,
My dolls are put away;
For me life's shadows lengthen,
My hair is turning gray.

I've missed her, oh, I've
missed her,
So much since she has
gone;
When evening comes I
often
Feel weary, sad, and lone.
But I shall meet her yonder,
In heavenly sunshine fair,
I know my darling mother
Is waiting for me there.

Oh, how I wish I'd loved her
Far more while she was
here;
Oh, that I ne'er had caused
her

One anxious care or tear.
Oh, that I had obeyed her
In every deed and word,
For mother always taught me
To live to please the Lord.

'Twas mother dear who taught me
That all are sinners here,
Quite helpless and unable
Their souls from guilt to clear.
She told me of the Saviour,
Whose Blood put sin away;
I trusted Him, He saved me,
And took my fears away.

How oft in early morning
She knelt in prayer for me,
Her earnest eyes turned upward,
While plainly I could see
Tears down her pale cheeks rolling
As for her child she pled;
God heard, for through all trials
I have been safely led.

I know He'll never leave me,
He'll lead me safe to heaven;
The Blood of Christ has cleansed me,
My sins are all forgiven.
What joy to meet my mother,
And all those gone before;
What joy to be with Jesus,
And praise Him evermore! E. J. M.



THE BOY WHO BROKE THE WINDOW.

SNOW in the streets for the city urchins to enjoy, snow in the lanes and fields for the country boys and girls to revel in their favourite winter pastime, snow everywhere, so it must appear here in the form of a snow-scene photograph and snowball story.

"Now, Reggie, you must not throw snowballs at people's houses, and mind what I say." Reggie said he would. A day or two after this he went out for a walk with his mother, and on the way home he said, "Please, mother, don't go up that way; we can go the other way." "But why, Reggie, don't you want to go home this way?" "Well, mother, I don't like; please do come the other way." On returning to the house, some one was there waiting to see Reggie's mother. "Please, ma'am," she said, "your little boy threw a snowball and broke our window, and I came to get paid for it." Poor Reggie might say he would not do it again. He might even cry with true sorrow for what he had done. But there was the woman,

and she waited to be paid for the broken window. Tears and repentance could not pay for a broken window. Reggie could not satisfy the woman's demands, for he had nothing to pay her with. So his mother, because she loved her boy, paid the debt for him.

Perhaps my young friends have not broken a window, but, far worse, you have all broken God's law—you have all sinned. Tears and prayers, and promises to do better, cannot make amends for your sin. Poor Reggie's tears and prayers could not mend or pay for the broken window, so some one else had to pay instead of him. Just so Jesus Christ, because He loved us, came to earth, and with His precious blood paid the debt of sin for us; and now, if we believe in Jesus, God will save us, and own us as His own dear children. So long as Reggie's debt was not paid, he was afraid to meet the woman.

Are you afraid to meet God? Then it is because your sins are not forgiven, because you haven't truly believed in Jesus. J. E. L.



Photo, Wallace, Sidmouth.

"THEIR FAVOURITE WINTER PASTIME."

HOW TO KEEP MIND AND HAND BUSY.

ART PAINTINGS for busy fingers No. 2. Awards—(1) for Painting Picture below in any colours; (2) Describing the Picture in a hundred words or less; (3) Writing from three to twelve Bible texts to explain the scene. The picture should be well covered with colours. As you paint, see if you have had a like experience to the boy. It was wonderful! He never forgot it!

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for steady searchers, No. 238

My first a name which Jesus had on earth,
My second was a son of promise given,
My third his wife became, as in her path the servant told
her of his master's wealth;
My fourth a people who, through famine, went to search for
food into a foreign land;
My fifth as mouthpiece for my last was sent to bring them
out again with mighty hand;
And then my whole a glory song did sing of triumph and of
praises unto Him. E. E. G.

Answer to No. 237.—Jeremiah, Elijah, Samson, Uzziah, Samuel—JESUS.

EASY EPIGRAMS for Little Folks, by Js. Fs. No. 50.

A SEARCHING IN JUDGES.

To sport and pleasure many go,
And reap most surely what they sow.
For ages past this true has been,
In every country it is seen.
One day to praise an idol dumb
Thousands of young and old do come.
Their enemy a captive is,
A painful portion now is his.
He once struck terror to them all,
But darkness now does him enthrall.
A lad is given full command,
And sporting takes him by the hand.
He once a thousand men had slain,
A lion, too, he rent in twain.
Bad company boys should always shun,
For grief must surely from it come.
A dreadful end this lad did find,
Please give his name who was made blind

Answer to No. 49.—Obadiah (1 Kings 18. 3).



BREAD FOR THE MULTITUDE.

BUSHELs of Bread Corn, for all who give the Bread of Life to the Multitude, is the self-explanatory title of a new book by the Editor. It contains about 200 pages packed with matter likely to interest and help the Super, the Teacher, the Worker, and the Student, as well as Young Converts, Senior Scholars, &c. 1/ net (post free 1/3).

The Corn is falling in a plentiful stream in the picture, but the circulation of *Boys and Girls* is rising as usual. Thanks to all who have so kindly helped to fill its pages and make it known.

Art Pictures to Paint as shown on opposite page. Prizes for (1) Painting the picture; (2) Describing the picture in your own 100 words; (3) Writing out 3, 4, 6, or 12 texts from the Bible to describe it. Post to Editor by 28th February. Put name, age, and address on each paper. Awards in next number.

Original Acrostic, as on opposite page, are meant for anyone. Awards are given month by month. Prizes for No. 234 to Esther Hyslop, Bridgend, S. Wales, and No. 235 to Olive M. Sims, Alfreton.

Easy Epigrams, as on opposite page, meant for little folks, are the same. Awards for 46 to H. Buckley, West Bromwich, and 47 to Chrissie Smith, Inverkeithing.

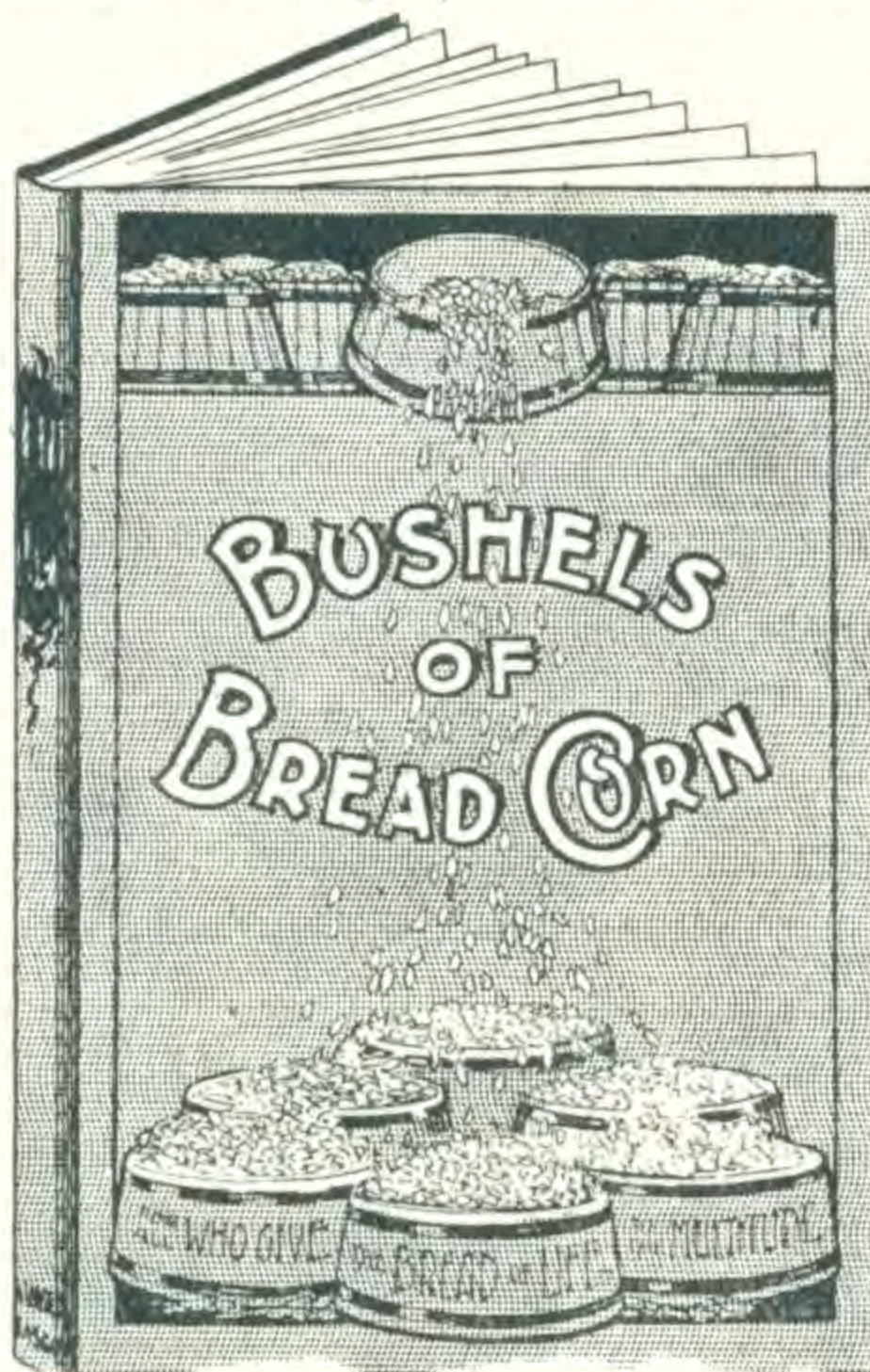
Books Worth Buying. "Human Destiny," by Sir Robert Anderson, K.C.B. 1/3, post free. Special for these days of uncertainty concerning the future... "Jesus is Coming Again," a charming booklet for young folks, by H. P. Barker, from which the interesting story on page 2 is taken, should be read by all. 2d. (six for 1/, post free).

50 Prizes for All in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac*. As some complained of the length of time till April 1, it was thought wise to alter the day for sending in Almanacs from Britain to February 2. From abroad continues to April 1 as before. If yours is not away, give it immediate attention.

School Libraries wanting to get a list of the choicest books should send for our new Illustrated Guide to Prize and Library Volumes at lowest rates.

The New Scheme of Lessons takes up the subject of THE JOURNEY HOME. It is got up in neat folding form at 1/6 per 100, post free. Specimen free to any teacher.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Feb. 1,	The Burning Mount, - Exod. 19. 1-16,	Gal. 3-10
" 8,	The Two Broken Tables, Exod. 32. 15-28,	James 2. 10
" 15,	Tabernacle in the Wilderness, Exod. 40. 1-16, Exod. 25. 8	
" 22,	The Rejected Stone. - Matt. 21. 33-45, Psa. 40. 2	
Mar. 1,	The Judgment of Rebels, Num. 16. 1. 11, 28-33, Job 36. 18	
" 8,	Journeying to Canaan, Num. 10. 11-13, 29-36, Num. 10. 29	
" 15,	Angels' Food Despised, Num. 11. 1-10, 31-35, Isa. 53. 3	
" 22,	The Report of the Spies, Num. 13. 26-14, 4, Heb. 13. 6	
" 29,	The Master of the House, Luke 13. 24-35, Isa. 32. 2	



Simple Searching for little folks, No. 121.—
"Two Cups," "Two Tables," in one verse,
You'll find without a doubt;
Then turn to 1 Corinthians
And search the matter out.
And when you find the place I mean,

Ask yourself straight away,
Which Table do I sit at now?
From which Cup drink to-day?
T.B.

Answer to No. 119.—61 times.
No. 120.—The day he disobeyed
(Gen. 2. 17). **Award** for answers
from July to December to Wm.
Grant, Craigellachie.

London Lessons for tiny tots, 31.
I'm found in Jesus, not in lord,
I'm found in lodgings, not in
board,
I'm found in many, not in few,
I'm found in all, but not in you,
I'm found in figures, not in
count.—W. T. R. Answer to
No. 30—Peter.

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yearly the *Gospel Scheme* for
junior, and *Concise Studies* for
senior classes. Samples of either

free. Simple and evangelistic notes for both of these
study circles appear in *The Pathway* monthly.

Diamonds for our Darlings, No. 2. What text
in Matthew is this. Rearrange the letters.

A K A L L N M I M E O W Y O E

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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THE WONDERFUL WORLD.

THE word "world" is a wonderful word, and I want to form an acrostic out of it, and present to my young friends in an arresting and attractive form, likely to be remembered by all.

I feel sure that you all agree with me when I seek to describe the world as

WONDERFUL. FULL OF WONDERS! A wonderful sun shines in the sky, and makes its warmth felt everywhere. A wonderful moon and millions of wonderful stars fill up the dark blue firmament at night. What wonderful human beings we ourselves are! The great King David exclaimed, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made!" (Psa. 139. 14). Think upon the many wonderful animals that are to be seen here on the earth; while myriads of beautiful birds occupy the air, and pour forth their wonderful songs to God. Think too of the great, deep, wide sea, with its innumerable fishes all moving to and fro within its mighty waters. Then we are surrounded by thousands of wonderful trees, shrubs, and flowers, while our fields abound in cereals, and our gardens with vegetables. Winds and tides also keep their appointed times, and the seasons come and go just as God said they should do (Gen. 8. 22). All wonderful!

OLD. This world, too, is wonderfully old. No person can really say how old this world really is. Many people try to *guess*, but nobody *knows*. This world did not evolve itself out of nothing as some people, falsely called scientists, say it did. God made it at *once* by *one* act. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" (Gen. 1. 1). Whenever the "beginning" was it is definitely stated that "God created the heavens and the earth." Also in John 1. 3: "All things were made by Him; and without Him was not anything made that was made." This may have taken place millions of years ago, or it may only be thousands of years. But even if it only were thousands of years, surely that would justify our calling the world *old*. God is going to give us a new world some day soon. "Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness" (2 Peter 3. 13).

REBEL. How very, very sad it is to think of this wonderful old world as a *rebel* world. Yet such is the case. Not long after this world was made and the first people were created, they disobeyed God, and rebelled

against His Word. Ever since that dreadful day the people have been disobeying God's laws, and defying all his commandments. As the parable of the Husbandman (typical of our Lord coming to His own), indicates the last rebels were amongst the worst. "Last of all, He sent unto them His Son, saying they will reverence My Son." How did they treat Him?

"They caught Him, cast Him out of the vineyard, and slew Him" (Matt. 21. 37-39). It is ever so with the "natural heart" of man. What will be the end of those who obey not God's Gospel? The Bible gives us the awful answer. "They shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord" (2 Thess. 2. 9).

LOST. This wonderful world is completely lost, and lost because rebellious. Men have strayed farther and farther away from God like poor sheep. "All we like sheep have gone astray" (Isa. 53. 6). We have lost ourselves, but we cannot find ourselves. There are some beautiful points in the parable of the man who lost one sheep out of an hundred. We may call this Love's Parable (Luke 15. 4-6). (1) *Love's Loss*; "Lost one" (verse 4). (2) *Love's Activity*; "Go after" (verse 4). (3) *Love's Persistency*; "Until he find it" (verse 4). (4) *Love's Provision*; "He layeth it on his shoulders"

(verse 5). (5) *Love's Joy*; "Rejoicing" (verse 5). (6) *Love's Destination*; "When he cometh home" (verse 6). (7) *Love's Fellowship*; "Called together his friends and neighbours" (verse 6). Truly a lovely picture. Well may we sing:

" 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all who come."

DOOMED. This wonderful old world of ours is doomed to destruction. Not long after it was first made God swept it from end to end by an awful flood of water. God broke up the great fountains of the deep, and threw open the windows of heaven (Gen. 7. 11). Why did God do this? The answer is because of SIN. Since then the people have gone on continually sinning, and God said "I will not again use *water* to destroy the world, but I will use *fire*" (2 Peter 3. 12). This world is doomed, and its end may be nearer than we think. Happy will all such be who trust in Jesus. God smote Him with the doom of our sins, and if we confide in Him as our Saviour, Substitute, and Friend, we can never perish.

T. B.



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OLD

REBEL

LOST

DOOMED

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No. 315.—March, 1914

"A LINE WAS THROWN ON BOARD."
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DOROTHY'S NOBLE DEED.

ON the north-east coast of Scotland a small fishing village may be found which was the home of a brave fisher-girl who was the means of saving the lives of six shipwrecked men.

The able-bodied men of the village had all gone out in their boats to the north to fish, only three old men who were past work being left with the women and children. They had sailed in the evening, and all seemed fair, but during the night a gale sprang up, which, being from the south, prevented their return, and seeing they were in danger they were driven to shelter in a harbour some eighteen miles from their homes.

When morning came the sea was wild and rough, and as the day advanced the wind increased in force and drove the foam and spray over the houses near the beach and into the fields beyond. Then, when the storm seemed at its worst, and the angry billows were thundering against the beach, a small vessel was seen to sweep round the headland into the little bay. A shout of warning was at once raised by the villagers, who were down on the shore anxiously looking out for the return of the fishing smacks. But their cry was not attended to, and swiftly the vessel hurried to her doom, crashing at last on to a reef of rocks in the centre of the bay.

Alas! how many are like that unheeding captain. They see not their peril, and drive on blindly to destruction. Many a soul has been warned again and again of what the course he is taking will end in, but, thinking all will be well, goes on until eternal disaster overtakes him. Solemn are the words: "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. 29. 1).

When the schooner had grounded the seas broke furiously over her, and the crew, which consisted of six men, hastily climbed into the rigging to avoid being

washed overboard. What will become of the poor fellows? was the question which rose to the lips of many of the onlookers. There seemed but one answer to be given. It appeared that they must perish amid the breakers of that angry sea.

Four miles away south was another fishing village where a lifeboat was stationed, but the path to it lay partly along the shore, which was swept by the heavy waves, and none seemed prepared to face the dangers of the journey so as to bear the news of the wreck to the brave lifeboat men.

At length a fisher-girl, named Dorothy, asked one of the aged fishermen, "Will she hold together till noon? If I thought so I would away for the lifeboat." "Na, na, lass," he replied, "bide where ye are; ye can never win across the burn." "I'll away and try it," was her only response as she started off. She had looked again at the wreck and thought of the poor fellows clinging to the masts, and determined that she would do all that lay in her power to procure succour and salvation for them. Hurrying across the wild moor for about a mile, she then made her way down to the shore, where she would be less exposed to the fury of the wind. But then for a mile or more her path was most dangerous. She had to splash through the surf and foam at nearly every step, and now and again great waves almost swept her from her feet as

they rushed up the shore. But on she went, nothing daunted. She was determined to give the warning whatever the cost might be to her.

As we write our thoughts pass to One who never turned aside from the mission of mercy on which He came. He set His face like a flint in order to fulfil His purpose. And what was that purpose? It was to open a way of salvation for YOU, my reader, and for ME. We were sinners exposed to death and to that which for



DOROTHY'S NOBLE DEED.

the unsaved follows death—JUDGMENT. "For the wages of sin is death." And "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27). We were all shipwrecked on the rock-reef of sin. We had lived in our sins, and soon we were likely to be dying in our sins.

Christ the Saviour has gone to Heaven. If you die in your sins you *cannot* go there. Mark well. He does not say, "Ye shall die in some one else's sins." No! "Ye shall die in *your* sins" (John 8. 21). We

may shrink from the sins of the thief or the drunkard, for we should not like to die in the drunkard's sins or in the thief's sins. But no more would the very religious people to whom the Lord spoke those solemn words like to have done so. They were not drunkards or thieves.

Are you living in your sins? Beware lest you die in your sins. But remember if you do, whither Christ

has gone you cannot go. Thank God, you need not die in your sins.

Christ came to open up the way of Salvation for us, and nothing turned Him aside from this.

We left Dorothy struggling along on her errand of love over the wave-washed beach. At length she came to the burn, or stream, of which the old fisherman had spoken, and which he had said she would not be able to cross. Doubtless his words, "Ye can never win [make your way] across the burn," had often come to her mind as she urged on her road, and would be clearly ringing in her memory as she faced this greater danger. The stream was now swollen into a rushing tor-

rent, and the force of its waters had swept away the rough plank bridge which once had formed the way across it. Her heart sank within her as she looked upon it, but the thought of the shipwrecked men came before her again, and with renewed courage she plunged waist-deep into the raging waters. She directed her steps towards the opposite bank, and was nearly half way over when she sank into a deep hole. As the waters covered her, she thought for an instant that all was



"THE MEN HAD ALL GONE OUT IN THEIR BOATS TO FISH."

over; but then, making a great effort, she struggled forward, and getting a foothold again at length gained the further shore. Of course she was wet through, and her sodden clothes clung close and heavily about her, but as yet her mission was not fulfilled, and leaving the beach she hurried on across the moor. It was love prompted her to start, and love prompted her to continue in spite of all the obstacles that had arisen.

Dorothy must go all the way if relief was to be procured for the shipwrecked seamen, and our Saviour must go all the way for us. "The Son of Man *must* be lifted up" (John 3. 14). "Christ *must* suffer" (Matt. 16. 21).

DOROTHY'S NOBLE DEED.

When at last the village was in view, Dorothy gathered her little remaining strength together and pushed on as fast as she could to the house of the coxswain of the lifeboat. When it was reached she was scarcely able to speak, and only uttered the words, "The schooner—on the rocks—north," when she sank to the ground unconscious.

The schooner had been seen passing, and the coxswain, having called his wife to care for the girl, quickly gathered his crew together. Speedily the lifeboat was launched and urged on its way to the wreck. The seamen were still clinging to the masts, and as soon as possible a line was thrown on board and made fast. By this means they were all saved and then brought in the lifeboat to the shore. There the scene baffled description. The joy of the poor fellows rescued from a watery grave was mingled with the delight

of the fisher folk on the beach, who rejoiced in their salvation.

Dorothy, having had some food and dry clothes supplied to her by the coxswain's wife, returned home apparently unharmed by her journey, and was glad to find that her endeavours had been crowned with success, and that the mariners were all safe and sound in the homes of the kindly fisher folk.

How those saved seamen would tell the story of Dorothy the fisher-girl, and how she had taken that perilous journey for their salvation. And shall not we tell over and over again the story of the Saviour's journey for us from the glory of God to Calvary's Cross, with all its woe and judgment? Thank God, we can tell of Him on the throne of glory now, and that He is coming again to call His own to be with Himself for ever. And loving Him who died for us we can seek to live for Him till He comes again. I. F.

A BIT OF GOOD ADVICE.

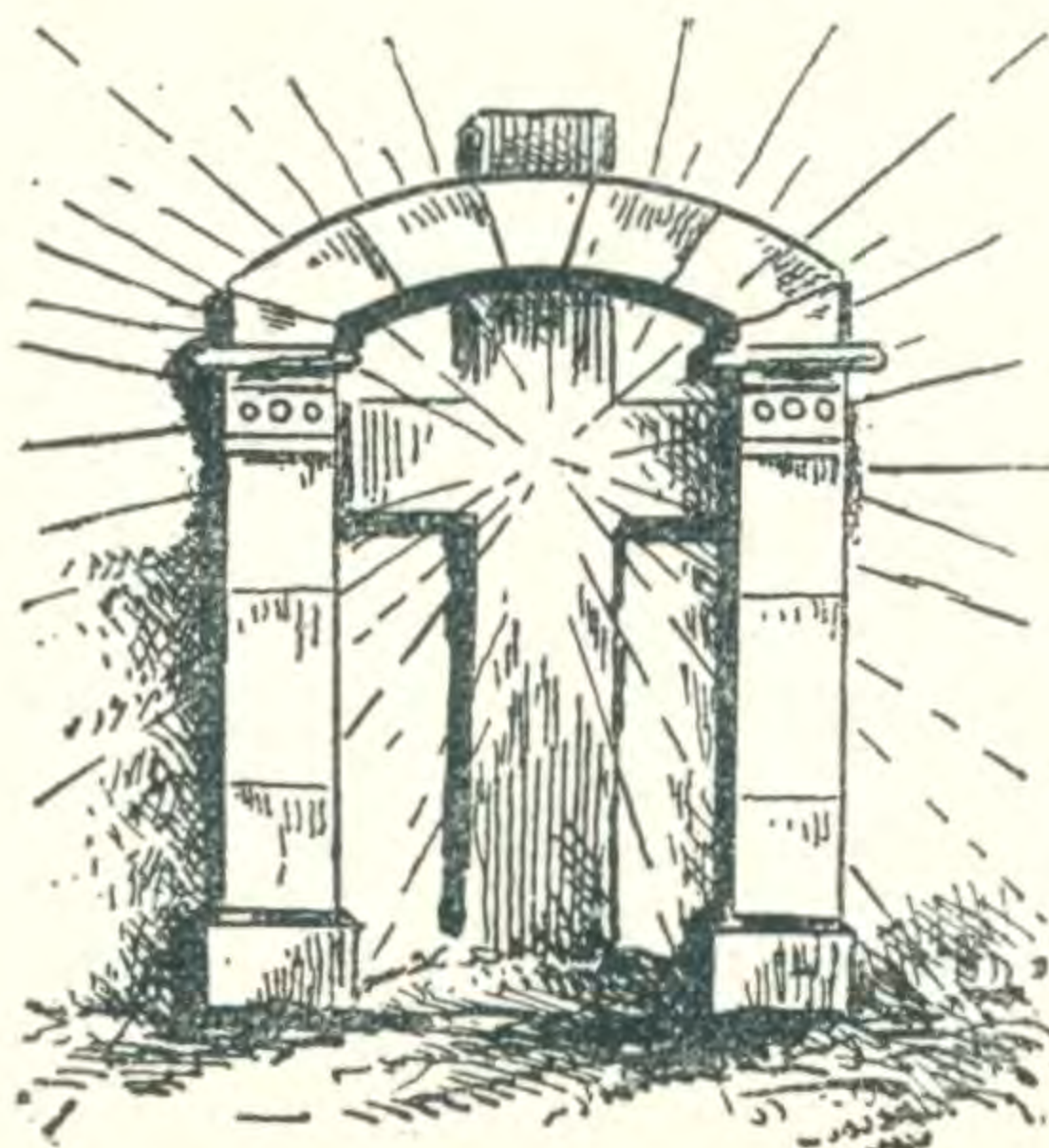
I DO not wish to preach to you, I could not if I tried,
But to remind you of a gate which now stands open wide,
Within it is a narrow path which leads beyond the sky
To a City grand and glorious—the better world on high.
For all may go, yes, all may go, to yonder City bright;
O answer me this question now, say, will you start to-night?

The City to which I refer contains no trace of sin,
For nothing sinful or defiled can ever enter in;
No sorrow, sickness, tears, or death, no partings, and no pain,
And all are robed in spotless white, and never sin again.

And, furthermore, I speak the truth, if you to go intend,
A heartfelt cry for mercy you to Heaven first must send;
We all are guilty sinners lost, the boys and girls as well,
And with one single stain of sin could ne'er in Heaven dwell.

P.S.—If desired, all may join in singing the old and well-known chorus between each verse:

Now this is most important, I would make it very plain,
No one can ever enter there who is not born
For only those who Christ receive will reach the Better Land—
The saved and cleansed by Jesus' blood, a happy
Another word, the reason why we all may enter in,
That boys and girls, and grown-ups, too, may all
Is just this old, old story from this very old, old Book,
That Jesus came and died for us, and sin's dread



Now listen just a moment, there's the matter of the time,
For everybody wants to go to yonder sunny clime;
This message comes from Heaven, from the throne of God in light,
"Now is the time accepted," O be wise, and start to-night.

Moreover, and with this remark, I must draw to a close,
Jesus, the only Way to Heaven, your sin and sorrow knows;
He wants to save and bless you, and to make you glad and free,
And lead you to the City bright for all Eternity. A. G.

"We will go, we will go; we will go, we will go,
O yes, we will go to the Eden above."

A CANADIAN'S SUDDEN CONVERSION.

CANADA has loomed largely in the eyes of the world during recent years, and will continue to do so. Many thousands have flocked from all lands to share in her wealth of land, grain, forests, gold, and unbounded natural resources.

Look at these happy girls in an orchard at Kelowna, B.C. What feasts of luscious fruit they will shortly enjoy. It almost makes you exclaim, "WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?"

Yet do not for a moment think the heart can be truly satisfied in Canada any more than in any other land apart from one thing. 'Midst summer's sun or winter's snow the heart in that land still thinks of days ahead and of "a better country" (Heb. 11.16). And again the heart question arises, "WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE?"

Let a Canadian tell how to be happy here, and happy for ever "there." Sitting around the table in a Canadian home a

Christian unfolded the Gospel of God to three interested listeners, and finished by quoting two or three times over Romans 5. 6: "CHRIST DIED FOR THE UNGODLY." At night, before retiring, one of the number said, "I'm saved!" "When did it take place?" "At the dinner table, when you quoted Romans 5. 6, I believed, and I am saved."

Notice three very definite statements in the message to the Canadian's heart: (1) Who died? "CHRIST DIED." He had no sins of His own to die for. He died for sinners. You are a sinner. Therefore the glorious fact "Christ died *for you*." (2) Why did He die? "FOR the ungodly." In the room or stead of them. Therefore *for you*. (3) For whom did He die? "THE UNGODLY." That is your name plain enough. In the sight of God you are ungodlike. Yet He died *for you*. Believe on Him as your Saviour, and be saved. HYP.



Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway.

PEAR BLOSSOMS IN AN ORCHARD IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WHAT BIBLE PICTURE IS THIS?

ART PAINTINGS for busy fingers, No. 3. What picture is this? It would be a pleasure to tell, but it might not be to profit. Some are of well-known Bible subjects, some of little-known scenes. You know how to find out. Don't ask teacher, parent, or companion. Get a Bible and "search." Awards are (1) For painting picture below in colours; (2) Describing picture in a hundred or less words; (3) Writing out from three to twelve Bible texts to explain. May you also be anointed.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy Searchers, No. 239.

What *does* our God become to us
Through Jesus' death upon the Cross?
What *word* conveys His wondrous power
To help us in each trying hour?
Whom has He sent to teach His ways,
And dwell with us to endless days?
When He is kept outside the door
He *does* what He has done before.
What is MY WORD, please tell me now,
And say if you are on my whole.
If that's the case, whate'er may be,
Your safe for all eternity.

E. E. G.

Answer to No. 238.—Man of Sorrows, Isaac, Rebekah, Israel, Aaron, Moses—MIRIAM.
EASY EPIGRAMS for Little Folks, No. 51.
She much had thought on what to bring
To show her love to Israel's King;
At last with burning heart she came,
With little thought of her own fame,
To lavish ointment on His head,
Ere He be numbered with the dead.
But fragrant as it was with love
To Him who came down from above,
It only did their anger raise,
Who ready should have been to praise.
With looks and words of censure dark
They tried to quench the heavenly spark;
But Jesus soon her cause espoused,
Whom Satan's malice thus had roused.
With words immortal in their scope
Their unbelieving hearts He woke;
To know the motive sweet she had
That doubtless made His own heart glad.
His name and town in Scripture find
With whom the Saviour sat and dined? Js. Fs.
Answer to No. 50.—Samson (Judges 16. 28).



PLENTY FOR EVERYBODY.

AN aged Highland woman coming to her door, shading her hand and looking over the boundless sunlight sea, exclaimed, "**Enough for Everybody.**"

As concerning Creation, so concerning something even more important to the sons of men. Redemption, there is "Enough for Everybody," so that the title of the new volume of the *Herald of Salvation* is scriptural in designation and in application, for "with the Lord there is **plenteous Redemption**" (Psalm . . .). 196 pages, about 80 pictures. Cloth boards, striking design, gold title. 1/, post free. 6 copies, different titles, for 5/, post free.

The New Art Pictures have quite touched the hearts of boys and girls, and set their many busy hands agoing. 3 awards are made monthly for (1) Painting the pictures, (2) describing the picture in not more than 100 words, (3) writing out 3 to 12 verses from the Bible describing the scene. Put name, address, and age on back, and post to Editor by March 31.

Friends Abroad note that all from abroad sending in paintings or descriptions of pictures will have them included in the *current* month's examination, and thus give them an equal chance with those nearest to Bothwell Circus. That is, all pictures *received* during *March* will be treated as one month, and examined accordingly. Set to work and get yours off early. Address as at foot. Awards for *paintings*, July to Dec—Margaret Sconnell, Macduff; *tracings*—Ernest Walker, Lower Bebington.

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs. No. 122. How many persons does Genesis 49 tell us were buried in one grave? What verse in Genesis tells us who shut the door of Noah's Ark? Answer to 121.—1 Corinthians 10. 21.

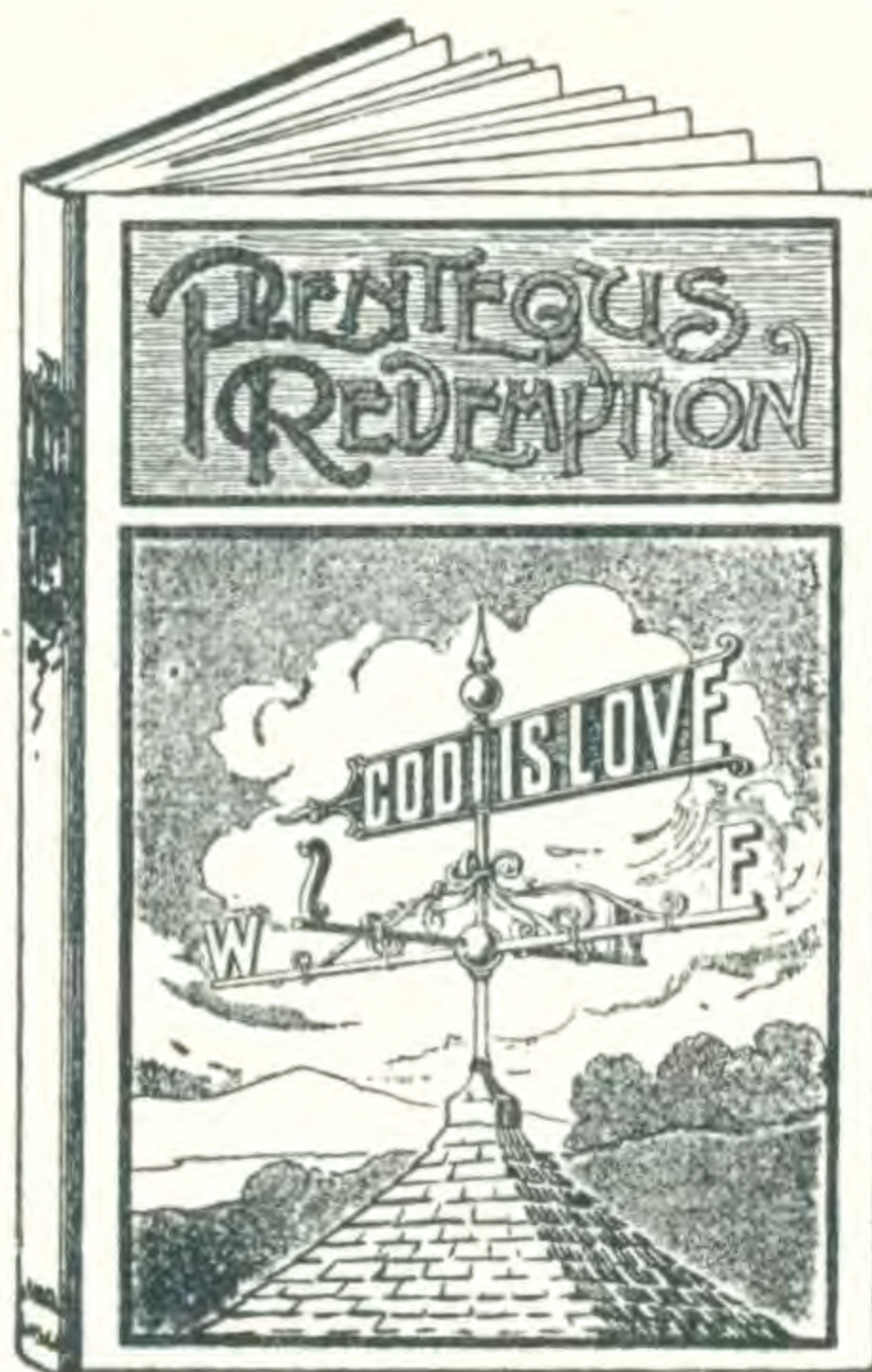
A little girl recently made a mistake in her prayer. She said:

"Let my friends be all forgiven,
Bless the sins I love so well."

I hope you don't put "friends" and "sins" in the wrong lines.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons, introduced many years ago with a view of aiding consecutive study of God's Letter, takes up "THE JOURNEY HOME from Bondage to Rest" for this year. 3d. doz., 1/6 per 100, post free.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Mar. 1,	The Judgment of Rebels, Num. 16. 1-11, 28-33, Job 36. 18	
" 8,	Journeying to Canaan, Num. 10. 11-13, 29-36, Num. 10. 29	
" 15,	Angels' Food Despised, Num. 11. 1-10, 31-35, Isa. 53. 3	
" 22,	The Report of the Spies, Num. 13. 26-14. 4, Heb. 13. 6	
" 29,	The Master of the House, Luke 13. 24-35, Isa. 32. 2	
April 5,	The Serpent of Brass, - Num. 21. 1-9, John 3. 14, 15	
" 12,	Balaam, the Pretender, Num. 23. 7-24, Rom. 8. 34	
" 19,	The Death of Moses, - Deut. 34. 1-12, Psa. 37. 37	
" 26,	Jesus, the Pattern Servant, John 13. 1-17, Mark 10. 45	



Original Acrostics as on opposite page. Awards are made monthly. Prizes for No. 236 to Bella Graham, Netherburn, and No. 237 to Agnes Gilmour, St. Quivox.

Easy Epigrams as on opposite page. Monthly awards for No. 48 to Maggie Cunningham, Cambuslang, and for No. 49 to Alice Payne, Bury St. Edmunds.

London Lessons for tiny tots. No. 32.

I'm found in James, but not in Peter,
I'm found in sour, but not in sweeter,
I'm found in Noah, not in flood,
I'm found in sand, but not in mud.
And from my whole there may be gleaned
One whom on Jesus' bosom leaned. W.T.R.
Answer to 31—Sinai.

50 Prizes for All in connection with *Boys and Girls Almanac*. Many of these are in, and are being examined. Little folks *abroad* must send in by April 1. Awards will be intimated as early as possible in *Boys and Girls*. Supplies of the *Almanac* are still available. 6d. per doz., post free.

New Issues. "Heroes of the Faith in Modern Italy." 12 soul-stirring testimonies by J. S. Anderson. 2/9, post free. "The

Journey and Its End." 190 pages of pure Gospel in displayed type. 9d. (by post, 10½d.).

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 3. What text in Mark is this? Put letters in their right places.

A M C N E R H V E M O Y E

Ans. to 2, "I am meek and lowly," Matt. 11. 29.

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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THE PRESENT TENSES OF SALVATION.

OUR lesson to-day is for boys and girls who have passed the early stages of reading and writing, and are now tackling the difficulties of separating nouns and pronouns, verbs and adverbs, and wrestling with the tenses and senses of the English language. If the tiny tots watch the blackboard they will also be able to learn from the easy words thereon.

I AM VILE

(Job. 40. 4). These words were spoken by a servant of God who had learned what he was in the sight of God. He knew the proud spirit which sinned against God. The wicked will that disobeyed Him, and the love of self which pleased man rather than God. It is sin which makes us vile. The mean act, the angry look, the wish to have our own way, all tell of sin in the heart, which shows itself by disobedience, hatred, and greed. Some boys and girls seldom give way to cheating and lying, others would disdain to steal or swear, but it is true of young and old that "all have sinned (Rom. 3. 23).

THOU ART HOLY

(Psa. 22. 3). It is the holiness of God which reveals to us our sin. We know He is holy by His unfailing care for us. He supplies us with food, sends the sunshine and the rain. He keeps us alive every day, and every promise He has made He surely keeps. How unlike boys and girls who fail in their promise to do better, and break their promises every day. God sees our hearts; He knows our thoughts, and hears our words. He takes notice of our every act. He speaks to our consciences, and shows us how vile we are. His Holy Spirit convicts us of our sin, and as we know our own helplessness and unworthiness, we are the more condemned as we remember God's perfect holiness.

HE IS WORTHY

(Rev. 5. 2). Knowing our own vileness, and condemned by God's holiness, we would be lost for ever, but for the worthiness of our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. None save He can meet the claims of God. We read "He is holy, harmless, and undefiled," but we also learn that God "laid upon Him the iniquity of us all" (Isa. 53. 6). That He was delivered because of our offences, and "bare our sins on His own body on the Tree"

(1 Peter 2. 24). Now He is raised from the dead, and is the Saviour worthy to be trusted, worthy to be loved, and worthy to be served.

Now let us try this side of the blackboard.

I AM NOT ASHAMED

(Rom. 1. 16). Our own sin causes us shame and pain, but having trusted Christ we need never be ashamed. His precious Blood has washed away our sin. Surely the child, or man, who is not sorry for sin, and ashamed of wrong doing is lost to every sense of good. In order to get the courage which Paul had

we must first have our sins pardoned, and be cleansed from their stain. How can this be done? you ask. Listen. It is God who pardons and cleanses by the Precious Blood of Christ. If then He is willing to forgive and blot out our sins we should be willing to have this done.

THOU ART MY HIDING-PLACE

(Psa. 32. 7). We remember what Christ has borne for us. That He was wounded for our transgressions (Isa. 53. 6), and died to save us; and by simply

believing what God has said we trust Him. He hides us from the storm of Judgment. He shields us from the power of temptation, and as we trust and serve Him we are secure and safe. David meant more than that God would keep his body safe amidst the dangers he passed through. He trusted God. His love encourages us to come to Him to seek shelter from the punishment of our sins in His wounded side. The Word of God tells us that He will not cast out any who come. Will you not therefore believe the glad news, and obey the invitation, "COME UNTO ME?" (Matt. 11. 28). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and THOU shalt be saved" (Acts 16.31). Can this be done? Here is the answer.

"HE IS ABLE

also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. 7. 25). It seems a great thing for a little boy or girl to say they are saved. But it is not the child, but the Saviour who saves. "He is able to save" us, and just as baby is quite safe in its mother's strong arms, the boy or girl who fully trusts the Lord Jesus, and places his life in the keeping of the Mighty Saviour, will be kept by His strength and power through life's long day, and at last be taken Home to be with the Lord Jesus for evermore. J. H.

Annual Volume, THE RIGHT WAY. Now Ready (1/6 Post Free).

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



No. 316.—April, 1914. "GAZING THOUGHTFULLY AT A BOOK OF BIBLE PICTURES." Monthly, One Halfpenny.
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post.

THE UNFOUND NAME.

IT was a dull, cheerless day in the middle of November. Heavy fog pervaded the atmosphere, through which the houses on the opposite side of the street were only just visible. Indoors, bright, blazing fires and comfortably furnished rooms might compensate for the outward gloom, but in these the fog was already casting its shadow, and making their brightness a little cold and chill. It had even entered the pleasant room in which Emma Bright was seated, gazing thoughtfully at a book of Bible pictures.

During the morning reading Emma had heard words of such deep import to her mind that she had been anxious and uneasy ever since. The chapter selected had been the twentieth of Revelation. One verse in particular had fallen on her ears with strange solemnity, and had awakened in her mind the feeling of uneasiness to which we have already referred. The verse in question was the fifteenth and last: "And whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the Lake of Fire." No wonder that Emma looked sad as she pondered over its meaning. Was her own name inscribed in that precious volume? Many a Bible story rose to her remembrance, the principal characters of which she tried to recall. The names of Sarah, Rebekah, Ruth, Naomi, Mary, Martha, and many others presented themselves readily to her imagination. But she could not recollect any incident in connection with her own name. "Emma" was not mentioned in the Bible.

Slowly the morning wore away, and with it hope had died out of the little girl's heart. Once more her face was wet with tears. It was thus that her mother found her upon her return. Drawing Emma to

her side she gently drew forth the cause of her sorrow. Tenderly and simply she pointed out her little daughter's error, after which she explained to Emma the meaning of the verse that had so affected her, and caused her to think of Eternity.

"Jesus loved us, my darling," she said, as the little aching head was laid against her bosom. "Sin had come in and se-

parated us from God. But He loved us, and came to bear the penalty of our sin. For us He suffered the shameful death of the Cross, that *all* who *believe* may be brought into the blessedness of life and peace. To *believe* in His love, Emma, is what He asks. Listen to His own blessed words, 'He that believeth on the Son *hath* everlasting life' (John 6. 40). *All* who trust in His precious blood are transferred from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son, and their names are entered

in the Book of Life of which we were reading. None can pluck the sheep from the Good Shepherd's hand, they belong to the Saviour, and He will guard and keep them till He calls them to dwell for ever in His presence."

And resting quietly in her mother's arms, dear little Emma took in the sweet story of a Saviour's love, and her little heart found "joy and peace in believing." No further fear or uneasiness with regard to her name ever again crossed her mind; she "believed" in the Lord Jesus, and was perfectly happy in the knowledge of His love towards her.

Are *your* names in the Book of Life? The Saviour waits to bless *you*, as He blessed the dear girl of whom I have told you. He offers peace, pardon, and life to you to-day; and will write *your* name in the Lamb's Book of Life even now.

M. V. B.



FAITH'S RETURN TICKET.

THE meaning of putting faith in a person, such faith as to warrant a reply, was touchingly illustrated by JOHN M'NEILL, the well-known evangelist, when speaking in Norwich about eight years ago. He said:

"My mother was a kind and good woman, and I am sorry to say I was often inclined to disobey her, and often did it. However, it was not safe to venture too far in that direction, for I knew at the back of my mother stood my father. When our father died my brothers naturally looked up to me as the eldest for counsel and guidance, and sometimes a little pecuniary assistance. After a time two of the boys went out to the United States. James—we didn't call him James, Jim was all he got—went to college out there. In 1894, at the time when the great World's Fair was in full swing at Chicago, Moody was at the head of a mission which had been organised to meet the vast masses that would be attracted to that city. I was there as a helper. One morning a letter came addressed to me from my brother James. It ran as follows:

'Dear John,—You will be pleased to hear I am getting on well at college, and am very comfortable. You will see just now I am at ——. The reason is, I have run down a bit in health, and have come here for a week's rest and holiday, and feel considerably benefited already. I am recommended to stay another week, and think if I do it will quite set me up again. I feel sure you would agree with me that this is the best course. Unfortunately, I cannot quite afford it, having pretty well run out of cash. If you would be so kind as to let me have fifteen dollars, I could manage to stay on for the time named. Hoping you are quite well.—I remain your affectionate brother, JIM.'



JOHN M'NEILL.

Like a man of business, he enclosed a stamped envelope. Inside the envelope I found a sheet of note-paper. When I drew it out, and it was opened, I discovered Jim had also (of course to save me time and trouble) kindly written the reply for me. The reply was:

'Dear Jim,—I am very glad you are getting on well at college, but am sorry to hear you have been sadly a bit lately. I think you were quite right to take a few days' rest and change, and hope you will stay out the full time as you suggest. I enclose fifteen dollars in notes, with my love.—Your affectionate brother, JOHN.'

Jim knew to whom he was writing. I just opened my pocket-book, drew out the notes, and put them inside Jim's reply, and dropped the letter into the nearest pillar-box."

James' faith took a return ticket, for he not only applied to John, but wrote out the answer. In reading God's promises, do we accept them as fully? Try this one, "He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life" (John 5. 24). "Heareth—believeth—hath." Is that not return-ticket faith in God? Or take this one: Jesus said, "him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Have you come and put His promise to the test? If not, do so now.

At the same meeting Mr. M'Neill quoted the wonderful words:

"Upon a life I did not live,
Upon a death I did not die,
Another's life, Another's death,
I stake my whole eternity."

Stake your all where Mr. M'Neill and many more have staked theirs, and have peace now and pleasures for evermore. Put in your application, take God at His word, and rest satisfied therein.

KEY G. BRIGHTLY.

d : s ₁	d : r	m : —	d : —	r : m	f : l	s : —	— : —
s ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : t ₁	d : —	d : —	t ₁ : d	d : d	d : —	— : —
m : r	m : s	s : —	m : —	s : s	f : f	m : —	— : —
d : t ₁	l ₁ : s ₁	d : —	d : —	s ₁ : d	l ₁ : f ₁	d : —	— : —

We are lit-tle her - alds, March-ing thro' the land ;

m : f	s : d	f : —	m : —	r : s	fe : l	s : —	— : —
d : t ₁	d : d	l ₁ : t ₁	d : —	t ₁ : t ₁	d : d	t ₁ : —	— : —
s : s	s : s	f : —	s : —	s : s	l : fe	s : —	— : —
d : r	m : m	r : —	d : —	r : r	r : r	s ₁ : —	— : —

Bear-ing joy-ful tid - ings, At our king's com-mand.

CHORUS.

s : m	f : s	l : —	s : —	f : f	f : s	m : —	— : —
d : d	d : d	d : —	d : —	r : d	t ₁ : r	d : —	— : —
m : s	f : m	f : —	m : —	s : s	s : s	s : —	— : —
d : ta ₁	l ₁ : s ₁	f ₁ : l ₁	d : —	t ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : t ₁	d : —	— : —

Join with ours your voi - ces, Let earth's king-doms ring ;

f : m	r : l	s : t ₁	d : f	m : —	r : —	d : —	— : —
d : d	d : t ₁	d : f ₁	m ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : —	t ₁ : —	d : —	— : —
f : s	l : s	s : r	d : d	d : m	s : f	m : —	— : —
l ₁ : s ₁	f ₁ : f ₁	m ₁ : s ₁	l ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : —	s ₁ : —	d ₁ : —	— : —

Loud with end-less prais-es, Un-to Christ our king.

(ALL).

We are little heralds,
Marching thro' the land,
Bearing joyful tidings,
At our King's command.

Chorus.

Join with ours your voices,
Let earth's kingdoms ring,
Loud with endless praises,
Unto Christ our King.

(BOYS.)

"Jesus" is our watchward,
As we onward go ;
With His banner o'er us,
We will fear no foe.

(GIRLS.)

He is ever faithful,
Good and kind and true ;
And He watches o'er us,
Whatsoever we do.

(ALL.)

Join'd in love together,
Saved by grace, and free ;
In this world of darkness,
Joyful lights we'll be.

BENNIE THE PEDLAR. (Psalm 119. 105.)

Poor Ben was counted simple
By all the folks around,
Not much of this world's wisdom
The artless lad had found.

But Ben knew more than many
Of Earth's great men of fame ;
He knew his sins forgiven,
Through Jesu's precious Name.

Dear Bennie was a pedlar,
And on his rounds one day
He walked into a smithy
That stood beside the way.

A group of idle fellows
There could be always found,
They hail poor simple Bennie,
And quickly him surround.

"Now, Ben," said one big fellow,
"Come, tell us quickly, do,
How do you know the Bible
Is God's own Word, and true?"

"It is God's Book," said Bennie,
"An' He aye speaks the truth,
It is a licht tae guide us,
In a' the paths o' youth.

"When God telt me that Jesus,
Dee'd on the Cross for me,
I jist believed the message,
An' noo frae guilt I'm free."

They asked no further questions,
And Ben went on his way,
A simple, happy pedlar,
An heir of endless day.

Men trust each other daily,
Yet fail to trust in God ;
Few do believe in Jesus,
Or in His precious blood.

Dear boys and girls, like Bennie,
Believe God speaks what's true ;
Trust Him, and every blessing
He'll freely give to you. E. J. M.

THE SWISS HERO.

SWITZERLAND is a small but interesting country. It is situated in the middle of Europe, and is surrounded by larger and more powerful nations. Once upon a time Austria made a determined effort to conquer the Swiss, and a decisive battle was fought at Sempach. The flower of the Austrian army was there, led by the most skilful generals of the age. When fighting the Austrian soldiers stood shoulder to shoulder, three ranks deep. The first rank held their spears short and straight to the front; the second rank held their spears rather longer and over the shoulders of the first rank; the rear rank held their spears at full length with both hands over the heads of both their comrades in front. The points of all the spears would thus be level, and any assailant would have to face three spear heads, backed by vigorous men to drive them home.

For the most part the weapons of the Swiss consisted of spears, axes, and huge swords. The battle lasted two days. At the commencement the Swiss lost heavily, and it looked as if they were going to be defeated. Their only hope of freedom lay in making an effective gap in that wall of steel. One man saw a way of doing this at the cost of his life.

Arnold von Winkelried was of noble birth, a husband and father, and had everything in this life to make him happy. He had, however, a love for his nation and his fellow-countrymen. Laying aside his sword and armour, he told his fellows to follow him closely, and take advantage of the gap he would make in the enemy's ranks. An eager band followed him swiftly. Reaching the Austrians, he stretched out his arms,

grasped as many of the spear points as he could reach, gathered the spears and threw himself upon them, hugging them into his body. Before the Austrians could disentangle their spears two or three of them had been stricken down by the long swords of those who followed the patriot. Their ranks being broken, their long weapons and heavy armour were only in the way. In poured the Swiss army, smiting and slaying, until all that remained of the Austrians were driven from the field.

Like the Swiss, we have a real enemy. Satan is the enemy of the souls of men. His object is to bring us into bondage and to keep us there. We have also a Deliverer. His name is Jesus Christ. He dwelt amid the glories of Heaven. Yet He so loved men that He came down to this world of sin and death and gave "His life a ransom for many" (Matt. 20. 28). By His death He delivers those who trust Him from the guilt of sin, and by His life at God's right hand He frees them from the power of sin (Heb. 7. 25). "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John 8. 36). J. G.



"HE GATHERED THE SPEAR HEADS TOGETHER AND THREW HIMSELF UPON THEM."

EVERYBODY KNOWS THIS PICTURE.

ART PICTURES for Painting and Describing, No. 4. Ah! you know at once who this is, and what is happening. Let us hear if you have learned the neglected lesson. Awards are (1) For Painting; (2) For Describing (not more than a hundred words); (3) Writing out three to twelve texts to explain the picture.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, No. 240

There's a *treasure* in a field.
There's a rod that brought forth *fruit*.
A *word* condemned a king,
Proved him weighed and found wanting.
A *mount* on which a man of God was tried;
A *tree* on which was hung
By his locks of hair a man;
In a brook were *weapons* found
That brought down unto the ground
A haughty man by youth who trusted God.
Find the treasure and the fruit,
Also word and name of mount; [count.
Give the name of tree and weapons they all

Then my whole is just AN ISLE
Where a saint did rest awhile,
And where wondrous things were then to him
revealed.

E. E. G.

Answer to No. 239.—Reconciled, Omnipotence
Comforter, Knock—Rock.

EASY EPIGRAMS for Little Folks, No. 52.

A morning such had never been,
Nor shall ere be again,
When He who o'er the earth shall reign
Was judged by sinful men.
No cause of death in Him is found,
Of life He is the Prince,
All witness given disagree,
Of sin none could convince.
The judge with anxious face is seen,
And sitting down doth wait,
To give the angry throng their choice—
Death, therefore, is His fate.
Two names unto this place is given,
What these are look and see,
Where Pilate sat before he gave
The terrible decree.

Js. Fs.

Answer to No. 51.—Simon the Leper—
Bethany (Matt. 26. 6, 7).



A PAGE FOR EVERYONE.

WHO are **H. T. B.** and **W. B.**? A note was received in a certain place bearing the simple words, "H. T. B. hath eternal life," and "W. B. hath everlasting life." The people set to work to find out how many persons these initials stood for, and—but I had better let you have a month to find out, with this special request, that you will ask everybody you can before next month and try to find out the answer, and see if the Editor is right.

Everyman is surely a very important man when he is getting a guide all to himself. Who he is is very clearly seen when you notice where he begins his journey—darkness, and where he ends—light. The Editor's new book contains 48 pages by Moody, Muller, Spurgeon, Mackintosh, Stanley, Ryle, Marshall, and many more. Plenty of illustrations. 1d. net (1/3 per doz., p.f.).

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs. No. 123. Where in the Bible is love *first* mentioned? Name a fruit tree, used by Adam and Eve, spoken of in Matthew 21. Answer to 122—6 Persons (Gen. 49. 29); God (Gen. 7. 16).

Art Paintings as on opposite page. Awards for January: (1) Painting Picture, Willie Warrington, New Lanark. (2) Description of Picture, Alex. Stewart, Greenock. (3) Writing out Texts, W. Furse, Woodbury. All copies received between 1st and 30th April, from any land, will be treated as belonging to that month.

Original Acrostics and Epigrams as given on page opposite. Awards for best papers sent in from April 1 to 30, whatever number they may be. Address to Editor, 11 Bothwell Circus, Glasgow.

Two Special Lines. "Books" and "tracts" have a big space in our warehouses. A fully illustrated Guide to either will be posted freely to anyone who will kindly apply for same. Say if *books* or *tracts*. Address simply PICKERING & INGLIS, GLASGOW. A special mail van lifts our despatches. A visit from friends always expected.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons, introduced many years ago with a view of aiding consecutive study of God's Letter, takes up "THE JOURNEY HOME from Bondage to Rest" for this year. In four quarters. Complete, 3d. per dozen; 1/6 per 100, post free.

1914.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Apr. 5,	The Serpent of Brass, - Num. 21. 1-9,	John 3. 14, 15
" 12,	Balaam the Pretender, - Num. 23. 7-24,	Rom. 8. 34
" 19,	The Death of Moses, - Deut. 34. 1-12,	Psa. 37, 37
" 26,	Jesus, the Pattern Servant, John 13. 1-17,	Mark 10. 45
May 3,	Joshua, the Appointed Leader, Josh. 1. 1-18,	Isa. 55. 4
" 10,	The Dividing of the Jordan, Josh. 3. 9-17,	Gal. 6. 14
" 17,	The Rescue of Rahab, Josh. 2. 1-21; 6. 25,	Heb. 11. 31
" 24,	The Downfall of Jericho, - Josh. 6. 12-25,	1 Thess. 5. 3
" 31,	Jesus, the True Helper, - John 5. 1-16,	Rom. 5. 6

Almanacs for 1914. All should be in by April 1. Many are being examined. Some awards in next issue. "Then do ye with patience wait for it" (.....).

The Witness Manuals would help to ground the teachers in the subjects of Sin, of New Birth, the Law, Christianity, Historic Christ, Death, Resurrection or Person of Christ. A Manual on each. 8, all different, for 8d. post free.

London Lessons for tiny tots. No. 33.

I'm found in Romans, not in James,

I'm found in window, not in frames, [Luke,

I'm found in Paul, but not in I'm found in hymn, but not

in book. [one

My whole will give the name of Who built the first boat under the sun. W. T. R.

Answer to 32—John.

Tell Your Friends. After reading this number kindly tell your friends about its contents, or post it to some little one in hospital or abroad.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 4. What text in Luke is this? Begin with A, and put other letters after.

A Y S H T W N M I W T I A H A

Ans. to 3, "Have mercy on me," Matt. 10. 48.

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GOD'S PURE LAMP.

HOW easy a thing it is to LOOK. "Look and live" was the old command" (Num. 21. 8). But in order to see we must have a light. We can see the sun only by its own light. And in this story of "God's pure lamp," its beautiful form was shown best when it was lighted (Num. 8. 2).

A few things in connection with this lamp speak to us about the Lord Jesus. (1) It was

PRECIOUS.

It was made of *pure* gold, and was worth thousands of pounds sterling. Who can tell the *worth* of the Lord Jesus? He was God's beloved Son (Mark 1. 11). He is also precious to those who believe (1 Peter 2. 7). But worthless in the estimation of those who do not believe (Matt. 21. 42). Which is He to you? (2) It was made from a Heavenly

PATTERN

(Num. 8. 4). When we think of the Lord Jesus, every way He was the Pattern. As a boy (Luke 2. 49), and as a Man (Phil. 2. 5). What a beautiful sight to see a boy thinking on what God wishes. How many there are who forget God altogether. But those who believe on the Lord Jesus, even although they may be little boys or girls, become workers for God. Are you? (3) The

PURPOSE

of the lamp was to give light in the night (Lev. 24. 3). How easily you can see. This is just what Christ says of Himself. "I am the Light of the World" (John 9. 5). He was sent to be a light (John 12. 46). But what is the opposite to light? It is darkness. And that was the state of all the world when He came (Matt. 4. 16), and is yet, wherever He is not received? (John 3. 19). You know how the darkness of night flies before the rising Sun. So will the darkness of your heart fly away for ever when you let the Light of God's precious love, as told by the Lord Jesus (John 3. 16), shine into your heart by believing in Him (John 12. 36). Do you now believe? Answer the question in the light

(4) It was a pure lamp. (Exod. 25. 39). Of pure gold it was made; pure oil it did burn. How sweet to think on Jesus as God's

PURE

lamp. As a babe in Bethlehem He was pure; "He was without sin" (Heb. 4. 15). As a boy He was pure, "He knew no sin" (2 Cor. 5. 21). And all that was true to the very last;

for as a man "He did no sin" (1 Peter 2. 22). That was why He shone so bright amidst the sin that was all around Him. Think on the terrible sin men committed when they nailed Him to the tree, and yet in all that sorrow "He prayed, Father, forgive them" (Luke 23. 34). Never was there such a beautiful Light for God as that. If yet in your sins, look at the Crucified Saviour, and receive the Word of God into your very heart, "that Christ died for our sins" (1 Cor. 15. 3), and you will be able to sing immediately: "At the Cross where I first saw the light." Do you see?

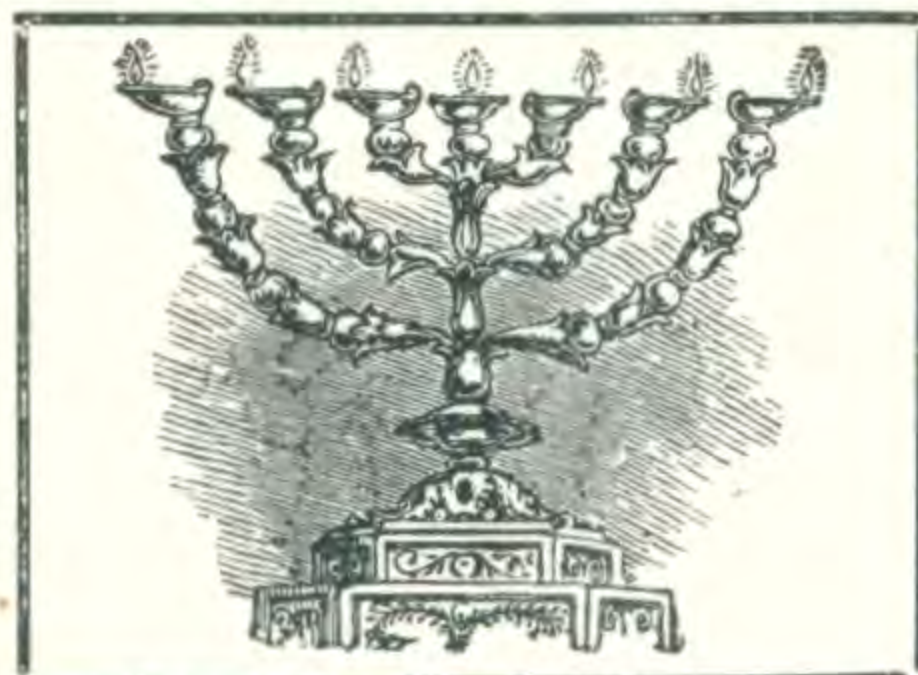
(5) In closing, we think on the

PLACE

where this *Precious, Pattern Pure* Lamp was put (Exod. 40. 4). It was brought into the House of God. After Jesus had shone all His life

in this world, and never so brightly as on the Cross where He died, He was buried, but God raised Him the third day (1 Cor. 15. 4), and has exalted Him in Heaven (Acts 2. 33). We read of the "city of gold, that there is no night there, because the Lamb [meaning 'this same Jesus'] is the Light thereof" (Rev. 21. 23).

While He speaks to you in the Gospel will you believe Him? If so, you shall be for ever delivered from the power of darkness (Col. 1. 13), and from the "blackness of darkness" (Jude 13), which must be the portion of all who refuse the light. You never intend to reject the love of such a Saviour, nor to let His sacrifice be in vain by refusing to believe Him. Be then in earnest. You cannot come too soon. Believe on Him, and He will turn your night to day (Acts 26. 18). If you have never done so truly, do it now. JS. FS.



PRECIOUS

PATTERN

PURPOSE

PURE

PLACE



"THESE EIGHTEEN YEARS."

IT was Alice Merle's eighteenth birthday. She lingered over her presents, and it was late when she went upstairs to get ready to go out. It struck eleven before Alice left her looking-glass. She was sorry to be late on her birthday, and when she got sight of the town clock it was twenty minutes past eleven.

Very quietly she opened the door of the meeting place she attended every Sunday, and determined to wait till they were singing before she went in. A scripture was being read, and as she stood with the door in her hand, closing it noiselessly, the first words she heard were, "Ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, *these eighteen years*, to be loosed from this bond on the Sabbath day?" (Luke 13. 16). The Holy Spirit sent those words of the Saviour right home to the heart of that young girl standing at the door.

"Whom Satan hath bound, lo, *these eighteen years*," she said to herself; "that is me. I am eighteen to-day, and I know that I am not serving God, and they say if I am not I must be serving Satan, and, if so, I am his slave." Little she heard that morning except these words. She saw she had spent all her life—*these eighteen years*—in which God had given her health and comfort, and countless other blessings, in forgetfulness of Him. She remembered He had often called her, and she had refused to listen. Yes; she saw it all now. She had been bound by Satan for eighteen years—she was bound still. How could she be "loosed" from his mighty power?

The meeting ended, and Alice returned home. She went to her room, not now to spend her time at the looking-glass, but on her knees before God. Earnestly she prayed: "Lord, I am *bound*. I am all wrong. Oh, show me what to do!" Even

as she prayed a ray of God's sunshine shone right into her soul. "Ought not this woman to be *loosed*?" came to her mind. "She was loosed," she said; "oh, that I might be."

More and more God's blessed light shone into her dark heart, showing her that though she was a captive to sin, bound by sin for eighteen years, yet "One mighty to save" had come "to preach deliverance to the cap-

tives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4. 18).

When the Lord Jesus was on earth He said to that poor woman, "Woman, thou art *loosed* from thine infirmity." He laid His hands on her, and she was made straight, and glorified God. How very simple it all was Alice thought to

herself; and why should He not do the same for her, and even more, now that He was in Heaven? She would trust Him. There and then she "Believed on the Lord Jesus Christ," and was "saved" (Acts 16. 31). And so it came to pass that though she had been bound by Satan's fetters for eighteen years, she, too, was loosed that very day!

Can you imagine her joy when she realised that she was really set at liberty? And my reason for telling you this story of Alice Merle is that I long for you also to know the gladness of being made free from sin, and free to serve your Deliverer. F.E.T.



A MAIDEN WORKER.

CAN young girls work for the Master
In His blessed Gospel cause?
Think of Naaman's little maiden
Taken captive in the wars.

Just one earnest sentence spoken
Of God's prophet, far away,
Was the means of all that blessing
To her Lord. If *you* obey.

When the Holy Spirit leads you
To tell out the Gospel news,
Think again of that sweet maiden—
You may help some friend to choose.

Choose the path of *true* obedience,
Faith in Jesus Christ, God's Son,
Then, like Naaman's little maiden,
You a soul for God have won. L.M.W.

THE GREAT KING IN HIS GARDEN.

AFTER the Great King had planted His garden there sprung up all manner of pleasant fruits and flowers of every hue which made His garden a place of delight. Every flower differed from another flower in its loveliness and its perfume. Yet in some things they were all alike. Each one sprung from the cold, dark earth, and each, by flower and fruit, gave evidence of God-given life. There we see some plants, miracles of grace and perfume, lifting their heads out of horrid corruption, whilst others again, like the edelweiss, lift their song of praise from the clean, clear air of the mountain top.

And so as our Lord takes us through His garden to-day our attention is drawn to the varied characters through which His grace is shown and extolled. It has been a joy to most to meet with those whose lives are a song of colour and perfume, and to hear how God in His grace has brought them "up out of an horrible pit" (Psa. 40. 2). But it is good to remember that every flower has its own story of grace to sing. Many have spoken almost with sadness of the fact that they had no experience like others of whom they heard. To help any such, may I tell the simple story of my conversion to God.

The child of godly parents and grandparents, carefully sheltered and trained, I might well claim the Timothy character, that from a child I had "known the Holy Scriptures" (2 Tim. 3. 15). The way of salvation was clearly known from the very earliest days. In the home life God was spoken of not as One afar off, but as One who was near; and even in those days God stood in my thoughts for all that was good and lovely. And yet I knew that I was not saved, that there was something lacking. At no time in my life do I remember having the slightest fear of Hell, even though I believed in it. The feeling gradually grew

up that I was separated from God, and that if Christ came I would be for ever separated from Him. For about three months I was in deep trouble about this. I had heard of wonderful conversions, but in no way could they be twisted to meet



ARCHIE PAYNE. SAVED IN YEOVIL.

my case. I did very really believe all the Bible, and yet I knew I wasn't saved. I knew that "God so loved the world," but it was all away from the personal until one Wednesday night in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, in Yeovil, in the middle of a meeting. John 3. 16 was repeated slowly and clearly, and quite suddenly the Spirit of God brought home the conviction that God really loved ME, and at that moment the whole world for me consisted of just three persons—God who loved, Christ who died, and the loved one for whom all this was true. Then the words came clear ringing,

THE GREAT KING IN HIS GARDEN.

"He loved ME, and gave Himself for ME" (Gal. 2. 20), and my heart responded, "I love HIM, and give myself to Him," a key-note which has held good for over twenty years. And so I was saved, just like all other saved ones. The old life was not like some, marked by open sin, but yet it was dead—flowerless, fruitless. But His Word was the seed, lying quiet and unseen, just waiting for the day when the full blaze of the Sun of love should

quicken it into life eternal. Have you known that day? You may have behind you a record of good parentage and of careful upbringing, but all that is only dead soil if the Word of God, so well known by you, does not produce in you life. The love of God in Christ Jesus received by you will produce love for God in flower and fruit, and God will be no longer only an idea and afar off, but will be *your* God and *your* Father. A. P.

A PENNY AND AN OATMEAL CAKE.

ON a fine summer day, some fifty odd years ago, I set out with another boy to discover what kind of country lay behind the Glenside Hill, about one and a half miles south of Maybole. When we had climbed to the roof of the world, as we thought, we were rewarded by beholding a stretch of moorland waste that seemed to be without an end. On retracing our steps we found ourselves, footsore and weary, resting by the Glenside Burn, and wondering where we would get something to satisfy our hunger. John, my companion (or "Jock," as he was familiarly termed), suggested that a "piece" might be procured at Glenside Farm, then tenanted by a worthy lady, long since gone to her rest. My companion had no money, and my whole wealth consisted of a penny—my Saturday allowance, for times were hard in those days. Jock accordingly volunteered to go up to the farm for a pennyworth of oatmeal cake. It was not long till he returned, bearing a "farrel," three-cornered in shape, and of the formidable size that was fashionable in the good old days. The cake was carefully divided into two, and I don't know that we ever enjoyed a more appetising meal.

When we had finished our repast it occurred to me that it was very unlikely the people at the farm would accept payment for the farrel of cake. Looking my companion straight in the face, I said, "Jock, *did* Miss Lamb tak' the penny?"



"Oh, yes," he replied; "she took it. Let me never stir from this spot if she didn't; and you can search my pooches if you like." He threw open his jacket as he spoke, so as to give every facility for my investigation. I refused to search him, however, saying I did not doubt his word. But I afterwards discovered he had *told me a lie!* The people at the farm would not take any money. And, strange to say, even if I had searched his pockets I would have found nothing, for he was prepared for a search, and had the penny snugly hidden away in a fold at the foot of his trousers. I felt sad when I learned the whole circumstances. The sum was small, only a penny; but that did not make the *sin* any less. He first coveted the penny, then stole it, and to conceal the matter he told a lie. Truly, as some one has said, "sins are like conspirators—they go in gangs." One false step is sure to lead to another. Therefore be on your guard against doing *anything that is dishonest*. Scripture says, "Thou shalt not steal" (Exod. 20. 15; Mark 10. 19). It is also written, "Lie not one to another" (Col. 3. 9). "But how did Jock get on in life?" you may be asking. He was a complete failure. As he grew up he went from bad to worse, and at last he had to "flee the country."

"Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light,
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God, and do the right." w s.

THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

WHEN they were building the beautiful temple of Solomon at Jerusalem all the stone which was used in the building was made ready for fixing before it was brought to the place where the temple was being built. You will remember that God's Word tells us that "there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." One day a strangely shaped piece of stone was brought, and the builders tried to fix it first in one place and then in another, but there was nowhere that it would fit, so they threw it aside. After they had gone on with their work for a long while all the men came to a sudden standstill, for they could not find a piece of stone to fill up an oddly shaped niche. They tried all they had, but not one would fit, and at last one of the men thought of the piece they had thrown aside long before as useless, and went to fetch it. When it was brought it was found to fit exactly into the difficult place in the corner, and so they were helped out

of their trouble. The men knew that they were building God's house, and they felt so sure that this was God's doing that they lifted the stone into its position amid songs of thanksgiving; it afterwards became a proverb among the Jews: "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner" (Mark 12. 10).

It was this proverb founded on the old story I have just told you that our Lord Jesus Christ quoted one day when He was speaking to the people. The Jews among whom He lived did not believe that He was really the Son of God and the wonderful Messiah whom they were expecting. Only a very few of the people really loved and trusted Him, and so He reminded them of their own proverb, meaning by it to show them how in rejecting Him they were only bringing trouble and difficulty to themselves.

You and I need to learn the same lesson that our Lord wanted the Jews to learn, and that is that we can never be right without Him. We may be very clever,

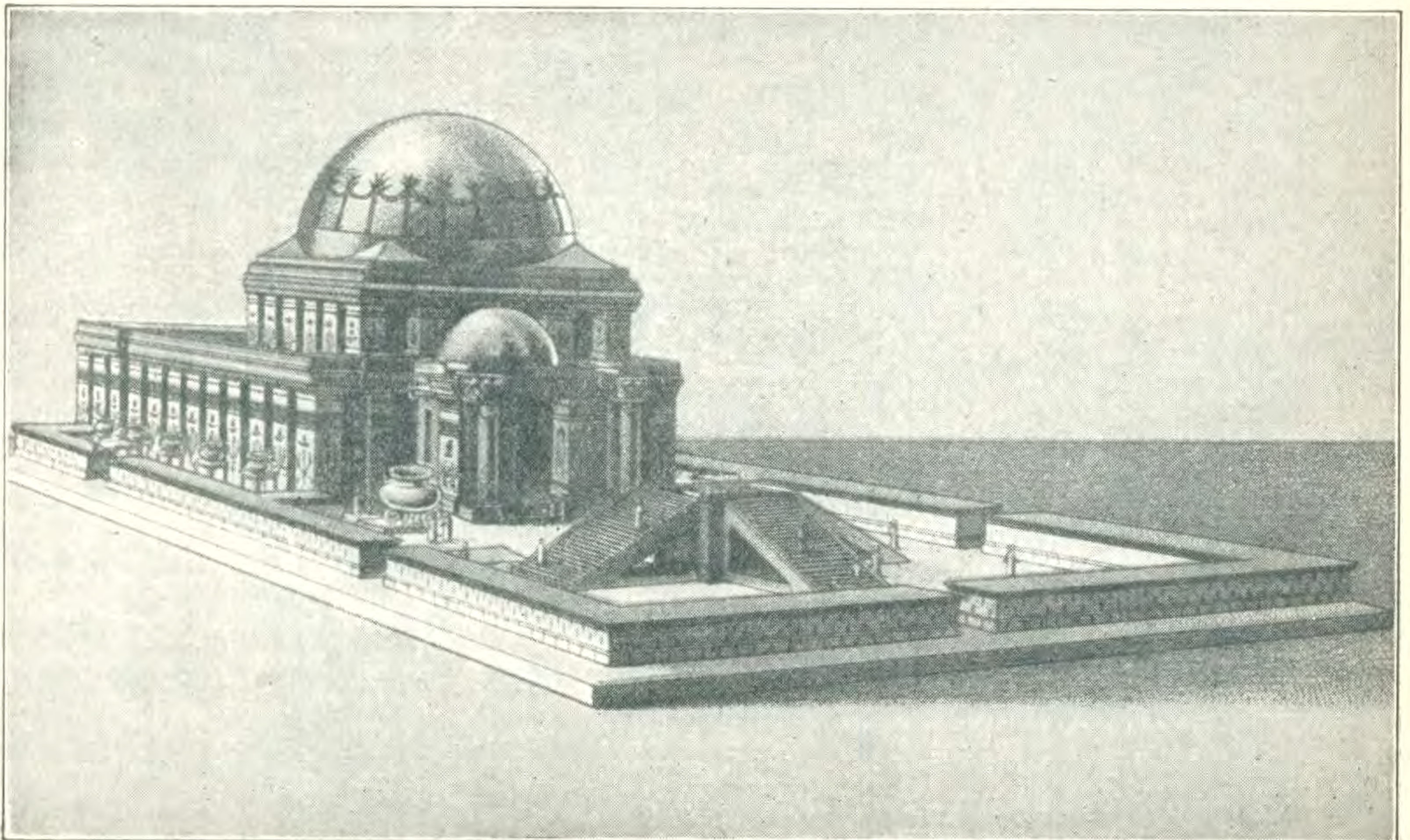


PHOTO OF MODEL AS USED BY THOMAS NEWBERRY IN HIS LECTURES ON SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

THE CHIEF CORNER STONE.

and very prosperous, and very rich, and we may think that after all we do not really need Jesus very much; but the Lord Jesus Christ is to us what the stone was to the temple. We can never get on without Him, and we shall find that our lives will never be right till we have given Him the chief place in our hearts. And just as there was gladness and rejoicing when the right stone was fitted into its proper place in the building, so

"Our hearts will be bright
With a heavenly light
When we let the Master in." E.A.

ART PICTURES for painting and writing a description of. Old and young, rich and poor, one and all are depicted in this, one of the saddest of Bible stories. Awards are (1) for painting; (2) for describing the scene; (3) writing out texts explaining its meaning.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, No. 241.

The mother of a wicked son,
Who basely tried to claim a
throne; true,
A man whose word came strictly
Which many said it would not
do.
A place in which two monarchs
died,
His slayer's counsel one defied.
A woman, cleaving to the Lord,
When many mocked who heard
the word.
A man who prayed with dying
breath,

For those who caused his cruel
death.
A mighty one, of princes chief,
Sent to a combatant's relief.
A mount, where thousands
worked and planned,
For building, holy, great, and
grand.
A place where rose a palace fair,
A monarch gave a banquet
there.
The centre letters of each name
A high-priest tell of evil fame.
C.W.S.

Answer to No. 240.—Pearl, Almonds, Tekel, Moriah, Oak, Stones—PATMOS.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest little folks, No. 53.

An orphan in a foreign land to honour royal was raised;
She out of many chosen was, and by the king was praised.
But soon her joy gave place to grief, her race was doomed to die,
And she with them this fate must share, e'en though exalted high.
She risked her life to intercede, before the king she bowed,
And through her valour all were saved, and death was disallowed.
The people therefore made a feast, and gladness was their lot.
What was her and her cousin's name who overthrew the plot?
Get your Bible, and profit by the Searching.

Answer to No. 52.—Pavement—Gabbath



Schnor's Art Pictures to Paint and Describe, No. 5.

WHEN THE KING AND THE CAPTIVE SHARE

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.S.

SPECIAL FOR SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS.

DID YOU FIND OUT who H.T.B. and W.B. were? Did the initials apply to you? The note mentioned in last number sent to a certain place said, "H.T.B. hath eternal life," and "W.B. hath everlasting life." The people sought to find persons whose initials were H.T.B. and W.B. They should have turned up John 3. 36 for the former, and John 3. 16 for the latter. Turn them up, and see if they apply to you. They hold good to-day.

Heroes have ever a charm for children of all ages. If teachers want confirmation of "the Gospel" as "the power of God unto salvation" (Rom. 1. 16), let their hearts be stirred by the Heroes named in book in centre. For elder classes it would be quite to read a chapter of the one occasionally. Count and tryman, male and female, testify to the triumph of grace and truth. 120 pages, 16 full-page photographs. 2/9, post free.

Art Paintings as on opposite page. Awards for papers received during February: (1) Painting, J. Slaughter, Worthing, Sussex. (2) Describing Picture, Marion Ball, Dublin. (3) Writing Texts, Evelyn Cawston, Wetherden. All papers received during each month are counted as one, so that readers though late share as those at home.

Troubled for Thirty Years. The head master of the Bristol Grammar School at the prize dis-tion told of a boy thirty years earlier who on the prize for French, but had won it by ng. His conscience troubled him for thirty and at last he returned the ill-gotten book, he request that it should be placed in the library. "Be sure... find out" (Num. 32. 23).

Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs. 4.—What expression of five words is found times in Exodus 40? No. 125.—Name vns in 2 Samuel in which were wise women. r to 123—Gen. 22. 2, and fig tree (Gen. 3. 7).

g Christians wanting to commence service Master can have a free sample Packet of with Illustrated Guide, sent free to their by applying direct PICKERING & INGLIS, and Publishers, Bothwell St., Glasgow.

Gospel Scheme of Lessons, for children es, takes up for 1914 "THE JOURNEY om Bondage to Rest" for this year. , 3d. per dozen; 1/6 per 100, post free.

Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
hua, the Appointed Leader, Josh. 1. 1-18, Isa. 55. 4	
Dividing of the Jordan, Josh. 3. 9-17, Gal. 6. 14	
Rescue of Rahab, Josh. 2. 1-21; 6. 25, Heb. 11. 31	
e Downfall of Jericho, - Josh. 6. 12-25, 1 Thess. 5. 3	
us, the True Helper, - John 5. 1-16. Rom. 5. 6	
Sin of Achan, - Josh. 7. 1-22, James 1. 15	
Wily Men of Gibeon, Josh. 9. 3-21, 1 John 4. 1	
e Day of Victory, - Josh. 10. 1-19, Rom. 16. 20	
us, the Sent One of God, Luke 4. 14-30, Isa. 61. 1	

Original Acrostics as on opposite page. Awards for No. 238 to Silas Best, Lurgan, Co. Armagh: Also **Epigram** No 50 to Esther Hyslop, Bridgend, South Wales.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 34. Can you form a *diamond* answer out of this?

Part of the human face am I,
An animal you next may spy
A patriarch my centre shows,
A joiner's tool next will disclose,
My last, 'tis plain, at least to me,
Is water, pure and simple,
see?

W. T. R.

Answer to No. 33—Noah.

Keys to the Word aims at helping teachers to get a successful mastery of the whole Bible. It is by Dr. Pierson, the eminent Bible scholar, takes up each of the sixty-six books, with main divisions and minor details, is in handy pocket form. 1/3, p.f.

A complete list of "Spring Announcements" of new volumes by Sir Robert Anderson, Dr. Scofield, C. F. Hogg, W. Hoste,

and many other known authors will be sent free to anyone applying.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 5. What text in John is this? It speaks about two persons.

O H V I H E D H L O E M W

Ans. to 4, "Away with this Man," Luke 23. 18.

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, 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow.

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THAT SWEET WORD "COME."

I AM going to give you a blackboard lesson. I will begin with a very little word, a word containing four letters. You have often heard it uttered, you have very often said it yourself. Look at the blackboard as I write it, **C.O.M.E.** You have often heard your mother and father call after you, "COME," but you have not responded to the call, and so you have been guilty of disobedience and broken God's commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother" (Exod. 20. 12); and when we break one of His commandments we are "guilty of all" (James 2. 10). (1) There is Another who says "Come." Watch carefully whilst I write His name on the blackboard—

CHRIST. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). "COME," He said when on earth, where He came to suffer on the Cross because of your sin. "COME," He says through the Word, now that He is risen from the dead. He was Victor in the great battle on Calvary, where He fought for you, that you might be free from Satan's power. He wishes to save you, but are you willing to respond to His call and to respond *now*? (2) Look at blackboard as I write second word, O, for

OBEDIENCE. A mother in India, while sitting at the table sewing, called to her daughter, "Come to me across the table." A strange thing to ask. But the daughter obeyed, and came, and that saved her life. A poisonous serpent had made its way through the door to where the child sat playing, at the other end of the table, and there was no other way of escape. We have also a serpent to flee from. The same which tempted Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, and which will poison with sin and destroy your soul. There is only one way of escape, and that is to "Come" to Jesus. If you "Come" to Him, obedient to His call, He will welcome you and give you life eternal (Rom. 6. 23). (3) Let us now take the third letter. For M, I write—

MANSIONS Jesus said: "In My Father's House are many MANSIONS: I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there

ye may be also" (John 14. 2-4). Jesus is now preparing a Place, a Mansion, for His children, and He will soon come back. Will you meet Him in the sky, hear Him say "COME" (Matt. 25. 34), and go with Him into His bright mansion, or shall you be left behind and meet Him as your Judge at the "Great White Throne" (Rev. 20. 11), and there hear His piercing voice say "DEPART?" (Matt.

25. 41). You will never come to His mansion except you believe on HIM—not only about Him. We certainly all do the latter. But believe on Him, trust in Him, trust our salvation to Him. We are all sinners in God's sight, and cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven by ourselves. But Christ has died in our stead, He has paid our great guilt of sin, and laid open the way to God's kingdom. "I am the Way," says Jesus, and we must enter in by Him—there is

no other way to Heaven apart from Him, for "there is none other Name under Heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4. 12). (4) Now we reach the last letter—

ETERNITY. Oh, what a solemn word, "Eternity" (Isa. 57. 15). Soon will our short time be over, and then we will enter into Eternity. I wish to ask you the solemn question—*Where will you spend Eternity*. There are only two places where we can spend it, in Heaven or in Hell. There is no middle place. Take Jesus as your Saviour before it is too late, and He will carry you through, and bring you to His mansion, where you will be with Him for ever and ever. When I was small boy nine years of age I was very much afraid to die. Whenever I lay down to sleep I thought of death. I knew that if I died through the night I would be lost, and that I would never be with my parents in Heaven. If Jesus had come back then I knew that I would have been left behind. Will it be so with you? Jesus took all my fear away when I learned that "He loved me" (Gal. 2. 20) while I was yet a sinner. He died for me, and I just believed on Him, and was saved. Jesus loves you, and gave Himself for you. "COME" to Him now. Take Him as your Saviour *now*, and be saved for Eternity. A. V. S.



Lesson can also be given from box of alphabet cards.



“NOW, WHY WAS DAT?”

MANY years ago there laboured for the Lord in India an energetic German Christian named Heibech. His favourite companion was a large well-worn Bible, *to which he appealed in all matters of dispute, and which he again and again demonstrated to be “the sword of the Spirit” (Eph. 6. 17) in its power to reach heart and search conscience.*

Many of the English residents looked upon Heibech as something worse than a peculiarity; some called him hard names, others made fun of his religion. One young man in particular openly opposed the German

preacher, declared he would not believe anything which he did not understand, and boasted what he would say if he came in touch with the preacher who was always speaking about Heaven and Hell, and of being “born again” (John 3. 3, 7), of which he could know so little.

A favourable opportunity was not long in presenting itself, when Heibech was delivering a message for God in the station. The young man was urged to come forward and express his views. This he did at some length, and wound up his unexpected sermon by declaring that as none had crossed the borderland between earth and “the great beyond,” how could we know about it. He for one was opposed to the mysteries of religion, because he declined to believe anything he could not explain.

How did Heibech reply? After listening patiently to all the young man had to say, instead of commencing a lengthy argument or attempting a wonderful reply, he simply said in broken English, “You say you will not believe anything you don’t understand?” “Yes, that is my position,” replied the boastful youth. “Very well,

den, let me ask you a question or two.” The young man smiled. “As I came here I met a leetle dog. You believe dat?” “Yes, yes,” answered his opponent, for he had seen a little dog himself more than once. “*That leetle dog had two ears. You believe dat?*” “Certainly,” he replied, rather annoyed at the simplicity of



the questions and the peculiar turn of the conversation. “One leetle ear stuck *up*, and the other stuck *down*. You believe dat?” Why, of course, he believed that, for had he not seen a dog with one ear upright and the other hanging down.

Coming to his point the old German inquired, “Now, why was dat? Would you explain dat?” Confusedly he had to admit that he *believed* it, he had *seen* it, but he could not *explain* it. “Ah! ah!” replied Heibech; “my Book knows you; my Book say, ‘The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God’ (Psa. 14. 1), but you bigger fool, you blab it out.”

In early life get these thoughts fixed in your mind that the Holy Bible, which has been the comfort and stay of myriads all down the Ages, reveals five great facts—(1) You have a soul, a vital spark within you, which death cannot drown and the grave cannot destroy; (2) all the world, and all it contains, cannot satisfy the deepest craving of that soul; (3) at death you either go to be with God in Heaven or with Satan in Hell; (4) the only true place of safety and of salvation is found in the “Precious Blood” and “finished Work” of the Lord Jesus Christ; (5) for all who reject the Lord Jesus there remains nothing but a fearful looking for of Judgment (Heb. 10. 27). Why should not you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved? hyp.

HOW GOD SAVED A LANARKSHIRE LAD.

I AM glad that I am able to tell you of the great things the Lord has done for me. Once I was without Christ, having no hope and without God in the world (Eph. 2. 12), seeking to find satisfaction in vain things, which can never really satisfy.

From my youth I was well acquainted with the Gospel, for the Sunday school was my regular resort. There we heard of God's great love to sinners, and of how He gave His only begotten Son (John 3. 16). But as time went on all this was left, and still my heart was empty. I was beginning to see life, and to be animated by the moving pictures of worldly enjoyment passing before me, still without Christ.

By God's grace I was at this period brought to a standstill, and my downward course was stopped.

A well-known preacher, Thomas Sinclair, came to my native village. As he sounded out the Word of the Lord I was led to see my great need as a sinner, and also the possibility of that need being met. One night he took for his text the words, "BEHOLD, I COME QUICKLY" (Rev. 22. 7, 12, 20), which brought stern realities home to my heart. During the whole address I sat spellbound, and even when the meeting was over, and the people rising to go, I felt riveted to my seat. The message struck terror to my soul, I knew I was not ready, and if peace and happiness were to be found I determined to find them *that night*.

An old Sunday school teacher, who is now with Christ, came over to talk with me, and he sought to bring before me more simply the plain facts of the Gospel. I sat bewildered as he talked to me, for I was struggling to take the message in. At last he quoted Romans 10. 9, which made

matters very plain, showing that all that was required of me was to take God at His Word. I saw there and then that simple faith in Jesus Christ as *my* Saviour would make good God's gift to me. With melted heart and tear-dimmed eyes I joyfully accepted Christ, and was "saved." As I think of the greatness of the change I wonder how I could have lived so long in the dark. Saved, satisfied, and "re-joicing in hope of the glory of God."

Young friend, the message I desire to press upon

your acceptance is this, that with all your sins, God still loves you. He loves you with an individual love, as perfectly as if there were no other person in all the world to love. For *you* He gave His only begotten Son in order that *you* might not perish, but might have everlasting life.

"Life, rest, and peace, the flowers of deathless bloom,

The Saviour gives us, not beyond the tomb;
But *here* and *now* on earth some glimpse is given

Of joys which wait us through the gates of Heaven."

All these can be yours at this moment on the ground of simple trust. J. R.



JOHN ROBERTSON, OF DOUGLAS, LANARKSHIRE.

THIS LITTLE BOY WAS RIGHT.

SAID Peter Paul Augustus:
“When I am grown a man
I’ll help my dearest mother the
very best I can.
I’ll wait upon her kindly, she’ll
lean upon my arm;
I’ll lead her very gently, and
keep her safe from harm.



“But when I think upon it, the
time will be so long,”
Said Peter Paul Augustus, “be-
fore I’m tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser to be
her pride and joy
By helping her my very best
while I’m a little boy.”

THE STORY OF A STRANGE STONE.

A GERMAN Duke in days of yore
Disguised himself one day,
And in the middle of the road
A huge, rough stone did lay.
A sturdy *peasant* with his cart
Came lumbering along,
He saw the stone, and scolded much
In language fierce and strong.
Next day a *soldier*, brave and gay,
With plume and sword appeared,
His head so high, he never saw
The stone the Duke had reared.
He stumbled o’er it in his pride,
And then commenced to storm;
He blamed the villagers around
For his soiled uniform.
A band of *merchants* now approached,
With packs and bales galore;
And when they had espied the stone
They raged and fretted sore.
But none of these one hand upraised
To move the stone aside;
So there it lay day after day,
From morn till eventide.
Until full three long weeks had sped,
And still unmoved it stood;
While every *driver* as he passed
Scowled in a surly mood.
The Duke now issued a command
To all the country round
To meet him where the stone still lay,
Unmoved upon the ground.
The people flocked from far and near,
From o’er the country side;
They wondered what the Duke would do
When he came out to ride.

He reached the place, did there dismount,
With kindly smile and bow,
“My friends,” he said, “I placed this stone
By which I’m standing now.
“And more than that, I placed it here
To be a searching text;
I pray you, hear me to the end,
For I am not in jest.”
He gently stooped and raised the stone,
And underneath there lay
A little bed of pebbles white,
All set in trim array.
And in the middle lay a bag
With label firmly sewn;
And on it written clear and plain,
“For him who lifts this stone.”
Then quickly he untied the bag,
And turned it upside down,
And out there dropped a jewelled ring
With coins of golden crown.
The people looked ashamed and sad,
And some wore darksome frowns;
They saw, through laziness, they’d missed
A ring and golden crowns.
Along life’s highway we can see
Huge, heavy stumbling stones;
Our neighbours as they hurry fall,
And dislocate their bones.
The stumbling stone of *sin* is there,
And *lust*, and *pride*, and *drink*;
Our fellows stagger blindly on
To eternity’s dark brink.
Oh! stoop and move the stumbling stones,
For God is looking down;
And one day He’ll bestow on you
A real, bright, Golden Crown.

THE SHIP WHICH TURNED TOO LATE.

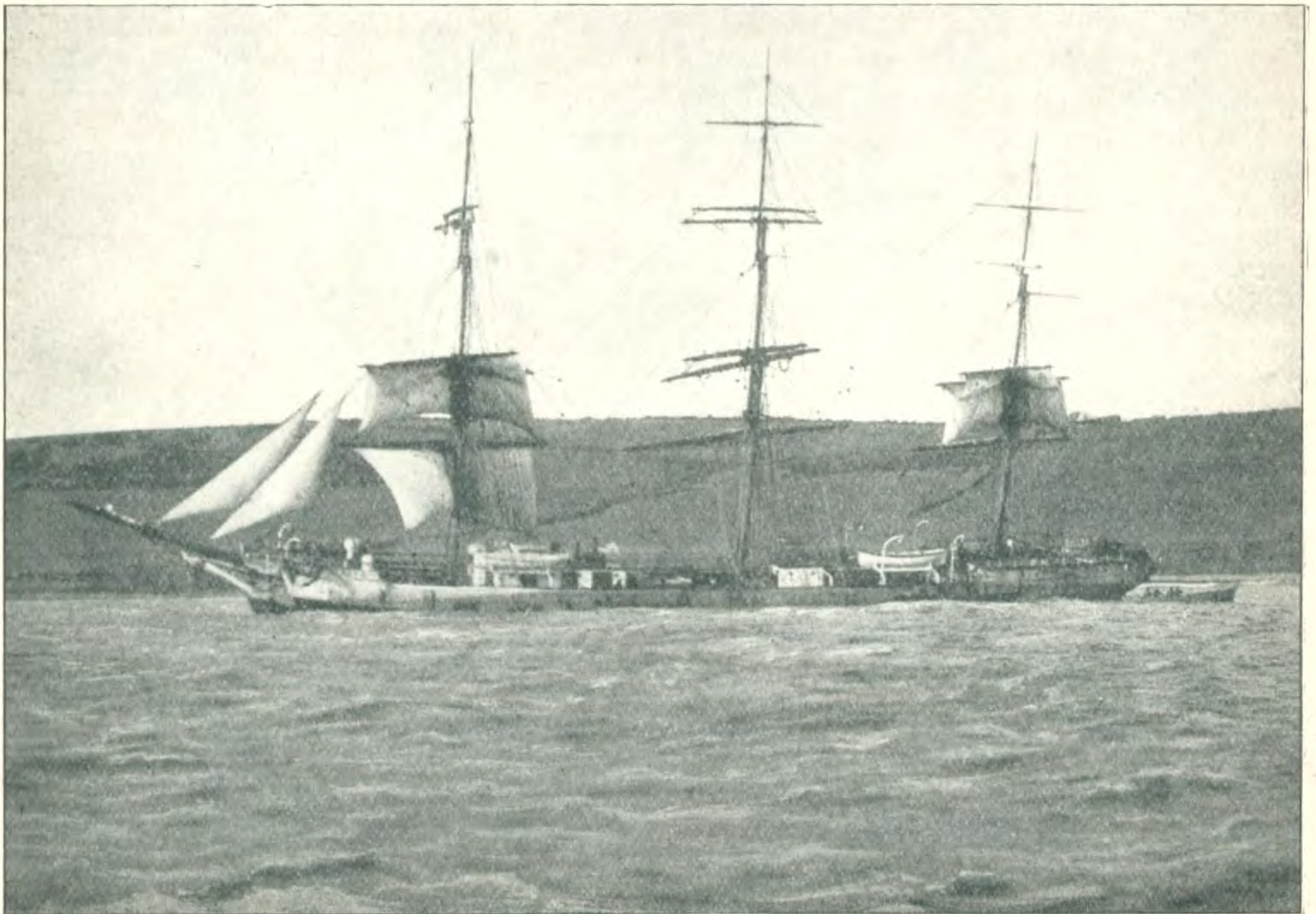
VISITING the house of a seafaring friend, I was struck with a peculiar photograph of a ship which seemed to me to be sailing almost on dry land. I had seen ships which had run ashore stem first, but here was one broad side on. Inquiring if it was a time of flood or a freak of nature, the owner of the picture explained that the ship was right, the sea was calm, only the captain had gone *too near the shore*, and left too little room in which to turn. The set of the sails seem to indicate that he had made a bold attempt to turn, but had turned too late, stuck hard and fast on the bank, and almost wrecked his ship.

It seemed so much like some of the boys with whom I played in boyhood days, who set out on a voyage of sin, sailed too near the shore, and became moral and spiritual wrecks, that I asked permission to reproduce as a warning to boys and girls in their teens, on leaving school, going from

home, freed from parental control, entering business or social life in new surroundings, setting out on a voyage, but whither —? Whatever you do, take “the Captain of Salvation” (Heb. 2. 10), the Lord Jesus Christ, on board, make Him your Saviour, Friend, and Guide, and He will guide you safely all through the currents, shoals, and rapids of life, preserve you from shipwreck on all shores and dangerous rocks, and at the end of the voyage, whether long or short, grant you an “abundant entrance” (2 Peter 1. 11) into the Heavenly Harbour.

There was no need of the captain running ashore, for he had plenty of sea. Don't run the risk of being too near shore before you turn; in fact, if you are wise, you will not run any risk at all, but turn now, for “Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the Day of Salvation” (2 Cor. 6. 2).

HYP.



“THE SET OF THE SAILS SEEM TO INDICATE THAT HE HAD MADE A BOLD ATTEMPT TO TURN.”

ORIGINAL BIBLE STUDIES AND SEARCHINGS.

ART PICTURES for Painting and Describing. No Bible reader will fail to locate this striking scene with its wonderful lesson of trust in God, or how to obtain the victory. Awards are for (1) painting this picture in any way you think best; (2) describing it in not more than a hundred words of your own; (3) selecting from three to twelve verses giving the best description of the scene.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, No. 242.

My first is something that provides us food,
And almost every one will say it's good;
My next the name of food if you have found,
It's often seen in numbers on the ground;
My third a multitude of little things, but wise,
Who get their food prepared 'neath summer skies
My fourth is famed for its delicious fruit,
Compared to Israel, both branch and root;
My next a garden that was wondrous fair,
And in it dwelt a very happy pair,
Until their happiness was spoiled by sin,
And through it was my last revealed to them;
So in our nature and our practice, too,
We're found like them before a holy God, it's true,
And if my whole be reached it must be found,
It can be only on redemption ground.

E. E. G.

Answer to 241.—Maa**Ch**ah (2 Sam. 3. 3); Mic**A**iah (2 Chron. 18. 27); Meg**I**ddo (2 Kings 23. 29); Dam**A**ris (Acts 17. 34); Ste**P**hen (Acts 7. 60); Mic**H**ael (Dan. 10. 13); Leb**A**non (1 Kings 5. 6); Shu**S**han (Esther 1. 2, 3)—CAIAPHAS.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 54.

"Please take my hand," I think I hear a poor blind beggar say,
"It ne'er has been my happy lot to see the light of day.
For sure I am if I obey His Word, who bade me go,
No more I'll sit in poverty and darkness here below."
The beggar's prayer for help is heard, and to the pool he's brought,
He laved the water on his eyes, and found the sight he sought.
The pool has got two names in John, could you now find them out?
And think of Him who mercy had to bring such joy about.

Js. Fs.

Answer to No. 53.—Esther—Mordecai (Esth. 2. 7).

AN OLD SEARCHING WORTH REVIVING.

A Bible character without a name,
Whose body to corruption never came,
Who died a death none ever died before,
Whose shroud is found in every household store.
Think, hunt up the Bible, and answer if you can.



A PAGE OF PROFIT FOR ALL.

SUMMER Reminds us that the years are rolling by, and that summer and winter will soon have passed and Eternity begun. Many of our readers will be making for summer quarters. Do not forget to take your *Boys and Girls* with you, and give to little friends at the coast or country, thus making known the Good News of great joy, and helping to brighten young lives.

Profit by Your Holidays by taking with you a copy of *GEORGE MULLER, OF BRISTOL*, the official life by Dr. A. T. Pierson, the well-known Bible scholar. 462 pages of soul-stirring incidents relating to the man who received one and a half millions of money solely by "prayer and faith." 2/9, post free.

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs. No. 126.—How many times is the word *utterly* named in 1 Samuel? No. 127.—What verse in 2 Kings asks the question, Is thine heart right? Answer to 124.—"As the Lord commanded Moses." No. 125.—Tekoah (2 Samuel 14. 2); Abel (2 Samuel 20. 16).

Special Seaside Number. As we have done for over twenty-five years we purpose filling next number with pictures of coast and country, suitable for scattering on holidays among little friends, and in all places where the Light of Life is needed.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 35. The Jews despised me, an animal am I; Behead me, and a Bible king you will spy; Curtail, and you will find that nought remains; I hope you'll answer right for your pains. W.T.R. Answer to 34—I, Ass, Isaac, Saw, C—Isaac.

Young Augustine was sitting under a plane tree in a garden in Milan with a roll of the epistle to Romans before him. A voice seemed to say, "Take it up and read it." He did, was converted, and became the great divine. You do the same, turn up Romans, read it, and believe it.

Monthly Awards. For Acrostic, No. 239, to Mary C. Scroggie, Turriff. For Epigram, No. 51, to Mary Cawston, Norwich. For Picture Painting (1) to Alex. Stewart, Greenock. For Describing Picture (2) to James M'Kechnie, Port-Glasgow. For writing Texts for Picture (3) to William Muir, Edinburgh. All papers received from June 1 to 30 will be reckoned as one whether from home or abroad.

A Concise Course of Bible Studies for Bible Classes, &c., is given in *Pathway* month by month.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons, introduced many years ago with a view of aiding consecutive study of God's Letter, takes up "THE JOURNEY HOME from Bondage to Rest" for this year. 3d. doz., 1/6 per 100, post free.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
June 7,	The Sin of Achan, - Josh. 7. 1-22,	- James 1. 15
" 14,	The Wily Men of Gibeon, Josh. 9. 3-21,	- 1 John 4. 1
" 21,	The Day of Victory, - Josh. 10. 1-19,	- Rom. 16. 20
" 28,	Jesus, the Sent One of God, Luke 4. 14-30,	Isa. 61. 1
July 5,	The Choice of Caleb, - Josh. 14. 1-15,	- 2 Cor. 5. 10
" 12,	The Cities of Refuge, - Josh. 20. 1-9,	- Psal. 46. 1, 2
" 19,	Joshua's Parting Testimony, Josh. 24. 14-25,	Josh. 24. 15
" 26,	Jesus, the Faithful Witness, John 5. 24-40,	John 5. 39



GEORGE MULLER, BRISTOL.

Workers at the Seaside would get many valuable hints as to picture, blackboard, and card lessons in "How to Instruct and Win the Young." About 140 original lessons. 1/3 post free.

Original Acrostics and Epigrams as given on opposite page. Awards are given monthly for answers from any part of the world. Post yours at earliest; it will be counted in for the month in which it is received. Address, Hy. Pickering, Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

The Authorities have kindly continued the numbers of *Bothwell Street* along what was *Bothwell Circus* as being much more readily found by strangers. Everybody knows *Bothwell Street*, and 229 is now our number. Letters addressed "Pickering & Inglis, Glasgow," will get us at any time. A special mail van lifts our parcels regularly. It takes more than one van to carry the **330,000 magazines** printed monthly on our premises for circulation in all parts of the world.

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Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 6. What portion from the Acts is this? I think you know it. If not, begin at chapter i., and hunt.

TRADROL? UOHTOHW

Ans. to 5, "How He loved him," John 11. 36.

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SALVATION SEEN THROUGH A LIFEBOUY.

OUR subject to-night is "Salvation," or as the writer to the Hebrews calls it, "So Great Salvation" (Heb. 2. 3). In order to help boys and girls to understand this salvation I want them to look at it through a lifebuoy.

1. PROVIDED.

First, a lifebuoy must be provided. At all harbours, on every pleasure steamer, on every ocean going liner; yes, on every ship that sails the sea, lifebuoys are provided. I have known of a captain being brought up and fined for not having enough lifebuoys for the numbers of passengers he had on board his vessel. So salvation must be provided—rich and poor, high and low, *all* need salvation. It is something we could not provide for ourselves. Money can buy lots of things, but money could not provide us with the very thing we are most in need of. The rich cannot buy it, for it is only to be had "without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1); and the poor cannot work for it, for it is "not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 9). We are in fact helpless to save ourselves. How like us, God saw us thus in our helpless condition, unable to save ourselves, and when there was no eye to pity and no arm to save, God's eye pitied and God's arm provided for us so great salvation. Yes, "salvation belongeth unto the Lord" (Psa. 3. 8). What have I here? The Bible! The greatest Book in the world is the Bible; the great Person of that Book is the Lord Jesus Christ, and the great theme of that Book is "so great salvation." Many try to find salvation in many places and in many ways; but look, I put here a hill, and on the hill a cross, and so this Book tells me where salvation is to be found—not in Rome, not in London, not in America, not in man or means, but in the Person of whom this Book speaks. He who came and died to *provide* for us this "so great salvation."

2. **PROVED.** Secondly, a lifebuoy must be proved, tested, tried. A false lifebuoy thrown to a drowning man would prove a false hope. Ah! what a lot of false hopes there are. The "Titanic" was one. When the vessel was sinking many passengers said, "Oh, she won't sink!" but we know to-day that the "Titanic" was a false hope. See, I put a ROCK here, and on the rock a LIGHTHOUSE. Salvation is often referred to in



Scripture as a Rock, because it is sure and steadfast, affording a strong foundation. It is a tried rock; it will never go from under us, and those who accept of it in Jesus Christ build on a sure foundation. Will you say, "I will trust, and not be afraid; . . . He also is become my salvation?" (Isa. 12. 2). You hope to get to Heaven. Is yours a true or a false hope? Be sure you build on the Rock, Christ Jesus, and when temptation comes you will be able to stand.

3. **AT HAND.** On the pole at the harbour, on the starboard side of the ship, on the port side, at the bow, at the stern, and on the bridge, a lifebuoy must be *at hand*, ready to throw to the drowning person. This so great salvation, through the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, is brought within the reach of every one. We haven't got to go to Heaven to bring it down, or to the depths to bring it up (Rom. 10. 7, 8). This Salvation is "nigh" now for your acceptance. When Peter was sinking in the sea he cried, "Lord, save me" (Matt. 14. 30), and Jesus, near at hand, saved him. So the Lord Jesus is ever ready to save all sinking sinners who come to Him. Will you come now?

4. **ACCEPTED.** A lifebuoy to be of any use must be *accepted*. The drowning man in Sketch 3 must lay hold of the lifebuoy, put it over his head, put his arms upon it, and just trust to it. Thus it is with "So Great Salvation." We must make it our own through acceptance of the Lord Jesus if we are to be saved. It has been "provided" and brought to us in vain unless we make it our own. Do you understand about this great Salvation having been provided by God because of His love for you? Listen then while He speaks, and obey His voice, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of Salvation." G. C. M. G.

Conversion of F. S. ARNOT, specially written for this paper.

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



No. 319.—July, 1914.

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER HAD SIGNALLED FOR AID.
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THE SIGNAL FROM THE LIGHTHOUSE.

SOME time ago a party of visitors to the seaside were walking very leisurely along the sands at a watering-place on the south coast. The weather was perfect, and the sea was like a mill pond. They had got about half way to their destination when suddenly one of the party discovered that the tide had turned, and was rapidly coming in. Of course the first thought in each mind was how to escape. Some looked towards the shore, but saw at once it was impossible to do so in that direction, for there was no opening in the cliff, which was very high and almost perpendicular. Others turned their eyes in the direction of the place they wished to attain, but at once concluded the distance was too great to reach before high water. They then turned round and looked back towards the place they had started from, and they saw the sea was almost up to the cliff at certain points. What was to be done? Every one was alarmed, for their condition was most serious, and death stared them in the face.

In their trouble they saw a boat being rowed by two men coming straight to the place where they stood, which took them all on board and safely landed them at their destination. They then began to inquire how it was that the boat had come to them at such an opportune moment, and found out that the man in the lighthouse which stood on the high cliff had been watching them, and he, knowing the tide had turned, saw their danger, and had

signalled to the nearest station to send a boat immediately, as people were in danger. Thus, quite independently of themselves, deliverance had been devised and provided for them.

Have we not in this a beautiful picture of God providing Salvation for the sinner? From His high and lofty throne God looked

down upon this world, and saw men and women, boys and girls, in danger of being lost. They were journeying along the sands of time in utter ignorance of their danger. Death was stealthily creeping on, judgment was nearing, and soon the awful tidal wave of wrath must sweep them into perdition. But God, in His infinite wisdom, devised a wonderful plan of Salvation for



THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER SIGNALLED TO SEND A BOAT IMMEDIATELY.

them, and in His boundless love He sent forth His Son to be the Saviour of the lost, and now in matchless grace He brings salvation right down to us in all our helplessness and need. The Gospel lifeboat is right alongside us, the Saviour invites us to step on board. As we do this by faith, the Word of God assures us that we shall be saved with an everlasting salvation, and landed in the Heavenly Harbour. G.H.

WHERE NO DISCIPLES HINDER.—A little girl about seven years of age lay on her deathbed. Seeing her elder sister with a Bible in her hand, she asked her to read from it. Mark 10. 13-16 was read. The child said, "How kind! I shall soon go to Jesus. He will soon take me up in His arms; no disciples shall keep me away."

SAVED AT A SEASIDE SERVICE.

ONE lovely summer a friend of mine was holding services for young and old in a well-known watering-place. The grand and glorious Gospel of God's matchless grace to a perishing world was told out in simplicity, freshness, and power with most blessed results. At the close of the services an opportunity was given to those having doubts and difficulties of remaining behind for private conversation.

Amongst those who availed themselves of this privilege was Miss Fortescue, a fashionable young lady. She had been an interested listener to the truth preached on the sands, and had been aroused to deep soul-concern. The arrow of conviction, carried home in the power of the Holy Spirit, had reached her heart, and she discovered that she was lost and ruined, and was hurrying on to endless woe. Now she greatly longed to obtain forgiveness. There were, however, difficulties in the way. She told the evangelist that she was the youngest of a large family, all of whom were thorough worldlings, and she greatly feared that if she became a Christian she would suffer much persecution. She also declared that if she were saved she would have to give up attending balls, theatres, and other worldly entertainments and amusements. "You are not asked to give up anything in order to be saved," said the ambassador of the Cross. "If you

accept Christ as your Saviour you will gladly 'give up' whatever displeases Him. Even though you don't renounce worldly pleasures in this life you must do so in eternity. If you become a Christian, and die, and enter the glory, you won't require them; and if you reject the Lord

Jesus, and are cast into the pit of woe, you will be so absorbed by your misery that you won't give them a moment's consideration." After further conversation, Miss Fortescue left in an undecided state. She was observed at the open-air meetings on several occasions, but did not appear happy. She had not then learned that God was fully and perfectly satisfied with Christ's finished work, and that by believing on Him who did it all, and paid it all, she would obtain eternal life as a free gift. The fear of what she would have to "give up" had hindered her from closing with God's pardoning mercy.

Not long after the conversation referred to, Miss Fortescue informed the evangelist that she was then returning to her home in England, but could not go without telling him that she had obtained peace with God, and was rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. She had ceased thinking about what she would have to endure and renounce if she became a Christian, and had looked to Christ dying on Calvary's Cross, and had found life in a look at the crucified One. If you would like to know your sins forgiven, gaze at the bleeding, suffering Lamb of God bearing sin's awful judgment, and remember that "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities" (Isa. 53.5). Accept Him, and be saved and satisfied. A. M.



GETTING READY FOR THE CHILDREN'S SERVICE.

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT'S TESTIMONY.

FEW boys, I suppose, had a more strictly religious training than I, yet at the age of eight I had learned to sin grievously against God. Satan is such an artful trapper, that he even uses stealth and cunning in the way he attacks children. Most bird-catchers know that there is no use trying to catch old sparrows with chaff; but young sparrows are not so wise, they are more easily caught.

Yet Satan does not risk it; even in setting traps for children he does not call the bait he uses by the ugly name of *sin*; he calls it "fun," or perhaps "mischief," or a "lark"; anything, so long as the little birds are deceived and caught in his trap.

Nothing delighted me more at that early age than stealing fruit out of a neighbour's garden, in company with two other boys, not that we were in want of food or even ate all we stole; our chief pleasure seemed to be in running the risk of being caught. Satan, the master we were serving, told us that it was all in fun, and we believed him. Once an old man spied us from the top of a ladder, and in his haste to come down in order to catch us, he nearly fell to the ground.

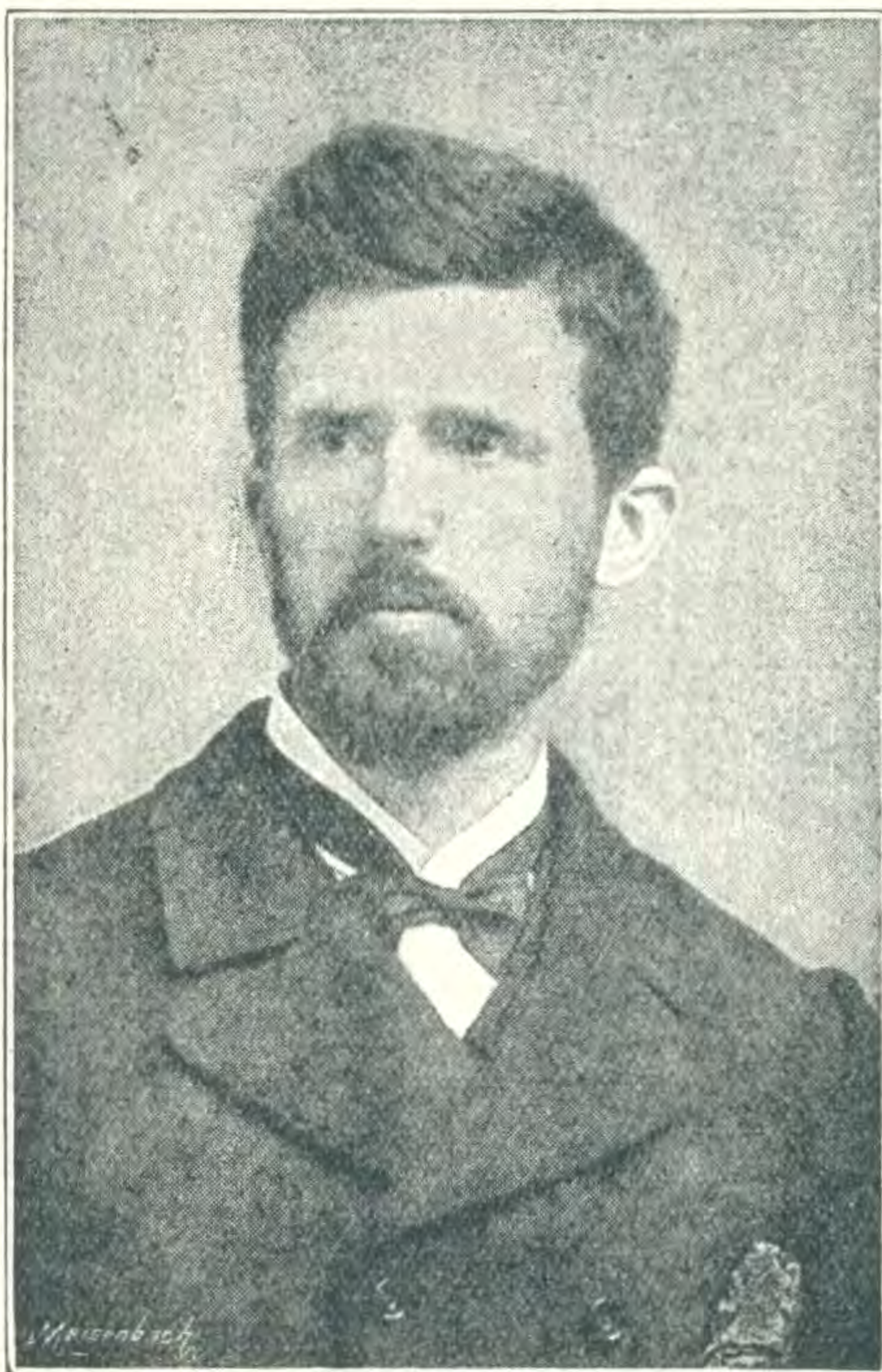
One day, one of my companions (whose name was Jimmie —) and I were having a game on a swing in his father's garden. We were making a great noise, and eating plums—the plums came from a tree in the neighbouring garden. Jimmie and I had cut a hole through the thorny hedge with our pocket-knives, and took turns in creeping through, shaking the tree sharply, and

gathering up the fruit in hot haste and off again to our swinging. In the middle of our game a window opened and Jimmie's older brother, John, called out to us to make less noise. "No, we won't," shouted back Jimmie, "we will make as much noise as we please," and on we went with our game. Again the window opened and John shouted out, "Thieves, be quiet." It was as if a pistol shot had gone off at my very head.

Surely he was not calling me a thief? The swing dropped, and off I started for home. I felt very wicked and guilty. My only safety, I felt sure, was to hide myself, so I kept hid away all that evening, and was glad when the hour came to go to bed. "Thief, thief," still ringing in my ears all the time.

Next day, I was sent on some message to the railway station, and had to pass the Hamilton prison on my way. I crept along, feeling sure that if a policeman only got a glimpse of me he would take me off to prison at once. I felt as if *thief* was written on my forehead, and that every one I met knew all about me.

I had not gone far, when, to my horror, I spied a policeman in the distance; he was leading off a little boy to prison—a poor, bare-footed boy. In his other hand the policeman held a new pair of boots. I saw at once that this bare-footed boy was being taken to prison for stealing a pair of boots that he very much needed. How much more wicked I felt, for had I not stolen fruit time and again just for the fun of it. I watched the policeman lead the boy along



FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT'S TESTIMONY.



P. S. ARNOT SHIELDING A BLACK BOY FROM A BIG LION IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

until they reached the prison doors. The big door opened, the policeman and the boy went in; then slam went the great prison door, and off I rushed for home, and hid myself away for the rest of the day. At last bed-time came. I dreaded to pass another night; I could not tell anyone what a wicked boy I was. I knew I ought to tell God about it, but I trembled to do so at my usual evening prayer, so I waited until all were in bed and the house quiet, then up I got. Now, I thought, I will ask God to forgive me, but words would not come, and, at last, I burst into a flood of tears. I felt I was too wicked even for God to forgive; yet a glimmer of light and hope came to me with this thought: "That is why Jesus died on the Cross for me, because I am so wicked." Among many texts of Scripture that my parents had taught me, was John 3. 16. I repeated it to myself on my knees about two o'clock one morning, and that "whosoever" took me in. I awoke next morning with a light heart; the burden was gone.

Some months later, in the summer of 1869, I met my old companion Jimmie in the town of Ayr. I felt I *must* tell him all about it, and yet I did not know how to begin. At last I hit on a plan. I proposed a walk to the cemetery, thinking when we got among the grave-stones, I would be able to say something about dying and about being saved. But before we reached the graveyard I managed to tell Jimmie I was saved, and that was the reason I had never again gone with him to steal fruit. Jimmie then told how from that same afternoon when his brother called "thief" out of the window, he had been anxious to be saved, and that he had made up his mind to become a minister; for he thought if he became a minister he would be saved. I told him I did not think so, and quoted John 3. 16. Jimmie is now in Australia, and still I fear unsaved. John, Jimmie's older brother whom the Lord used to speak to both our hearts, lived a very wicked life, and died, I fear, as he lived.

FREDERICK STANLEY ARNOT

WONDERFUL THINGS IN THE BIBLE.

THE STICK WHICH GREW. Art Pictures for painting and describing, No. 7. In all your country rambles did you ever see a rod cut away from the tree begin to "bud," then show "blossoms," and actually bring forth "fruit?" Yet this is one of the wonderful and true things in the Bible, as you may see in Numbers..... Look it up, read carefully, paint nicely, and you may obtain one of the awards for (1) painting, (2) describing the picture, not more than 100 words, (3) selecting verses from the Bible, not more than 12, which relate to this remarkable incident. "Now, then, do it" (2 Sam. 3. 18).

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy workers, 243.

A woman name, you know right well
From favoured state she sadly fell.
A king once told that he should plead
For those in poverty and need.
A stranger, exile from his land,
Who joined a feeble, fleeing band.

The letters first and last will tell
A priest who from a high place fell. c.w.n.
Answer to No. 242.—Hen, Egg, Ants, Vine,
Eden, Nahab—HEAVEN.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 55.

What pomp and glory
Once was seen
When Solomon
Was Israel's king.
That glory faded as a leaf,
As all earth's glory does,
The sentence long since spoken
All Adam's family proves.
But earth is yet awaiting
The Great Immortal King,
Who from His Father's throne shall come
With healing in His wing.
A question to you interesting
I hope this one shall be,
What verse in John two names doth give
Of Him who King shall be? JS. FS.

Ans. to No. 54.—Siloam, Sent (John 9. 7).



OUR SPECIAL SEASIDE NUMBER.

OUR First Seaside Number was issued twenty-six years ago. Those who read it are either grown up to men and women or passed beyond Time into Eternity. Yet a new **Coast and Country Number** has been issued every July during all these years. On your holidays hand it to little friends whom you may meet, show it to others at the Children's Services, or leave it in a quiet nook for some passing stranger to find and take to his home—miles away. In order to encourage above we give a new introduction card entitled,

Are You 6 or 7? 6, as is well known, is the mark of man or "the beast" (Rev. 13. 18), and therefore speaks of *imperfection*. 7, as most know, always speaks of completeness or *perfection*. Hence are you still 6, a sinner, unsaved, and "condemned already" (John 3. 18), or are you 7, saved by grace, with "no condemnation" (Rom. 8. 1) and "made meet" (Col. 1. 12) for glory? In order to fix this permanently on your mind we offer to old and young readers

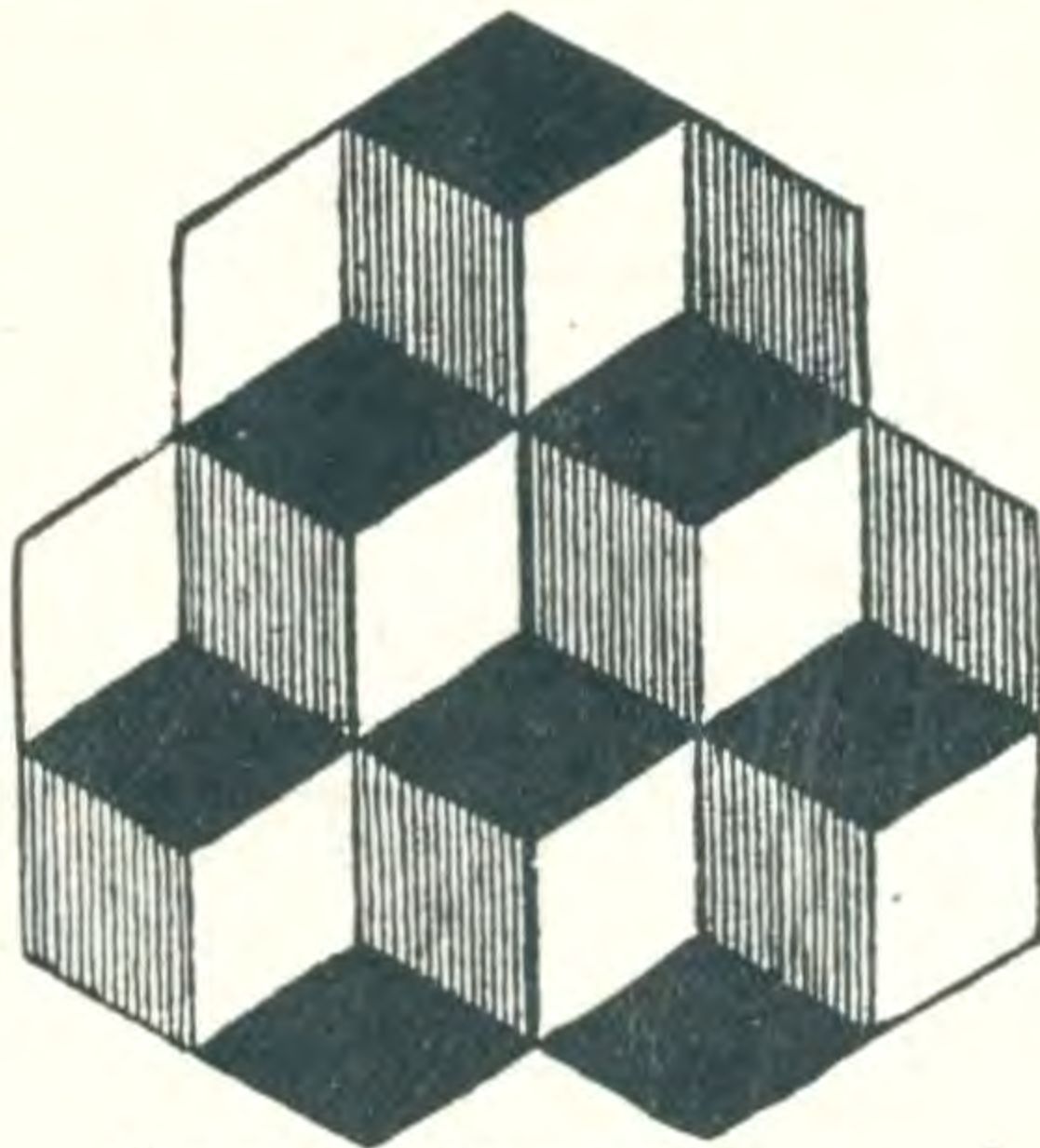
Three Special Seaside Awards for sending in the longest and most correct list of Bible 7's—things, times, places, or facts mentioned in the Book of Books. (1) Any age under 10; (2) 11 to 13 years; (3) past 13 up to 20. Scholar or teacher. Post by 31st July to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

Frederick Stanley Arnot was called to his Heavenly Home on 14th May, 1914. He laboured thirty-three years for Africa, and travelled 30,000 miles in that wonderful land. The story of his conversion, specially written for our pages, appears on pages 4 and 5. How it should stir us all up to get saved first, and then serve the Lord like this Christian hero.

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs., No. 128.—What verse in 1 Timothy tells us whether Adam or Eve was created first? No. 129.—What verse in 1 Timothy tells us what we will take out of this world? *Answer to 126*—8 times. 127—2 Kings 10. 15.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons, introduced many years ago with a view of aiding consecutive study of God's Letter, takes up "THE JOURNEY HOME from Bondage to Rest" for this year. 3d. dozen, 1/6 per 100, post free.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
July 5,	The Choice of Caleb, - Josh. 14. 1-15,	2 Cor. 5. 10
" 12,	The Cities of Refuge, - Josh. 20. 1-9,	Psa. 46. 1, 2
" 19,	Joshua's Parting Testimony, Josh. 24. 14-25,	Josh. 24. 15
" 26,	Jesus, the Faithful Witness, John 5. 24-40,	John 5. 39
Aug. 2,	Gideon's Call to Service, Judges 6. 11-24,	Luke 16. 10
" 9,	Gideon's Two Tests, - Judges 6. 33-40,	James 1. 5
" 16,	Gideon's Remarkable Dream, Judges 7. 9-23,	1 Cor. 15. 57
" 23,	Gideon's Sad End, - Judges 8. 22-35,	Jer. 17. 9
" 30,	Jesus, the True Friend, John 12. 1-27,	Prov. 19. 24



How many blocks are in this mix,
Are there seven or only six?
The more you look, the worse the fix,
Some see seven and some see six.

Seaside Workers will find the eyegate lesson on next page very easy to give and very difficult for little ones to forget. Many such will be found in the Editor's three volumes (1) "How to Instruct and Win the Young;" (2) "Through Eyegate to Heartgate;" (3) "Bright Beams from the Blackboard." 100 lessons in each. 1/3 each, or 3/ the set, post free anywhere.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 36. "Much in little."

Four Bible places write in such a way,

No less than six will show as clear as day. W.T.R.

Answer to 35.—Dog-og-o (Deut. 3. 1).

Monthly Awards: for *Epigram* 52, to Helen Robinson, Renfrew. *Acrostic* 240, to Wm. Hunter, Carmyle. *Paintings* (1) to Stanley Rowden, Exeter; (2) Alex. Stewart, Greenock; (3) W. Furse, Devon.

Almanac Awards: Prize 26, for Describing Picture, to Catherine M.H. Dawson, Leeds. 27, Outline of Picture, Joan Tyler, London. 28, Herbert Smith, Sandgate, Kent. 30, Painting Picture, under 12, to Robert McGregor, Glasgow.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 7. What choice bit of Romans 5 do these letters repeat?

I T F U I R O C S D R S E D H

Answer to 6, "Who art Thou, Lord?" Acts 9. 5.

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, 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow.

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THE FIRST BOAT EVER BUILT.

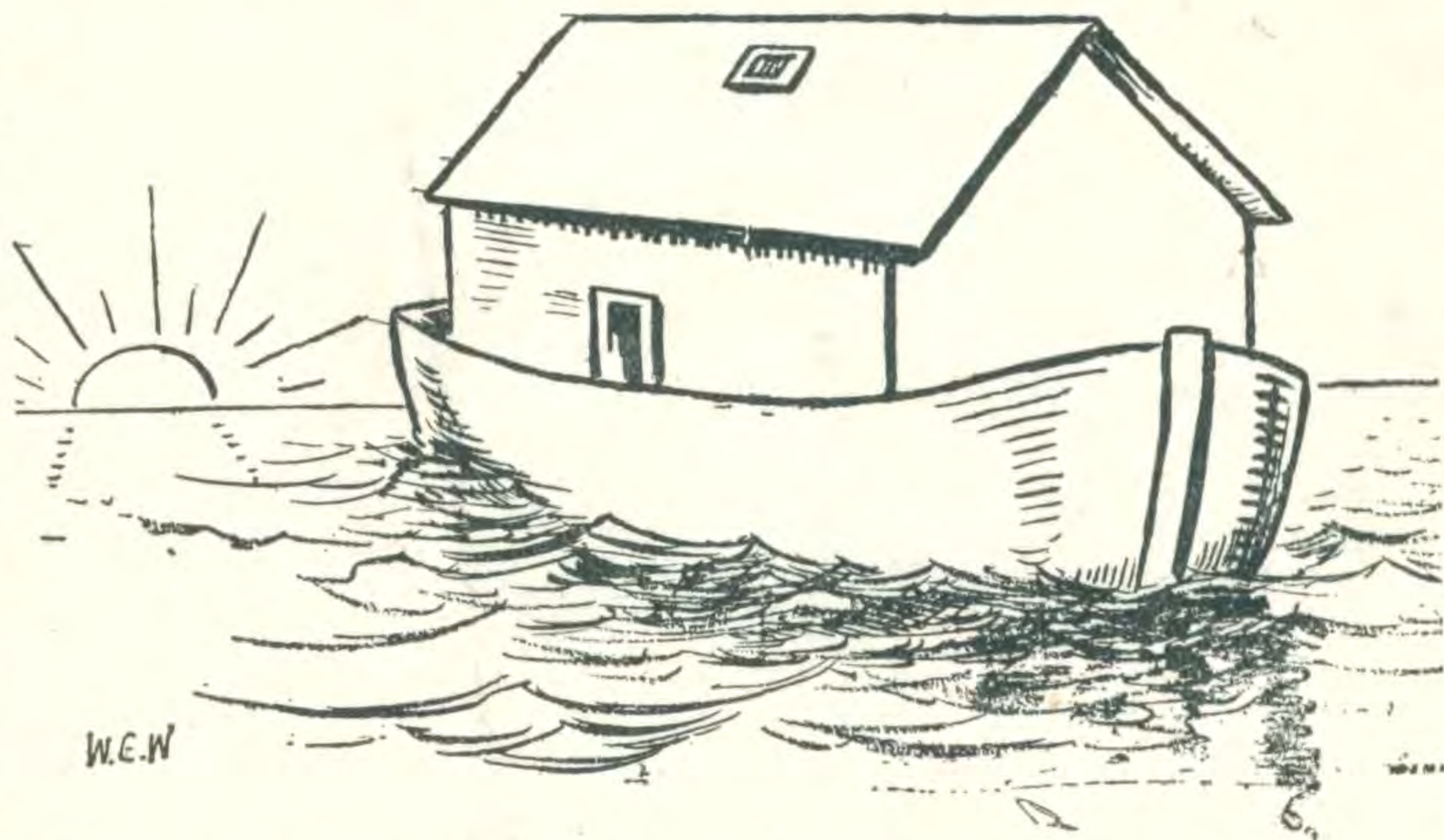
WE are at the seaside, so we will have a lesson to suit. Would you believe I have in this large bag a copy, or an idea, of the first boat ever built; at least the first boat of which we have any record. (Producing a fairly large "**Noah's Ark**," as sold by most better class household supply stores.) In almost every country there are traces of the great upheaval known as "the flood." In many portions of the New Testament we have warrant for using this as an object lesson. PETER uses it to illustrate the *patience* of God. "God waited in the days of Noah (1 Peter 3. 20); PAUL as an example of salvation by faith. "By *faith* Noah prepared an ark to the saving of his house" (Heb. 11. 7). THE SAVIOUR spoke of the Ark again and again, comparing the *suddenness* of the days of Noah with the days of coming judgment (Matt. 24. 37; Luke 17. 26). This is perhaps the one incident in the Bible of fear leading to salvation. Hebrews 11. 7 says: "Noah, . . . being *moved with fear*, prepared an ark to the saving of his house." If the mighty love of Christ won't move, God may awaken you by "the wrath to come" (Matt. 3. 7). Remember Hell is as certain as Heaven.

If we learn these lessons we do well, but we had better have an Acrostic on the word ARK for the benefit of these rows of little folks, with faces full of sunshine. Letter A will stand for **ADMITTED FREE**. God stood at the door, and said: "Come thou and all thy house into the ark" (Gen. 7. 1). "But where is the door?" I hear a boy say. Not at the end, as in some houses, but in the *side* (how significant). How many doors were there? Only one, and that the free door. All was done, all was ready, all were admitted free. So with our ark—JESUS. By dying on the Cross He opened up "a new and living way" (Heb. 10. 20) whereby any sinner might be admitted free into Heaven. There is only *one* door (John 10. 9), and that door is *free* to all. One boat, one door, one window clearly foretold only one way of escape from the deluge of Judgment. Next comes R, telling us that they were

RIGHT WELCOME. No half-hearted voice invited them in. No make believe, or wishing they would not come. They were as welcome then as when Isaiah said: "Come . . .

without money and without price" (Isa. 55. 1); as when those who "had nothing to pay were *frankly forgiven*" (Luke 7. 42); and as the closing welcome indicates, "Let him take the water of life *freely*" (Rev. 22. 17). So all are right welcome to the Heavenly Ark even to-day. The ANIMALS picture the variety of persons who are welcome (a friend produces as named), the *noble* lion, the *great* elephant, the *tall* giraffe, the *small* coney or rabbit, the *ugly* bear, the *tender*

lamb, the *common* horse, the *familiar* cow, the *unclean* pig. What peculiar animal is this?—"a dog." "Oh, yes," known throughout the *wide world*; and this—"a cat," found at almost every *fireside*. Look at the array, and tell me if they do not clearly declare "*whosoever* will may come." When man's big boat the *Titanic* went down there



Lesson can also be given (1) on *blackboard* loaned from day school; (2) a strip of *wallpaper* tacked on sea wall or hoarding. Acrostic drawn at side of picture.

were not sufficient boats to carry all to safety, but God's ship has already carried millions safe to Glory, and "yet there is room" (Luke 14. 22) even for millions more. All who found themselves at last *outside* the ark had only themselves to blame. So with all who reject the Gospel. Our third letter reminds us that once they were **KEPT SECURE**. As the picture on this yellow matchbox (producing the well-known Bryant May box from the ark) indicates, "SECURITY" was a leading point in God's ship. He "shut the door" (Gen. 7. 16). He kept them safe, He brought them through. How many windows were there? Only one. Where was it? In the top, looking up, to indicate that all their hope and trust was in Jehovah. He could not disappoint such confidence. Instead of running against a mountain and being wrecked, the ark landed safely on "the *top* of Ararat" (Gen. 8. 4). So there is only one vessel absolutely secure to-day—THE GOSPEL SHIP (producing bold picture from the ark). All who step on board are bound to land on the golden shore. One last touch—the radiant sun, telling of the "sure and certain hope" (Heb. 6. 19) of the saved in God's Ark. That old wreck round the coast preaches to us every day the necessity of entering God's Ark while it is day. "Enter, oh, enter now!"

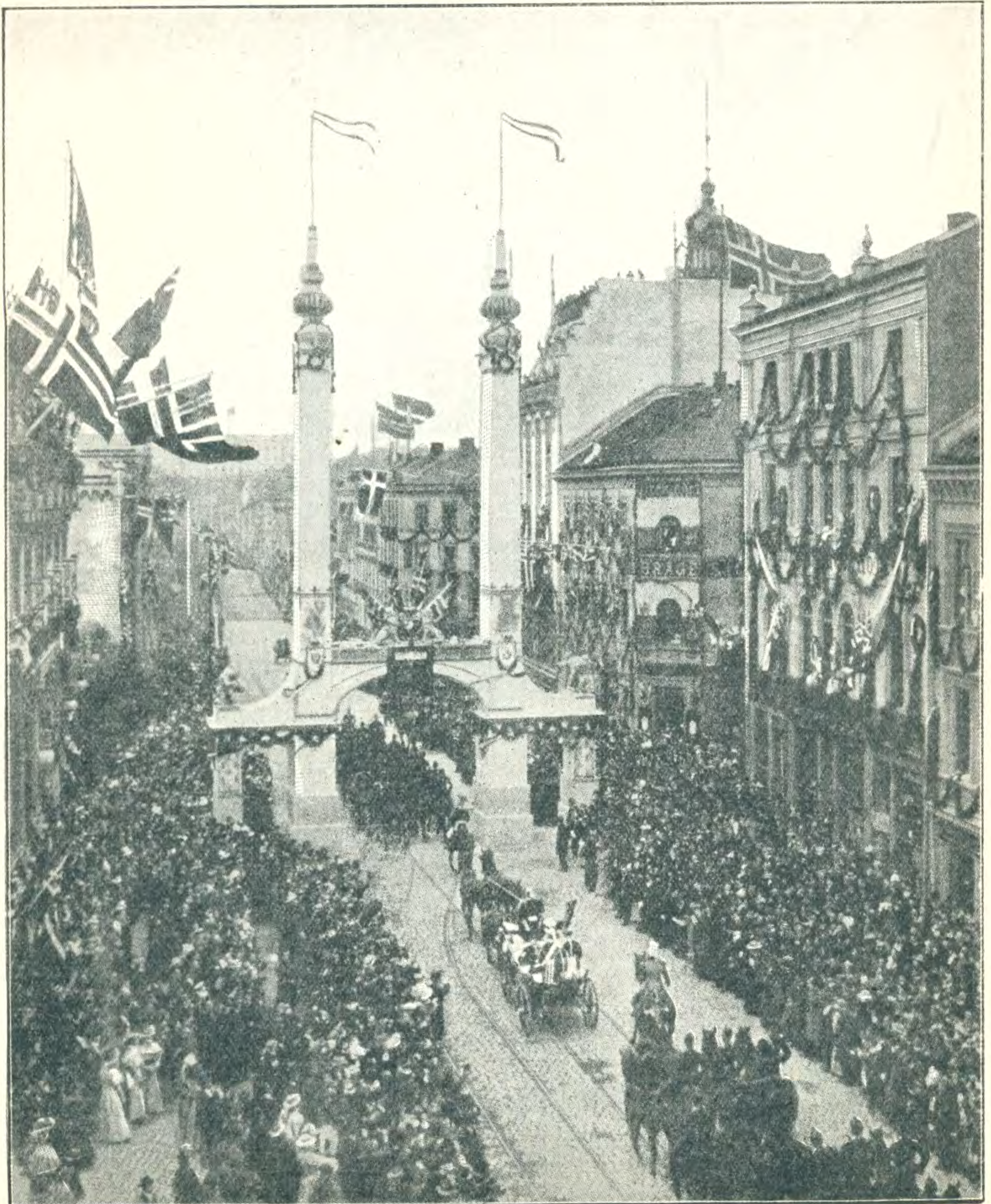
How quickly the time has fled. What an enjoyable lesson. May we each profit therewith, and finally land safe on the mount of God, to enjoy His presence for evermore. HYP.

THE TOURIST AND HOLIDAY NUMBER.

PICTURES
ON
EVERY PAGE

BOYS & GIRLS

STORIES
FOR
EVERY AGE



No. 320.—August, 1914,

A HIGH DAY IN ARENDAL, NORWAY.
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post,

Monthly, One Halfpenny.

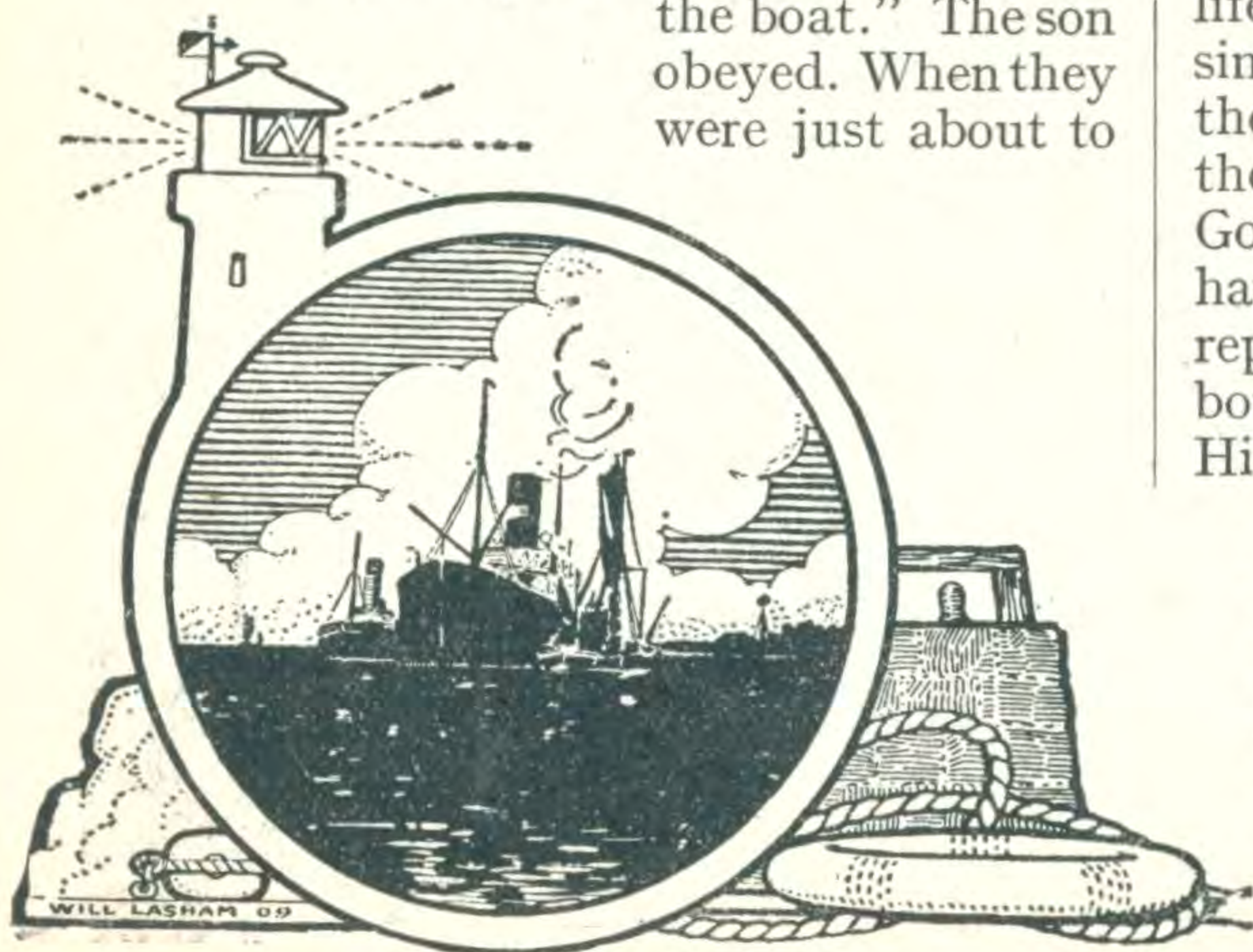
THE NOBLE NORWEGIAN PILOT.

ARENDAL, in the south-east of Norway, is a seaport with about 11,000 inhabitants, and is of considerable importance. The shipping, though great even now, is much less than it was in earlier times, when it was not an unusual sight to see the extensive harbour crowded with sailing vessels. At that time many pilots belonged to the town, whose duties often called them into danger, interesting accounts of which have been left. Among these pilots Soren Nabben specially distinguished himself by cleverness in steering his boat through the wildest sea. The following event happened in 1793, and gives a good idea of the man's noble character.

Commander Lovenorn was returning from his post in Morocco with the royal frigate "Gerner" in one of the most frightful November storms that have raged. All on board understood well that if no pilot could board the ship it must go under among the reefs and rocks. The pilots in Merdo saw from their mound the dire need of the frigate, but considered it impossible to get out in such weather. Soren Nabben was the only one who despaired not. But no one would go with him. He could not bear to hear the distress signals from the frigate, so he turned to his son, saying, "You are a pilot as well as I, and know your duty; none will go with me; I am your father, and can command you; you must go with me in the boat." The son obeyed. When they were just about to

shove off from land another pilot named Nils came forward, saying, "Soren Nabben, with you I will risk it." In spite of storm and sea the undaunted pilots were successful in reaching the vessel, but that only at the last moment. To come so near to the ship that Nils could climb on board was not to be thought of. The only way was to cast a rope from the ship; the pilot bound it round his body, and jumping into the sea allowed himself to be hauled on deck. In this manner Nils got on board the frigate. Soren Nabben sailed with his son in the pilot boat along the dangerous coast to show the way. Nils followed him; boat and frigate came safely into harbour, and more than a hundred lives were saved by the bravery of one man.

This incident illustrates not only the spiritual need of the human race, but also the great Sacrifice made by Jesus to meet that need when "One died for all" (2 Cor. 5. 14), as well as the victory He has secured. All having sinned (Rom. 3. 23) are under condemnation, and unless saved by grace, through faith in Jesus, await only the passing of their allotted time here on earth before perishing in eternal wrath. The groans and cries of this miserable world shot up to Heaven like so many distress signals, and brought in pity a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. When there was none other to help He came, not bringing salvation, however, by merely risking His life, but by *really dying* (Rom. 5. 6). The sins we committed Jesus answered for; the sorrows we deserved He bore, and died the death due to us. Therefore Him hath God raised and exalted with His right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins. All who bow the knee to Him as Prince and trust Him as Saviour are delivered from the wrath to come. Jesus has saved many millions out of this doomed world; led them into a haven of safety and rest; cleansed and redeemed, as a mighty multitude from every nation and land they stand around the throne singing unto Him who bought them by His Blood. Will you be there? D. M'M.



HOW GOD SAVED A SOUTHPORT BOY.

I, ARTHUR BATE, a sinner saved by the grace of God through simple faith in the finished work of Jesus Christ, who died on Calvary's Cross, that I, through believing His Word, might have eternal life, desire to tell my conversion story.

My parents being Christians, I was brought up under the sound of the Gospel from my earliest days. On the 6th of October, 1907, in the Gospel Hall, London Square, Southport, I took the Lord Jesus Christ as my own personal Saviour. That Lord's day the message of Salvation through the Lord Jesus was told out by Mr. James A. Gordon, a missionary from China, who had been attending the Lancashire Missionary Conference the previous week end. I do not remember the speaker's text nor anything he said, but I know that during the address, while I sat on the seat, I trusted in the Lord Jesus to the Salvation of my soul. I well remember (it seems as though it was yesterday) that as I was leaving the hall Mr. Gordon asked me whether I was saved or not, and I answered "Yes," and told him that I had trusted the Lord Jesus that night. We went back into the hall, and, kneeling down, thanked God for His grace in saving me.

Oh, boys and girls, it is grand to be saved and to find forgiveness, peace, and joy through believing the Gospel message.

Have you found peace and joy in the Lord Jesus Christ? "He that heareth My word and believeth on Him that sent Me hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life" (John 5. 24). The boy or girl who *hears* and *believes* passes from death unto life. Nothing could be more simple. Will you not receive this

glorious truth now by simple faith in the Lord Jesus, who provides also for the future in that He says you "shall not come into condemnation?" You must not consider your feelings, but hearing His word, believe in His finished work, and you are saved from eternal death; and not only this, but He gives us Himself, and all blessings are centred in Him. He gives to all who accept Him present

joy, peace, happiness, guidance, and help for every day we live down here. Dear boy or girl, won't YOU receive Jesus NOW, and rejoice in being saved?

A. B.

HOW GOD SAVED A DUNFERMLINE GIRL.—I was brought up in a Christian home, and by Christian parents. I always went to the meetings and Sunday school, and was very anxious, but could never say that I was saved till one Sunday night, after I came home from the Sunday school, I sat down to read the *Boys and Girls* monthly

magazine. Something said to me while reading a story in it, Are you saved? I knew that I was not saved and was a sinner, "dead in trespasses and in sin," and needed everlasting life. I remembered that in John 3. 16 it says, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I said if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ I shall be saved. So from that very Sunday night I know that I am saved by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, and can truly say that "I am His and He is mine for ever and for ever." M. S.

[Here are two witnesses, a boy and a girl. Both young, both saved by faith in Jesus, both happy, both alive. Accept the Lord Jesus by faith just now, and be saved. HYP.]



ARTHUR BATE, SOUTHPORT.

THE CONQUERED EAGLE.

A WELL-KNOWN STORY PUT INTO VERSE BY AN OLD FRIEND OF "B & G."

A BRITISH sportsman gripped his gun,
And sallied forth to shoot;
Equipped was he in every part,
His faithful dog at foot.

With marching much he weary was,
And laid him down to rest;
His eye turned upward to the sky,
His gun lay on his breast.

Far, far away above
his head [soar;
He saw an eagle
He marked each
graceful move-
ment there,
It charmed him
more and more.

"I'll tarry here
a while," he
said,
"And view this
eagle's flight,

Then should it come within my range
I'll shoot with all my might."

He scarcely had expressed himself,
When right out from the blue
The mighty bird made one swift swoop,
And earthward now it flew.

The sportsman was struck dumb with fear,
Too paralysed to move!
He saw the bird but skim the ground,
Then doubling back above.

Anon he watched the giant bird
Regain his place on high,
While his lost opportunity
Drew forth a peevish sigh.

Again he looked. Pray, what is that?
The bird seems earthward bound!
Its wings all drooping at its side,
It falls upon the ground.

Up leaped the sportsman from his lair,
And hastened to the scene;
He found the bird laid stiff in death,
Whatever could it mean?

"I must investigate this thing,"
The sportsman said at last;
He fell straightway upon his knees,
Aside his gun he cast.

And soon he saw the certain cause
Of this bird's overthrow,
For burrowed deeply in its breast
He found its mortal foe.

A living weasel, too, it was
Who did the dreadful work;
Oh, who can tell what mighty powers
In little things may lurk!

The eagle when he
swooped to earth
Had gripped the
weasel tight
Within his claws;
then mounting
high
Pursued his sky-
ward flight.

The weasel wrig-
gled to get free,
And struggled
hard for life;

The splendid bird increased its grip,
And hoped to end the strife.

It pressed the weasel to its breast
More closely than before;
The weasel pricked its long, sharp snout
Into the bird's heart's core.

Then slowly it commenced to drain
The bird's life's blood away,
And thus this mighty, monster bird
Now on the ground dead lay.

The sportsman learned a lesson then
He never could forget;
How little creatures by their skill
May larger ones upset.

And so it is with *sin*, young friends,
One little one allowed
Will work destruction to the soul
If not with grace endowed.

One little leak will sink a ship,
One sin destroy the soul;
One spark will cause a quenchless blaze
While timeless ages roll.

Then tamper not with sin, young friends,
For you must know full well
One little sin will bring you down
To the dark door of Hell.

T. B.



GOD'S CARE OF HIS CREATURES AND OF US ALL.

WHEN I was asleep, and you were asleep,
And we were sleeping all,
This world went spinning along through space

At the speed of a cannon-ball;
Yet neither you, nor I, nor bird of the air
Were suffered to faint or fall.

MUSINGS ON THE SEASHORE.

JOHN NEWTON, author of the famous "Olney Hymns," the best known of which is "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," was the son of a sailor. He was at one time a slave dealer on the African coast. At thirty he was converted to God; at fifty he wrote the hymn, "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds," which is sung world wide. He lived to the good old age of eighty-two, and continued preaching to the last. His true joy is rightly indicated by the following incident: "When he had passed his fourscore years he continued to preach. As it was with difficulty that he could see to read his manuscript, he took a servant with him into the pulpit, who stood behind him, and with a wooden pointer would trace out the lines. One Sunday morning Newton came to the words in his sermon, '*Jesus Christ is precious*,' and wishing to emphasise them he repeated, 'JESUS CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.'

His servant thinking he was getting confused, whispered, 'Go on, go on, you said that before;' when Newton, looking round, replied, 'John, I said that twice, and I am going to say it again;' then with redoubled force he sounded out the words: 'JESUS CHRIST IS PRECIOUS.'"

That he enjoyed this truth in his own heart is confirmed in his musings on the seashore. When he thought of HIMSELF he wrote:

In every object here I see
Something, my heart, that points to thee,
Hard as the rocks that bound the strand,
Unfruitful as the barren sand,
Deep and deceitful as the ocean,
And like the tides in constant motion.

Then thinking of his precious LORD he sang:

In every object here I see
Something, O Lord, that leads to Thee,
Firm as the rocks Thy promise stands,
Thy mercies countless as the sands,
Thy Love a sea immensely wide,
Thy grace an ever flowing tide.

Learn these two verses by heart, and repeat to friends and others during your holidays. HYP.



"Thy love a sea immensely wide."

A LOVELY SCENE BY THE MIGHTY OCEAN.

PROFITABLE WORK FOR HAND AND HEART.

PICTURES TO PAINT, No. 8. "He lifted up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes" (1 Sam. 2. 8), is God's way with sinners. This is beautifully pictured in our painting picture. Search up the story, study it well, paint in any colour you desire. Awards are made (1) for painting the picture, (2) describing it, and (3) selecting three or more texts relating to the scene depicted.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, No. 244. My first is *something* that is given to God, Which glorifies His Name while on the road. My next was *smitten* by a mighty man, Through whom it carried out God's wondrous plan. Yet when another time he smote again, My next was *manifest*, it is quite plain. My fourth a *city* that by God was found To shelter Lot when his own land was doomed. My last is that which *runs* from place to place, To seek for those whose heart is won by grace, And learn to walk in His unerring ways, That they may bring to Him eternal praise. My last is sought for by the old and young, St. Paul could say for this he pressed along,

And would not by his body cumbered be, That he at last might gain the VICTORY. E. E. G. Answer to No. 243.—EVE (Gen. 3. 6); Lemuel (Prov. 31. 5); Ittai (2 Sam. 15. 21)—ELI (1 Sam. 4. 18).

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 56.

Aloft upon a housetop
A man is seen to be,
And looking toward Heaven
Strange things is made to see.
In *Acts* we read he saw a sheet
Which many things contained,
But being as he was a Jew
To touch them he disdained.
The purpose of that vision,
Which from the roof was seen,
Was that he then might learn
To call no man unclean.
Two questions for you waiteth,
An answer *now* to give,
His name who saw the vision?
And with whom did he live? JS. FS.

Answer to No. 55.—MESSIAS and CHRIST (John 1. 41). Begin to "Search the Scriptures."



BOYS AND GIRLS OWN PAGE.

AUGUST, the month of change, is once more with us. Some will still be at the seaside or in the country enjoying themselves. Some will have returned to their home and work. Soon the month will be gone, and we will all be at our regular duties for the last half of the year.

A Real Help for Christian workers is pictured in the centre, concerning which *The Life of Faith* for April 29 says: "KEYS TO THE WORD, by Dr. A. T. Pierson, is practically an introduction in miniature of every book in the Bible. Messrs. Pickering & Inglis are to be thanked for producing such a marvellous shillingsworth." Every Christian's Library, No. 29. 1/ net; 1/3, post free. A Handbook giving full details of the thirty volumes will be sent free to any teacher or superintendent.

A Trip Abroad is afforded for stay-at-homes in this number. The picture on front page is unique. Testimonies of conversions from many lands have been given in our pages. An interesting testimony to the value of *Boys and Girls* will be found on page 3 of this issue. Keep on circulating.

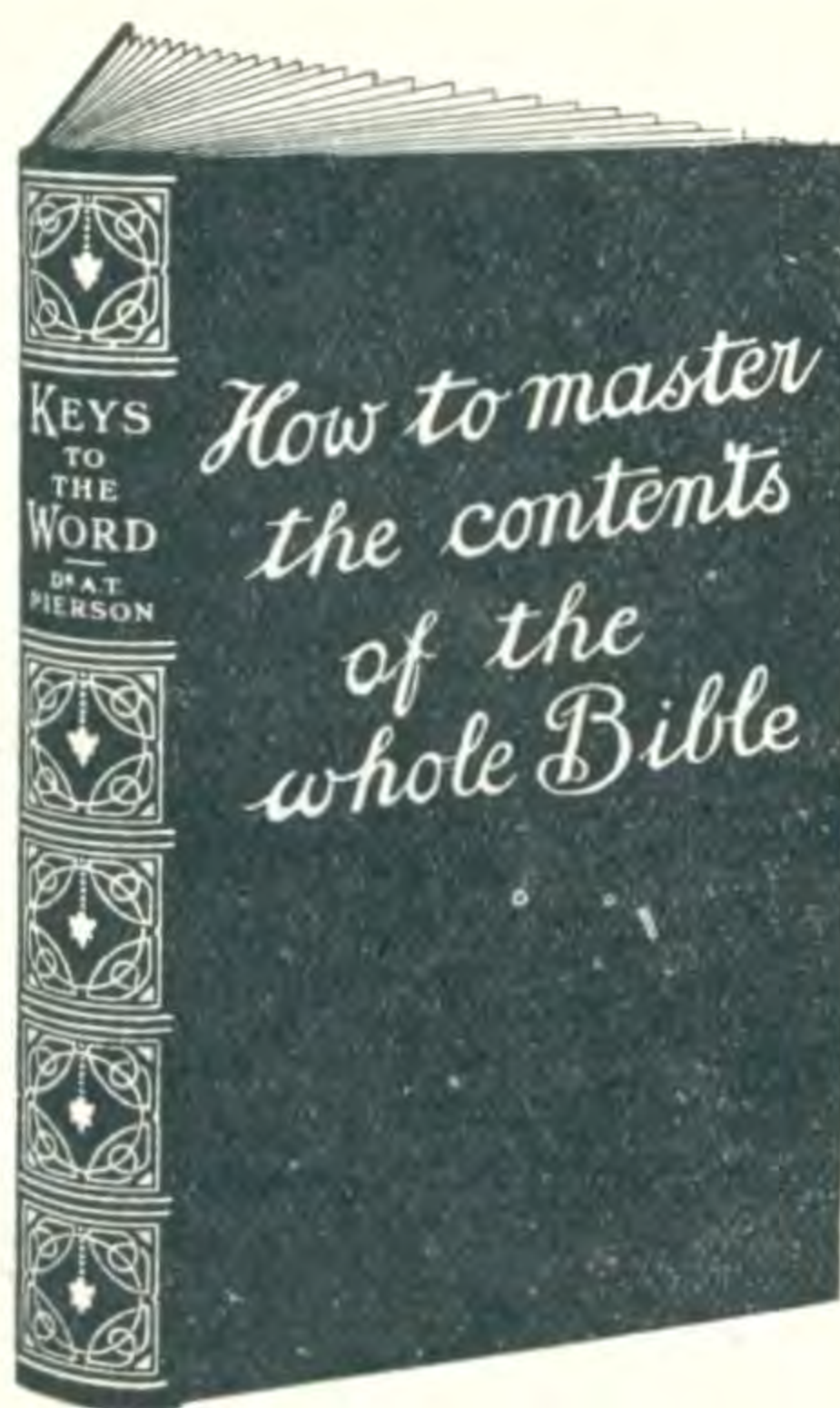
Picture Paintings, as on opposite page. Use paint, crayons, ink, or anything you find convenient. Try and not miss even if on your holidays. Send in monthly to Editor.

Monthly Awards. *Epigram*, 53, Tom Anderson, Motherwell. *Acrostic*, 241, Bella Graham, Netherburn. *Paintings*, (1) J. Slaughter, Worthing; (2) Clara Smith, Spalding; (3) Marion Ball, Dublin.

Almanac Awards. 31, for *Painting Picture*, under 14, Ella Davidson, Arbroath. For *Text Making*, 34, by little boys, H. Smith, Sandgate; 35, little girls, E. R. Faircloth, Saffron Walden; 36, older boys, W. R. Soutter, Brechin; 37, older girls, Bessie Stuart, Aberlour. 38, *Notes of Address*, Beatrice Simpson, Ontario. 45, *Paper on the Value of Child Life*, Minnie A. Henderson, Sullom. 46, for little boys, Eric G. Forster, Poole. 47, little girls, Lizzie Aitken, Perth. *Others in next number.*

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons, introduced many years ago with a view of aiding consecutive study of God's Letter, takes up "THE JOURNEY HOME from Bondage to Rest" for this year. 3d., dozen, 1/6 per 100, post free.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Aug. 2,	Gideon's Call to Service, Judges 6. 11-24, Luke 16. 10	
" 9,	Gideon's Two Tests, - Judges 6. 33-40, James 1. 5	
" 16,	Gideon's Remarkable Dream, Judges 7. 9-23, 1 Cor. 15. 57	
" 23,	Gideon's Sad End, - Judges 8. 22-35, Jer. 17. 9	
" 30,	Jesus, the True Friend, John 12. 1-27, - Prov. 19. 24	
Sept. 6,	The Birth of Samson, - Judges 13. 1-25, Heb. 9. 14	
" 13,	Samson's Strange Riddle, Judges 14. 5-20, 1 Cor. 15. 22	
" 20,	Samson's Victory in Death, Judges 16. 21-31, Heb. 2. 14	
" 27,	Jesus, the Great Physician, Mark 7. 24-37, Heb. 11. 6	



Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs., No. 130.—What is the first thing Genesis tells us God said? No. 131.—What verse in Ezra 7 has the alphabet repeated all but one letter?

Answer to 128.—1 Timothy 2. 13. 129.—Nothing, 1 Tim. 6. 7.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 37. A Broken Word.

The *first* word in a chapter in Isaiah you must take,

The *last* word of a verse in Revelation—these will make The name of one who wrote, "Let us return unto the Lord."

If *we* do so, to Him and us it will great joy afford. W.T.R.

Answer to No. 36.—ArabiA, NeapoliS, EngedI, RamA—four places and two acrostic names.

Useful Books for young folks.

A Modern Livingstone, the life story of F. S. Arnot, profusely illustrated. 2d. (six for 1/, post free). *Jesus is Coming Again*, a tasty booklet by H. P. Barker. 2d. each (six for 1/). *Charlie Coulson the Drummer Boy*. 1d. *The First Turning to the Right*.

1d. *God's Great Whosoever*. 1d.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 8. Here is a grand fact from 1 Corinthians, chapter 11, 12, or 13. Which is it?

J S S T L E I S H O D R U E

Answer to 7.—"Christ died for us" (Rom. 5. 8).

Boys and Girls Illustrated Gospel Magazine

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LIKE A THREEPENNY PIECE.

AMONG these silver coins the threepenny piece is the smallest. But like every converted boy and girl, although you may be small, you are of great value to the Lord Jesus (Matt. 10. 30). It also teaches many lessons.

Going along the main road of a town in Scotland, where we were having a children's mission, I saw a threepenny piece lying on the ground. Not being able to find the owner, I concluded it would do for a Gospel object lesson for boys and girls. Now, let me show you in a number of ways how this silver coin is like every *Christian* boy and girl. To begin with, in right order, it was once

LOST.

You who are saved can thankfully give praise to God (1 Cor. 15. 2). Helpless, like the threepenny piece, you lay (Rom. 5. 6), and could not save yourself from death and judgment (Heb. 9. 27). But Jesus by His death in your stead has provided Salvation for you (Gal. 1. 4), and all who will receive the Gospel can be saved in the same way (Acts 13.39). Next, I want you to notice there is also a

DATE

on each threepenny piece. This points out to us its *Age*. That day when you, conscious of having sinned against God (Luke 15. 18, 21), looked up at the crucified Saviour, and believed in Him for yourself, you received eternal life (John 3. 15). That was a new day, a new year, and became your spiritual birthday. All before that was lost time, because it was lived only for self (Luke 15. 32). You were dead in trespasses and in sins (Eph. 2. 5). Your spiritual age counts from the moment you receive Christ (John 1. 12). How old art thou? (Gen. 47. 8). You see there is a portrait or an

IMAGE

on each little threepenny piece. This tells us the country to which it belongs. It is British. And those who have had a spiritual birthday belong to Heaven (John 17. 16);

are born from above (John 3. 3). They can look up every morning of their life after, and say, my Home is up there, I have an Inheritance there that will never fade away (1 Peter 1. 4). Jesus has gone before and prepared me a place (John 14. 2; Heb. 6. 20), and has promised to come again for me and take me there (1 Thess. 4. 16). How glad all should be who have a heavenly home, and can say *that* is my native land, and all its inhabitants shall be my friends for ever (Heb. 12. 22). But Jesus is coming first for those of whom He is the

OWNER.

After I found the threepenny piece I became its *owner*, and through believing the Gospel you have changed masters. You now are CHRIST'S servant *every* day and in *every* way (Col. 3. 23). He bought you with His precious Blood (1 Cor. 6. 20; 1 Peter 1. 19). You should do nothing that you cannot do to Him, and when He comes you shall have what you see on the other side of the threepenny piece a

CROWN.

Not a corruptible one, but one that shall never decay, an everlasting crown (Isa. 35. 10; 2 Tim. 4. 8). As we think on such glory we cannot forget the crown of thorns which was placed on Jesus' head. He bore the curse that we might get the everlasting blessing (Gal. 3. 14). Those who are *lost* have no prospect of a *home* or a *crown*, because they have no spiritual birthday. Let not Satan cheat you by telling you

"there is no danger" (Gen. 3. 4), that you are too young to think on these things; but instead gladly as a sinner receive His Word, and date your conversion from *now* (1 Peter 1. 23), and thus you will be *saved* instead of being *lost*, and begin to *live* to God, passing on to the bright *home* above, being *owned* of Christ for ever, and joining with the heavenly company who cast their *crowns* before the throne, saying, "Thou art worthy" (Rev. 4. 10). So let it be. JS. FS.





THE OTHER LEFT.

A TIME of great spiritual blessing had taken place in a high-class boarding school, and many of the young ladies had been brought to a knowledge of the truth, while several others were in deep anxiety about their souls. A gentleman had been there one afternoon to give an address, and spoke on the Lord's Coming again.

After inviting them to accept the Lord Jesus as their Saviour and rest upon His "finished" work, he spoke of the Lord Coming and taking those who are saved to Himself, while not only those who are careless, but even the anxious ones will be left behind. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left" (Matt. 24. 37-44). The saved and the unsaved separated for ever, friends and companions parted for Eternity; how awful the reality!

The subject formed the theme of conversation at work and at play, the Christian girls felt the solemnity of the occasion, and with the consent of the lady principal they arranged to rise early on the following morning and spend the time in prayer, pleading with God to continue the blessing that He had so graciously given.

One young girl, who was very anxious about her soul, occupied the same room as a young Christian, and was unaware of the arrangement. As she began to arouse herself at early dawn she looked for her companion, but she was gone. She remembered that they retired together on the previous evening, but now her place was vacant, and she knew not whither her friend had gone. She thought of the words of the preacher on the previous afternoon, "One taken and the other left."

She stayed not to dress, but went into the next room to awaken her companions, and as she looked from room to room she saw that all who loved the Lord Jesus were missing, and the unsaved ones were left. She knew not what to do; some slept on in indifference, but the anxious one searched the house, and at last found

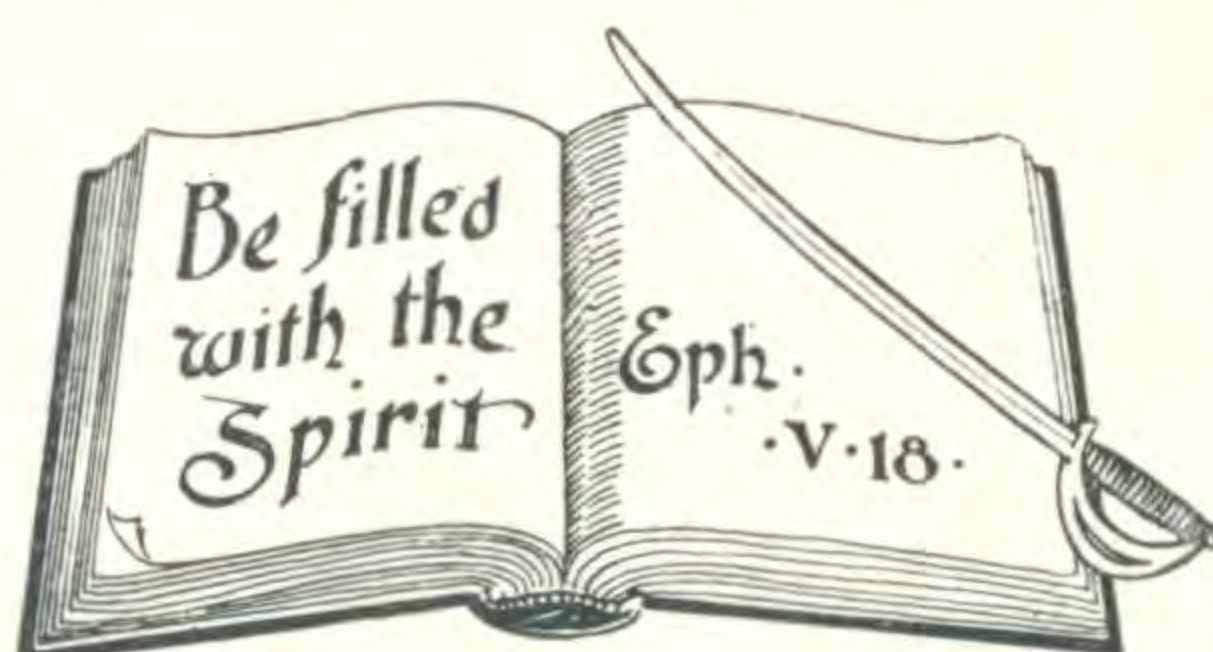
out the little prayer meeting, and with mingled joy and sorrow she exclaimed, "I will not leave you again until I know that I am safe if the Lord does come."

I want to ask you if you are "ready" to meet the Lord? There is a day approaching, and it may be near at hand, when "the Lord Himself shall come." Then the door of mercy will close, and knocking will be in vain, for the answer from within will be, "Depart, I never knew you" (Matt. 25. 41). Let the matter be settled at once by "believing on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts 16. 31). Do not delay, for He may be rising up to shut the door.

F. H. D.

ONE THAT NEVER DIES.—"I want some one to love, that never dies." Such were the words of a little girl when her little brother died. She could scarcely understand what had happened. She had not counted upon Death. Yet the grim tyrant had come in, and upset all her plans! Therefore she wished to know of "some one to love, that never dies." It was a beautiful thought—a sweet aspiration. But, better than all, it was an aspiration—a longing—that could be abundantly satisfied. There is One to love who never dies. And that blessed One has loved you with a love that passeth knowledge.

W. S.



THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A lamp to guide our wayward feet,
A sword wherewith our foes to meet.
A hammer flinty hearts to break,
A living voice the dead to wake.
A haven for the tempest tossed,
A saving word for sinners lost,
A feast of living bread from Heaven,
A pledge of life to mortals given.
A Revelation from above,
A record of the Father's love.
All this, and more exceeding far,
The blessed Holy Scriptures are.

Psa. 119. 105.

E. P. H. K.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WONDERFUL WILL.

A CLAUSE of J. Pierpont Morgan's will, added only two months before he died, read as follows: "I commit my soul into the hands of my Saviour, in full confidence that, having redeemed it and washed it with His precious Blood, He will present it faultless before the throne of my

Heavenly Father. I entreat my children to maintain and defend at all hazard, and at any cost of personal sacrifice, the blessed doctrine of complete atonement for sin through the Blood of Jesus Christ once offered, and through that alone."

"The Blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1. 7).

PIERPONT MORGAN, we will not call thee dead,
Though lies thy body in its narrow bed;
Thy spirit now has passed to realms of bliss,
Thy Master's smile is thine, His loving kiss.

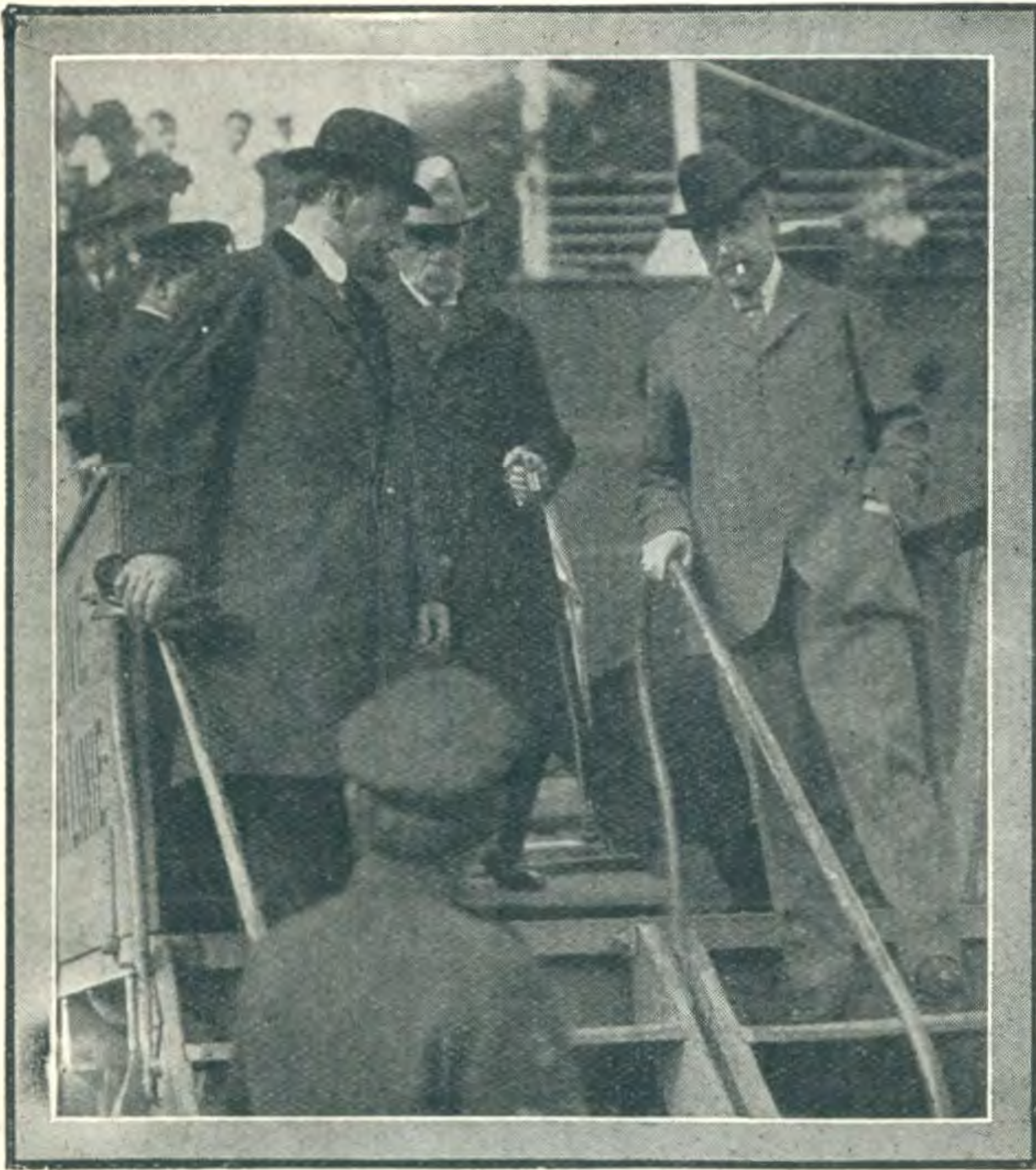
Thy published Will gives no uncertain sound
That now amongst the Blood bought through thou'rt found;
The Saviour found thee on the mountains wild,

The Father greets thee as His loving child.

May all thy children now defend the Name
Of Him who died, and lives, and is "the Same;"
Image of the Invisible is He,
Though curse He bore when hung on Calvary's tree.

He shed His precious Blood for us as well as thee,
May we believe it, and devoted be;
He worthy is who claims our hearts entire,
To follow Him to death, and e'en through fire.

"Behold the Man" expiring on the tree,
With latest breath He cried, triumphantly,
"'TIS FINISHED," now the victory is won,
"'TIS FINISHED," all the will of God is done.



J. P. MORGAN in centre (wearing white hat), arriving in Europe for last time.

Thy soul was washed in Jesus' precious Blood,
Thou didst not fear the Jordan's raging flood;
Death was no foe of thine! for death is gain
To all who trust **the Sacrifice** once slain.
The Lamb of God His precious blood once shed,
Like gentle lamb to slaughter He was led;
Complete atonement thus He made for thee,
'Tis plain in **Sacred Writ** that all may see.

The power of death is snapt and we are free,
On Heaven's throne He sits, His glory see,
The angels own Him now as Lord of all,
And Seraphs prostrate low before Him fall.

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thy heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, **thou shalt be saved**" (Romans 10. 9).

This poem, sent to Pierpont Morgan's son by Philip Willis, the author, was thankfully received and suitably acknowledged.

SAVED IN ENGLAND AND IN SCOTLAND.

An English Girl's Testimony.—I thought I would like to send you the simple story of my conversion, so that you could put it in your helpful paper some time. I enjoy reading *Boys and Girls*, and hope that many may be saved through reading this.

I was born on the 3rd August, 1897, and born again on the 25th June, 1912. I was brought up in a Christian home, both my parents being Christians, and also my brother, so that when quite young the Gospel story was made known to me. Since a little girl of three summers I attended the Sunday school at Fenton Hall, Leeds.

One Sunday afternoon, while the teacher was speaking very earnestly about the Lord's coming again, and the awful Judgment which will shortly come to pass on this earth, I got thoroughly awakened. I knew that if the Lord were to come before I was saved I would be lost for ever. I had been to a cottage meeting where the Gospel had been preached, and was returning home more miserable than ever. When I got home I told my mother all that was in my heart, and that I wished to be saved that night. Mother quoted a few passages of Scripture. One that struck me more than any was, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11. 28). *I then and there took Christ at His Word*, and was saved.

I now have the blessed assurance that Jesus is mine, and that when "the Lord shall descend from Heaven with a shout, and with the voice of the Archangel" (1 Thess. 4. 16), I shall be amongst that happy throng that shall rise to "meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

If you are still without Christ I would *entreat* you to accept God's offer of mercy before it is too late. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the Day of Salvation" (2 Cor. 6. 2).

LEEDS.

RHODA BAMFORD.

A Scotch Girl's Testimony.—On the 27th of November I was born again. It happened thus. While lying in bed my sister said to me, "Now, Agnes, wouldn't you like to be saved?"

Maggie was a Christian, and as I was her bed-mate she no doubt yearned for my salvation, thinking probably that if the Lord were then to come "the one would be taken and the other left." I would have been left, left for judgment, and yet I was quite unconcerned.

So she asked me to become a Christian. She had often asked me before, but I always put her off, saying such things as "I'm too sleepy to talk to-night." However, she now seemed more intent

on obtaining a definite answer. It was a question of "choose ye this day whom ye will serve" (Joshua 24. 15). She went on telling me the Old, Old Story, and as she continued I became interested, and allowed her to go on without interrupting. After listening attentively for some time my heart was melted. Satan was baffled on every hand, and I said from my heart:

"Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul, Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole."

I felt my burden roll away, and I had "the joy bells ringing in my heart." I went downstairs and told my mother the news, and well I remember her prayer of thanksgiving. So, like Joshua of old, my answer was, "As for me, I will serve the Lord." Will you do the same?

DUNFERMLINE.

AGNES DOUGARY.



RHODA BAMFORD.

HAPPY DAYS NOT GONE BY.

What happy days we have had wading, swimming, sailing, or fishing at the seaside; roaming and paddling adown the brook, or in the glade; resting on the heather hills 'mid sunny breezes, and in a thousand more ways during our summer holidays. Better still, what happy days we had at the children's services, hearing the story which never grows old, yielding our hearts to the Saviour, and resting in His precious Blood and finished work.

A speaker at a recent service by the sea told of a white man tauntingly saying to a negro, "What is God going to do with a sinful darky like you?" "Massa," said the negro, "God is going to point all the angels at poor negro in white robes, and say, 'that's what the Blood of Jesus could do.'" May each heart thus realise the power of the Blood (1 John 1. 7).

What happy days we are having as, returning home, we realise the presence of "the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother" (Prov. 18. 24). Having found peace with God, we find that happy days do not go by. Delivered from the fear of death, the power of Satan, and the wrath to come, we rejoice day by day in Him who is "mighty to save" (Isa. 63. 1) and able to keep from stumbling day by day.

What happy days are yet to come for those who are saved! When freed from all the sins and sorrows of earth we share the glory eternal with "Him who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood" (Rev. 1. 5). Rest not till, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, you are a partaker of true happiness here, and have the assurance of endless happiness with Himself in Heaven. HYP.



Photo, Wallace, Sidmouth.

"PADDLING ADOWN THE BROOK, OR IN THE GLADE."

PICTURES TO PAINT—SCRIPTURES TO SEARCH.

ART PICTURES TO PAINT, No. 9. Did you ever hear of a dead stick becoming a live serpent? If not, get your Bible, turn to Genesis. Awards for (1) painting, (2) describing, (3) selecting from 3 to 12 texts relating to the picture.

ORIGINAL ACROSTIC for busy searchers, 245.

What *prophet* was going astray
When rebuked by my *next* on the way?
My third, a *man blind* from his birth,
My fourth, one who *laboured* with Paul,
My fifth is *One* over us all.
My sixth was a *servant* on earth,
But when born from above he became
A son, though a servant by name.
A *place* we will have for my last,
Where a widow had just lost her son;
They were bearing him on to the tomb,
But life was restored when Christ passed.
My whole was a *city* of fame,
But they did not revere Jesus' name,
And therefore the place was accursed. E.E.G.

Answer to 244.—Praise, Rock, Indignation,
Zoar, Eyes—PRIZE.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 57.

She much had thought on what to bring
To show her love to Israel's King;
At last, with burning heart, she came,
With little thought of her own fame,
To lavish ointment on His head
Ere He be numbered with the dead.
But fragrant as this was with love,
To Him who came down from above,
It only did their murmurs raise
Who ready should have been to praise.
With looks and words of censure dark
They tried to quench the heavenly spark,
But Jesus soon her cause espoused,
Whom Satan's malice thus had roused.
With words immortal in their scope
Their unbelieving hearts He woke;
To know the motive sweet she had
That doubtless made His own heart glad.
What was it Jesus did appoint
To her who did His head anoint? JS. FS.

Answer to No. 56.—Peter lodging with Simon
the tanner (Acts 10. 6).



A PAGE FOR BUSY BEES.

THE NEWSBOY is an important person at the present time. All *saved* boys should be news boys, and all *saved* girls should be news girls. How? By carrying the Good News which they have heard and believed to their fellows far and near. All *unsaved* should read God's News in John 3. 16 or John 5. 24, believe His glad message, and be saved.

A Stick which Became a Serpent, as on opposite page, forms a nice painting for all. Use any colours. Send to Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow, by end of month. All papers received in any one month are classed together, and three prizes awarded.

Almanac Awards for short biography of David Livingstone. 32, Fanny Armstrong, Canonbie; 33, Jessie Y. Henderson, Sullom, Shetland. 48, for little folks painting "Happy Hearers," Hilda Brown, Barking. For almanac acrostic, 49, Grace M. Simpson, Ontario; 50, Ella Wilson, Ottawa. The new *Boys and Girls Almanacs* for 1915 are nearly ready. Procure early. 1/2d. each, 6d. per dozen, post free.

Sweeter Than Chocolate. An interesting incident with above title leads us to offer prize (C9) for answer to question, *What is the sweetest thing on earth?* Answers on a post card to Editor by Oct. 20. Anyone can help you. Award and article in future number.

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs., No. 132.—Where was the sermon in John 6. preached? Ans. to 131—verse 21, letters absent J or I. See searchings on opposite page. Try and answer, and send replies at earliest to Editor, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

Subjects for Sunday as per Gospel Scheme of Lessons (3d. per doz.; 1/6 per 100, post free) and Notes thereon in *Pathway*.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Sept. 6,	The Birth of Samson, - Judges 13. 1-25, Heb. 9. 14	
„ 13,	Samson's Strange Riddle, Judges 14. 5-20, 1 Cor. 15. 22	
„ 20,	Samson's Victory in Death, Judges 16. 21-31, Heb. 2. 14	
„ 27,	Jesus, the Great Physician, Mark 7. 24-37, Heb. 11. 6	
Oct. 4,	The Prayer of Hannah, - 1 Sam. 1. 13-28, Eph. 3. 20	
„ 11,	The Child Samuel, - 1 Sam. 2. 18-26, Matt. 19. 14	
„ 18,	The Call of Samuel - 1 Sam. 3. 1-21, Isa. 55. 3	
„ 25,	Jesus, the Resurrection and Life, John 11. 25-46, John 11. 25	

Monthly Awards have been made for *Paintings*. (1) W. Cochrane, Springburn; (2) Wm. B. Inglis, Paisley; (3) Ena Mitchell, London. *Acrostic* 242, Maria Sinclair, Harray, Orkney. *Epigram* 54, Hanley Rowden, St. Thomas, Exeter.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 38. Put down 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9, then place letters above each to fit below, and name of place will be answer.

My 92675 is what we cannot do without.

9638 is an animal we often see about.

And as to 9472, Jews were cautioned not to breed.

My whole was where the Gospel was first preached—in Acts we read. W. T. R.

Ans. to No. 37. HO-SEA (Isa. 55. 1; Rev. 21. 1).

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 9. If you found the ans. to No. 8 in 1 Cor. 12. 3, "Jesus is the Lord," find this in 2 Cor.



NOTICE OF ORDER

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A LONG WAY DOWN.

TO-NIGHT we are going to have a card lesson about DOWN, so all look up! Here is *Card 1*. Keep your eye on it, and tell me what words you see? Many eager voices cry at once

LOOKED DOWN.

What else? An eye. Yes, it is watching you, so you had better behave! This card is to

remind us of God's all-seeing eye, for the Bible says, "The Lord LOOKED DOWN from Heaven upon the children of men" (Psa. 14. 2). How many *good* people did He see? Not a single one. The next verse tells what He saw. All gone aside, all become filthy, there is none that doeth good, no, not one (Psa. 14. 3). Human nature is just the same to-day as it was then, yet many think they are "good enough" for Heaven, forgetting that God's Word declares again and again that all are guilty sinners (Rom. 3. 19, 23), and all need the new birth (John 3. 3). Water may seem pure to the naked eye, yet the microscope reveals it swarming with small wriggling creatures. God can see infinitely more than we can. His holy eye searches the heart, and He declares "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked" (Jer. 17. 9). How hopeless it is, then, to dream of getting to Heaven by our own goodness, or by doing the best we can!

Now tell me the words on *Card 2*, as soon as I show it. Again they unite in saying

CAME DOWN.

That is right. Jesus said, "I CAME DOWN from Heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me" (John 6. 38). God's will is that none should perish. The Father sent His Son into the world "that the world through Him might be saved" (John 3. 17). This blue arrow-head pointing downward on the card indicates that the Son left His home above the bright blue sky, and, in wondrous grace, came a long way down, even to this dark sinful world.

"Jesus, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
Oh! it was wonderful, blest be His name,
Seeking for me, FOR ME."

We sometimes hear of pit disasters. An explosion takes place, the roof falls in, and the poor miners are entombed in the pit. Unless help comes they will die of starvation, or from

the bad air. At last they hear sounds telling that the rescue party has come *from above*. The obstacles are cleared away, and the miners are delivered. Thank God, Jesus *came*, for the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost (Luke 19. 10). Has He saved *you*?

What words have we on *Card 3*?

LAI D DOWN.

Anything more! A cross. Yes, this red cross reminds us of the blood-stained Cross of Calvary, where Jesus laid down something. What was it? His life. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He LAID DOWN His life for us" (1 John 3. 16). I remember reading in the newspaper about a young shepherd in Girvan district who lost his life for the sake of his flock. Fearing that some sheep left on the hillside might be overcome by the extreme cold during a snowstorm one January morning he went to bring them to shelter. On his failing to return, some friends searched and found him lying unconscious, benumbed with cold. He died twenty minutes later. He did not mean to give his life, but Jesus, the Good Shepherd, could say, "I lay down My life for the sheep. I lay it down of Myself" (John 10. 15-18). There was no other way by which we could be saved from the punishment of our sins but that the sinless Saviour should give His life a ransom for us. This He did willingly because He loved us so. Now for *Card 4*. What is its message?

SAT DOWN.

Where is Jesus now? Not on the Cross, no longer in the cold grave, for "this Man after He had offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, SAT DOWN on the right hand of God" (Heb. 10. 12). The work is finished, God is fully satisfied with the atonement made by His Son, because He raised Him from the dead. What else do you see on the card? A crown. Jesus is now crowned with glory and honour (Heb. 2.

9), for God hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a Name which is high above every name (Phil. 2. 9, 10). Do you wish to be saved? Then you must accept Him as Saviour and Master. Listen! "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth Jesus as Lord, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, THOU SHALT BE SAVED" (Rom. 10. 9). T. R. C.





From the Picture by P. H. CALDERON, R.A.

THE CHOICE—RUTH AND NAOMI.
(The centrepiece of Bible Almanac for 1915.)

By permission of the Walker Art Gallery.

THE CHOICE—A ROYAL ACADEMY PICTURE.

THE Day of Choice comes to one and all sooner or later. It may be *sooner*—at a mother's knee, in the Sunday school class, or in the quiet of the midnight hour or silent room. It may be *later*—when setting out in life, leaving home for the distant city or country, in the Gospel meeting, or in some peculiar visitation of a long-suffering God. As sure as the day of choice for two maids of long ago came to them, so will your day of choice come to you.

The Scene is beautifully depicted by R. H. CALDERON in his famous Royal Academy picture entitled, "RUTH AND NAOMI," depicted on front page. A roadside in the Land of Moab. An aged Hebrew woman who had fled with her husband from the famine in Bethlehem. Ten years have rolled by; now she hears of days of prosperity in her native land, and sets out to return, accompanied by her two daughters-in-law. The strange land behind; the promised land before. At the parting of the ways she puts her companions to the test. "And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law with her, Go, return each to her mother's house. . . . Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept." Shall they both go forward? Shall they both return? What happens?

I. Look closely and learn three lessons:

1. A DEFINITE CHOICE. Ruth clave unto her, and said, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, and went back unto her people and unto her gods."

Ruth chose the better part, the forward part, the path that led to union, happiness, and undying fame. Orpah chose the easy part, the backward part, the path that led to sorrow, oblivion, and enduring shame.

2. A FINAL CLEAVAGE. Together they stand, So near to the one they loved, so

near to setting out to the land of promise, so near to bliss unknown. Yet, so far as is recorded, they never met again.

3. A CONTRAST OF PERSONS. The true God and false gods. The chosen people and the Moabitish people.

Ruth bid farewell to the idols of Moab, she made a whole-hearted choice for the God of Israel. Feeble in knowledge, yet strong in faith, she "clave" unto Jehovah.

Orpah "went back unto her gods." The ray of light from Israel's God ahead was quenched, the love of her natural heart asserted itself, the idols of Moab triumphed.

Ruth became the Rose of Moab, the one through whom "the rod out of the stem of Jesse" (Isa. 11. 1) arose, and a messenger of joy and gladness to the people of Jehovah in days long past and in days

yet to come. Orpah wept twice, kissed Naomi, returned, and got her land, her people, and her gods, but that was all.

II. Look again, and see which represents *you*. One or the other *you* must be. The choice as to path, people, land, and God *you* must make. Your definite Choice decides your future for months, years, and centuries.

Will you be a Ruth, among those who "turn to God from idols" (1 Thess. 1. 9), become the companions of "the children of God through faith in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3. 26), who walk "the narrow way which leadeth unto Life Eternal" (Matt. 7. 14), or will you be an Orpah, sigh for the better part, wish you were bound for glory, yet with all your weeping and longing "turn to the beggarly elements" (Gal. 4. 9), become companions of those "who love darkness rather than light" (John 3. 19), and travel on "the broad road which leadeth to destruction?" (Matt. 7. 13).

Which is your choice now, which your path in days to come, which your portion throughout the ages of Eternity? **HYP.**



THE BIBLE ALMANAC, with lovely centrepiece, reproduced in colours from the celebrated painting by R. H. Calderon, in the Royal Academy. 1d. each, 1/3 per doz., post free.

GONE—BUT WHITHER ?

IT was a lovely afternoon, the sun was slowly declining behind the hills in the far west, casting its exquisite hues and azures across the sky, adding additional charms to the already beautiful landscape.

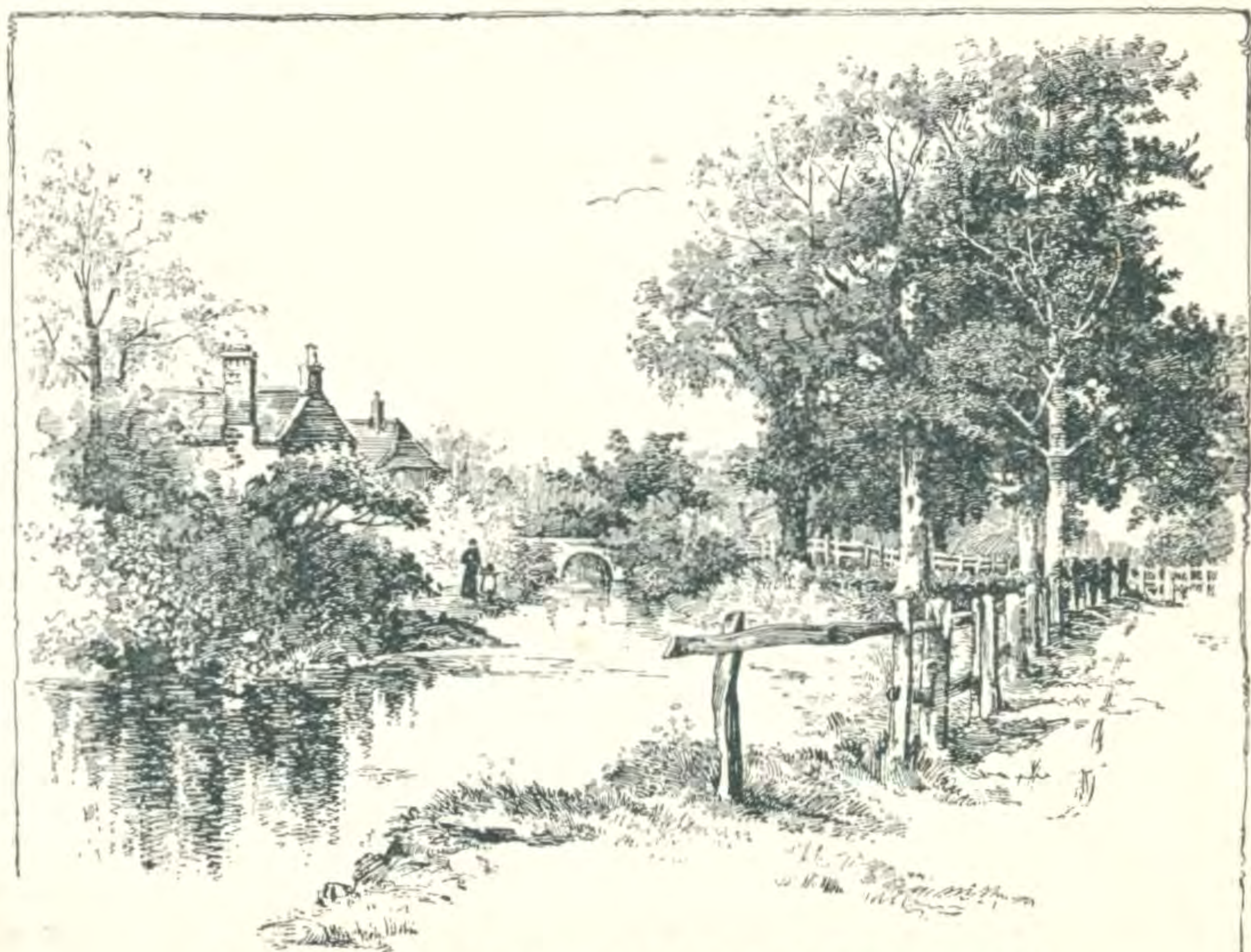
But it was not the charming sunset, neither was it the beautiful landscape which claimed the attention of so many on the afternoon of which I write; but it had been reported that a few moments before a boy had fallen into the river. As numbers of boys and girls, men and women, were eagerly pressing forward in one direction, I felt myself almost unconsciously drawn towards the spot, where an immense crowd had already assembled.

"What is the matter?" I asked a girl who was standing near, who informed me that a few minutes previously she saw three boys playing together, and one of them, desiring to reach something near the water's edge, took off his coat, climbed down the embankment, and leaned forward, endeavouring to grasp it; she next heard a scream, then a splash, and saw him struggling in the water. She called loudly for assistance, but before anyone arrived the boy had disappeared.

How interested are all classes of the human family when life or death is in question, I thought, as I noticed the willingness of the boatmen, as with eager haste they rowed backward and forward, working with all their might at their self-appointed task of dragging. A few moments later came, running to the spot, a police sergeant, who hurriedly divested himself of his tunic and helmet, and commenced to drag from the embankment. Next came a doctor, who waited patiently in the hope that he would be able to render some assist-

ance. Then quickly followed the father of the missing boy, who eagerly waited in the hope that his only son might be recovered before the precious life was gone.

Minute by minute passed slowly by, while many in the crowd were talking in hushed voices as to the probability of his living so long in the water, when one called out, "There he is!" Instantly all eyes were turned in one direction, and at the end of the police sergeant's drag we saw the boy; but how pale were his cheeks, and how limp was his body? The hook was fastened in his waistcoat, and he was being quickly drawn to land. Willing hands were stretched forward to reach him, and a tremor passed like an electric shock through that crowd as the doctor looked and shook his head. The boy was dead. And as this fact dawned upon the father's heart he wept; while in the eyes of many strong men and women might have been seen the tear of sympathy. And although the kind-hearted police sergeant tried for some minutes to restore animation, all was in vain; the spirit had left, and no power on earth could bring it back again. He was gone—but whither? Had it been *you*, what would the answer have been? A. G.



"ADDING CHARMS TO THE BEAUTIFUL LANDSCAPE."

HOW HARRY WENT TO HEAVEN.

HOW beautiful, where'er we look,
O'er valley, hill, and plain!
The very minnows in the brook
Seem glad of spring again.

But Harry Arnold in the lane
From this was shut away,
With feeble body full of pain,
No rest by night or day.

Except a little bunch of flowers,
And bits of hawthorn bloom,
Not much of spring-time's sunny hour
Was left in Harry's room.

But Harry woke from dreamy bliss,
Amid the shadows dim;
'Twas after such an hour as this
That I first met with him.

His voice was rough, his manner shy,
And anything but mild;
He lost a mother's watchful eye
When he was but a child.

For Harry's father liked to roam,
And elsewhere seek his joy,
And very rarely stayed at home
To help and cheer his boy.

The love of Him who watches o'er
The sinful and the sad
Had led me to the cottage door
Of that poor dying lad.

The story of God's precious grace
Poor Harry had not heard;
He listen'd now with cover'd face,
But utter'd not a word.

And much I sought his soul to win,
And many a Scripture read
About the Lord who died for sin
And in the sinner's stead.

Full soon the doubts and fears within
Seem'd gradually to cease,
And Harry from a sense of sin
Had entered into peace.

And now and then, with shorten'd breath,
He joyfully would say,
"My load of sin and fear of death
The Saviour bore away."

Calmly he lay one summer's night,
His father by his side—
While telling out his great delight
In Jesus who had died.

The father listen'd to his boy,
Who oftentimes would raise
His heart to God in tones of joy,
In thankfulness and praise.



"FROM THIS WAS SHUT AWAY."

"Dear father,"
Harry cried at length,
And then his voice
was still,
And then, with
newly-gathered strength
He uttered, "Father—will—"

"You now believe—on Jesus' Name—
And He will save your soul?
He heal'd the sick—He's just the same
As when He made them whole."

With that dear Name upon his lips—
The Name of priceless worth,
Whose preciousness all else eclipse—
He bade adieu to earth. G. C

"AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE; AND HIS NAME SHALL BE IN THEIR FOREHEADS."

TRAVELLING BY AIR.

A GOOD many years ago a servant of the Lord was taking a railway journey when a lady, sitting in the train near him, remarked: "What wonderful changes there are in ways of travelling nowadays. They have tramcars driven by electricity in Paris now. I expect some day we shall travel by air!"

Since that conversation in the train fresh changes have taken place. It no longer seems wonderful to see tramcars going along the streets driven by electricity. And people have begun to travel by air! There are plenty of airships and balloons. Sometimes men come across the sea from France to England in aeroplanes.

But airships and aeroplanes had not been invented when the lady in the train spoke about "travelling by air."

The servant of Christ heard what she said, and replied that he quite believed that one day we should travel by air. "I will read it to you," he said. He read her this verse. Look for it in your Bible; it is in 1 Thessalonians 4. 16, 17: "The dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain shall be *caught up together with them in the clouds* to meet the Lord in the air."

So, you see, it is quite true that when the Lord Jesus comes a lot of people will "travel by air." They will be caught up to meet Him in the air. The lady in the train knew nothing of this. She was a poor, unsaved sinner.

When the Lord comes only those who are saved, through faith in Him, will be caught up

to meet Him. All others will be left behind. I want to ask you a very serious question. When the Lord Jesus calls His people to meet Him in the air, will *you* be among them, or will you be left behind?

You cannot get ready for His coming by anything that you can do. If you tried to be ever so good it would not make you one of Christ's people. But if you come to Him, and tell Him that you are a lost sinner, but that you put all your trust in Him, then He will save you and make you His own. Then you will be ready for His coming, however soon. H.P.B.

The Drummer Boy's Testimony.—

A drummer boy going into the barrack room for the first time knelt by his bedside, as he had done from his earliest days, and prayed. Immediately a big soldier, big physically, but small in heart, threw his boot at the boy. Still he prayed on to his mother's God, and to the Saviour he loved. Then he got up and quietly went to bed. Next morning, rising at "reveille," he prayed again; then, looking at the boot, he recognised its owner, and finding the other boot he cleaned them both, ready for his enemy to put on. Thus did he "do good to him who had persecuted him." It was the means of the man's conversion.

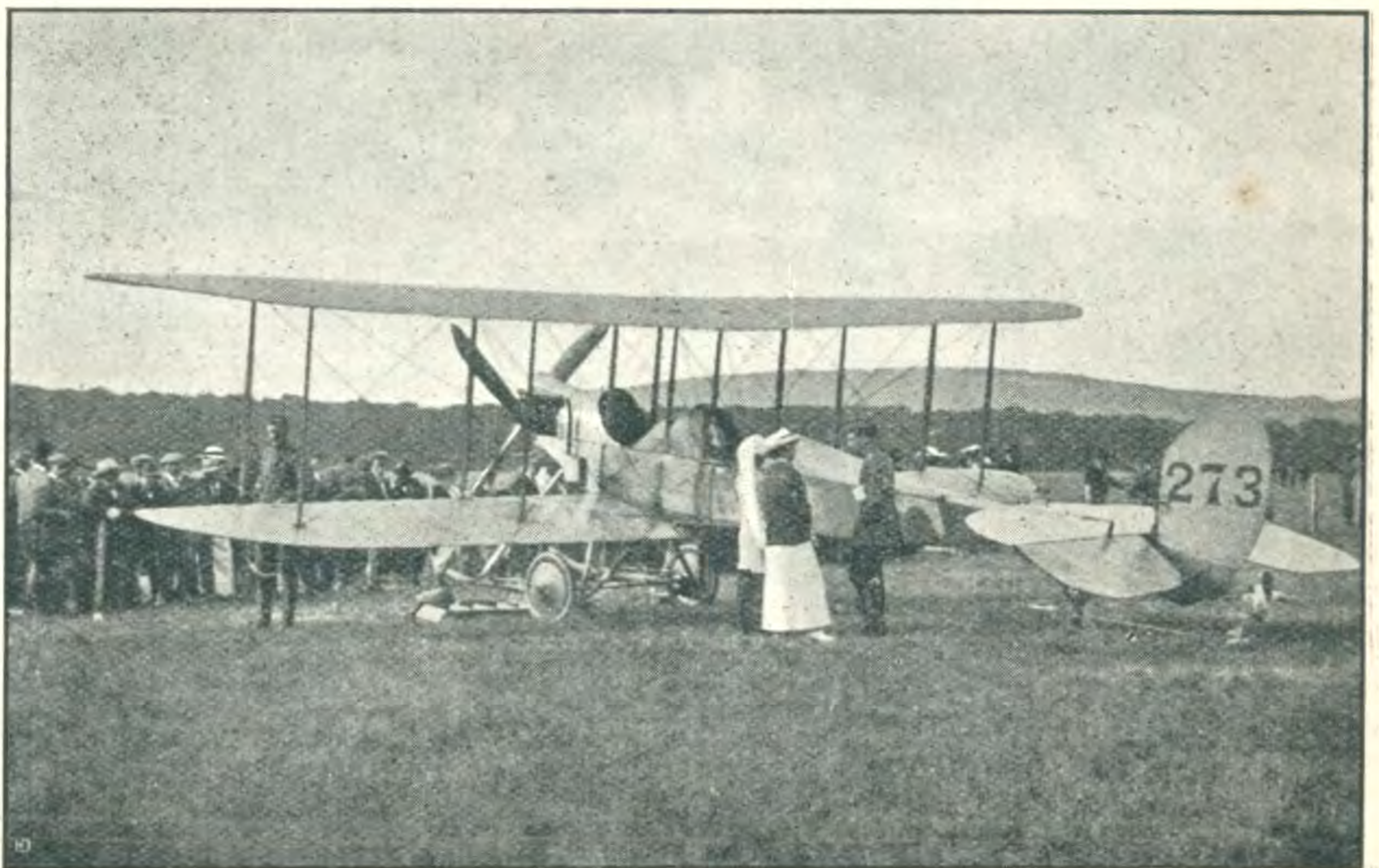


Photo by Henry, Glenluce.

A BRITISH MILITARY BIPLANE.

A WONDERFUL BOY OF LONG AGO.

ART PICTURES TO PAINT, No. 10. A king, a patriarch, a boy. What can it be? See the boy is pointing to two pictures on the wall. Look at the pictures, then look into Genesis; link the boy, the king, and the pictures, and you have the story. Paint with paints or crayons. Awards for (1) painting, (2) describing in 100 words, (3) selecting 3 to 12 texts relating to the king and boy.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, 246. Find text to correspond with each word.

My first is sure to every one
Who trusts in God's beloved Son.
Put on my next that you may be
Prepared to gain the victory,
Or Satan's wiles, and every snare,
And of my next you then will share.
And now my fourth and fifth must be
Placed so that He can sup with thee.
This first needs us to hear His voice,
And let Him see that He's our choice,
That we may have communion sweet
While resting at our Master's feet.

My last declares the appointed time
When thou shouldst make salvation thine.
My whole will then be given to thee
For Time and all Eternity. E. E. G.

Answer to Acrostic, No. 245.—Balaam, Ass, Bartimeus, Yokefellow, Lord, Onesimus, Nain—BABYLON.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 58.

Great crowds of people listening are
To solemn words and true,
Of sin they guilty all have been,
And cry, "What must we do?"
The preacher full of godly zeal,
To see them changed in heart,
Did plainly tell in earnest words
What was the needful part.
This preacher once a fisher was,
Till he to Jesus came,
Who proved at once He knew him well,
And gave him a new name.
The question I have now to ask,
What book does this contain,
The reference give and plainly write
The preacher's double name? JS. FS.

Answer to Epigram No. 57.—A Memorial (Matt. 26. 13).



BOYS AND GIRLS OWN QUIET CORNER.

1915 is rapidly approaching. In fact, many have already been wondering what they would send to friends in distant parts. We venture to suggest that there are few things more suitable than *The Believer's Calendar*, containing 365 choice texts, with a brief meditation on each text. Useful, helpful, spiritual. 1/, post free. See picture in centre. *The Bible Almanac* has beautiful coloured plate of "Ruth and Naomi." 1d. (1/3 per dozen, post free).

Monthly Awards: for *Paintings*, (1) Herbert Smith, Tenby, South Wales; (2) Fred Johnston, Ballymena. *Acrostic*, 243, Wm. A. Prentice, Belfast. *Epigram*, 55, Maggie Cunningham, Cambuslang.

Scripture 7's: (2) Robert Rendall, Kirkwall, Orkney; (3) Fred W. Watson, Manchester.

Picture Paintings, as opposite. Send on each month; also, answers to *Acrostic* and *Epigram*.

Boys and Girls Almanac and **Bible Searching Textbook** for 1915 is one of the most helpful books for encouraging Bible reading. 1/2d. each; 6d. per dozen, post free.

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs., No. 133.—What verse in John 3 explains what it means to be condemned? Answer to No. 132—Capernaum (John 6. 24, 59).

Gift and Reward Books are presently stocked in great abundance. New Illustrated List, with lowest post free prices, sent to any one applying. Great variety in biographies, missionary travels, Gospel volumes, true stories, all pure.

London Lessons, No. 39. Double Name.

A Bible place, read backwards, will

A man's name bring to view,

Who once got drunk, alas! and died

Within ten days—it's true! W. T. R.

Answer to 38—Jerusalem, meals, mare, mule.

Fix in Your Memory that answers to *What is Sweeter than Chocolate?* have to be in by Oct. 20.

New Guide to Sunday School Supplies is now ready to post to all who send their name and address. *The Gospel in a Nutshell*, by the Editor. Small size, 1/2d. Large size, illustrated, 1d.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons for 1914 deals with "The Journey Home," Scheme for 1915 nearly ready. 3d. dozen, 1/6 per 100, post free. Simple evangelistic notes on these lessons in *The Pathway*.

Sunday.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Oct. 4,	The Prayer of Hannah, 1 Sam. 1. 13-28.	- Eph. 3. 20
" 11,	The Child Samuel, - 1 Sam. 2. 18-26.	- Matt. 19. 14
" 18,	The Call of Samuel, - 1 Sam. 3. 1-21.	- Isa. 55. 3
" 25,	Jesus, the Resurrection and Life, John 11.25-46, John 11.25	
Nov. 1,	The Fall of the Idol, - 1 Sam. 5. 1-12.	- Rom. 14. 11
" 8,	The Stone of Help, - 1 Sam. 7. 1-12.	- Prov. 28. 13
" 15,	Saul, the People's Choice, 1 Sam. 10. 17-27	- Isa. 55. 8
" 22,	Samuel's Farewell Words, 1 Sam. 12.16-25.	- 1 Sam. 12.24
" 29,	Jesus, the Righteous King, Matt. 25. 31-46.	- Isa. 32. 1, 2

Almanac Awards: 1, Jos. Anderson, Stewartstown; 2, Hilda Anderson, Stewartstown; 3, George M'Crindle, Bridgeton; 4, Janet Imlach, Portessie; 5, Charles Anwyl, Liverpool; 6, Caroline Geddes, Buckie; 7, Robt. M'Gauchey, Bridge of Weir; 8, Willie Gibson, Bridge of

Weir; 9, Edith Ferguson, Stewartstown; 10, Mae Viano, Ill.; 11, Ruth Bugg, Bury St. Edmunds; 12, David Toner, Bridge of Weir; 13, Eva Ness, Nairn; 14, Theresa Byrom, Liverpool; 15, Harriet Yarwood, Liverpool; 16, Mary B. Smith, Portessie; 17, Wm. R. Souter, Brechin; 18, Nettie Shearer, Edinburgh; 19, Geo. Mitchell, Skien, Norway; 20, Alex. Livingston, Stewartstown; 21, John Forbes, Bridge of Weir; 22, Mary Brown, Edinburgh; 23, Lucy Campbell, Springfield, Mass.; 24, Miss D. Davis, Sydney, N.S.W.; 25, Eeresina Quargnent, Piedmonte, Italy. 40, Janet D. Geddes, Portessie; 41, Lucy C. E. Faircloth, Saffron Walden; 42, M. Livingston, Stewartstown.

Free Copies. If you will kindly hand specimen copies of *Boys and Girls* amongst companions or in Sunday School, write Editor saying how many.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 10. Did you find No. 9 in 2 Cor. 10. 17, "Let him glory in the Lord?" Next turn to Galatians.

LOENHIT SRCINLA

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THE TABLES OF THE BIBLE.

THE word "TABLE" is used in a great many different ways. For example, the erection with four legs at which I stand is well known as a *table*. A kitchen table, a parlour table—these may be round, square, or oval. But then I hold in my hand a book. It is called a *time-table*, telling times for railways, tram-cars, and steamers; or your sister shows you a card with many figures, and says, "This is my addition and *multiplication table*."

Here I have drawn on the board some of the tables named in the Bible, the first of which are called

TABLES OF STONE.

These were given by God to a man named Moses when he had climbed up a high mountain, and in the midst of a dark cloud, out of which lightning flashed and thunder pealed (Ex. 20. 1-18). They were hewn in stone, and carved with ten commands for man to keep, upon pain of death. No man ever did or can keep God's holy law, save the holy Man Christ Jesus. "But what have I drawn here?" "A heart, sir" (2 Cor. 3. 3). Yes. God, by His spirit of power, changes our hard hearts, makes them soft or willing, so that His will is what we love to do, because He loves us so; and in contrast to above, it is called the fleshy

TABLE OF THE HEART.

Much depends on how you open or close your heart to the Word of God and the Message of Salvation. "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt *believe in thine heart*, . . . thou shalt be saved."

Now, upon the next table, which was all gilded, were ranged twelve cakes, or loaves of bread (Ex. 25. 30). This curious table was placed in a tent where the Lord was pleased to dwell. Each loaf was covered with a white gum, and looked like a brides-cake, but there was no sugar in them. One

loaf was for each of the twelve tribes of Israel, showing how they were all seen by God. Little Benjamin was as precious to Him as big Joseph. This was named the

TABLE OF SHEW BREAD.

It stood in the light of the golden lamps before the face of the Lord. He saw it.

Outside the same tent was a square wood box covered with sheets of copper. Within it was packed with earth which formed a hearth, upon which a fire burned night and day, upon which some animals were always being offered. It was called the altar of burnt-sacrifice (Ex. 27. 1), or the

TABLE OF THE LORD.

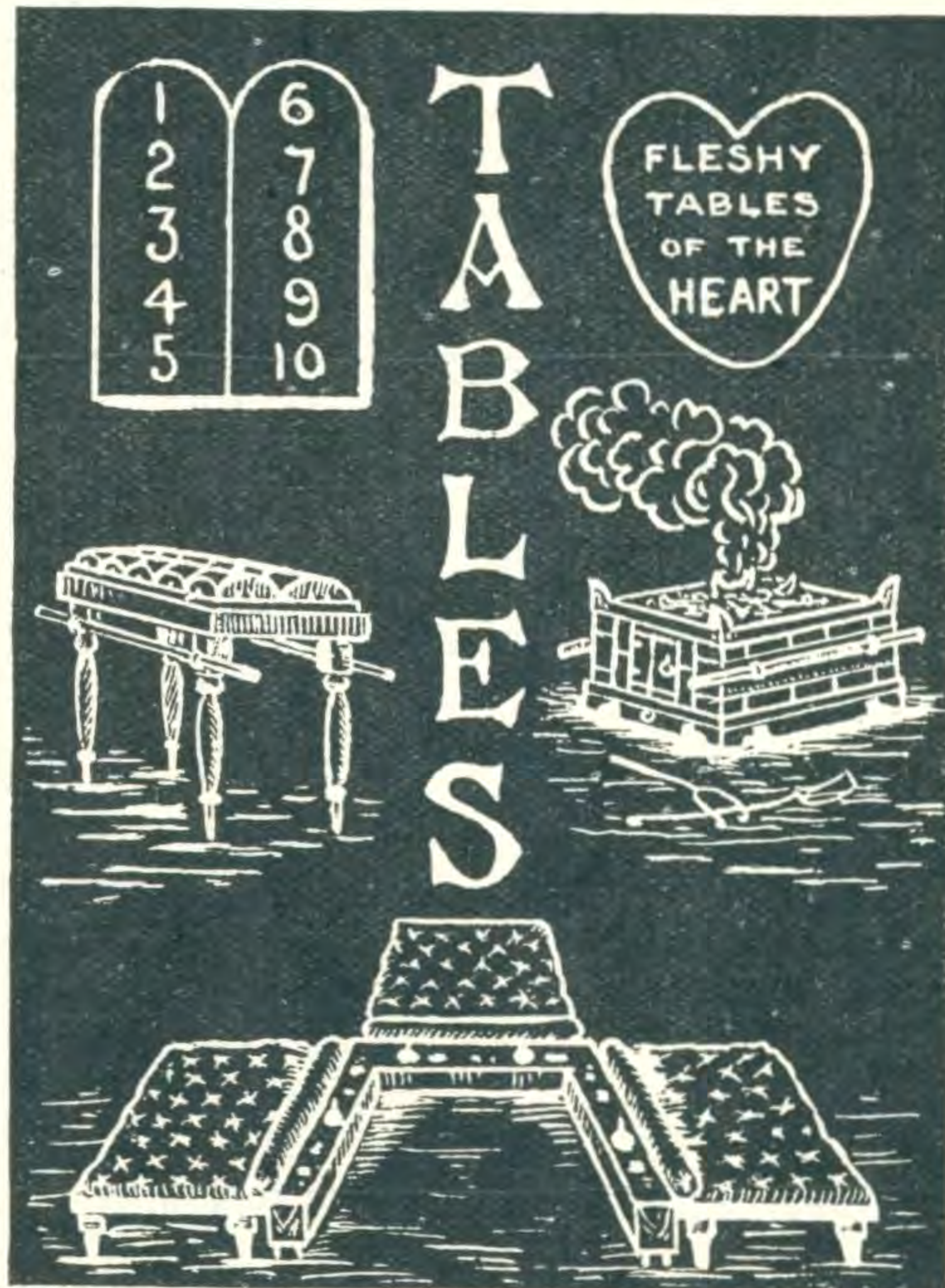
The fire burned up all that was put upon it. It told of God's anger against sin, and the only way to meet it was by blood and death. Jesus died, all to save you and me from endless death for our sins. "He died for our sins" (1 Cor. 15. 3). If Jesus had not in His love died

for us, we must have died for our own sins and suffered in the lake of fire for ever.

This brings me to the last kind of table, the

TABLE OF THE FEAST.

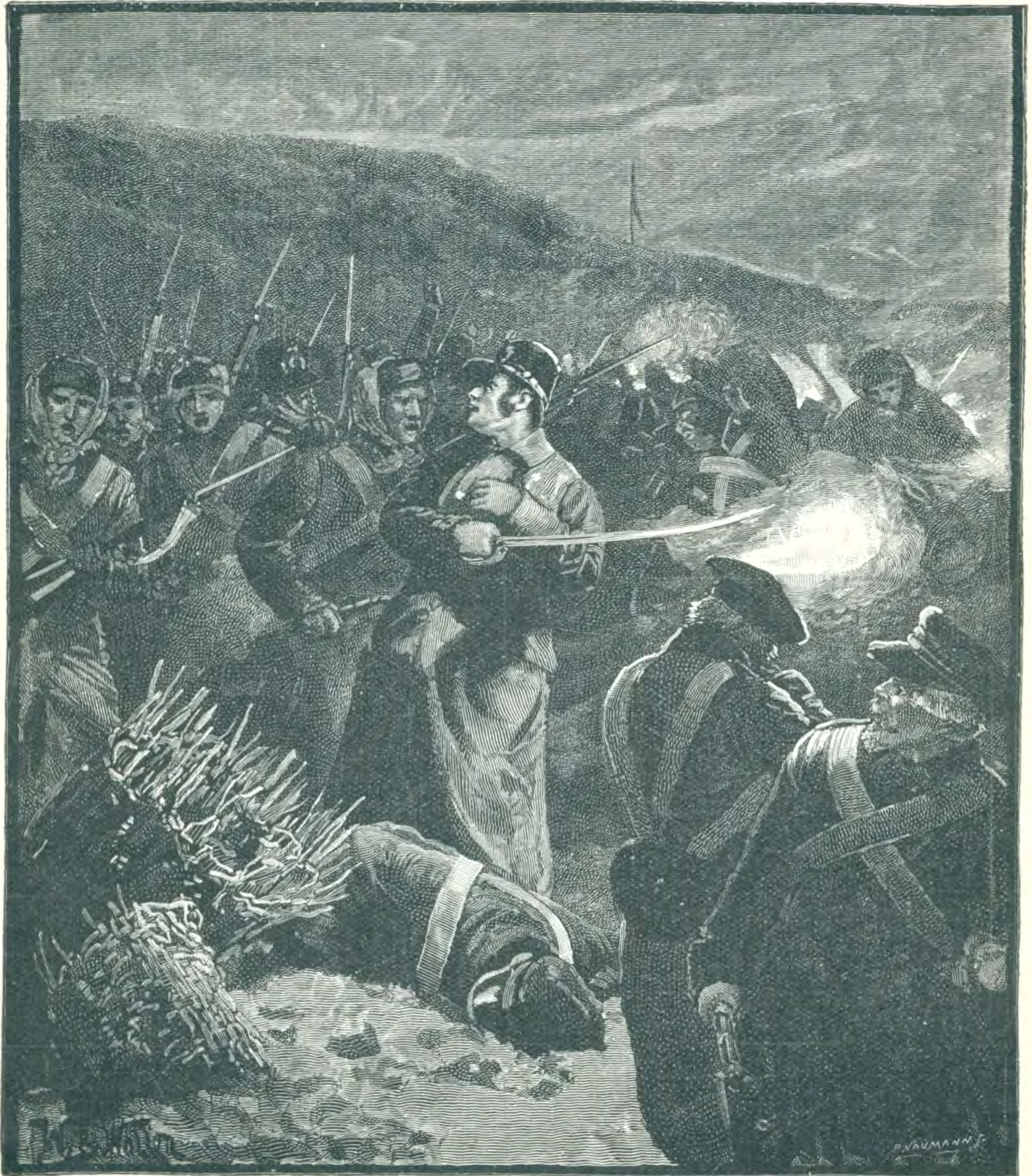
In eastern countries people do not sit on chairs, but lie on sofas leaning on one of their arms, and eat from long tables in front. Rich men gave fine feasts to which their rich friends were asked. God has a rich feast in His bountiful House, to which poor, needy ones are heartily welcome. He gives His wine and milk freely to every one who earnestly wishes for it. He bids you come, for "all things are now ready" (Matt. 22. 4). Christ has shed His precious blood on the Cross to wash you from your sins, and fit you to sit down at God's feast of love in Glory for ever and ever. God is "now ready" to bless you. Are you "now ready" to be saved? Do not delay, but come just now. T. R. D.



200

With this cry he led his company of
AGAINST AN ADVANCING FORCE OF

2000



"THIS WAY, 97th."

HEDLEY S. J. VICARS was born in the Mauritius, 7th December, 1826. His father was an officer in the Royal Engineers, the family estate being at Levally in Queen's Co., Ireland. The poet Willis aptly describes him in the lines:

"A NOBLE BOY,

A brave, freehearted, careless one,
Full of unchecked, unbidden joy,
Of dread of books, and love of fun;
And with a clear and ready smile,
Unshadowed by a thought of guile."

When the boy was twelve years old his father's dying hand was laid upon his head, with the earnest wish "that he might be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and so fight manfully under His banner as to glorify His Name."

On Christmas Day, 1843, his mother received a letter announcing that Hedley had received a commission in the Army. Early in the following spring he joined the depot of the 97th Regiment in the Isle of Wight, and from first to last devoted himself to his duties.

In 1844 he went to Corfu with his regiment, and so entered into excesses in sin that he afterwards wrote: "You will be spared sore remorse in after years by Remembering your Creator in the days of your youth (Eccles. 12. 1). I would give worlds if I had them to undo what I have done." He afterwards was stationed or visited Jamaica, Nova Scotia, and Canada. Sometimes he was convicted of sin for a time; then again he would neglect his Bible and his God.

When stationed at Halifax in the month of November, 1851, he was awaiting the return of a brother officer to his room, and idly turned over the leaves of a Bible which lay on the table. The words of the 1st Epistle of John, chapter 1, verse 7, caught his eye: "THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST HIS SON CLEANSETH US FROM ALL SIN." Closing the Book, he said, "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live

who has been washed in the Blood of Jesus Christ."

A noble decision! If the Lord Jesus Christ had so loved him as to shed His precious Blood on the Cross of Calvary; if that Blood was so powerful as to cleanse him from every stain of sin, then he would accept Him as Saviour, own Him as Master and Lord, and be His for evermore.

That night he scarcely slept, pondering in his heart if these wondrous words were

really meant for him. In the morning he arose calm in the assurance that they were "true for him," and "a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation" (1 Tim. 1. 15). "The past," he assured himself, "is blotted out. What I have to do is to go forward. I cannot return to the sins from which my Saviour has cleansed me with His own Blood."

On the morning succeeding that memorable night he bought a large Bible, placed it open on the table of his

sitting-room, determined that for the future "an open Bible" should be his colours. Some called him names, others shrugged their shoulders, one remarked, "Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." But he never faltered, and much grace was given him to confess Christ before others.

Busy years of service and happy months at home with his mother and sisters quickly flew past. The 97th was ordered out to the Crimea in 1854. He endeared himself by his unceasing care of the sick and suffering during that eventful winter before Sevastopol, the horrors of which are historic. The night of the 22nd of March was dark and dreary, the wind swept in wild gusts across the Crimea. Soon after ten o'clock firing commenced in the direction of the Victoria Redoubt. In the murky darkness a Russian force of 15,000 men crept out of Sevastopol, surprised the French, and passed on to the British lines. Vicars was the first to discover the enemy



"WOUNDED SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEA."

"THIS WAY, 97th."

so near. He ordered his men to lie down until the Russians came within twenty paces, then leaping on the parapet, he cried, "THIS WAY, 97th," and led his company of 200 against an advancing force of 2000. The next moment the strong arm fell helpless, and he dropped among his foes. His men fought their way

through the ranks of the retreating Russians to defend the leader they loved, and bore him back to safety. As they laid his body down at his tent door his spirit winged its flight to the Land of unending peace. A good soldier of Jesus Christ, he had "fought a good fight, and finished his course; henceforth the crown." HYP.

THE LITTLE GUNNER.

GUNS booming in many directions cause stories of guns and gunners to be of more than passing interest.

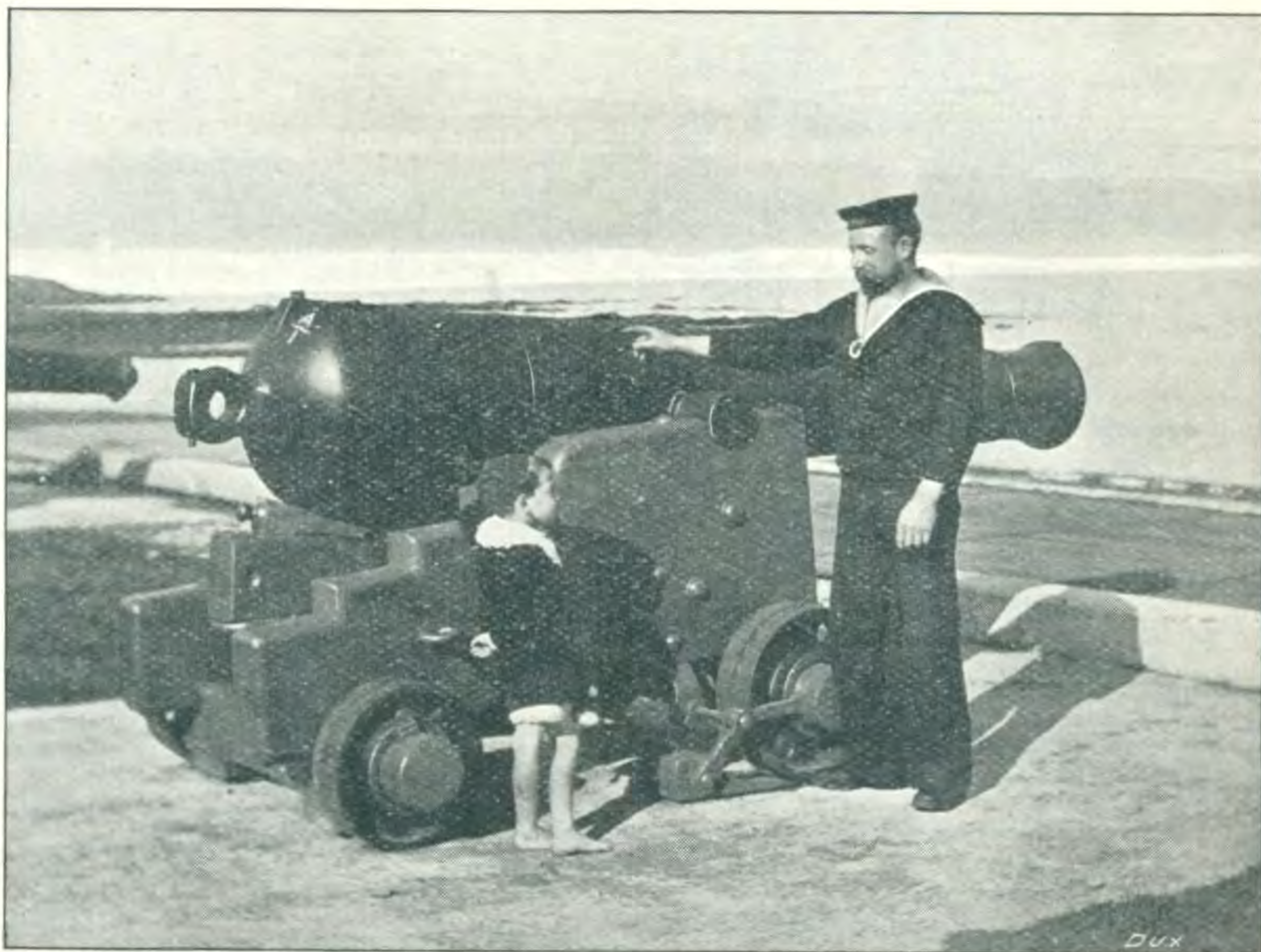
"Who fired the gun?" was the repeated question passed on in Cape Town, both by soldiers and civilians, when the military electric gun—used only to give the midday and evening time—had been heard one morning at 10.30.

What a shocking breach of discipline! How it roused the officers, especially the General and Brigade-Major who commanded, for the offender's discovery and punishment the very strictest search in every regiment and battery. But all search failed; the matter remained a complete mystery.

Some weeks afterwards, however, a scientist was making his usual examination of the "relay," the instrument used to transmit the electric current from the Cape Town Royal Observatory to the Castle, by means of a tiny "tongue," or "hammer," so finely set that the most delicate touch affects it, thus electrifying the fuses, which instantly like lightning flashes fire the gun. Picture his amazement to find resting upon the

hammer a little brown spider. The culprit was captured at last. So interested was the General that he had the spider preserved and sent to the museum in Cape Town, and there it may be seen to-day, with a card beneath it inscribed, "The Little Gunner," followed by full details of its singular exploit.

"The Little Gunner" conveys a short lesson we all need to learn—the power of



Photo, Wallace, Sidmouth.

A LITTLE GUNNER GETTING A LESSON FROM A BIG GUN.

small things for good or for evil. Sin, however small, though before God none is such, may spell disaster, and shut you out of Heaven at last. Trust then in the Lord Jesus whose Blood can cleanse you from *all sin* (1 John 1. 7), and who will fit you for glory evermore.

C. St. C.

THE POINTS OF THE PRODIGAL STORY.

GET nine boys or girls, or mixed, each with a letter on card, in the following order—M B S D C G L A D. At the end of the first verse show the letters LAD. Drop cards, then raise MAD at the end of second verse, and so on. Each verse can be said by separate scholar, or all by one scholar. Luke 15. 11 to 24 might be repeated by two outside scholars at the beginning. The 9 cards can be had in bold red or blue letters for 1/6, or whole 24 letters for 3/6, post free.

A CERTAIN man he had two sons,
In Luke fifteen we read,
And what befel the younger one
You'll hear as we proceed.
A better father or more kind
No person ever had,
But, tired of home, he longed to roam,
This self-willed, wayward lad.

L A D

He gathered all that he possessed,
His purpose none could stay,
He left his father's happy home,
And journeyed far away.
Away from satisfying feasts,
From comforts great and small,
This wayward son, this foolish one,
He turned his back on all.

M A D

In distant land, with lavish hand,
He spent his money there,
In drink and riot, sin and shame,
Without a thought of care.
Yet deeper, deeper into sin
He plunged from day to day,
With giddy throng in haunts of wrong
He sped the downward way.

B A D

But when his money all was spent
A famine great arose,
And he began to be in want,
As you can well suppose.
By hunger driven the swine he fed
A bite of bread to earn,
The swines' own meat he fain would eat,
Sin's bitter lesson learn.

S A D

“Why should I perish when at home
Of bread there is no lack?”
Repenting now, he made resolve
To start the homeward track.
While on the road, a great way off,
With shame and fear distressed,
He saw his father run to meet,
And clasp him to his breast.

D A D

“Father,” he cried, “my sin is great,
No more I'm fit to be [hushed,
A son of thine —.” His words were
With pardon full and free.
The father bids his servants haste
The best robe forth to bring,
And put on him, shoes on his feet,
And on his hand a ring.

C L A D

“My long lost son,” the father said,
“Has now come home to me,
So spread the feast that all may eat,
And let us merry be.”
When prodigals, repenting, turn
From ways of sin so sad
There's joy where angels dwell with God,
And all in Heaven are glad. T. R. C.

G L A D

A verse of an appropriate hymn, such as the chorus of No. 309 in “Alexander's Hymns, No. 3,” given below, sung by the children would make effective finish.

I will arise and go to Jesus,
He will embrace me in His arms;
In the arms of my dear Saviour,
Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

THE MONEY IN THE SNOW.

DURING the night the great fleecy flakes from Heaven had covered the ground with a beautiful mantle of dazzling white. Snow-balls and snow-men were the occupation that day of the children.

¶ An old Christian left his home in Fifeshire to earn his "daily bread." He had gone about two miles through the snow when he met a little maid with eyes all red and swollen, and crying bitterly. Kindly he inquired, "What's the matter with you, my dear?" "Oh! sir," she said, with many sobs, "I was sent to buy three cuts of worsted for a neighbour, and I've lost a two shilling piece. If it were mother's it would not be so bad, but it is a neighbour's, and I am afraid she'll beat me." "Oh! dear, no, don't fear that," said the old man. "I have a Friend who will help us, my Heavenly Father." He then

prayed to God, asking Him to guide them to the lost money. "Now, tell me, dear, what hand did you carry the money in?" "The left hand, sir." "Very well, we will not look on the right." They had not searched more than 100 yards when he noticed a little mark made by the florin when it dropped, and putting his hand straight down through the snow he found "the lost piece of silver." The little girl's face beamed with joy as she thanked him. "Now," said he, "we have something else to do," and taking off his hat, he gave thanks to God for helping them to find the money. Only trust the Lord Jesus as that little girl trusted her benefactor, and "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isa. 1. 18). T.M'L.



Photo, Wallace, Sidmouth.

"SNOW-BALLING AND SNOW-MEN WERE THE OCCUPATION OF THE CHILDREN."

THE MEETING OF TWO BROTHERS.

ART PICTURES TO PAINT, No. 11. What remarkable scene in the Bible is this? The headline gives you a hint. Look it up and learn the lesson as you paint. Awards for (1) painting, (2) describing in your own words, (3) selecting texts from Bible to describe.

ORIGINAL ACROSTICS for busy searchers, No. 247. Award for best answer sent to Editor.

My first on a journey *was sent*
By an angel to make clear and plain,
To a man who was reading God's Word,
But needed some one to explain.
My second was the *elder son*
Of a family numbering twelve,
And my third was a *brother* of one
Who was laid in an ark made of reed.
When David *was* only my fourth,
He conquered the lion and bear,
And now we shall see that my fifth
Exalted itself *in the air*.
It carries its young ones on high
By bearing them up on its wings,
So my last one is *able to fly*,
And accomplished some very strange things.
One was feeding a prophet of old
When a famine was sore in the land,
But he just remained where he was told,
Receiving the food as God planned.
This prophet now brings to my whole,

And shows us the triumphs of faith
When courage is mixed with it, too,
And reveals what it did in a dearth.

E. E. G.

Answer to 246.—**Peace** (Isa. 26. 3); **Armour** (Eph. 6. 11); **Rest** (Heb. 4. 11); **Door** (Rev. 3. 20); **Open** (Rev. 3. 20); **Now** (2 Cor. 6. 2)—**PARDON**.

EASY EPIGRAMS for earnest young people, 59.

He never, never from the tomb
Shall be allowed to come,
Such were the idle threat'nings
Of those who sealed the stone,
But empty, unbelieving threats
Can ne'er o'erthrow God's Word,
So from among the dead Christ came
As Heaven's victorious Lord.
Among His own He soon is found
To fill them with delight,
But *one* of that choice company
Was absent that same night.
That *one* more unbelieving
Than all the rest is shown,
{ Two names he has in Scripture, }
{ Could you now make them known? }

or

{ To him a double name John gives, }
{ Could you now make them known? }

Js. Fs.

Answer to Epigram No. 58.—Simon Cephas (John 1. 42). Awards for answers sent to Editor.



POINTS FOR PASSING MOMENTS.

BUGLE BLASTS are sounding loud in many lands at the present moment. The picture on first page and story depict a good soldier. If you want to be among the noble and brave and good join the army of the King of kings to-day. Passing months call loud and clear, "Now is the accepted time" (2 Cor. 6. 3).

Condensed Truth is depicted in the centre of this page, telling of the Editor's new book on immortal John 3. 16. It contains 32 pages, 5 pictures, in art cover, for 1d.; 1/3 per dozen, post free. The same matter is also supplied in *Wonders in a Nutshell* in square shape, with 16 lovely pictures, for presentation in Sunday schools and among the young. 1½d. each (100 or more at 1d. each).

Monthly Awards for *Paintings* received during August: Joshua Dunsmuir, Auckland, N.Z. *Original Acrostic*, No. 244, Alex. J. Grant, Craigellachie. *Easy Epigram*, No. 56, Hugh Irvine, Larkhall.

London Lessons for tiny tots, No. 40. A double name:

A Bible woman, backwards read,
Will give the name of a place
That Balaam mentioned. They should be
Easy for you to trace. W. T. R.

Answer to 39—Laban (Deut. 1. 1); Nabal (1 Sam. 25. 38).

Simple Searchings for little folks, by Js. Fs., No. 134.—What verse in John 10 tells us the place where Jesus speaks of being the Good Shepherd? Answer to 133—John 3. 36.

Helpers Together. The Editor will be pleased to hear from Superintendents and Teachers as to the value of the Studies and Searchings on this page, also any hints as to *Boys and Girls*. Also from readers as to how they enjoy the Simple Searchings, London Lessons, Diamonds, &c., and if they would like these continued. Address Editor of *Boys and Girls*, 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow.

Boys and Girls Almanac for 1915 is almost ready. *Fifty prizes for all.* ½d. each; 6d. doz.

The Gospel Scheme of Lessons for 1914 deals with "The Journey Home," Scheme for 1915 nearly ready. 3d. dozen, 1/6 per 100, post free. Simple evangelistic notes on these lessons in *The Pathway*. 16 pages monthly, ½d.; 1/ year.

Sun lay.	Subject and portion to read.	Memory verse.
Nov. 1,	The Fall of the Idol, - 1 Sam. 5. 1-12,	Rom. 14. 11
" 8,	The Stone of Help, - 1 Sam. 7. 1-12,	Prov. 28. 13
" 15,	Saul, the People's Choice, 1 Sam. 10. 17-27,-	Isa. 55. 8
" 22,	Samuel's Farewell Words, 1 Sam. 12. 16-25,-	1 Sam. 12. 24
" 29,	Jesus, the Righteous King, Matt. 25. 31-46,-	Isa. 32. 1, 2
Dec. 6,	David, God's Anointed King, 1 Sam. 16. 1-13,	1 Sam. 16. 7
" 13,	David and the Giant, - 1 Sam. 17. 32-51,-	1 Cor. 15. 57
" 20,	A Picture of True Love,- 1 Sam. 18. 1-16,-	Rom. 5. 8
" 27,	Jesus, the Returning One, Acts 1. 1-11,-	Acts 1. 11

Sweeter Than Chocolate papers are being examined. Awards in January No. .Free specimen copies of *Boys and Girls* will be sent to any teacher who will hand round amongst scholars. . Interest your children in mission work by giving

them *Across the Seas*, long edited by F. S. Arnot. Same size and price as *Boys and Girls*.

A Localised Heading can be added to above, with list of meetings in hall, if ordered for 1915. 50 monthly, 21/; 75, 30/; 100, 40/, post free.

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A. B. C. Letter Cards, as on page 4, size 12 by 10 inches, either in red or blue ink. Any letters you select, 2d. each.

New Presentation Volumes: *Choice Sayings*, by R. C. Chapman, in bold type, art binding, 1/3, p.f. . . *Missionary Travels in Central Africa*, F. S. Arnot, 2/3, p.f. . . *George Muller, of Bristol*, official life by Dr. A. T. Pierson, 2/9, cloth.

Diamonds for Our Darlings, No. 11. If you found No. 10 in Galatians 3. 28, "All one in Christ," then turn to Ephesians for this.

Y R L E M H O N U T I B G O

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ADAM AND CHRIST—A CONTRAST.

WITHOUT troubling you to read the text where those two names are found (1 Cor. 15. 22), I may begin by asking you a simple question. What was it Adam lost that none have ever found? You will easily remember. The answer is, he lost *innocence*. When he was created in God's image he knew no evil (Eccles. 7. 29), but

ADAM had an enemy, just as we have, and a strong one he is. You know who I mean. Satan. He gained a great victory, but it was by telling what was untrue. In this way sin came into the world, the effects of which can be seen in the sufferings of boys and girls, men and women, and even animals. Far more than this we can say came in because Adam

DISOBEYED.

That is the reason the tumbler with Adam's name is coloured BLACK. You would not care to drink it, because it is unclean. He was warned, just as we are, what he would lose (John 8. 24). Yet how many are neglecting the warnings which week after week they get. If you look closely at the picture you will see a little bottle. It is coloured the same as the tumbler. Why? Because what is in the one is in the other. It was taken out of the tumbler. That may help you to understand what we read in Romans 5. 12:

ALL have sinned. Wherever we look there is not one excluded. Whatever may be the nationality, wherever we dwell, in castle or in cottage, and however good we may have lived, we are *sinners* in God's sight. Adam's character is seen in us. Suppose you took the bottle and polished the outside, and put it in a beautiful box, would that change the inside? No. We are all

MARRIED in our *nature* (Eph. 2. 3). Sin, like a disease, comes out at our eyes, mouth, hands, and feet. That is why your teachers are always quoting John 3. 3. Do you know that text? Read it, and remember that *all* are helplessly *bad*, and deserve only to be banished for ever from the presence of God.

Now, look at the other tumbler. It is pure and clean, because it speaks to us of Him whose name is upon it. The Lord Jesus

CHRIST. How dark would all that the world contains be without Him. In the very chapter where we are first told of Satan's victory, we are told of ONE who was coming to defeat him (Gen. 3. 15), and that ONE was Christ. Those who heard the good

news were led to rejoice, although long, long years rolled by before He came. But now Christ

HATH appeared. Born, unlike us, with no sinful, marred nature, He was victorious where every one else had been defeated. All glory and honour and praise every hour to Him we should give (Rev. 5. 11). But look! What is that standing between the two tumblers? Between the *clean* and the *unclean*. You see it is THE CROSS, and without Christ's death on the Cross of Calvary Satan would have had us all as his prisoners for ever (Luke 11. 21). How solemn the fact! But now Christ hath

REDEEMED multitudes of those who were born unclean, and is bringing them to glory to appear like Himself, every one (Heb. 10. 14). All stain of Adam's fall removed (John 13. 10). Perhaps you who may be inclined to say, what must

I do? (Acts 16. 30). Look at the other bottle. What like is it? CLEAN. How? Because it was taken out the clean tumbler. Its origin was pure. So with those who

SIMPLY bow to God's Word, and learn that in Adam all die, but in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Cor. 15. 22). You will see that the one and only thing needed is to be *in Christ*. How can you get into Christ?

TRUST Him. Again and again you have repeated the text, "I am the Door, I am the Bread of Life." He that believeth on ME hath everlasting life (John 6. 47). That is what it is to believe in Christ. It is to trust Christ; get past every one to Himself. Look only to Him. He was crucified on the Cross to save all who would trust in Him. You mean to do so. Then make sure now. He is waiting for you. Believe, receive, and confess Him, and you shall be changed from the *unclean* to the *clean*, not by your own power, of course not, but by the power of the Holy Spirit (John 3. 5), and thus be IN CHRIST for ever. Js. Fs.

