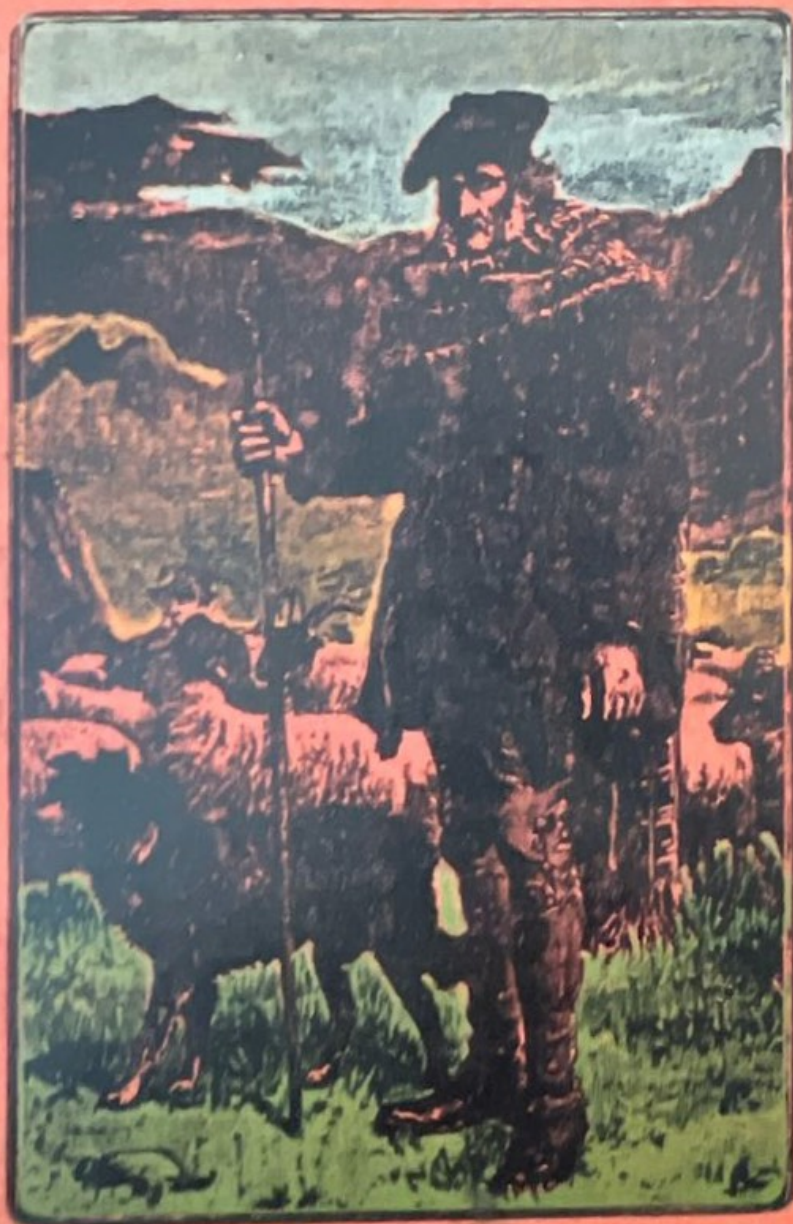


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... or ...

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that . . .
fail not.



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THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.



How the Soldier Boy's Head was covered in the Day of Battle.

LET me tell you that the day my boy sailed for France we selected from the "Daily Light" portion for the day (November 11th), Ps. lxxviii. 53, "He led them safely," and Exod. lxxiii. 20, "Behold, I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way, and to bring thee into the place which I have prepared," and we coupled with that Ps. cxl. 7, "THOU HAST COVERED MY HEAD IN THE DAY OF BATTLE." Every day we simply asked God to cover our boy's head in the day of battle—and this was literally fulfilled, praise His Name!

Another youth, together with my son, had been in a forward sap, bombing, and at the end of their time returned to their dug-out. It was customary for them to loose the laces of their boots owing to the feet swelling so much, so when they returned to the dug-out these two knelt down on one knee, as is done in the ordinary way, to tighten the laces again. Just at that time the Germans began shelling with their trench mortars, and one shell blew up this dug-out. As the debris

S.W.



THE LORD COVERED HIS HEAD IN THE DAY OF BATTLE.

came down, the plank which formed the top of the doorway fell across the head and shoulders of my boy and his comrade, so that, although they were buried with the others, these two were

The Springing Well:

extricated alive owing to the earth not touching their heads or faces, so preventing them being smothered. This is very brief, but sufficient to show how literally the prayer was answered. Truly the Lord had "covered his head in the day of battle" !

I may mention that I have also been at the Front as well as my dear son, and since returning from France I had been in the habit of giving every man of my old regiment a Testament when leaving this country, and in that way I have distributed many thousands. There came, however, a day when I wanted some badly, but had not sufficient money to obtain them. My wife and I talked over the matter, and it was a subject of earnest prayer.

I had not long been in my present home. It had a strip of grass at the back of the house. This grass had been laid for twenty-five years, and had never been touched except to be mown. After the talk referred to I went out to the back with the intention of removing the turf so as to be able to dig up the ground for potatoes, as requested by the Government. This I did, and then had dinner, after which we both went out and broke the clods small, then came in to tea. During that time there was a shower of rain, and when we went out after tea the rain had caused the earth to go rather flat, and we were rather pleased, as it made the digging look more respectable. We walked round this small plot, about 15 by 12 yards, and as we stopped to view our handiwork I saw on the top of the mould what looked like the top of a Schweppes bottle. My wife thought it was a button. So I put my hoe across and drew it towards me. To my great surprise I saw it was a coin, and found it to be a sovereign. Of course there was some mould on it, and my wife thought I was joking ; but we took the hoe into the kitchen with the coin on it (we did not touch it) and put it under the tap, and, sure enough, it was a golden sovereign ! So you see, God was able to give us the money for some Testaments by providing us with that which had been hidden in the earth twenty-five years at least, just as the Lord Jesus provided the tribute money out of the mouth of the fish.

Is there anything too hard for the Lord ?
No !

If we ask in prayer, believing (Matt. xxi. 22), we are certain of the answer. B. J.

The writer of this short article says : " I think these two incidents prove what a faithful prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God it is with Whom we have to do. To Him be the Praise and the Glory ! "

The Door without a Handle.

By ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

A REPLICA of Mr. Holman Hunt's renowned picture, "The Light of the World," adorns the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and is an object of much interest to visitors to the famous ecclesiastical edifice. The Lord Jesus is represented as standing knocking at a closed door with one hand, while in the other He holds a lantern. The door is overgrown with long, trailing ivy and weeds, and looks as if it had been closed for a long time. The artist's conception of the painting is based on the familiar words of the Saviour to the church at Laodicea : " Behold, I stand at the door and knock : if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with Me " (Rev. iii. 20). It is said that after Mr. Holman Hunt had finished the picture a friend called to inspect it. After looking at it for several minutes he turned to the artist and said, " It is a beautiful picture, but have you not made a very strange mistake ? " " A mistake ! What do you mean ? " " Well, you have painted a door, and have made the panel very plain, but THERE IS NO HANDLE TO THE DOOR. Whoever heard of a door without a handle ? " " That," said the artist, " is one of the points of the picture ; there is no handle to that door ; if there were a handle, the Saviour would not remain waiting outside for admission. THAT door CAN ONLY BE OPENED FROM THE INSIDE." That is true of the door of our hearts. Christ will not *break it open*. It must be opened from within. He has respect to man's moral agency. Men are subjects of *moral*, not physical, government. The Lord won't *coerce* any one to allow Him admission. The door of the human heart is bolted from within, with the bar of unbelief, and the Saviour won't *compel* you to open it. He " knocks " at the door of your heart, O fellow-traveller to Eternity, and wishes you to give Him admission, but He will not *force* an entrance. It is His desire that " all men " should be saved (1 Tim. ii. 4), the proof of this being blessedly manifested in the glorious fact that He " gave Himself a ransom for all " (1 Tim. ii. 6). God has given to man the power to say " No " to His voice of entreaty and warning, as innumerable scriptures testify. This is the only explanation why it is that so many are lost. " Ye will not come unto Me that ye might have life " (John v. 40) are the Lord's words. Christ wept over Jerusalem sinners, and exclaimed. " How often would I have gathered thy children

together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, BUT YE WOULD NOT" (Luke xiii. 34). The Lord's desire was to bless them, but they would not be blessed by Him. They closed their heart's door against Him.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten : be zealous therefore, and repent.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock : if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.

"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne" (Rev. iii. 19—21).



The best Friend you ever had is waiting to bestow on you untold mercies, blessings, and favours. He longs to imprint on your cheek the kiss of forgiveness and give you eternal life as a free gift and a present possession. The moment you draw back the bar of unbelief He will take possession of your heart and bestow upon you love, and life, and lasting joy, and power to overcome sin, and self, and Satan.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Ps. cxliv. 15). "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered" (Ps. xxxii. 1). The Lord Jesus is knocking *now* at your heart's door, but He may soon leave you to perish in your sins. "Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). To-morrow may be too late.

As a little girl was looking at Mr. Holman Hunt's picture she turned to her mother and said, "MOTHER, HOW LONG WILL HE KNOCK?" The familiar hymn known to us from childhood's days says :—

"Behold a Stranger at the door ;
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill."

Whilst holding some gospel meetings in a country district in Ontario, Canada, a farmer's daughter was awakened to a sense of her guilt and danger. But alas ! like so many others,

she stifled conviction and neglected the Saviour. Some time afterwards she was laid on a death-bed, and her folly in not accepting of God's "great salvation" was clearly apprehended by her, and in view of Eternity she exclaimed, "Lord Jesus, you once knocked at the door of my heart ; won't You call again ?" And so far as I know, she died as she lived—without God and without hope. "If any man HEAR My voice and OPEN THE DOOR, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me." Harken to His voice speaking to you in His holy Word. "Hear and your soul shall live" (Isa. lv. 3). Harken to the *good news* of the Gospel of God's matchless grace. The Gospel which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 16) does not tell of a work to be done by us ; it brings *good news* regarding A WORK DONE FOR US by the Lord Jesus Christ, and is contained in the glorious words of John iii. 16—"For God so loved the world, that *He gave His only begotten Son*, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." Let the light of the blessed Gospel in, and the moment you do so you will draw back the bolt of unbelief and welcome Christ as Saviour and Lord.

"But if you still His call refuse,
And all such wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn.
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
Too late ! Too late ! will be the cry,
Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

A. M.

"The wisest thing is . . . to Look Up."

THE path of faith is necessarily trying. And it is intended by God that our faith should be tried. Untried faith is unknown power ; tried faith is God proved. There are times when God so deals with us that we have, practically, no outlook, no future. All around is fog. We cannot see one step before us. If we try to look ahead, our hearts are ready to break.

Now in such seasons the wisest thing is not to think of to-morrow, but to look up. When we do this there will soon be found sufficient sunshine to brighten the spot where we stand, just enough for that one small place. And, fellow christian, what more sunshine for yourself do you require ? If you are enjoying that ray which comes straight from the throne above and shines upon you, is not that sufficient ? So long as you are enjoying this, you will not be occupied with the fog which closes the next step from your view ; but you will go on day by day, and ere long God's glorious sunshine will surround you.

Studies in the "Fear
Notes" of the Bible.

A "Fear Not" for the New Year.

"For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not: I will help thee."—ISA. xli 13.

A TENDER-HEARTED surgeon was walking through the large ward of a big hospital when he saw a little one, with bandaged eyes, in distress and waving her hand about. He went up to her and grasped that outstretched hand. Instantly there was a change—the little one was comforted and became restful and contented. And that child, may be, is a picture of some reader of this paper—in a spiritual darkness that may be felt, with a sense of loneliness and desolation, and yearning, oh so much! for the touch of a vanished hand, and full of fear and dread concerning the New Year just entered upon. Just hold out your hand to the dear Lord, and He will welcome and grasp it, "saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

"Noa then, lad, tha mun howd on!"

In a small village near Manchester, where I was conducting some evangelistic services, a quarryman lay dying. He was an atheist. A farmer, the head of the local body of Free-thinkers, hearing of his friend's serious condition, and fearful lest at the approach of death he would send for the minister and turn religious, had hastened to his side and urged him to die game. But the dying man replied, "It's a' reet axin' me ta howd on, but, mon, awve nowt ta howd on tee!" Once again atheism was weighed in the balances of human need and experience and found wanting. When you come to the death valley will you have "nowt ta howd on tee"? Would you not rather be amongst the redeemed ones who, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, have something solid and enduring to hold on to?—yes, better still, have Someone holding on to them, for it is written: "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee."

An engine-driver of the L. B. & S. C. R. lay in the Mildmay Hospital at Bethnal Green, London, awaiting an operation for appendicitis. Though a christian man, as he thought of the ordeal awaiting him, he naturally shrank in fear and was troubled in soul. This, of course, we can quite understand. He was made ready for the operation, and, as he was about to be carried into the operating theatre, the nurse, observing his timidity and fear, said, "When you are put on the operating table look at the wall and you will find there a message from

God for you." He did so, and he found painted on the wall, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." "Praise God," said he to me afterward, "that was just the word I wanted, and I was rested and comforted."

The "Fear Notes" of the Bible are many and varied, and form a wonderful study, and, if the Lord will, we shall make a study of some of them this year.

Observe, *before He speaks He grasps*. He first grasps that outstretched hand, and then speaks the assuring word. He does not only sit upon His throne in the heavens dictating and forwarding messages of comfort to our souls, but He comes at the call of dire need right to us and grants direct and personal contact.

"No distant God have we, Who loves afar to be!
Made flesh for me, He cannot rest, until He rests
in me."

And what does His grasp mean? Seven mercies and blessings: 1st, SALVATION. "He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters." What a graphic picture we have here of man's utter helplessness. Sinking amidst the swirling waters, battered and bruised by the buffeting waves, with no firm standing ground, is there no help? Yes, if there comes that Petrine cry, "Lord, save me!" The help comes from without and from above: He sent from ABOVE, He took me, He drew me out." "And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him," and he was saved from death. 2nd, SECURITY. "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand." What glorious security is ours when HE grasps the hand. 3rd, FRIENDSHIP. As a pledge of love, the hand is held in a vice-like grip: "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand." Becoming my Saviour, I am in a position to learn and know Him as Friend. 4th, CONFIDENCE. The little one is full of fear and trembling, and you say "Give me your hand," and that means good-bye to fear. So is it between the Lord and the soul. An abiding confidence is ours as a result of His hold of our hands. 5th, ASSISTANCE. The hand is offered to assist. "I will help thee." 6th, STRENGTH. "The arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob" (Gen. xlix. 24). With His firm grasp there comes the impartation of strength Divine. 7th, SUBMISSION. This is to be willing to be put anywhere, and to be used anyhow. That is not so difficult as it sounds. What matters where we go and what we have to do if only His hand leadeth!

ROBERT LEE.

Insufficient Food ; or, A Meal that does not Nourish.

THE object of food is to sustain life, to strengthen the body, and to nourish its members. If food fails to accomplish all or any of these purposes, it ceases to fulfil its object.

It is generally agreed by medical authorities that insufficient food and unsuitable food are among the chief causes of disease. In some cases even the best food cannot be assimilated. It may be that the digestive organs have been weakened by unsuitable meals until their power to absorb good food has vanished. It is important to understand these points because God teaches so many deep spiritual truths by means of outward figures.

In Isa. lv. 2, God gives warning to those who are prone to follow spiritual error. He says why "do ye spend money for that which is not bread"? He is not here referring to material bread made from flour, but He is dealing with that which is supplied to men as soul nourishment. The Lord Jesus said to His disciples "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees" (Matt. xvi. 6), and He explained that He would have them understand that He bade them beware of the doctrine (or teaching) of the Pharisees and Sadducees (Matt. xvi. 12). The false doctrines taught by these religious leaders were soul-destroying—they were not "bread." God has furnished men with sufficient and suitable food for their souls, but in too many cases they do not "delight" in these things, they prefer that which they think is pleasant to the taste, but is in reality destructive of the soul.

In Hosea xii. 1 we read, "Ephraim" (or the children of Israel) "feedeth on wind; and follo-weth after the east wind." This resulted in an increase of "lies and desolation." The opposite of "lies" is the truth. We are advised to "buy the truth and sell it not" (Prov. xxiii. 23). "Thy Word is truth" (John xvii. 17). We are to desire this Word that we "may grow thereby" (1 Pet. ii. 2). Its "good doctrine" is nourishing (1 Tim. iv. 6).

There is no nourishment in "wind." "The wind of" false "doctrine" tosses men about (Eph. iv. 14), even as a man may be tossed about with pain from poison taken in his food.

When God graciously instructs us in this plain and homely manner, are we to refuse to give heed to His Word, or shall we not rather "Examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith"? (2 Cor. xiii. 5).

The world has a proverb which gives a

warning—"Waste not, want not." Put another way the words imply that those who waste may come to want. This proverb is so plain that it is often quoted, and it is easily understood. Now, God's Word is equally plain when it speaks to those who despise and reject the truth contained in Scripture. It asserts that God "will send a famine in the land, not a famine of" (material) "bread, nor a thirst for water, but" (a famine) "of hearing the words of the Lord" (Amos viii. 11). No greater judgment than this can befall an individual or a nation. When God takes His own faithful servants home and sends none to take their place, then ensues a "famine." "The Word of the truth of the Gospel" (Col. i. 5) is then no longer proclaimed, and instead of being fed with "heavenly manna," men and women are supplied with religious "drugs" which are as little satisfying as would "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal" (1 Cor. xiii. 1) be to a desperately hungry man.

A healthy appetite is regarded as a good sign that a person is in a normal state of health. Hence the Lord Jesus used this figure and said, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled" (Matt. v. 6)—their longing desire after the Lord Jesus, Who is "The LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS" (Jer. xxiii. 6), and Who is made the RIGHTEOUSNESS (1 Cor. i. 30) of all who believe in Him, shall be satisfied.

Those who know Him (the Lord Jesus) as Paul did (2 Tim. i. 12) have a solid and sure foundation on which to rest. They "live by the faith of the Son of God, Who loved them and gave Himself for them" (Gal. ii. 20). This is something very different from "feeding upon the wind."

Those who "live by the faith of the Son of God" are nourished by His Word, and they "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. iii. 18).

He is *all-sufficient* and *all-satisfying*. To have Him is to have Eternal Life.

Without Him all else is insufficient and unsatisfying and will produce eternal death.

Let us be careful not to waste our present opportunities lest we come to want.

Job "esteemed the Words of God's mouth more than his necessary food" (Job xxiii. 12), and so we may gather did Mary who sat at Jesus' feet and heard His Word (Luke x. 39, 42).

As David said, "More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb" (Ps. xix. 10).

Have you ever seen the Morning Star?

OUR gracious Lord in His last words to His people, spoken from heaven, and recorded on the last page of the holy Scriptures, speaks of Himself as the Bright and Morning Star. These are His own words, "I, Jesus, have sent Mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches,"—things, fellow-believers, relating to the last hours of the world's ways, and to the end of the ways of christless christendom—"I am the root and the offspring of David, and the Bright and Morning Star." His title, "the root and offspring of David," relates to His earthly people, to Jews; His title,

"the Bright and Morning Star,"

relates to His heavenly people, to christians.

The Lord Jesus shall yet reign over His ancient people gloriously; the distracted East shall yet smile beneath His sceptre. God will make good the title which scornful man blasphemously set over His cross, "This is Jesus, the King of the Jews." Jesus is the root of David—from Him king David gained his greatness, Jehovah-Jesus bore up the king. As root of David, Jesus was David's Lord, as root—in His own divine power—all that David ever was for God upon this earth, sprang from his Lord. Jesus is also the offspring of the royal line, as a man He sprang from David, and was born in the royal city, Bethlehem. In the coming day the kings of the earth shall bow down and own Jesus as their Prince, and His ancient people as the chosen of Jehovah.

The title Bright and Morning Star conveys ideas unlike either those of root or offspring; it is connected with heaven. Above this earth's turmoil, in the deep and far-off sky, the stars shine; yes, yonder, away and far above earth's clouds and gloom are the bright lamps of night.

Have you ever seen the morning star? You must rise before the sun if you would behold its fair beauty. The light of the morning star is no longer necessary when the sun has risen; it is the herald of the coming day. So when our Lord shall reign upon this earth, He shall be the sun of righteousness, with healing in His wings, and in that day He will have ceased to shine as the morning star. It is during this night-time now before the Lord comes to this earth, that He is the Bright and Morning Star, beaming before the day. Well may we ask of our souls, whether with eyes of faith and love we have thus seen Jesus? Those who sleep, see Him not thus; those who reason that this century is ushering in

the world's peace see Him not thus; those who call darkness light see Him not thus. To such Jesus is no Morning Star. Those alone who are awake in this dark night and who look for His coming again know Him as the Morning Star.

And note, He is bright. It is a sorry thing when men are too sleepy and too indifferent to see the coming Jesus, for

He is the Bright and Morning Star.

Ah! how bright to those who watch for Him! How brilliantly does He shine in His beauty as the coming One to them; thus the Day Star has risen in the hearts of those who watch for Him.

It is the province of the heavenly people to be looking into the heavens for their hope. The bright prospect of soon being caught away from this cloud-clad earth is their expectation. Think of that day! We shall hear His voice, we shall see His face. Around Him will be gathered the myriads whom He put to sleep, and who wait for Him. Then we shall see, shining in His beauty, the loved ones whom He called to Himself, whose absence we now lament and whom we wait once more to see, and never again to lose sight of.

It is Himself in His brightness and promise Who calls forth the cry,

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come"—

the cry of love for Him Who loves His people. The Spirit, Who is in us, says, "Come." It is no human sentiment, but divinely-given desire. Men describe as dreamers those who say, "Come, Lord Jesus," but it is the Spirit of God Who awakes this cry within God's own.

Shall not also such as hear say, "Come"? Surely, when there is deep, earnest desire after the Lord, others will catch the longing. Alas, in this night-time, there is more dreaming over the doctrines of Christ's coming than longing desires of waking hearts for Himself. Books are read and sermons are heard about the coming of Christ, but love requires more than clear doctrinal knowledge. She would be a strange bride who, hearing that her lord was near and soon coming, was content to hear the tidings and then went to sleep as others and watched not for him.

Surely, too, if the Lord Himself were so loved by His own as to be longed for, there would be in them the expression of His compassion for the thirsting souls unsatisfied by the world—the going out of the heart after others, as we read—"And let him that is athirst come." It is poor christianity which has little love for souls in it—nay, it is remarkably un-Christlike.

Jehovah's Great Blessing.

"The Lord bless thee, and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they shall put My name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them."—NUM. vi. 22—27.

JUST as the blue of heaven is bigger than the clouds of earth, so the riches of His blessing is greater than our need. But a very small cloud may hide the blue. The clouds rise from earth and are changing and fleeting, the blue is eternal. His blessing it maketh rich.

"THE LORD BLESS THEE."

This implies intimacy. It was very personal, and suggests the knowledge of individual need.

"KEEP THEE."

What a blessing to be kept from sin, from the fear of man, and the dominion of the devil, Kept in nearness to Himself and in the power of His Spirit.

"The Lord make His face to shine upon thee." This implies light. The light of His face is a glorious light; we see it in the face of Jesus. In His light we see light clearly.

"BE GRACIOUS UNTO THEE."

This implies favour. If we have the grace of God, we have within our reach the wealth of God. Who has ever used to the full the favour offered in Christ Jesus?

"THE LORD LIFT UP HIS COUNTENANCE UPON THEE."

Here we have fellowship. His own countenance upon thee means the conscious enjoyment of His own personal presence. Oh, to have the face of God ever beaming upon us, how it would blind our eyes to the attractions and alluring things of earth.

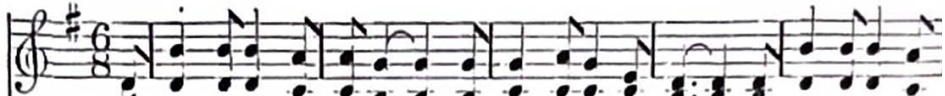
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Is it True?

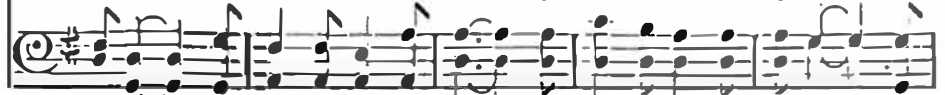
Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



1. So strange it seemed and wondrous, When first it came to me, The sto - ry of my
2. And when I heard the sto - ry Told o'er and o'er a - gain, How Je - sus, now in
3. Then soft - ly was it spo - ken, "Come, lean up-on My breast, Ye weary ones, heart
4. A voice came sweet and ten - der! It seemed to touch my woe; I felt my heart sur-



1. Sa - viour; I asked, "Can such things be?" I felt my heart re - ply - ing, "O
2. glo - ry. Was walk - ing still with men, Was fill - ing hearts with gladness, And
3. bro - ken. And I will give you rest." My heart, so sad and lone - ly. A
4. ren - der— I cried, "O Lord, I know!" My Sa - viour, Thou hast spo - ken! The



1. if I on - ly knew! The cross, the thorns, the dy - ing! O is it, is it true?
2. shall 'ris'g sunshino thro'; My own heart longed in sadness To know if it were true!
3. lit - tle clos - er drew; I cried, "O Lord, if on - ly I felt and knew it true!"
4. old, old story's new! And Thou dost give the to - ken! I know, I know it's true!



CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3. I love to hear it spo - ken, I love to read it through;
4. My Sa - viour, O my Sa - viour! The old, old sto - ry's now!



- 1, 2, 3. put O for word or to - ken, To tell me it is true!
4. My strength, my joy ev - er, I know, I know it's true.



"AND GIVE THEE PEACE."

Not only peace with God—but the peace of God. God's own peace, ruling and garrisoning our hearts through Christ Jesus. Truly it is Jehovah's Great Blessing.

The Springing Well:

The Secret of Spiritual Strength and Power.

THE spiritual power of the believer is dependent on his being directed, governed, and energised by God.

Communion with God, subjection to Christ, and being filled with the Spirit, are necessary to spiritual power. A believer may "be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might" one day, and the next be as weak as water spilled on the ground. Spiritual power is not vested in the believer, it is not handed over to him to use as he will; he is but the vessel for its energy, and the channel for its communication. Power belongs to God only. As self lifts itself up in the believer, the power of God departs from him. It is a great mistake to suppose that because a believer is once a vessel of power, he must remain so; he will be a vessel of power so long as he is fit for the Master's use—no longer. The believer is never more than a vessel, and never a vessel of power, save as filled with the Spirit.

Such is the subtlety of our vain and foolish hearts, that the fact of God in grace using us for His service will not unfrequently lead us to think we are something. Then the power departs, for He Who communicates the power, God the Spirit, is grieved. Samson illustrates this truth, for after he had lost (unconsciously it is true) the visible sign of subjection to God—the long hair of the Nazarite—he said, when his enemies were upon him, "I will go out as at other times and shake myself."

He wist not that the Spirit of God was departed from him, and hence, instead of shaking himself he was bound hand and foot by the Philistines.

It is utterly fatal to true spirituality, to imagine that a believer is a vessel wherein is a storage of power. God does not bestow a quantity of spiritual energy on a man, for him to use according to his own spiritual wisdom, but God keeps the believer in the power of His Spirit, so long as the believer remains in his true position of being nothing at all himself. It is an absolute necessity for the exercise of spiritual power, that the believer be practically spiritual, that is, be filled with, guided by and used of the Spirit of God, Who dwells within him. A length of copper wire is nothing as to power in itself, but let that copper wire be charged with electric force, and it becomes the means of communicating sounds, words, and motions, and the means of giving light to man. Sever the communications, the power is gone, and the communicator is once more but a piece of copper wire.

So long as the believer is in communion with

God, and subject to Christ, the Holy Spirit in him is ungrieved, and he is used for the glory of God; for the believer's sole power is the present activity of the Divine Spirit within him. Without the Spirit working in him, he is like Samson shorn of his strength. Samson's locks were quickly cut off while he slept, and the power which had been committed to him at once left him; but Samson's locks—token of his subjection—took a long time to grow again, and slowly God restored him to power. The secret of strength had been told, and God is a jealous God. But the secret of strength the Philistines understood not, and God is a gracious God. Samson's strength slowly returned, but it never was used again freely for God. What Samson sowed he reaped. Divine grace and divine government are never mingled. The power again committed to Samson was only exercised in his own death. So we may lose in a moment, through sinning, what God will not restore until after long exercise and suffering of soul. Let us not be deceived, whatsoever we sow we shall reap.

Oh Wondrous Love!

"The Son of God, Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."—GAL. ii. 20.

HE CAME FOR ME—Oh wondrous Love,
Down from the starry heights above
To this poor world, so marred by sin;
He came for me, my love to win.
HE LIVED FOR ME—Oh wondrous Life,
Midst scenes of sin, of death and strife,
Spotless and pure, without a stain;
He lived on earth, my love to gain.
HE DIED FOR ME—Oh love unknown,
'Twas love, Almighty love alone
Kept Him transfixed to Calvary's tree;
'Twas wondrous love, and that for me.
At Calvary love reached its height,
And it was there love proved its might;
'Twas on that rugged blood-stained tree
Love's work was done—He died for me.
HE'LL COME FOR ME—Oh glorious fact,
The love that caused that mighty act
To be performed at Calvary
Will bring Him back again for me.

P. BRAY.

"For the love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead: And that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15).

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.

"Unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen" (Eph. lii. 19, 21).

The Smell of a Field, or the Smell of Lebanon.

"Honey and milk are under thy tongue; and the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."—SONGS OF SOL. iv. 11.

THE SMELL OF A FIELD.

THE smell of a *field* which the Lord hath *blessed* was everything that Isaac could wish for, to please his sense of smell: "the smell of Lebanon" would have had little charm for him. "The Lord *blessed* him," we are told, and Isaac's desires seem seldom to have risen above the blessing and the sense of blessing. Unlike Abraham, he never had the severe testing that marks the life of the child of God who knows much of communion with God, and who has a faith fit to be tested. The blessing was Isaac's care, as it was Jacob's. Abraham wanted the blessing, but much more the Blessor. He was prepared to leave his choicest blessing as a heap of ashes on Moriah—so long as he might come down the mountain side hand in hand with God.

Isaac and Jacob are representatives of christians who seek the blessing—whether temporal or spiritual—more than the Blessor. Abraham is a type of the christian who earnestly desires God's blessing, but must have His *presence*. The one kind rejoices in "the smell of a field . . . blessed"; and their raiment, like Esau's, proclaims it. The other rejoices in God Himself (Ps. xliii. 4), and of them it may be said, "The smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

THE SMELL OF LEBANON.

(Dedicated to dear friends who meet in the Lord's Name at Ravenhill, Natal.)

NOT ALONE BY LIP PROFESSION
IS THE CHILD OF HEAVEN KNOWN;
NOT BY OUTWARD SIGN OR SYMBOL
IS HIS ROYAL LINEAGE SHOWN.

WORDS ARE OFTEN VAIN AND WASTED;
EVEN ACTIONS MAY MISLEAD;
SOMETHING DEEPER, MORE MYSTERIOUS,
SHOWS THE "ISRAELITE INDEED."

DOES THE DEAF MAN NEED HIS HEARING,
DOES THE BLIND MAN NEED HIS EYES
TO DETECT THE ROSE'S PRESENCE
WHEN ITS PERFUME SWEET DOTHS RISE?

THOSE WHO LIVE AT COURT GROW COURTLY—
ALL UNCONSCIOUSLY, PERCHANCE—
E'EN AS MOSES' FACE GREW GLORIOUS
'NEATH JEHOVAH'S GLORIOUS GLANCE.

THUS IT IS WITH HEAVEN-BORN SPIRITS
WHO ON LEBANON RESIDE;
LEBANON'S DELICIOUS FRAGRANCE
IN THEIR GARMENTS DOTHS ABIDE.

ON THE MOUNTAIN IS THEIR DWELLING—
THOUGH THEY NEEDS MUST WALK THE EARTH—
SO, THE FRAGRANCE THAT SURROUNDS THEM
MARKS THEM SOULS OF HEAVENLY BIRTH.

AS THE OINTMENT OF THE RIGHT HAND
SURELY WILL ITSELF BEWRAY;
SO, PERFORCE, THIS HEAVENLY ODOUR
WILL THE HEAVENLY SOUL BETRAY.

OH, THAT LEBANON'S PURE FRAGRANCE
MIGHT FOR EVER WITH US DWELL,
SO THAT THIS MYSTERIOUS "SOMETHING"
MAY OUR ROYAL BIRTH FORTHTELL.

J. C. J.

"All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad" (Ps. xlv. 8).



Widespread Pulpit Advocacy.

THE reports of Berean Sunday that have come to hand are most cheering. "I received over thirty names during the day," writes a branch secretary in the west of England, "and I expect to have well over twenty more by next week." This was the direct result of the pastor's faithful advocacy of learning the Scriptures. Bishops and Bible-class teachers, preachers in the churches and parents in the home, alike encouraged the formation of the gracious habit in early years and perseverance in the good way to the glorious end.

"Nearly all the scripture I have stored in my memory," said Rev. D. J. Findlay, preaching in the Tabernacle, St. George's Cross, Glasgow, "was learned in my youth." Mr. Findlay expressed the hope that the testimony given on Berean Sunday all over the land will make many Bereans.

In preparation for the opening year members are again being enrolled. Branches may be formed anywhere where six persons unite to learn the verses week by week. Now is the time to join.

Verses to be committed to memory in January:—

MY LORD AND MY GOD.

Jan. 5.—Ps. xciv. 6.—O come let us worship.
.. 12.—Ps. xix. 14.—Let the words of my mouth, etc.
.. 19.—Ps. lxi. 3.—Thou hast been a shelter to me.
.. 26.—Ps. xlviii. 14.—This God is our God.

Full information will gladly be sent on application to the Hon. General Secretary, Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

**What the Clock said, or believing
God's Word.**

ONE day whilst visiting one of the beautiful hamlets of the lake districts, I called at a house where I had often before spoken of the salvation of God. As usual, I was received with great kindness. The bread-winner was away at work, the mother and children were at home. After reading from the word of God, the woman said to me—

"My husband is saved, there is such a great change in him: he does na drink noo, his temper's sair changed, and when he comes frae work he tak's he's Bible and reads it ta me till bed-times, and our home's sae happy noo!"

I said, "Thank God for that: I am glad to hear it"; and added, "Do you know *your* sins forgiven?"

To this question she candidly replied: "I do not, but I hope I shall soon."

She then told me what she had longed to tell me on each of my two former visits. "But," she said, "my heart failed me." She said she had been "fighting with her heart," seeking to "change her heart," and "trying to love God"; but after all the striving and trying, she grew worse and worse, and appeared further from salvation than ever.

"My dear friend," I said, "your convictions, your repentance, your prayers, cannot do you any good. Christ alone can save you."

After kneeling and asking Divine guidance, I read to her Heb. ix. 26:—"But now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself." Also (Heb. x. 17, 18):—"And their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Now where remission of these is, there is no more offering for sin."

I pointed out from these scriptures the perfect work of Christ and its completed character; but not yet did the heart of this poor woman find rest in God's way of peace. After reading some other scriptures, I turned to these words in 1 John v. 10, 11:—"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son."

On my pointing out God's gift of His Son—the gift of life—and that the life is in Christ, she said: "How simple! I see it all now, I see it clearly."

"It is one thing to see it, and another thing to believe it. You may see it and not believe it. If you believe on the Son you are saved," I said.

After a pause she said: "I only want faith." I then read her the text again, especially dwelling upon "making God a liar." I felt it was a solemn time. Here was a sinner with the word of God before her, and her eternal destiny depending on believing or not believing what God says. Just then the clock on the cottage wall caught my sight, and I said to her, pointing to it—

"It's three o'clock, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you live until six o'clock, and do not believe the record God gave of His Son, you will have made Him a liar three hours; if He permits you to live till nine o'clock, you will have done so six hours; if He in His mercy spares you until midnight, you will have done so nine hours." I then knelt and prayed for her salvation, and left the house.

The words about "making God a liar" clung to her. Every time she looked at the clock, it seemed to utter the same words. She longed for the time when her husband would return from work. At six he came home, and she told him how miserable she was on account of her sins.

"Oh, John," she said, "will you read me something out of the Bible?"

"It's no use; you won't believe it if I do," he replied.

"I will believe, I do believe," she cried. Her unbelief gave way, and gradually the rest which God gives took possession of her troubled soul, and she found "peace in believing."

A short time after she said to me:—

"Every time I looked at the clock, I grew worse and worse, but now, thank God, I am saved, and I take every thing that troubles me to the Lord Jesus."

Since that time, both husband and wife have passed through severe trials, but the Lord has sustained them, and in the midst of it all, they have been enabled to "adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things"; and are "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Dear reader, God has given His Son to die for sinners. God gives to all who believe on His Son eternal life. Is this life yours?

"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

**"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.
HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE
DEAD, YET SHALL HE LIVE:
AND WHOSOEVER LIVETH AND BELIEVETH IN
ME SHALL NEVER DIE."**

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

(Author of "Messages of Peace.")

No. 1.—In the Snow.

DID you ever try to catch snowflakes? How elusive they are! and, if caught, how soon they melt! Just like the so-called pleasures of the world. How foolish it would be to fill our pockets with snow and call the flakes treasures. I have seen children labour hard to make a snow-man. Alas! how soon he melted away and was not! "The pleasures of sin" are only "for a season" (Heb. xi. 25).

Yet, though so short-lived, the snowflakes are very beautiful. When the water is being slowly converted into ice, the particles are built up in the shape of a bar, often known as "needles." Six of these bars are then grouped together round a centre, very much after the manner of the spokes of a wheel. With wonderful exactitude these bars are arranged with angular intervals of 60 degrees, as shown in Fig. 1. Secondary rays are added to the primary when the fall of frozen matter is more rapid and copious, as will be seen in Fig. 2. Here again the additions strictly adhere to the same angle of 60 degrees. The next step is the addition of a kind of snowy wing attached to the sides of the rays, as seen in Figs. 3 and 4. Some are even more exquisite (Fig. 5), but all are built upon the foundation of the first simple cross, as if even snowflakes would teach us that everything depends on, and centres in, the Cross of Christ.

Snowflakes are the work of God. "He casteth forth His ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold? He sendeth out His word, and melteth them: He causeth His wind to blow, and the waters

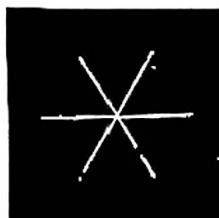


Fig. 1.

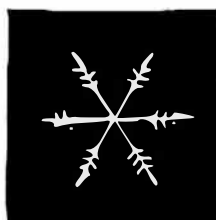


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

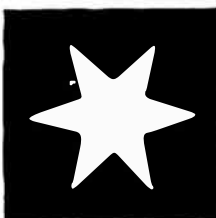


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

flow" (Ps. cxlvii. 17, 18).

One day there was a great fire in the city of London, and the water froze as

the firemen put it upon the burning warehouse. I remember seeing the fire-escape frozen against the wall and immovable, while long icicles hung from the ruins; yet soon the warm breath of God put all right.

Some one has said snowstorms are under law: "We know exactly at what temperature to expect water to become solid ice. There is nothing hap-hazard about it—all is absolute law; so all our trials, however sudden and inexplicable, are under law, and that law is the law of our Father in heaven; not the cold icy, frozen law of some who see nothing but material influences, and recognise no mind, no Ruler over us; but a law of our Father, Who made the mother's heart as well as the mighty universe."

One Saturday, when travelling in a train, we ran into a snowstorm. At one station a gang of men got in with picks and shovels, and said the snow was deeper further on. Slower and slower we travelled, and saw men digging out the signals. By the side of the railway I saw the pheasants getting up into the trees to avoid being snowed up. Wasn't I glad we got through at last? Little snowflakes nearly blocked the line. See what little things can do.

Have you read of Benaiah? He was "the son of a valiant man, of Kabzeel, who had done many acts; he slew two lion-like men of Moab: he went down also and slew a lion in the midst of a pit in time of snow" (2 Sam. xxiii. 20). He did not say it was too cold, or too dangerous; but just went and did it while he had the opportunity. Christ has said, "Follow Me." We may see His foot-prints in the snowy pages of the Word of God.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee" (Deut. viii. 2).

A Message to our Readers.

AS we enter upon another year of service in connection with this magazine, we very earnestly desire to express our sincere thanks to every friend and helper who has had fellowship with us in the work during the year that has gone for ever. As we have previously stated, we have had very much to test our faith, even with regard to the preparation and issue of the paper; but the Lord has brought us through it all, and we therefore praise and thank Him.

We ask our subscribers to assist us in our efforts by circulating the periodical as freely as they can. Owing to the unprecedented price of paper and the largely increased cost of production, we are very sorry to say the publication has during 1918 involved us in a serious loss, which would have been much greater had it not been for the continued help of generous supporters. They have felt, as we, that the paper is just a humble testimony for the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ and that financial reasons, through the abnormal circumstances of the times, should not hinder the issue, so long as we are at all able to continue it. So we shall go on in faith, looking to God to be with us; for this is "BEST OF ALL," as John Wesley said.

It is due to many kind correspondents, especially those abroad, to express our great regret that in certain cases letters and orders have not been answered, or attended to during the past year. We are only now discovering that this has been so. In some instances such communications have never reached us, and in other our replies have evidently not been received. We trust, however, now as Peace once more prevails, that the mails will run regularly, and that we shall ere long be able to put ourselves in touch with every disappointed friend.

The lamentable shortness of staff has also contributed to cause some unavoidable delay and irregularity. This we trust soon to remedy and, meanwhile, ask the patient forbearance of all friends, and pray that the Lord's blessing may be with them all.

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

"We will do thee good."—NUMB. x. 29.

WE must thank all who have helped and encouraged us in this good work, but our needs as the hundreds of thousands of men return are greater than

ever. We should be very thankful if generous friends could place any Testaments and Gospel Portions at our disposal for distribution, or donations for the purchase of quantities.

	£	s.	d.
Ebenezer, Portsmouth	0	10	0
G. McF., Victoria, Aus.	4	17	6
Mrs. A. C., Stowmarket	0	3	6
Whaplode	0	2	6

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"The stranger and the fatherless and the widow that are within thy gates."—DEUT. xvi. 14.

THE kindness and loving care manifested by so many in connection with this fund has filled our heart with thanksgiving to God. It is very wonderful indeed!

	£	s.	d.
S. J. M., Cirencester	2	0	0
"Rezmil"	0	7	0
H. and M. J. J., Worcester	0	5	0
J. D. J., Stirlingshire	0	3	0
Beloved Helpers, Woolston, Christchurch, New Zealand, per S. Cleaverley and Mrs. E. Jones	1	0	0
John iii. 16, Portsmouth	0	10	0
E. L.	5	5	0
Whaplode	0	2	6
S. B. B. E.	5	0	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

"He is my partner and fellow-helper."—2 COR. viii.

	£	s.	d.
E. L.	3	3	0
J. C. J., Natal	0	5	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin	0	6	0
John iii. 16, Portsmouth	0	10	0
"Inasmuch," Lowestoft	0	11	9

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
John iii. 16, Portsmouth	0	10	0
John iii. 16, Portsmouth (for the Blind)	0	10	0
J. C. J., for Mr. Luff's Fund	0	7	6

For Lonely Lighthousemen.

	£	s.	d.
E. M., Shepherd's Bush	0	10	0

☞ All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.



"An Old Man who Lived near Here and who Loved the Lord Jesus Christ."

By WILLIAM LUFF.

WE will transport ourselves to a lovely road in Herefordshire. As we walk on, four or five cottages hide for a moment the view over valleys and hills of the distant Welsh mountains. The sun has set, and now the moon rises—a lesser light, to rule the more peaceful hours that succeed the day. We rap at the door of one of the humble homes, which a young woman opens.

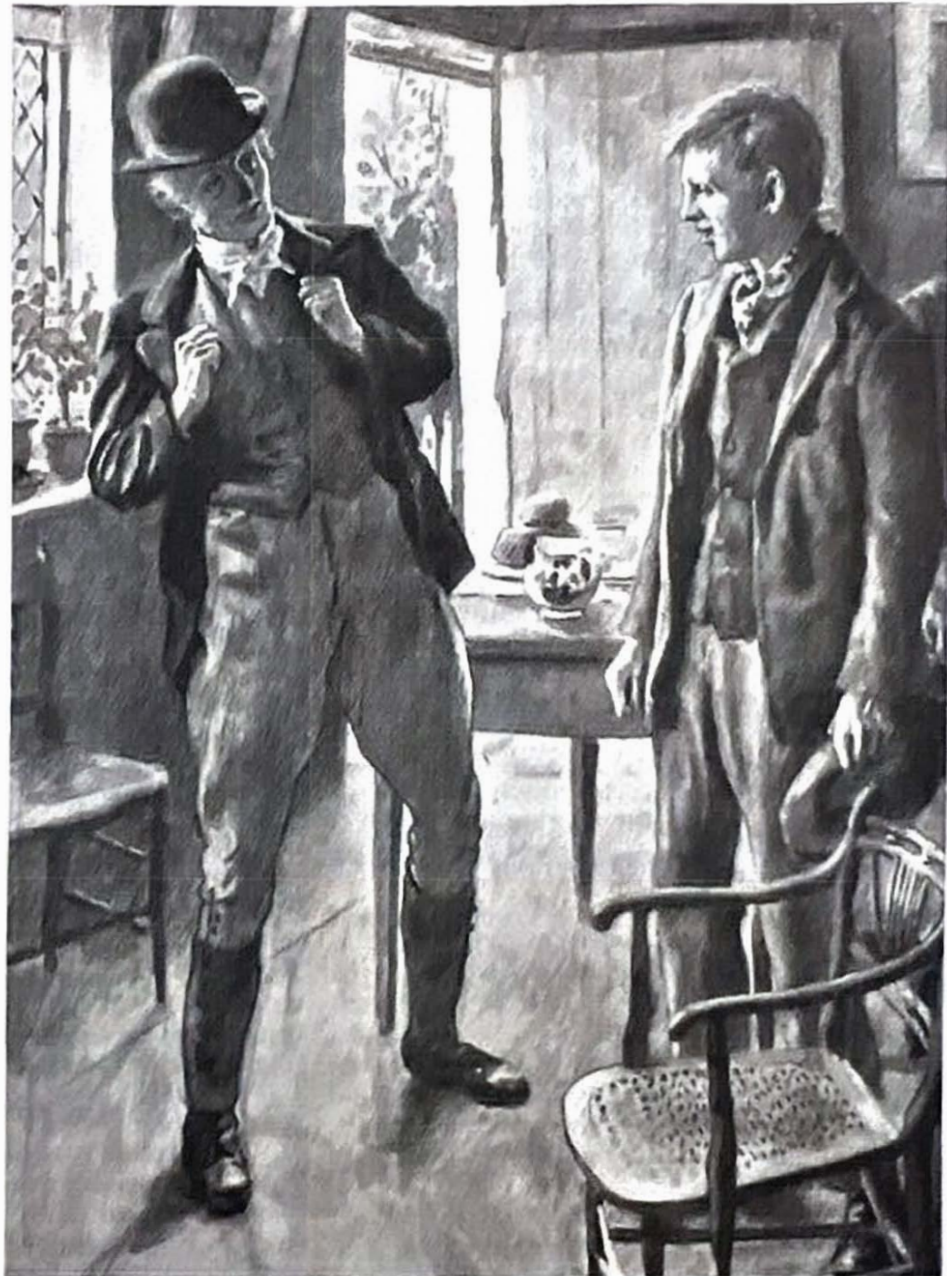
"I have brought you good news"; and we offer a little paper about the Lord Jesus.

As the door opens, we have a peep into the interior of the cottage, and see an old man sitting in an easy chair. Seventy-eight winters have come and gone over him. On the table rests a Bible, the staff of his infirm days. The old man hears the name of Jesus wafted in by the evening air, as his cottage door is opened and responds—

"Come in; we like to hear about Him."

The visitors gladly step inside, in answer to the hearty invitation, and hear the old man's story, how that in his younger days he had trusted men who had "all failed" him, but how

B.W.



"HE WAS A RATHER ROUGH-LOOKING INDIVIDUAL."

that Jesus never has. "Once mine was a religion of fear," says the old man, "but I read, He 'loved me, and gave Himself for me,' and that 'there is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear' (Gal. ii. 20; 1 John iv. 18.)

And His love has cast out my fear " : and " now my last days are my best days."

This great change, this wondrous knowledge given by God, had come to the aged pilgrim since he had passed his threescore years and ten ! What a pity—does our reader say—he had not learned the lesson sooner ! Have we learned it ? Do we fear the Lord Who loves, and Who has proved His love by dying for sinners ? Do we fear God, Whose love is perfect, and Who gave His Son to die, that " whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life " ?

" I have walked in the comfort of His love ever since He made Himself known to me," says the aged man, " alone with my Bible and my Lord."

" And what about the daughter here ? "

" She is a seeker, sir, I trust."

" " Those that seek Me early shall find Me " ' (Prov. viii. 17), said one of the visitors ; and, after a little further conversation, they left.

Three years have passed by. We again find ourselves on the same country road, with a party of christians, one lovely summer's afternoon. An old man is coming down the road towards us, feeble, and leaning upon a stick. One of our number takes hold of his arm, and stops him with a friendly salutation. Then suddenly he says to the aged man, " Do you think well of the Lord Jesus ? " His reply is, " I'd like to go to Him."

We do not want to go to those we do not love. Love is a wonderful magnet, and the love of God had drawn the heart of this dear pilgrim upwards and heavenwards.

" If you think well of the Lord Jesus, you are right for the glory-land."

My reader, if you stood at the very gate of eternity, what would your answer be to the question put to the aged man ? Our feeble friend told us how that nearly all his life he had lived a sinner ; how that the Spirit of God had made him feel his sins ; how that for years he had looked for something, he hardly knew what ; and how at last he had found Jesus ten years before.

Thus we recognised in the tottering old man, him whom we had met three years previously in the cottage.

Another year has passed, and two of the same christian friends are again walking on that beautiful Herefordshire road. At the exact spot where they had met the aged pilgrim a year previously, they found a young man stone-breaking.

" Do you know anything of an old man who

lived near here, and who loved the Lord Jesus ? " one of them inquired.

" He was my father, sir."

" And is he still on earth ? "

" No, he died last January."

" And was he happy ? "

" Very."

" Did he say anything you particularly remember before he died ? "

" He pointed upward, and said Jesus was waiting for him."

So he found the Heavenly Friend true to the last ; men might fail, strength and life might fail, but Jesus, Who had died for him, Who had led him since He had brought him to Himself, was waiting for him to bring him home.

" And do you believe in your father's God ? "

" I do, sir," responded the young man ; " he taught us all the way before he died."

Truly his children were rising up and calling him blessed ! After a little prayer with the young man, as they knelt at his stone heap, the strangers passed on. During the afternoon, they met one of the old man's daughters, who also was following in her father's faith, and even later on in our journeyings we entered yet another humble cottage, and found there another son of the old man of whom we first spoke. He was a rather rough-looking individual, but he gave a wonderful testimony to his father's faithfulness. He was just a gamekeeper on the nobleman's estate near by ; but he made us feel that he was a true follower of Christ, and he declared that his son (who was also present), his wife, and the rest of his children, all were led to the Saviour through the prayerful influence of the grand old man, his father.

Surely this tells a tale ! Here were the stone-breaker on the road, one of his daughters, and now the dwellers in this humble cottage, all truly trusting the Lord Jesus Christ through the humble, consistent witness for ten years of this old servant of God.

Alone, but not Lonely.

SOME years ago a godly shepherd lived in an isolated place about two miles from a market town in Norfolk. A lady called upon him one day, and said, " Shepherd, you must feel very lonely in this out-of-the-way spot, deprived, as you are, of nearly all social intercourse. You seem to have a very faithful friend in your dog." He replied, " Yes, ma'am, but I have a more faithful friend *here*," placing his hand upon his Bible, which was lying upon the table, " and while I have this precious companion I shall never feel lonely."

How Father Jacob Opened the Book and Opened his Eyes.

ONE day, some years ago, Father Jacob was sitting with his family in his cottage on the mountains of Dauphiné. He was a labourer, living in a wild and remote little village, himself as untaught and unenlightened as his Roman Catholic neighbours.

One generation followed another in this old far-away village, and men heard little of that which went on in the great world, and if they could read they had neither books nor newspapers. Father Jacob could read, but a book was a rare sight to him.

The day on which our story begins, there suddenly came into his cottage an old friend, a soldier, just come back from the war. A book was in his hand. "Look here," he said, "when we landed at Marseilles, a lady was there on the quay giving away books, and this one she gave to me. A nice book I thought it was, and just now I showed it to his reverence at the parsonage. But only think! He said it was a dangerous, wicked book, and he told me to burn it. Seems a pity, doesn't it? However, I don't care to keep it, so, Father Jacob, if you like to have it you may."

"Give it me," said Father Jacob. And afterwards he related, "When I took that book in my hands, somehow I felt that I had got hold of a treasure. And when I opened it at the title page, I read these words, 'The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' Oh, what a wonderful book! A kind of awe came over me. I thought; it is a book about Jesus Christ! No, it can't be a bad book. It must come from God." Therefore Father Jacob said, "Thank you, kindly. I'm right glad to have it."

When the soldier was gone, Father Jacob went into his little room with his book all alone. But a terrible fear came over him. The priest had said it was a dangerous, wicked book. And yet it was about Jesus. Was it a sin to read it? "But if it comes from God will He not tell me," thought Father Jacob, "if I ought to read it or not? Will not the book tell me?"

And Father Jacob knelt down with the book in his hand, and said, "O my God, if this book comes from Thee, and I ought to read it, show me in the book that I should do so."

Then Father Jacob opened the book, and saw these words before his eyes: "If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God, which He hath testified of His Son." And he opened

it again, and he read these words, "He that believeth on the Son, *hath* everlasting life."

Father Jacob needed no more at that moment. He had the witness of God, how much greater than that of the priest! And further, he said to himself, "God says, *I* have everlasting life. For I believe in Jesus: *hath* is the word—*hath* everlasting life. Yes, I have it!" And Father Jacob thanked and praised God for giving him this glorious gift.

And very soon after that happy day, he was seen continually with a radiant face, and the book in his hand, going from house to house to tell his friends and neighbours that God had given His Son, and that He gives eternal life and full, free forgiveness to all who believe in Him.

In vain did the priest rebuke Father Jacob for his mad ways. He only thought "The priest may say what he likes, but the witness of God is greater, and *this, this*," and Father Jacob clasped his book lovingly and reverently, "is the witness of God, which He has testified of His Son."

Soon the news spread from village to village, that Father Jacob had wonderful tidings to tell out of a book that came from God. And people came from far and near, over the mountains and torrents, to hear the witness of God. And sometimes a messenger would come to Father Jacob from some distant place to ask him to come and tell the good news and read the book.

As years went on many of these men and women of the mountains believed and were saved, and they would meet together to pray and to thank God, and Father Jacob found means of getting Bibles and New Testaments for them also. For a colporteur met him once on his journey, and sold to him a whole Bible, and Father Jacob said, "Now I have a double treasure, the Old Testament and the New." And these poor men and women began to take the Lord's Supper together in some of the mountain cottages, in remembrance of the death of Jesus. And thus they do still.

It came to pass only last winter (in December) that a message was sent to Father Jacob from a mountain village a long way off. It was a very strange message, which needs explanation. In this mountain village, quite out of the way of the world, there had long been a priest who was much beloved by the people. This poor man was as dark as his neighbours, but he was kind-hearted and generous, and made every one fond of him by this means.

And trusting that he was out of sight and out of mind of the bishops around, he had

The Springing Well;

taken to himself a wife, with whom he lived happily, though of course, being a priest, his marriage was said to be not a lawful one. As time went on, the bishop of the diocese discovered that the priest was married and that he had several children. He, therefore, banished him from the village, and put in his place a priest who would better conform to the rules of the Church.

But the people were filled with anger, and not only did they hate the new priest, but they tormented him in many ways. They liked to hold Dutch concerts with tongs and tin kettles under his windows at night. They hooted him and called him every bad name they could think of. And as none of these means had the desired effect of driving him away, a new idea occurred to them. They would one and all become Protestants.

But what is it to be a Protestant? they asked one another. They had heard of such people, but had never seen them. All they knew was this, that Protestants did not go to mass, and that the priests warned every one against them. How could they find out the way of becoming Protestants?

"I know!" said one; "there is Father Jacob. The priests hate him, and say he's mad. No doubt *he's* a Protestant. Let us send for him."

Thus did the message reach Father Jacob that he was wanted at once in the village to teach all the people, old and young, how they were to become Protestants. Accordingly Father Jacob lost no time, but started on his journey, despite the wind and snow of December. When he came to the deep mountain torrent that had to be crossed, behold! the wooden bridge had been swept away by the wintry storms. And in place of the bridge three lengths of telegraph wire were stretched across the ravine, the foaming waters dashing wildly from the mountains far below. The three wires were placed one above the other. You were supposed to grasp the top one with your hands, pass the second under your arm-pits, and plant your feet on the lowest.

"Surely, Father Jacob," said a friend, who had come thus far, "you will never risk yourself, at the age of sixty-three, on those bits of wire! I wouldn't trust myself to them for a thousand francs."

"I am going over for the Lord," said Father Jacob, "and if I go to heaven instead of the other side, what then?" And singing a cheerful hymn, Father Jacob went on his way, and safely reached the other side.

When he came to the village he was welcomed by every one, great and small, except the unhappy priest.

"And now you will teach us how to be Protestants," they said.

"I will teach you how to be christians," said Father Jacob, "but I don't know much myself about Protestants. Anyhow, I would have you know that to make a din beneath the priest's windows, and to insult and ill-use him, is not Christianity, or Protestantism either. But if you want to be that which God would have you be, I have a book that will tell you all."

Then Father Jacob opened his book and preached Christ to them. How little had they imagined what it was they were to hear! But they heard eagerly, and one after another was saved.

Amongst these people who believed to the saving of their souls, was a poor woman, the wife of a man who was known far and wide as a "drunken brute." He had been the terror of his village, and of the villages round, and when all his neighbours went to hear Father Jacob, he stormed at them and threatened them. He was not going to be such a fool as they were—not he!

But after a while his good and patient wife began to astonish him by her loving words and ways, and when he had many times asked her how Father Jacob had managed to bewitch her with his sorceries, she said, "Come and see." And against his will he came.

A power stronger than his will was leading him by a way that he knew not.

Father Jacob opened his book and read out of it a short story. It was the story of Nathanael. He was a man, said Father Jacob, who was very unwilling to come to Jesus, but he had a kind friend who entreated him to come, and when he said he thought there was no good thing to be found in Jesus, his friend said "Come and see."

Then the angry man started up, shook his fist, and shouted, "Who told you all about me?"

And Father Jacob explained to him that he knew nothing whatever about him, but that the Lord Jesus, Who saw Nathanael under a fig tree when he was far away, had seen him also, and was waiting to welcome him, for He loved him, and was calling to him.

Then the man fell on his knees, and said, "It is no use, I am too wicked; I am far, far too great a sinner!"

And when he went home with his wife he could not go to bed, but he threw himself on

the ground, and cried and groaned, and said he was lost, lost, lost for ever!

But Father Jacob knelt beside him, and told him of the blood of Jesus, and of the Shepherd Who went after the sheep that was lost until He found it. And at last the poor man believed the blessed news, and he, too, was saved.



FATHER JACOB'S HOME IN DAUPHINÉ.

And now, if you were to go to his village, and ask for his little cottage, you would hear no longer drunken shouts, and the terrified shrieks of wife and children, but you would find the "terror of the village" sitting with his children round him and on his knee, teaching them to sing hymns and to read the Book, Father Jacob's precious Book.

Now in that village from fifty to one hundred meet together on the Lord's Day to pray and read the Word, and to remember the Lord's death, and to comfort themselves together, and to edify one another. And when they have a visit from Father Jacob, it is a high day and a festival, and it is in vain that the priest warns them that he is but a lunatic. They have received the witness of God, and they have believed the record that He has given of His Son. Shall we not pray that Father Jacob may yet win many souls for Christ? And shall we not thank God for Father Jacob, and also for the lady at Marseilles? And, most of all, shall we not praise Him for the Book?

Stars of Promise! stars foretelling
Future destinies and wealth:
Made to let the hidden grandeur
Glimmer through, as if by stealth.
Stars of Promise! truly telling
Of a future blest and bright:
Heralds of the heavenly brightness
Shining o'er our present night.

How can the Bible be a Dead Book?

ONE afternoon, when visiting a few houses with gospel papers, I knocked at a door, and was invited inside. The woman, to my surprise, refused to accept the little book, saying, "We don't take in any of those; we are Catholics"; adding, "There is only one Church."

"And what is that?" I said.

"The Roman Catholic," said she.

"Well," I said, "if there is only one Church, and you are in it, and I am not, how am I to get in?"

"Oh!" she said, "you must go to the priests and ministers of religion."

"But the Lord Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.'" (John xiv. 6).

"Well," replied the woman, "that may be; but the Bible is a dead book; it is not fit for you and me to read."

"But listen again. These are the words of the Lord Jesus: 'The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life' (John vi. 63). So how can the Bible be a dead book?"

It was in vain that I told her I believed the words of the Lord Jesus, and had everlasting life, according to John v. 24, and also how blessed and important it is for each one to read the precious truth of God for himself, for to her the Bible was not the Word of God, but a DEAD BOOK.

G. S.

The Cost of Salvation.

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 8.

O H, what it cost the Saviour
To put away my guilt,
His holy body bruised,
His blood, so precious, spilt;
His blessed arms extended
Upon the accursed tree,
Derided, scorned, and suffering
The bitterest agony.
But more than this—He suffered
The wrath of God above:
'Tis this indeed which tells us
The measure of His love.
Jehovah's face was hidden
From Christ, the eternal Son;
While by His death and passion
Eternal life was won.
O cross of matchless wonders,
O blood of untold worth,
O grief beyond all measure,
O love of heavenly birth;
And O beloved Saviour,
Thou everlasting Word,
Now on the throne of glory,
We own Thee—Christ and Lord.

Studies in the "Fear
Nets" of the Bible.

A "Fear Not" for the Fearful.

"But now thus saith the Lord that created thee:
"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee."—ISA. xliii. 1.

STRANGE fears possess the souls of many. Even some great ones of the earth have not been free from them. Dr. Johnson, with all his philosophy, was very careful not to enter a room with his left foot foremost; if by any chance he did so, he would immediately step back, and re-enter with his right foot foremost; he was terribly afraid of death, too, and would not suffer it to be mentioned in his presence. Julius Cæsar, to whom the shouts of thousands of the enemy were but sweet music, was mortally afraid of the sound of thunder, and always wanted to get underground to escape the dreadful noise. Marshal Saxe, who loved to look upon the ranks of opposing armies, fled and screamed in terror at the sight of a cat. Peter the Great could scarcely be persuaded to cross a bridge, and whenever he placed his foot on one he would cry out with fear. The number thirteen is considered by some as an unlucky number, and the breaking of crockery, but particularly glassware, is a harbinger of misfortune. Some fishermen on their way to their boats return home and will not sail that day should they meet either a woman or a cat. These are superstitious fears, with no foundation in fact, and sensible folk, but especially christian people, ought to get rid of them. The Lord says to such: "But now thus saith the Lord that created thee: Fear not." Suffer not such fears any longer to enthrall you.

Other fears possess the mind at times. Strange fears of impending disaster, of coming sorrow, of threatening calamity, fears sometimes that remain inarticulate, but which weigh like a load of lead upon the spirit. These frequently spring from an overwrought nervous system, from a deranged physical constitution, from a diseased or weakened body. One evangelist, well known to the writer, had periodical fits of depression and despair, when strange fears took a grip of him, and when he thought the Lord was angry and displeased and had turned His face from him. But his friends knew then that he was troubled with his liver, and when he had emerged from a bad bilious attack, all was well, the Lord's smile had again been gained, and the Lord again presented Himself. But, as a matter of fact, the Lord had been with him all the time, only his deranged physical system had called up phantoms of fear and despair. The Lord lovingly speaks to such, saying, "Fear not."

And He will come and quieten and soothe the nerves and give rest and quietness. A friend who occasionally suffered from a restless and fearful spirit, gained great comfort and help from the word "HE MAKETH me to lie down in green pastures," and trusted the Lord to exercise the sweet compulsions of His grace, making him restful and quiet. "HE MAKETH me."

But there is another fear that is the common possession of man, a fear that springs neither from superstition or a disordered nervous or physical constitution, *the fear of God and of the future*. We were going to say that this fear is natural to man, but we would check ourselves and say that it is unnatural—*this fear was born when sin came into the world*, and death by sin. "I was afraid . . . and I hid myself," confessed the first man Adam to a Holy God, after he had sinned. Ah, this fear is not groundless, but rests upon a fact; for as sinners we have every reason for fear.

But to be redeemed means three things in the Sacred Records. In Exodus xiii. 13 it means:

Deliverance from death.

This is a solemn thought indeed. But the Divine One exclaims: "Fear not, oh sinner, for I have paid the price of thy redemption from certain and awful eternal death." He tasted death that we might drink the cup of salvation. In Exodus vi. 6 redemption is spoken of in relation to

Deliverance from bondage,

the awful Egyptian bondage. Israel were not only to be saved from death by the destroying angel because of the sprinkled blood on the lintels and doorposts, but taken right out of galling bondage. Many alas, who know something of the value of the sprinkled Blood, are yet in bondage to the world. But He assures such, "Fear not, oh sin-bound believer, I will snap thy chains, and lead you into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

In the Book of Ruth redemption is spoken of as

Deliverance from penury.

Ruth by marriage was related to Boaz, and he had to do the kinsman's part, and that meant buying back the inheritance and marrying the widow. Redemption meant for Ruth and Naomi good bye to poverty. And our Heavenly Kinsman says, "Fear not, oh bankrupt soul, I have redeemed thee, I will unite Myself with thee, and thou shalt share My wealth."

ROBERT LEE.

"Fear not, Paul!"

"Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship."—ACTS xxvii. 44.

IN the twenty-seventh chapter of the Acts we have the record of a shipwreck. The story is related towards the end of the book, and is full of significance. One point in the narrative we will dwell on—the courage of the Apostle Paul.

For some fourteen days the ship in which he was, had been driven by the storm, and when, at midnight, the sailors sounded, and found they were nearing shore, they feared falling on rocks. Then it was that the apostle, captive as he was, a prisoner among prisoners, on his way to trial before Cæsar, took the lead and controlled, not only the ship's crew, but the centurion and soldiers under whose charge the prisoners were. As, seemingly, death stared them all in the face, Paul so comforted their hearts that, when he took bread, they ate; and so fruitful was his courage, that the two hundred and seventy-six souls on board became of good cheer.

The secret of his calmness and courage was the word that had come to him at the angel's hand from heaven: "Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." He believed God, and, with this assurance, neither storm nor darkness, neither soldier's counsel nor the danger of reaching land, occasioned him dismay. And, as the event proved, all that had sailed with Paul reached the shore safely, though the ship was lost.

Now in this day, when, like the ship in which Paul sailed, the Church of God seems to be "falling into a place where" the "two seas" of infidelity and superstition meet, let us hear the word of God, which says, "Fear not!" for there shall not be lost one true believer in these tempestuous waters, but they shall

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What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. MARTIN.

CHAR. H. GABRIEL.

1. O what a change! From the dark ness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my bun ger for bread In - to the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my bur - den of care In - to the love He in -
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our

clear shin - ing light; Out of my weak - ness to pow - er and might,
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,

CHORUS.
O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my

heart there has been, O what a change since the Sa - viour came in, O what a

change, to be free from all sin, O what a change! O what a change!

come "all safe to land," though it be "on broken pieces of the ship."

The "land" is in view, the everlasting shore appears, and soon the trials and the tempests shall be over for all who are Christ's.

Unimpeachable Evidence.

THE law of evidence is a science.

Wherever there is a court of justice, worthy of the name, there we find rules or laws laid down as to what constitutes evidence.

Prejudice, hatred and personal dislike have such weight with the ordinary individual, that those whose office it is to administer justice have to be most careful that these characteristics are not admitted as evidence against a prisoner in the place of direct facts.

Few realise how *easy* it is to be mistaken and how *difficult* it is to know exactly what has taken place before our very eyes. Hence the need of cross-examination.

God's world is governed by laws. If it were not so, there would be disorder everywhere. When men have discovered these laws they refer to them as scientific facts. It is a scientific fact that fruit shaken from a tree will fall to the ground unless it previously meets with a resting place. It is a scientific fact that water, subjected to a certain amount of cold, becomes frozen and forms ice. It is also a scientific fact that water placed over a fire of a certain intensity and for a certain time becomes hot and boils. These are but specimens of some of God's ordinary laws which are given for man's benefit. He has spiritual laws, and moral laws as well as natural laws.

One of God's moral laws deals with evidence. It is important to remember this for it is too often overlooked.

By the instrumentality of Moses God gave many laws to the children of Israel, and one of them reads thus: "*One witness shall not rise up against a man . . . at the mouth of two witnesses, or at the mouth of three witnesses, shall the matter be established*" (Deut. xix. 15). Here then we have God's direction as to the necessity of at least two witnesses to confirm any matter, and let us observe at once that He enforces this principle, by supporting the vitality of this law by two witnesses. The Lord quoted it and endorsed it (Matt. xviii. 16 and John viii. 18) and so did His servant Paul (2 Cor. xiii. 1). The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews also adds his testimony (Heb. x. 28).

Now let us apply this law, regarding the necessity of at least two trustworthy witnesses to confirm any fact, to four of the chief events in the life of the Lord Jesus upon this earth.

Have we such witnesses? Let us examine.

Take His birth, His death, His resurrection, and His ascension and we shall find each of these wonderful events is confirmed by angelic testimony.

"If we receive the witness of men," such as can be relied upon (1 John v. 9) surely the witness of angels must stand on an even higher plane.

In Luke ii. 9—14 we read an Angel appeared to the shepherds (probably in our month of September, certainly *not* in December) and said, "unto you is born this day in the City of David a Saviour, Who is Christ the Lord," and suddenly he was joined by "a multitude of the heavenly host" endorsing his statement.

His birth then was proved by angelic witnesses. In Luke xxiv. 4—7 we read that "two men in shining garments" (*i.e.*, angels) declared that He, Who had been dead, and Who had been laid in the sepulchre, was risen again.

Here, then, we have the witness of the angels to His death and His resurrection.

In Acts i. 9—11 we read that whilst the Lord Jesus was speaking to His disciples, "He was taken up, and a cloud received Him out of their sight." Instantly "two men in white apparel" (*i.e.*, angels) stood by the disciples and said "This same Jesus, Who is taken up from you into heaven *shall so come* in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

No words can be plainer than these. As the birth, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus were proved by the evidence of the angels, so too, was His ascension, and farther more, the certainty of His personal second coming is confirmed from the same source.

As surely as believers know that these four great events have taken place, and that on the highest evidence, so surely do they know that the Lord Jesus is coming again and therefore they pray "Even so, come, Lord Jesus" (Rev. xxii. 20), and when He comes there will be peace on earth, as never before (Luke ii. 14).

The Child's Treasures.

HOW the little ones value their treasures—strange treasures, too! Bits of pencil, scraps of coloured paper, cotton ends, and snippings from their mother's workbasket. Yet to them they *are* treasures. Do you smile at their riches because you have something better? You do not want to fill your iron chest with such worthless stores. But take you heed, child of the world, lest you are hoarding up vanities and neglecting riches towards God.

After all, what are your valuables? In the light of eternity they are as worthless as the child's treasures. What have you hoarded up which you will carry with you into eternity? "Labour not for the things that perish."

"Through Dry and Thirsty Lands."

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."—ISA. XXXV. 1.

○ GLAD the wilderness for me,
And glad the solitary place,
Since Thou hast made mine eyes to see,
To see Thy Face.
Not heavenly fields, but desert sands
Rejoice and blossom as the rose;
For through the dry and thirsty lands
Thy River flows.
O Way beside that living tide,
The Way, the Truth, the Life art Thou;
I drink, and I am satisfied,
Now, even now.
Eternal joy already won,
Eternal songs already given;
For long ago the work was done
That opened Heaven.

"The Dead Leaves of Past Years!"

THE seasons as they come and go bear with them lessons for our faith. The old trees, rent and torn by many storms and tempests, put forth their spring leaves as brightly and freshly as the saplings springing up far down beneath their branches. The wear and tear of years, the broken twigs and rotten boughs, the countless dead leaves at the old trees' feet, in no way affect the tenderness of their young shoots, nor the sweetness of their flowers. The freshness of life and the grace of spring are perhaps more marked in the old tree than in the sapling.

This life in old age, this renewal of beauty, is a voice to the christian who has long known his Lord. The circumstances of life, its storm and trial, must not hinder the outcome of these graces, which in younger believers are so pleasant and which once, it may be, were attractive in himself. Neither must the sense of inward weakness mar the putting forth of the New Life's vigour. It is of no avail mourning over the dead leaves of past years—nay, let us forget the things which are behind that savour not of Christ: instead may the present love of Christ flow up every avenue of the soul, like the new year's sap rising to the topmost branches and farthestmost boughs.

"Rooted in Him—established in the faith," the Divine Life in the believer causes the tenderness and grace of Christ to manifest themselves in young and old, as the spring season calls forth freshness and clothes the forests with resurrection beauty.

And more, there is a gracious invitation to the wide world, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Hearty desire after the coming of the Lord and real care for souls are

near neighbours within the heart; if the latter be not at home it is more than questionable if the former be within.



"His Name is Simon Peter."

PERSONAL testimony multiplies as to the value of the Berean Band as a means of enriching the spiritual life. "I am nearly seventy years of age," says one correspondent, "and only wish I had started at the commencement of your scheme. I wish to thank you for the admirable selection of verses for this year." "The Berean Band must bring untold blessing to such immense numbers of members all over the world," says another.

Madame Vieux, one of the hon. secs. of the French auxiliary, sends a most cheering report. Here is one paragraph: "Among the new members we have much encouragement, especially among certain Belgian soldiers who have taken the Word of God and want to know it better. One of them, converted in 1916, has resolutely set himself to distribute portions of the Bible and to speak to his comrades about the salvation of their souls. He has even been punished for this, but nothing will stop him. He wants to learn the verses from our little booklet, and to do all in his power to retain them. His name is Simon Peter."

And here is another extract: "A young lady, asking for the list of verses, said, 'I am in a Catholic centre, and shall be very glad to have the list of verses that I may be united in thought with my brothers and sisters in Christ who are also learning the verses.'"

The following verses are to be committed to memory during the month of February:—

THE NATURAL MAN.

- Feb. 2.—2 Chron. xii. 14.—The Unprepared Heart.
- " 9.—Ps. x. 4.—The Fruit of Pride.
- " 16.—James ii. 10.—The Broken Law.
- " 23.—Dan. ix. 5.—An Honest Confession.

Address all communications to Mr. Chas J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton London, W. 3.

SOMETIMES the Jews would prostrate themselves in prayer, but many of their prayers were made standing; "The Pharisee stood and prayed," "and the publican, standing" (Luke xviii. 11—13). The chief christian attitude for prayer is kneeling.

The Springing Well;

I.—The Meaning of the Passover.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth."—1 COR. v. 7, 8.

THERE is little doubt that you have often read the account God gives us of His great plagues on the land of Egypt. Perhaps you have noticed that the first nine of them were more or less connected with things of nature. The tenth plague differs from the others. Jehovah acts Himself, going Himself throughout the land.

"About midnight will I go out into the midst of Egypt: and all the firstborn in the land of Egypt shall die, from the firstborn of Pharaoh that sitteth upon his throne, even unto the firstborn of the maidservant that is behind the mill; and all the firstborn of beasts." At the beginning of God's messages to Pharaoh He had said, "Israel is My son, even My firstborn; and I say unto thee, Let My son go, that he may serve Me: and if thou refuse to let him go, behold I will slay thy son, even thy firstborn." And now, after the lapse of perhaps a year, the time had come for the execution of the threat.

How vain it is to suppose that God's judgment will not come, simply because in His long-suffering He lingers and waits before He smites. With Him a thousand years is as one day.

Pharaoh's heart was hardened, and at midnight, according to Jehovah's word, the destroyer passed through the whole of Egypt. He entered the palaces and the temples—those wonderful works of man, like which there are none in the wide world—and he entered the prisons where the captives were bound. Not one dwelling was passed by.

In those days they had their feasts and parties, and dressed beautifully and spoke politely—even as in England at this present time. There is no building in England to be compared with the palaces of Egypt for grandeur, and we may, therefore, picture the scene to our minds just as if it took place among people not altogether unlike ourselves.

Wherever the destroyer came he found the firstborn, whom neither tears nor prayers could save from the stroke. Suddenly on that awful night in every household in Egypt there was one dead. The Egyptians used to mourn and cry loudly when any one died; they left their houses and ran into the streets, making bitter lamentation. This is still the case—friends and neighbours and weepers assembling to lament, in loud voices, with the bereaved. What must

the "great cry throughout the land of Egypt" have been on that awful midnight! How the little children of Israel must have trembled when the fearful sounds rolled all around them!

It is very terrible to speak of such things. We feel as we do so how hateful to God rebellion against Him and sin must be, and the judgment on Egypt seems to speak to us of judgment yet to come on those, who in our day, rebel against God and continue in sin in spite of all His messages to them to repent.

In speaking about the tenth plague, we can hardly separate in our minds the judgment of God in bringing death into the houses of the Egyptians and His mercy in delivering the houses of the Israelites. Where death was not seen outside the house, death came inside; where the blood was sprinkled on lintel and door-posts the house was free? Do you understand this? The land of Egypt was under God's judgment, and God's only way of saving His people from the judgment was by the blood of the lamb—the death of a sacrifice in their stead. And this speaks to us of Jesus and His blood. The world is under the judgment of God because of its rebellion and its sin, and now God's "only way of saving us from "the wrath to come" is by the death of His obedient Son, Who bore the judgment in the sinner's stead. There is no possible way of escape for any one of us save by the death of Jesus Christ, God's Son.

God's Word the Only Authority.

THERE is no truth more severely assailed in our day than that of the authority of God's Word. At the first Satan's temptation was, "Hath God said?" and in these last times, on every hand it is being asked, "Hath God said?" "Higher criticism" calmly assures us God hath not said a very large amount of the Bible, and that all of it is to be measured by human reason! Thus does infidelity take away from the soul the truth of the authority of God's Word. Romanism and its allies tell us that had not the Church so decided, we could not know whether the Bible was God's Word, and that to the authority of the Church we are indebted for our faith in the authority of the Scriptures! Herein do Rome and infidelity show their close relationship, both go to man for authority, both deny the Divine authority.

It is on God's Word, and God's Word alone, that we can rely. *That* gives the true, the absolute authority for our guidance and our trust.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

No. 2.—The Young Skater.

OFF for a skate! Good! Off for a skate on the Lord's day! Bad, very bad! Yet, how many do it; but many doing it cannot make it right. Among those off for a skate one Sunday morning was a group of jolly boys; one of them was a young Jew, who having kept Saturday as his Sabbath, had no reverence for the christian's holy day. As the boys passed a young lady, she said with a most winsome smile, "Come with me, boys. I am going to Sunday School; won't you come?" They looked at her as boys only can, with surprise, and the little Jew boldly asked, "And what do you do there?"

"Oh, many nice things," was the smiling reply, "we sing together, read the Bible, talk about it, and have a real good time together."

"I'm going," said the little Hebrew lad, throwing down his skates as if they had suddenly become red hot. The other boys tried to turn him from his determination, but in vain.

"I'm going," he said, and he went. The young lady introduced him to a class of lads taught by an intelligent man, whom she knew would understand how to deal with this evidently well educated scholar: so soon a New Testament was in his hands instead of the skates.

Many were the questions asked by this new scholar, as he continued to come Sunday after Sunday: such as, "Why do christians keep the first day instead of the seventh?" "To celebrate the finished work of Christ. "Of whom did Isaiah speak, when he wrote of some one who was wounded for our transgressions?" "Of no one, but Jesus. "What did it mean when the Messiah was said to have wounds in His hands?" (Zec. xiii. 6). It must refer to the Saviour crucified.

But the hymns sung pleased him as much as anything, especially one familiar to the whole school, but new to him.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.



"I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

This favourite fairy charmed him; and if the Gentiles' Jesus was such a friend of the boys and girls, this boy would have rejoiced to meet Him. Best of all, the hymn said He still lived.

"Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go.

And ask for a share of His love;

And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,

I shall see Him and hear Him above;

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,

For all who are washed and forgiven;

And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"WHOSOEVER THEREFORE SHALL CONFESS ME BEFORE MEN, HIM WILL I CONFESS ALSO BEFORE MY FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN" (MATT. X. 32).

At first the Jewish father took no notice of where the

boy was going, and thought he would soon grow tired of the new school, but when one day he heard him singing this hymn, he was very angry, and told him he must stop attending where he learned such things.

But the lad was so hungry to hear more of this good news, that he could not keep away; though his parent told him, if he continued going, he must leave the home, and all prospect of a share in the business. He found the words of Jesus Christ still true, "For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross, and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me" (Matt. x. 35-38).

This threat made the youth very thoughtful; and his teacher felt a great crisis had come in his experience, and prayed that the Holy Spirit would enable him to thus take up Christ's cross.

It was the Sunday School Anniversary and at all costs the young Jew felt he could not be absent. The expected speakers failed, and the gathering seemed likely to be a failure, when the superintendent invited any of the children to repeat texts or hymns they had learned. Several complied, then there was a pause, and all looked amazed as the Jewish boy rose, and said in a clear voice that thrilled every heart:

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Weary, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be."

It meant much to the young disciple; but had not this same Jesus said, "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. x. 32). His earthly father disowned him, but his heavenly Father raised new friends, and he never again wanted to go skating on the Lord's Day.

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

The Lord looketh from heaven; He beareth all the sons of men.—Ps. xxxiii. 13.

WE return sincere thanks to all who have helped this Fund since the War began. The Lord only knows what good and blessing have been accomplished through the widespread distribution of His Precious Word amongst the soldiers and sailors at home and abroad; but we have ample evidence that many fine fellows have received the Truth into their hearts through this Gospel testimony.

Through the demobilisation now proceeding they are coming home to "Blighty" in hundreds of thousands, and we should be grateful if our kind friends will still assist us to place sound, soul-saving literature into their hands, such as good, straight, suitable books and tracts, and as far as possible accompanied with a Testament or portion of the Scriptures.

We have received since our last issue as follows, for which we are truly grateful:—

	£	s.	d.
F. G. R., Cambridge, 1s. 6d.; J. R. Alder-deen, 5s.		0	6
E. A. S., Tunbridge Wells (5s. and 7s. 9d.), 12s. 9d.; Mrs. Mell, Worcester, 20s.		1	12
Mrs. L. E. H., Weymouth		0	2
		0	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"Dorcas, this woman was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did."—ACTS ix. 36.

HOW deeply grateful we are for all the kind fellowship with regard to this Fund God alone can tell. It is wonderful how much real good has resulted, and the spiritual encouragement to which very many have testified has filled our hearts with earnest thankfulness to God. We have received as undernoted since our last issue:—

	£	s.	d.
M. N., 15; Rezmil, 7s.		5	7
E. L., 15 5s.; "Whaplode," 5s. 6d.		5	10
		0	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

"Thus shall ye do in the fear of the Lord, faithfully."—2 CHRON. xix. 9.

	£	s.	d.
E. L.		3	3
		0	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin ..	0	6	6
E. M., Shepherd's Bush	0	4	0
From St. Margaret's Children's Service, per Mr. G. E. Houldgate, Notts. ..	1	10	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

"The Lord thy God, He is God, the faithful God."—DEUT. vii. 9.

	£	s.	d.
H. W., Bournemouth		3	3
		0	0

✂ All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

THE Springing Well

OF WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.



How we saw
Donati's Comet
nearly Sixty
Years ago; or,
The Story of
Two Boys on a
Gate.

ALTHOUGH it is so long ago, nearly sixty years, we cannot forget that memorable night! We were only two village lads; but through the kindness and generosity of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, we had been encouraged to take an interest in certain scientific studies. He was an earnest botanist and taught us to understand a little concerning the nature and structure of the trees and plants and flowers, and many species of mosses of the beautiful country and forests about our homes.

Above all he was deeply instructed in the science of astronomy. He had built a fine observatory on the high grounds of his estate, and nothing gave him greater satisfaction than, after twilight, to have the boys of the rustic school with him and show them some of the wonders of the heavens through his splendid telescopes. The two village lads of whom I write were often favoured in this way, and occupied him with many questions in reference to the celestial objects to

S.W.



DONATI'S COMET AS IT APPEARED IN 1858. IN THE ILLUSTRATION ARCTURUS IS A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT.

which he directed their attention, so much so that ever since one of them (the writer) remembers most of the lessons he received in that lonely building, in the country, in those far-off days.

The Springing Well;

II.

It was on Tuesday evening, October 5th, 1858, that we went out to the neighbouring upland plain. It happened to be a quiet beautiful autumn night. The moon was absent, and, as the darkness deepened, the stars appeared shining in the purpled firmament with extraordinary brilliance and beauty. We reached a rickety gate on the border of the vast common, mounted it, and sat there talking about some of the glorious objects that already we were delighted to recognise in the sky. Golden-hued Capella was there and the "Kids" by her side, Vega in Lyra also shone above us blue-eyed and beautiful, Altair, with his two companions, was conspicuous. We thought then he looked very fierce in his pale-yellow colour and think so still. The constellation to which he belongs is well called Aquila the Eagle.

III.

Then as we rode to and fro on the old gate we noticed the various sounds that broke upon the stillness of the night. Far away down in the valley in the wood, the owls hooted and answered one another in a language they perfectly understood. The night hawk flew uttering vengeful threats as he pursued his fluttering prey. The twittering birds could be heard *speaking* to one another in their quiet resting-places in the furze. At times from the farms in the distance, the lowing of the cattle and the barking of the house dogs sounded strangely, and occasionally "drowsy tinklings" came from the "distant sheep folds." A pond was also near by, evidently teeming with life. The "droning beetle" humming his singular lullaby in the banks. The dragon-fly piping tremulous music amongst the moving reeds, and the frogs even croaking "good-night" to each other, or splashing into the welcome pool, and now and then a fish unseen, but heard, would leap from his watery home to secure his supper. All these things were of exceeding interest to us in those very early days. I thank God profoundly that I was led to take pleasure in becoming acquainted in my youthful days, with these things, all of them of intense delight to the young observant and inquiring mind.

But it was not for any of these objects that we walked to the Common on that memorable night, but because we knew there would be a sight in the heavens such as we might never see again, and so we sat on the gate and earnestly waited, so, sure enough, presently there came stealing over the face of the heavens a weird and wonderful phenomenon, for from close to the

western horizon, and right over our heads, away to the very zenith and beyond, there streamed forth over a vast expanse of the heavens the impressive appearance of a magnificent comet. We have never seen anything like it since; and we shall never, never forget the sight. The absence of the moon deepened the awe-inspiring impression, for the stars seemed like pearls depending from the very vault of heaven, and gradually and silently over it all came the outspreading radiance of this beautiful celestial visitor. It was DONATI'S COMET, and why the writer can remember the very date and the night is from the fact, that the profound and wonderful phenomenon then reached its splendid climax. The nucleus shone above the horizon in the west, and the extremities of the scintillating, curving fronds swept far away even beyond the Seven Stars of Ursa Major. One other fact that fixes the memory of it all so profoundly in my mind, was that the gentle pale-blue Arcturus, the star I consider the most radiantly lovely in the heavens, was actually enveloped in the tail of the Comet, and could be seen shining with gracious quietness and beauty through the nebulous halo surrounding the head of that weird wanderer of the skies.

We wonder if any readers of our paper can remember this event of nearly sixty years ago. Perhaps with the exception of that which occurred on the night of November 13th, 1866, the most striking, impressive, and marvellous that had been witnessed in the heavens for many generations.

IV.

But before I close this article I should like to give the purport of the conversation between these two lads on the gate, as the apparition in the firmament slowly faded away. These two boys came from very different homes: one was taught from his youth up to BELIEVE IN GOD, the other had had no such instruction and the Divine teachings and authority of God's Holy Word had no special voice to him, and therefore, after the first solemn impressions produced on our young minds, had gone like the Comet, we began to talk together about God Himself. The questions arose, Who made the Comet? Who guided it in its path? From whence did it come? Whither was it travelling? and many other queries, all perhaps more or less associated with the glorious manifestations we had seen in the heavens above us. My companion spoke of his FATHER, who had told him it was *not* possible to know God at all, or to be sure how or when the Universe came into existence, and as to the sun

and moon and the stars and other heavenly bodies, nobody could tell how they came into being. Nobody had ever seen God, so how could it be known by whom or how the worlds were made; but the other lad declared that his MOTHER had taught him that it *was* possible to know God, and to understand with certainty how the Universe was created, and how the sun and moon and other heavenly bodies came into being.

"Well, tell me then," said Willie, my companion, and I recollect as far as I had knowledge or intelligence explaining that it was God's Word alone that made it all plain, and that at the very first it is written: "In the beginning GOD CREATED the heaven and the earth," and as to the sun and the moon and the stars it is declared that "God made two great lights: the greater light (the sun) to rule the day, and the lesser light (the moon) to rule the night. He made the stars also." Then as we still sat on the gate and the old melancholy church clock chimed out the hour telling us it was time to get away home, I spoke of David the King that when he surveyed the glorious heavens as we had done that night he cried out aloud "The Heavens declare THE GLORY OF GOD, and the Firmament sheweth His handy work. . . . There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard," or, in another place, where the same Royal Monarch also said, "When I consider Thy Heavens, THE WORK OF THY FINGERS, the moon, and the stars, which Thou hast ordained."

I do not profess after this long interval to quote the exact way in which these scriptures were rendered, but I give assuredly the purport of them. Furthermore, I said to my companion, Willie, "It is quite true that the Bible says, 'No man hath seen God at any time,' but it adds that, 'THE ONLY BEGOTTEN WHICH IS IN THE BOSOM OF THE FATHER, HE HATH DECLARED HIM.'"

Looking back after all these years, I marvel that I was able to speak of these wonderful scriptures as I did; but it was the result of the gracious teachings of a beloved parent. They are substantiated by many others. Think of Heb. i., in which it is stated that "God . . . hath in these last days, spoken unto us by His Son. Whom He hath appointed Heir of all things BY WHOM ALSO HE MADE THE WORLDS." Observe it is "Worlds," not the world simply. It may seem a trifling thing for two lads to be swinging on a gate one beautiful autumn night nearly sixty years ago; but I met my companion of that time again in London twenty years afterwards, and again twenty years later, and we

hope to tell in subsequent issues what happened at each of those eventful interviews.

"What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
To Faith's keen ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is Divine.'"

F. R. A. S.

How Peace was Made.

WHAT a suited; solid word for trembling, fearful hearts. A word coming from the lips of the blessed Son of God, Who, as man, has been down into death, and under the judgment of God against sin; but Who now, being risen, is triumphant, on the other side of death. He imparts to His own who believe in Him the virtue of His victory over Satan, death, judgment, and the grave. He introduces them into a new order of things—into a new sphere (John xx. 19); brings them into complete identity with Himself in resurrection in every way, making them to be sharers in all that He is brought into Himself (chap. xvii).

While the precious blood of Christ is the basis and foundation of the believer's peace and joy, God would not that we should stop short of resurrection-life being known as a blessed reality, and as a divine fact in the soul. Christ, having made peace by the blood of His cross (Col. i. 20), God directs us to that cross as the ground of peace, that cross where all our responsibilities as sinners were met, and when every claim that a holy and righteous God had against us was satisfied. Faith owns and accepts this, and looking up to the occupied throne of the Father, sees on that throne the Vindicator of God's righteousness and the Purger of our sins (Heb. i. 3), the One "Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." "Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1); and more than this, we have the consciousness of present divine favour (ver. 2). What a wonderful thing! not only peace of conscience about our sins, but peace with God, as God is, and where Christ is.

How blessed the portion of those who have received Jesus the Son of God as their Saviour. They have passed from death unto life. He is their righteousness, their life, their redemption, their present and future portion.

"To you, therefore, which believe He is precious."

Words and Works of God.—No. 1.

"Let there be Light."—GEN. 1. 3.

THERE are a great multitude of blessings wherewith God has endowed all mankind, which, because they are common to us all, are but little valued. If only we realised that God, as the Creator, has provided abundantly for man's needs and that it is man's ignorance or selfishness or sin which has misused His gifts, we should understand the meaning of the Psalmist's words "They (the wicked) know not, neither will they understand; they walk on in darkness; all the foundations of the earth are out of course" (Ps. lxxxii. 5).

The frequent references in the Scriptures to *darkness* and *light* show to every christian that, as natural light is one of God's great blessings to mankind as He is our Creator, so spiritual *LIGHT* is one of the great blessings given to us as we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that it is no mere figure of speech, when we hear of "the darkness of heathendom."

But it is indeed cause for sorrow that in this land, where the Scriptures are so widely circulated, so many men refuse the blessings that God gives so freely to all who will turn unto Him and trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In the Gospel of Luke we have a beautiful account of Zacharias and his wife, of whom it is said, "they were both righteous before God walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." To them it pleased God to give a son, who is known as John the Baptist, whom God purposed to use as His Prophet to go before and announce to the Jews the coming of the long-promised Saviour, to try them and see if they would receive Him. When John was born we read that "Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying, Blessed be the Lord God of Israel. . . . Thou, child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways; to give knowledge of salvation unto His people by the remission of their sins, through the tender mercy of our God; whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us, to GIVE LIGHT to them that sit in DARKNESS and in the shadow of DEATH; to guide our feet into the way of PEACE" (Luke i. 6, 67—79).

I feel that we are dwelling in the midst of people who are "sitting in darkness." The greater part have no *certainty* concerning God and His salvation, and why? Surely it is because they do not believe *heartily* and *without questioning* all that is REVEALED to us by God in the Scriptures.

I ask my readers to consider well the meaning of that word REVEALED. It means "to make known or bring to light." That is just the reason why God has given to us the Scriptures. Many heathen people have been found by missionaries to have a great desire to know God, but they have had no one to make Him known to them.

When Paul went to Athens he found a people who were considered to be highly intellectual and well educated, but they did not know God. They were in complete ignorance concerning Him. Indeed, they went so far as to erect an altar with this inscription: TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. So he stood up and preached what people would call a sermon, and this is how he began: "Whom, therefore, ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you" (Acts xvii. 23).

And what did the Apostle say concerning God? "God that made the world, and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Then he told them other things concerning God and finished thus: "God now commandeth all men everywhere to REPENT; because He hath appointed a day, in the which He will judge (or rule, or govern) the world in righteousness, by that Man Whom He hath ordained; whereof He hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts xvii. 24—31).

In every part of this sermon there was LIGHT; light from God's throne, light concerning God Himself, light concerning His worship, light concerning eternity, light concerning Jesus Christ, light concerning the resurrection from the dead, light concerning a judgment (or kingdom) to come.

Apparently most of the Athenians mocked Paul and despised his teaching, but we read that "certain men clave unto him and believed."

Amongst which class are you and I numbered? Luke tells us that he wrote the Gospel to put on record "those things which are most surely believed among us": and that we might know "the certainty" of them (Luke i. 1—4).

In order that we may have this *certainty*, we are told (*first*), "Faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. x. 17); (*secondly*) "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29); (*thirdly*) "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God" (John vii. 17).

The New Zealand Geyser Catastrophe.

By ALEX. MARSHALL.

A SHOCKING catastrophe occurred at Waimangu, New Zealand, on the last Sunday of August, 1903. A party of excursionists, accompanied by the Government guide, Mr. Alfred Warbrick, left Roturua, the centre of the Hot Lake district, to visit the famous Waimangu geyser, said to be the largest in the world. The geyser is regarded as treacherous, and dangerous, being very uncertain in its movements. The party, on this occasion, saw it "erupt" at 12.30, when a shot went up 400 or 500 feet; another at 3.20 p.m., 200 feet, and a third immediately after the second of 800 feet. From the evidence adduced at the inquest it would seem that the guide had again and again pointed out the dangerous places to the various members of the party, earnestly warning them to stay away from them. But some were foolhardy, and disregarded the instructions of Mr. Warbrick. Two young ladies—Miss Kathleen Nicholls and Miss Ruby Nicholls—were bent on having a snapshot of the geyser in action and, with camera in hand, took their stand at a point commanding a good view of it. The place, however, was exceedingly dangerous. The guide besought Mrs. Nicholls to warn her daughters of their danger. This she immediately did. Heedless of warnings, remonstrances and entreaties one of the young ladies turned and smilingly said, "JUST A MOMENT, MOTHER."

She had scarcely uttered the words when a terrific report was heard, causing the ground to tremble, and the geyser sent up a huge column of boiling water, stones and mud, a distance of 800 feet. The eruption lasted two minutes. When it was over the guide shouted

"ARE ALL SAFE, THERE?"

But, alas! four of the party were missing, two men and the daughters of Mrs. Nicholls. All had been swept off their feet by the water, and carried into the boiling cauldron, which formed the geyser's overflow. Shortly afterwards their bodies were found, half a mile down the river, sadly disfigured.

This story helps to illustrate a far more terrible catastrophe which is occurring daily in New Zealand, and in every other part of the world. Unsaved persons are perishing in their sins, and perishing eternally. The Waimangu victims lost their lives and were doubtless sufferers a few brief moments, or minutes. The coroner's verdict was that they were "accidentally suffocated and killed by boiling water, or steam,

or both steam and water, combined with shock, from an eruption of the geyser." Though the verdict was one of accidental death, the two young ladies were to blame in not heeding the warnings given to them. In their eagerness to secure a snapshot of the geyser in action they rejected the counsel given them and perished!



"THE CENTRE OF THE HOT LAKE DISTRICT."

The unsaved reader is exposed to a vastly greater peril than that of the New Zealanders. *Even now* you are under Divine condemnation (Jno. iii. 18) with the wrath of the eternal God resting upon you (Jno. iii. 36). We raise the warning cry "Because there is wrath, *beware lest He take thee away with His stroke: then a great ransom cannot deliver thee*" (Joh xxxvi. 18). There is wrath ahead in your downward path. "Flee from the wrath to come!" Don't think that there is "no danger" to you. You may say that you are "strong and healthy," and that you may live for many years. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day or an hour may bring forth." You may say that you "expect" and "intend" to become a christian ere death overtake you. A rich farmer once said to his soul "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." But God interrupted his plans and blighted his hopes by saying "Thou fool, *THIS NIGHT* thy soul shall be required of thee." He did not know that he was so near to Eternity. One of the Waimangu victims said to her mother, when entreated to flee from danger,

"JUST A MOMENT, MOTHER!"

She disobeyed, delayed and perished. So may you! You may "intend" to become a christian to-morrow, Sunday, or some other time. Why not now believe and be saved? The present time is the only time you are sure of possessing. God says "Behold, now is the accepted time;"

behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). Why, then, should you say "to-morrow"? You may be in Eternity ere to-morrow's sun rises, and where, oh! where will your soul be? "TO-DAY, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." If, however, you procrastinate—

"Thine awful destiny foresee,
Time ends, and then—Eternity."

"All that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39).

Accept God's "great salvation" by believing the "good news" regarding Christ and His glorious atonement. DON'T PROCRASTINATE!

"The coming of the Lord draweth nigh!" God *now* invites and entreats you to be reconciled to Him. He *waits* to be gracious, and His great heart of love is full of sympathy and compassion towards you. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the *wrath of God abideth on him*" (Jno. iii. 36). Even now, if still unsaved, the wrath of a holy and sin-hating God rests upon thee. Believe, then, on Him Who loved you and gave Himself for you, and you will be able to say truthfully—

"There is no condemnation, there is no hell for me,
The torment and the fire mine eye shall never see."

THE RIGHT KIND OF FAITH.

You need not ask if you have the "right kind" of faith, but consider *whom* and *what* you are to believe, for "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation, *to every one that believeth*" (Rom. i. 16). Find out from God's word, what "the Gospel" is, by believing which a child of wrath becomes a son of God, a "lost" sinner an heir of glory. The "glad tidings" of great joy—the glorious gospel of God's marvellous and matchless grace—reveals His heart of love. Herein we see Him as a "just God and a Saviour." At Calvary mercy and truth met together, righteousness and peace kissed each other (Ps. lxxxv. 10). Christ's death has fully met all God's holy and righteous claims, and forgiveness of sins is proclaimed to mankind sinners as such. What, then, is the gospel of the grace of God? "Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which ye believed and by which ye are saved . . . how that *Christ died for our sins, according to the Scriptures*, and that *He was buried*, and that *He rose again the third day according to the Scriptures*." The gospel is neither an *offer* nor an *invitation*; it is the *positive statement of accomplished facts*. The gospel does not tell sinners *what they have to do*; it is

good news regarding a work done for them, by believing which, they obtain eternal life, as a free gift and a present possession. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

"Hearken Unto the Voice of My Cry."

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord."—
Ps. v. 3.

TEACH me by Thy Spirit, Lord,
Day by day,
Something from Thy Holy Word,
Day by day.
There Thy precepts I shall find,
And all others leave behind,
Going on to know Thy mind
Day by day.

Lord, I would take up my cross
Day by day,
And esteem all else but loss
Day by day.
May I gladly bear the shame,
Pour contempt on this world's fame,
Glory only in Thy Name
Day by day.

Though my service, Lord, is small
Day by day,
May it please Thee—that is all—
Day by day.
Looking only unto Thee,
Man's reward I shall not see,
Knowing Thou art watching me
Day by day.

I would trust Thee without fear
Day by day,
For, O Lord, Thou art so near
Day by day.
'Tis but little I now know;
Much I may not here below;
What is needful Thou wilt show
Day by day.

Give my soul and body food
Day by day;
What Thou givest, Lord, is good
Day by day.
Freed from every anxious care,
Saved from every tempting snare,
Looking up to Thee in prayer
Day by day.

For Thy coming, Lord, I long
Day by day;
And this hope inspires my song
Day by day.
"I COME QUICKLY"—promise sure!
Faithful, it will still endure!
Blessed hope! it keeps me pure
Day by day.

"How precious are Thy thoughts unto me,
O God! How great is the sum of them! If I
should count them, they are more in number
than the sand: when I awake, I am still with
Thee" (Ps. cxxxix. 17, 18).

"Oh, Sir! Tell Me,
Can my Sins be
Forgiven?"

I WAS asked to speak to a young man who was in great distress about his soul's welfare, and, laying my hand upon his shoulder, I said, "Friend, what is your trouble?"

"I am anxious about my soul," he answered. "I have been to a Bible class time after time, and there I got troubled in my conscience. I gave up attending it, and my companions laughed away my impressions, but I could not keep away from seeking after God. I have been going on in this miserable way for some time. Now to-night, I believe the Spirit of God has said to me, 'This is your last chance, if you do not accept Christ to-night, you will never have another opportunity.' Oh SIR, TELL ME, CAN MY SINS BE FORGIVEN?"

I replied, "God has said 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.' Let us get down on our knees, and do you confess your sins to God, and ask Him to forgive you." Together we knelt in prayer, and the young man, in broken, heart-felt words, poured out his soul to God, asking His forgiveness. Before he arose from his knees, the answer came, and he was able to thank God that his sins which were many, were all forgiven. He shook me by the hand as we parted, and said, "I came here a miserable man, I am going out a happy one in Christ."

The Ground upon which God For- gives Sins.

SELF must be set aside and God brought in, if we would know His forgiveness. God consulted Himself and glorified His throne. God magnified His own character of righteousness regarding sin by the death of Christ. The blood which Jesus shed is of sufficient value to discharge the debt of every sinner;

and God in grace forgives sins upon the ground of what the Lord has done. The blood of Jesus is available for all; and God's grace is like an exhaustless deposit placed at the bank, so that all who are poor and needy may obtain "the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace" (Eph. 1. 7).

133 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS.

DUET.

LOUIS D. EICHORN.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sa- viour to- night? He's ten- der- ly
2. For with you the Spi- rit will not al- ways plead— O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sa- viour, then all shall be well, The mor- row let

1. plead- ing with thee . To come to Him now with thy sin- bur- den'd heart
2. Jeet Him to - night! . To - mor - row may bring you the dark- ness of death,
3. bring what it may: . His love shall pro- tect you, His Spi- rit shall guide,

1. For par- don so full and so free (so free). } Why not say Yes to
2. Un - bro- ken by hea- ven- ly light. }
3. And safe- ly keep you in His way (His way). } Why not say Yes to the

night? Why not? Why not? While He so gen- tly, so
Saviour to- night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to- night?

ten- der- ly pleads, O ac- cept Him to - night!
ac- cept Him to - night!

"To Whom Belongest Thou."

THIS seems an easy question to answer, but is it?

Every person belongs to some one or other of the countries of the earth, and every person has belonged or does still belong, by birth, to his or her parents, but the question before us is not to be answered in such a manner as the foregoing or it would not appear in **THE SPRINGING WELL**.

The question was originally raised by King David when a young Egyptian was brought to him, faint and famished. It appears that he had been the servant of an Amalekite, but when he became ill his master left him to die (1 Saml. xxx. 11-15).

Now let us notice that these three persons may be regarded as representatives. It is generally acknowledged that David, King of Israel, was a type of the Lord Jesus. Egypt also is regarded as a type of this World, for it was out of Egypt that God took Israel, and it is out of the Egypt of this World—a place as spiritually dark as was Egypt literally dark when the plague was over it—that God calls His people and enables them to come.

Amalek may very properly be regarded as typical of Satan, "because the Lord hath sworn that He will have war with Amalek from generation to generation" (Exod. xvii. 16). There was a reason for this. Amalek made an unprovoked attack upon Israel when God was leading His people in the wilderness. Amalek made war upon "the feeble," "the faint," and the "weary." Yea, he caught the hindmost and smote him, and he did all this because he "feared not God." Is not this action exactly characteristic of Satan's methods? Because of the cruel and wicked deeds of Amalek God said "thou shalt blot out the remembrance of Amalek from under heaven" (see Deut. xxv. 17-19).

The day is coming when Satan shall be finally bound and for ever stopped from assailing God's people. He is now termed their enemy, their adversary, their accuser, and when any poor dupe has served Satan's purpose he leaves him to perish for ever.

There are many whom Satan carries captive at his will (2 Tim. ii. 26). He sends forth his agents to act in various ways, some creep into houses and lead captive silly women (2 Tim. iii. 6), others lie in wait with cunning craftiness in order to deceive with false doctrines (Eph. iv. 14). Such are *men of corrupt minds* who resist the truth (2 Tim. iii. 8).

Satan lies in wait to catch the unwary even as

Amalek laid wait to catch the stragglers and the weary of Israel.

Satan, the God of this world, hath blinded the minds of all men (2 Cor. iv. 4), but the Lord Jesus has come "to open men's eyes, to turn them from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God" (Acts xxvi. 18). The Lord Jesus, the very Son of God, took on Him human nature, "that through death He might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is the devil" (Heb. ii. 14). He came to deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage (or slavery) (Heb. ii. 15).

All those who are thus delivered know it, and they gladly and thankfully ascribe their liberty to Him Who died for them and redeemed them to God by His own blood (Rev. v. 9).

David fought for himself, for his men, and for the young Egyptian as well as for those near and dear to him, but he did not lay down his life for them.

The Lord Jesus is the Great Captain of Salvation (Heb. ii. 10). He laid down His life for His people; He died, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring His people to God (1 Peter iii. 18).

The benefit of the Lord Jesus' victory is offered to all who have ears to hear. He declared I am come to offer "deliverance to the captives" (Luke iv. 18).

The forces in this spiritual warfare are clearly defined. There are but two leaders and two armies. Moses once asked the question "Who is on the Lord's side?" (Exod. xxxii. 26).

Joshua at the close of his life said to the children of Israel "choose you this day Whom you will serve" (Josh. xxiv. 15).

Elijah exhorted the people in the same sense, he said "how long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal be God, then follow him" (1 Kings xviii. 21). These three great leaders had made their choice. In the words of Joshua they had determined "we will serve the Lord" (Josh. xxiv. 15). *They knew to whom they belonged.*

The blessing they enjoyed is freely offered to those who seek the Lord Jesus with all their heart (Jer. xxix. 13; Prov. viii. 17; Matt. xi. 28; vii. 7).

The Apostle Paul also knew to whom he belonged, he said "I know Whom I have believed" (2 Tim. i. 12), and I know that He "loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20).

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

Reader, "To whom belongest thou?"

Studies in the "Fear
Not" of the Bible.

A Fear Not for the Incredulous.

"Fear not, I have called thee by thy name."—ISA. xliii. 1.

IN a great prison an amazing scene took place. By the intervention and intercession of a man of influence, the free pardon was secured of a noted criminal who had spent a long time in that gaol. The Governor of the prison intimated to the prisoners assembled that he held in his hand a free pardon for one of them, and after a few remarks, called out the name of the fortunate individual. But the man moved not; he could not believe the pardon was for him, but for another who may be bearing the same name; and it was only with the utmost difficulty that he could be persuaded that it was really for him. Those who witnessed the occurrence said it was an unforgettable and amazing scene.

True is it that the Lord is Redeemer. And last month we saw how full is the thought and truth of redemption. But is it for me? Can I have a share in that redemption? It may be for others; but, oh, has it anything to do with me? Surely this message settles that difficulty—"Fear not: for I have redeemed THEE, I have CALLED THEE BY THY NAME; thou art Mine." He calls ME! And He comes to assure me that it is a call for and to me. He calls me by my name.

The more one ponders over this "Fear not" the more pregnant it seems with meaning: "I have called thee." It surely declares that *He lives*. He died. That death was redemption's price. But death did not permanently hush that voice. He still speaks; therefore, He still lives. "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart." It surely declares that *He is near*. He calls—not shrieks or shouts. "He shall not strive (lit. squabble) nor cry (scream)" (Matt. xii. 19). He is quite near, and therefore gently and lovingly calls. It surely declares that *I am not forgotten*: "I have called thee." "How long wilt Thou forget me, O Lord," cried the Psalmist. Ah, He never forgets. And I'm not lost in the crowd either. He knows my name. It surely declares that He *asks for my friendship*. To call me by my name speaks volumes. We never call strangers or casual acquaintances by their names; that is the sole prerogative of friendship. Being my Saviour He desires to become my friend and adviser. Connect verse 1 with verse 7, "I have called thee by thy name," "Even everyone that is called by My name." He calls me by my name in order that He might put His name upon me.

A middle-aged woman was so wrought on by

the Spirit of God at a Lancashire cottage meeting I once conducted, that she interrupted the service by kneeling down, and crying for mercy. She sought the Lord earnestly and perseveringly. But was redemption for her?—that was the trouble. It seemed too good to be true. And so she spent several days strangely incredulous. Calling one day she inquired if there was such a text in the Bible as "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee," as it had flashed into her mind that morning whilst she had been troubling over the matter of her soul's salvation, and she could not remember having seen it before. I was glad to point her to Isa. xliii. 1, assuring her it was without doubt the Lord's own message to meet her present spiritual need. This she recognised, and immediately began to bless and praise the Lord, and lived in full assurance of faith the rest of her days.

ROBERT LEE.

II.—The Meaning of the Passover.

"Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house."—EX. xiii. 3.

EVERY house was to take a lamb—the lamb was to be without blemish—and the people of the house were to keep the lamb four days before they killed it. At the end of that time, following the word of Jehovah, they would be ready to go, every piece of furniture and all the goods they purposed to carry away packed up, all the cattle and the flocks gathered together, and, above all, every child round about the parents in their homes. Their garments were not to be lying about the rooms, their clothes were to be fastened on ready for their journey, their shoes were on their feet, and even their staves were to be in their hands. If you looked into the room you would see the lamb upon the table, the lamp burning, and you would notice the basket, with the household goods in it, ready packed for the journey.

While the sun was setting in the cloudless sky, before the rich red and gold were seen above the purple horizon at sundown, "between the evenings," all the congregation of Israel were slaying their lambs, and then the head of the house put the blood of the lamb in a basin, and taking a bunch of the little herb called hyssop, he sprinkled the sides and the heads of the doors of his house, as Jehovah had commanded. This done, every one of them, from the eldest to the youngest, went within their houses, and they shut their doors and waited in quietness as the Lord had said.

We are able to picture a somewhat large Egyptian house, one belonging, we will assume, to a person of means; those of the poor were chiefly built of mud, were only one storey high, and had merely a small door facing the street; the court belonging to the house being at the rear of it.

The family stands around the table whereon the roasted lamb is placed. The lamb was not to have one of its bones broken, it was to be roasted whole, teaching us again of the holy Lamb of God, Who was the perfect sacrifice for sinners, and Who bore the fire, as it were, of God's judgment in our stead.

The people ate with the lamb bitter herbs, which probably were endive, nettles, or wild lettuce, and bread made of wheat, spelt, barley, oats or rye, but unleavened. These things again showing us, first, the spirit in which the sinner should think of Jesus Who died for him, even the spirit of grief and bitterness, because of all that the suffering Lamb of God endured for him; and second, that those who by faith have made Jesus theirs, whose souls live by His dying for them, are a holy people, separate from the world of sin and disobedience, for heaven always stands for sin in the Bible.

When the head of a family had sprinkled the blood upon the outside of his door, there was nothing to be seen by those who stood around the table eating of the lamb. They had obeyed God, they had sheltered themselves under the blood, and that was all that they could do. Suppose the children naughty or good, still it made no difference, the blood was the shelter, and the only shelter of all alike. And whoever puts his trust in the blood of God's Lamb is quite safe. The blood of His Son is God's token that there is no judgment for us.

But did no eye see the blood? Yes, indeed, Jehovah looked for it, for He had said, "And when I see the blood I will pass over you." He looked upon it, and the blood of the little kid or lamb slain in Egypt was to God a sign of that blood which Jesus was to shed, and which He has shed upon the cross, and trusting in which every sinner is safe; for the word is true to-day as it was that midnight, many hundreds of years gone by, "When I see the blood I will pass over you."

"Then who so sad?
My soul, though bad,
Thou hast a Friend that's good!
He bought thee dear,
Abandon fear,
He bought thee with His blood."

Sunshine.

WHAT a cheering word! especially on a cold winter's day.

On January 8th of last year an invalid friend wrote to me (who also am an invalid) on a post-card, saying "There has been some sunshine six days this month!"

It greatly interested me, and I thought what a good thing to be looking out for *sunshine* rather than concentrating one's thoughts on dark and gloomy things. So, as I use a large print Scripture almanack daily, if possible, I recorded on the margin of it the state of the weather during the year, viz.: There has been some *sunshine*, a gleam or gleams at least, 299 days out of the 365!!!

Is it not like our Great Heavenly Father to be so gracious to us and to all His alike? "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good." But how often we shut it out from shining upon ourselves.

The prophet Malachi says, "Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with *healing* in His wings."

To obtain *spiritual* healing we must bask in the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, in other words we must abide under the power of the health-giving rays.

One day, when I was out in my invalid chair, I saw another invalid who was in a bath chair staying in the road for a long time. I wondered why it was, as the day was a cold one—and then I saw that she was just in the *sunshine*. So, when I am cold out of doors I try the same recipe.

How many christians complain of being so cold, so nerveless for God's service. Try the *sunshine* cure, dear children of God. It never fails,

But we must be prepared for what it *reveals*, and remember how it is written, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7). And we must also bring all the defects of our walk and ways to the cleansing power of God's Holy Word, which cleanseth from every stain of sin (Eph. v. 26).

What beautiful and glorious *colours* are produced by the *sunshine*. We see them in the seven-fold arch of the *rainbow*; we see them in the flowers of every hue and shade, on the birds, in the golden corn, and on the apple and other trees. So the christian, after being cleansed and clothed with the robe of Divine Righteousness, should seek to be a reflection of Christ Himself, showing forth the fruits and the loveliness which were ever seen in Him.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

No. 3.—The Thrush and Snail.

ONE morning, passing along a grassy lane, I saw a thrush with something in his mouth, which, as I approached, he dropped and flew away. Looking to see what it was, I found it was a large snail: I knew master thrush meant dashing him against a stone, tearing him from his fortress, and eating him. Poor old snail! No doubt he felt quite safe in his coat of mail; was he not armour proof against all attacks? No! and he taught me that none of us are safe from Satan.

I was sorry it was a thrush, a pretty, sweet-singing thrush, that was guilty of such cruelty; and I half wished it had been a black-bird. The devil is not always so black as he is represented; sometimes he is a respectable devil; but none the less wicked.

Could the snail run away? No! he was too slow; even when left for a moment, he could not escape; and I knew his enemy had his eye still upon him, and though frightened away would return and finish his deadly work. The poor fellow needed what we all need—a Saviour; and I became his saviour, as Jesus Christ will become our Saviour. I did three things for him each beginning with P.

I Pitied Mr. Snail: and have we not sung,

"Oh, what has Jesus done for me?
He pitied me, my Saviour:
My sins were great, His love was free,
He died for me, my Saviour!"

I did not die for my little friend. It did not cost me anything to do what I did.

I Picked up Mr. Snail: stooped down and lifted him from the place of danger and death. This reminds me of another hymn about Jesus:

"He saw me ruined by the Fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!"

How wonderfully He picks us up!

I Put Mr. Snail in a safe place. Carrying him a little distance, I put him where I thought he would be out of reach of his enemy. So Jesus puts us, whom He pities and picks up, in the safest of all positions. "But God, Who is rich in mercy, for His great love wherewith

He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace ye are saved); and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus; that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus" (Eph. ii. 4-7).



"A THRUSH WITH SOMETHING IN HIS MOUTH."

There is this difference between Master Snail and any little Master or Miss who reads about him. Though insignificant, he was not a sinner. Boys and girls are sinners; and yet the Lord Jesus can and will save all who trust Him. What must they do? As much as the snail did. Nothing.

Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, No!
Jesus did it, did it all
Long, long ago.

In the evening I learned what my snail had been saved from; for at the same spot I saw nine or ten shells of snails that were not saved; and in life we see many ruined lives, that have not been saved by the Saviour.



The verses to be committed to memory during March are as follow:—

THE NATION AND GOD.

- March 2. Lev. xxvi. 1.—False Gods Forbidden.
 " 9. Prov. xiv. 34.—A Reproach.
 " 16. Lam. iii. 40.—Repentance.
 " 23. Isa. xlviii. 18.—Obedience.
 " 30. Dan. xi. 32.—Knowledge.

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Sunshine in the Soul.

THE following lines were intended to follow the article "Sunshine," on page 34, sent by MATTIE, so we find space for them here, as they are very appropriate.

- " There is sunshine in my soul to-day,
 More glorious and bright
 Than glows in any earthly sky,
 For Jesus is my light.
 " O, there's sunshine, blessed sunshine,
 While the peaceful, happy moments roll;
 When Jesus shows His Blessed Face
 There is sunshine in my soul."

One Thing Lacking.

I KNOW a little girl who is "tired of everything." She has a beautiful home, and all you can think of to make her content, but still she wants something new. Why is it? She lacks "one thing"—the love of Christ in her heart—and so she is seeking to make the things of the earth her treasure, instead of the things of heaven. Dear young friends, the Lord Jesus loves you so much that He wants to have you at His feet near Him, and those whom He loves, and died for, none shall take away from Him.

The Mother's Hand.

A LITTLE child of summers three,
 Seeking her little bed at night,
 Paused on the dark stair timidly;
 "Dear mother, take my hand," said she,
 "And then the darkness will be light."

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" (Isa. lxvi. 13).

ANNIE HUME.

"I Laid Me Down and Slept."

"I will both lay me down in peace and sleep."—Ps. iv. 8.

TAKE me, Saviour, to Thy breast;
 Folded close in warmth and rest,
 KEEP ME NEAR TO THEE:
 Silenced in the bliss profound
 Of the love that wraps me round,
 EVERY CARE SHALL BE
 Every breath for Thee alone.
 O my heart's beloved One;
 COMFORT ME IN SLEEP.
 Still deep rest art Thou to Thine,
 Safely in Thy arms divine
 THY BELOVED KEEP.

"For Thou, Lord, only makes me to dwell in safety" (Ps. iv. 8).

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"He hath dispersed. He hath given to the poor."—Ps. cxii. 9.

WE have had a wonderfully encouraging month in visiting and caring for the dear friends who are cheered in their pilgrimage through the continuous and generous help of so many who never forget our constant needs. May the Lord's blessing rest upon each kind donor to this truly useful Fund. We acknowledge the receipt of the undernoted amounts:—

	£	s.	d.
E. L., £5 5s.; G. A., 10s. 6d.	5	15	6
H. W., London, 5s.; M. S., 3s. 6d.	0	8	6

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

"They perceived that this work was wrought of our God."—NEH. vi. 16.

	£	s.	d.
E. L., £3 3s.; G. A. B., Muswell Hill, 12s. 4d.	3	15	4

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin	0	7	0
From the Scholars of the Institute Sunday School, Shakspeare Street, per kind favour of Mr. H. T. Houldgate	2	10	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

"The Lord thy God is a merciful God."—DEUT. iv. 31.

	£	s.	d.
From kind friends at Miranda, N.Z., per Miss Lilian J. Findlay	2	0	0

☞ All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

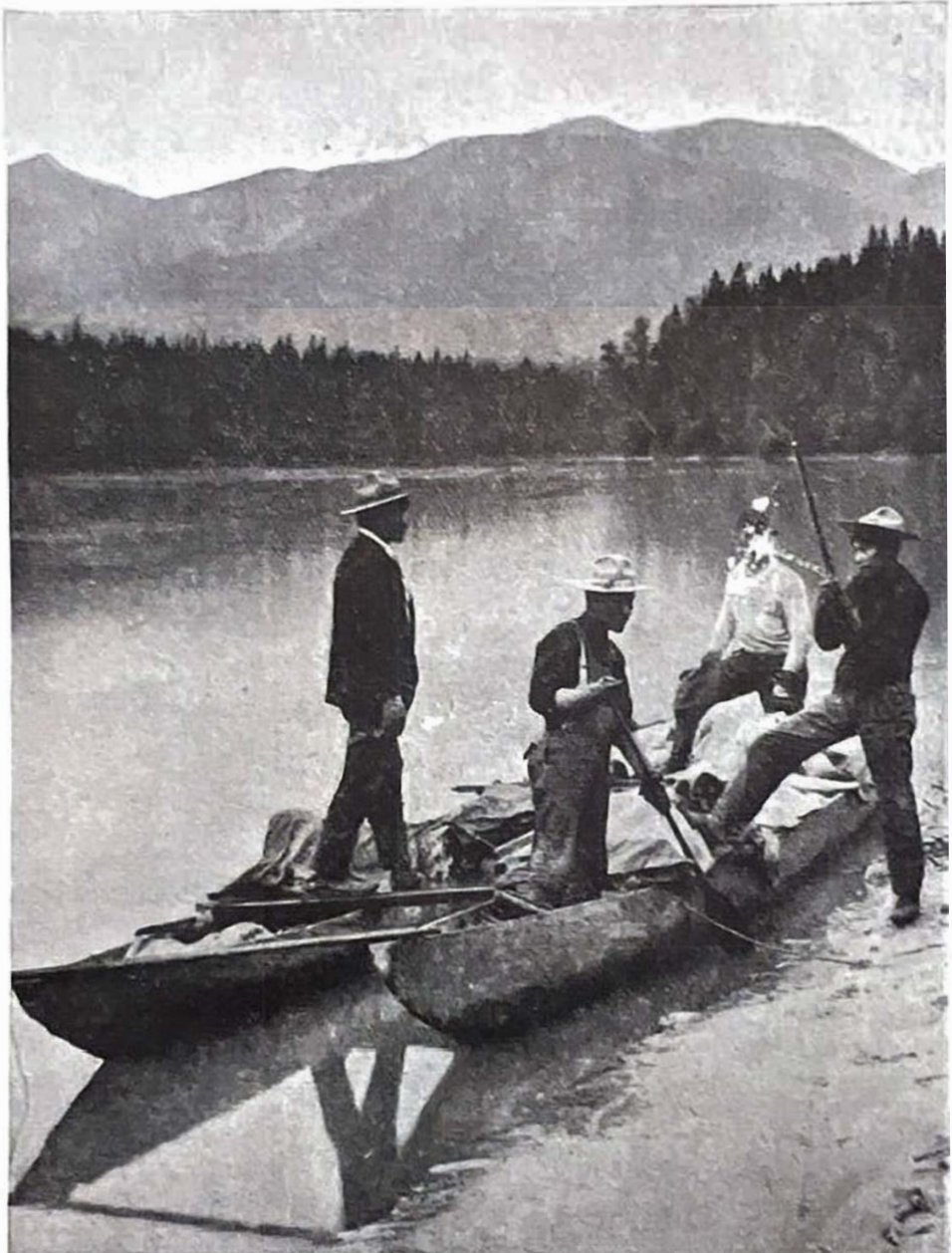
"A Good Enough Doctrine to Go Fishing with, but a Poor One to Go Over Niagara Falls with."

By ALEX. MARSHALL.

FOUR men were fishing in the Niagara River, a short distance above the renowned "Falls," and got into a heated argument regarding Hell.

Three of them maintained that there was no such place, while the fourth contended for the truth as set forth in the Scriptures. The believer took the ground that the Bible, and the Bible alone, was the supreme and infallible standard; that, whilst it speaks of a place of eternal bliss and glory in the future for the Christian, it also tells of a place of unending woe and misery for the unbeliever.

The disputants became so excited that they got perilously near to the sweep of the current, and it was only by dint of hard rowing that they escaped being dragged down the Falls. The danger being over the believer asked the others why they had been so excited, seeing that, according to their belief, there was no such place as Hell. One of them replied that it was a "good enough doctrine to go fishing with, but a poor one to go over S.W.



FOUR MEN WERE FISHING IN THE NIAGARA RIVER . . . ABOVE THE RENOWNED FALLS.
(Photo supplied by the Grand Trunk Railway System.)

the Falls with!" There is a Hell as well as a Heaven. He who tells us of the one speaks to us of the other. At the judgment of the Christless dead on the great day of reckoning it is distinctly stated that whosoever's name

is not found written in the "Book of Life" will be "cast into the lake of fire" (Rev. xx. 15). Many try to persuade themselves that God "is too good" to send any of His creatures to Hell. As they find no countenance in Scripture for such a belief they appeal to *sentiment*, and assert that a "God of love" could never be so "unjust" as to cast man into such a dreadful place. They seem to forget, or ignore, the fact, that God is "holy" as well as merciful, and has declared that He will "by no means clear the guilty" (Exod. xxxiv. 7). God's *pardon*ing mercy has but one channel through which it flows, and that is through the Cross of Christ, and all who despise, reject, or neglect it *must* "dwell with the devouring fire and must dwell with the everlasting burnings." God's Holy Word declares that "the wicked shall be turned into Hell, and all the nations that forget God" (Ps. ix. 17). "Hell is a man's conscience" say some. If this be so then we may read Psalm ix. 17 as follows—"The wicked shall be turned into his own conscience!" That would be a strange place to be "turned into." What of those who seem to have no "conscience," or whose conscience is *seared*? It is to be feared that multitudes are in that terrible condition described in Scripture as "past feeling." In eternity they will be fully alive to their folly and madness! When their eyes are opened to an apprehension of their guilt, they will curse the day of their birth. Thank God, there is no reason why *any one* should go to Hell. Hell was not prepared for man, but for "the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv. 41). It is not God's desire that any one should go to the place of woe. "As I live saith the Lord God, I HAVE NO PLEASURE IN THE DEATH OF THE WICKED; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. xxxiii. 11) is God's solemn declaration. When He swears by His own existence that He has "no pleasure" in the sinner's death, and that He desires him to turn from his evil way and live He ought to be believed. "The Lord is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness, but is long-suffering to us-ward, NOT WILLING THAT ANY SHOULD PERISH" (2 Peter iii. 9). He has no desire, therefore, that the unsaved reader should go to the abode of despair.

"Why will ye die?" since God loves you and has no pleasure in your death. "Why will ye die?" since Christ died for you. "Why will ye die?" since God desires to save you from going down to eternal woe. Harken to His glorious declaration—"Deliver him (the sinner) from

going down to the pit: I HAVE FOUND A RANSOM" (Job xxxiii. 24). At an infinite cost He has opened up a way whereby you can now be rescued from eternal perdition. What, then, is the "ransom" of His providing? "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus WHO GAVE HIMSELF A RANSOM FOR ALL" (1 Tim. ii. 6). God has accepted the "ransom" on your behalf. Christ's death *for you* is a perfect atonement to the injured honour of the Divine character and government. Harken to His Royal Proclamation—"Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and BY HIM, ALL THAT BELIEVE ARE JUSTIFIED FROM ALL THINGS" (Acts xiii. 38-9).

"Escape for thy life." There is danger ahead. "Flee from the wrath to come," else death may overcome you. Enter the door of mercy ere it is closed. "Now the door is open, enter while you may."

The Haven Won. By One Who Had Braved Many an Ocean Voyage.

LIFE may be viewed in many figurative ways; but, perhaps, in none more vividly and suggestively than in that of an ocean to be crossed ere the land which lies beyond is reached—that land, to the believer, the heavenly shore, and to be there with Christ, the end of his brightest anticipations.

But how much uncertainty we meet with in the minds of even true believers! How many are satisfied with hoping for salvation only! Scripture, on the contrary, shows the certainty of the believer's hope—because it rests upon the word of God. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner is for us entered, even Jesus" (Heb. vi. 19, 20).

"'Tis finished!—here our souls have rest;
His work can never fail."

The subject of this narrative had been employed for many years on one of the ocean steamers. After a time his health broke down, and at last he was laid upon a bed of sickness. Night and day, rest for him in a reclining posture was impossible. A wild storm had truly swept around him, encircling him with irresistible power. To look at him was but to see his days were already numbered; and the desire was naturally awakened to ascertain what his thoughts were about the future.

He listened attentively to one or two portions

of Scripture, but did not appear able to appropriate them to himself. A little conversation followed, which interested me very much in his case; and I left him with the words of our Lord, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent" (John vi. 29).

He seemed glad to be visited, and took an increasing interest in the little books lent him, or in listening to those who spoke to him of the Lord Jesus Christ and His salvation; but natural reserve hindered his giving expression to his own thoughts in any way.

The nature of his illness made him aware that life was fast ebbing; and once, when referring to this, I earnestly asked him if, when he left this life, he would go to the home above, but he could only answer that he "hoped so."

What satisfaction is there in *hoping* only, in the face of such a stern reality as death? What if such a hope is not to be realised? Was it to him a sure and certain hope, or was it merely an indefinite expression about something that might be missed after all?

The whole question was, what was the foundation of his hope? On whom and on what was he resting? Was it on Christ—on His finished work—on His perfect sacrifice? I believed that such was the case, but longed for definite assurance, that for him to depart would be to be "with Christ."

On another occasion, lying open upon the bed, was a hymn-book, which he had been reading. He directed my attention to the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," as a favourite with him.

Doubtless the style of it was very suggestive to one who had braved many an ocean voyage. The storm and the raging waves were alike familiar to him. He knew, too, the joy of reaching a haven—of being safe in port. I read the hymn aloud, slowly to him, and, as I came to the lines

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than all in Thee I find."

I felt how great was the reality which those two short lines conveyed. Here he had found rest. In Christ he had peace, and, in the prospect of going to be with Christ, joy.

Surely we may all do well to ponder the lines of my poor friend's favourite hymn! They speak to us of Jesus, Who can meet the need of every human heart—of Him Who alone can satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with goodness (see Ps. cvii. 9)—of Him Who died, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Say not, "My case is peculiar—my need is beyond

His reach." Jesus says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

Rest? Yes; in its fullest, widest sense, *rest*. Rest of heart—rest of conscience—all that a sin-burdened conscience needs—all from which a heavy-laden heart desires deliverance. A present rest for all who look to Him as their Saviour—for all who trust in the value of His precious blood to wash away their sins.

Studies in the "Fear
Not" of the Bible.

A Fear Not for the Lonely.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee."—ISA. xli. 10.

"ARE you there, mamma?"

The children had been some time in bed. All was quiet in the home, with the mother alone in the kitchen sewing. Suddenly a wee voice was heard at the top of the stairs: "Are you there, mamma?" One of the little ones could not sleep, and, troubled at the quietness below, feared they were alone. On being assured that mother was indeed present the timid little one went off again to bed and was soon fast asleep.

You doubt the existence of God. Is there any wonder, when you have never taken the trouble to go to the stairs and inquire "Are you there?" You have read, and meditated, and considered with others on this matter, airing your musty old views, but you have never seriously inquired directly of Him. Shame on you! If you will but seek Him He will assuredly manifest Himself to you. Or may be you are a true christian. For long He has been a blessed reality. But there has not been much traffic between Heaven and your soul of late, and He seems to have withdrawn His presence, and there is a strange and ominous silence. "Are you there, Lord?" Is that your heart-broken inquiry? Here is His answer: "Fear thou not; for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will hold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." Oh the blessedness of that gracious presence!

This is one of the most familiar of texts; this is one of the most familiar of truths. But do we live up to it? Ah, that is quite another matter. If I am truly born of His Spirit, and a member of the family of faith, having my sins pardoned, and, justified by faith, am a partaker of the Divine nature, then He is with me. This is a fact, whether I have the enjoyment of that presence or no. We must depend less on moods

The Springing Well;

and more on facts. Moods are transient whilst facts remain. And the enjoyment of the fact depends very largely on its clear and persistent recognition. You **FEEL** the Lord has forsaken you, and you are greatly troubled. But what saith the Lord? Listen, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "Fear not, for I am with thee." It is wonderful to think that He is within call. It is glorious to think that I can go to the foot or head of the stairs, and, in response to my inquiry, "Are you there, Lord," hear His voice saying, "Fear thou not." But this message for the lonely one means infinitely more than that He is within call; its full significance is that He is by my side. And He is with me to "strengthen," to impart strength; to "help"—to be of practical service; to "uphold"—to accompany and support us daily in the heavenly pilgrimage.

This was the Lord's most repeated message to His people. For it was not only what they needed most, but also what they needed to be reminded most of.

THIS WAS HIS MESSAGE TO A BACKSLIDDEN PEOPLE.

Israel had been carried away captive. The Lord had been compelled so to chastise them. But if He had felt it necessary to send them into captivity *He had gone with them into that foreign land, and was sharing their hardships and heart-breaks.*

And all the while they were unaware of that gracious presence. Having forsaken Him they thought they were forsaken of Him. But they were mistaken. He was sharing the strokes He had been compelled to lay so heavily upon them. He had gone with them into captivity, and was near enough to not only hear but help.

Through Caleb and Joshua

THIS WAS HIS MESSAGE TO FAINT-HEARTED AND FEARFUL ISRAEL

at Kadesh Barnea (Numb. xiv. 9). And the recognition of this was the secret of their own unflinching confidence. They passed the message on, but it was unheeded, hence the judgment of the forty years aimless wanderings in the desert.

This was His message to a

CHRISTIAN WORKER ABOUT TO UNDERTAKE SERIOUS RESPONSIBILITIES

(Deut. xxxi. 8). What a stupendous task awaited Joshua! Not merely was the task huge owing to the fact that he had to lead three millions of people, but because he had to succeed one so great as Moses. But the Lord's presence was his sufficiency.

This was His message to a peace-maker WHO FELT HIS LONELINESS IN THE MIDST OF ENEMIES

(Gen. xxvi. 24). What a splendid peace-maker Isaac was, to be sure, but what need there was just then of a cheery word from his Lord. And that comforting word was given.

Yes; His presence with us is a fact. Do we live up to that fact? If we did, for one thing, there would be freedom from anxiety. How often we quote Phil. iv. 5 to 7: "Be careful for nothing," or as R.V. "In nothing be anxious." This freedom from carking care seems impossible. But read on: "The Lord is at hand," i.e., "THE LORD IS CLOSE-BY YOU," a reference not only to His imminent advent, but to His present nearness. A sea captain, who had just arrived from a voyage, said: "We had a terrible storm coming up Channel. I was on the bridge continually; but when the pilot came on board I went straight to bed, and in two minutes I was sound asleep." Precisely. The presence of the pilot made all the difference in the world. But our Heavenly Pilot is already on board. Shall we not recognise that gracious presence and find relief from overwhelming care!

ROBERT LEE.

A Word for the Heavy-Laden.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."—Ps. lv. 22.

THY BLESSED WORD! IT CHEERS MY HEART;

Thou Lord, Thy people wilt sustain:
They may with all their burdens part,
And peace and rest from Thee obtain.

THY BLESSED WORD! WHAT COMFORT SPRINGS

Therefrom, when troubles would dismay:
Love's choicest gifts to me it brings,
And fear and torment takes away.

THY BLESSED WORD! WHAT TONGUE CAN TELL

Its sweetness, and its glory bright?
Its certainties my doubts dispel
And turn my darkness into light.

THY BLESSED WORD SHALL STAND SECURE

When heaven and earth shall pass away:
Firm as Thy throne it will endure
Throughout the everlasting day.

THEN CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD,

And His sustaining grace enjoy:
Thy Saviour is the Living Word,
So let His praise thy lips employ.

W. J. E. M.

"Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus" (Phil. iv. 6, 7).

The Two Boys Again, and How They Met in London.

I.

THIS paper, which we desire, above all things, to be a messenger bringing life and light and blessing to our readers, is evidently noted by thousands of kind friends in our own and other lands. Already quite a number have written expressing great gratification through the perusal of our article on Donati's Comet of 1858. It surely tells of God's goodness that, after all this lapse of time, these kind correspondents can tell of having witnessed the amazing sight in the heavens, just as we endeavoured to describe it.

One of our most esteemed helpers says: "Mrs. E. and I were permitted to see the great comet in all its grandeur and beauty," and another says: "You have not at all exaggerated the glory and impressiveness of the wonderful scene, on the same night that Arcturus shone through the halo around the 'weird wanderer,' as you singularly call it. I stood on a very high cliff overlooking the sea. I can realise what the effect must have been to the 'two boys' as they watched it from the broad expanse of the beautiful common; but I really think the effect was even more awe-inspiring as I saw it; for the 'curving fronds' appeared to spread over the surface of the quiet waters so completely that the vivid reflection could be traced far away over the undulating waves. You have brought the recollection of it most vividly before my mind, and it makes me think how wonderfully good God has been to you and to me since that memorable night; for, without a doubt, as the 'two boys' were swinging on the gate and gazing on the startling sight, I, too, in my Northern home, was watching, with the same keen interest, at the very same time, the marvellous phenomenon as it appeared within the range of my vision." We have, moreover, had several letters asking what occurred on the night of November 13th, 1866, to which we referred in the article. Well, we ought to have been more explicit; but we really alluded to an extraordinary display of meteors, called the Leonids, that burst forth from the constellation Leo on that eventful occasion. They flashed out in countless numbers from this radiant point in the heavens. It was a never-to-be-forgotten sight in our own land, and voyagers tell us that, as they crossed the Atlantic, the very heavens seemed to be on fire with the myriads of illuminants as they came within the radius of the earth's rapid orbit. We hope to

be able to give an illustration which may help to give some impression of the wonderful scene.

II.

Now we will tell a little more about the "two lads who were swinging on a gate," for one writing says: "We shall be looking out for the further happy reminiscences of past days that you promise." The two boys were companions and friends for some time after their little controversy on the common. Both of them, although living in that isolated country village, were bent on the acquisition of good and useful knowledge. Splendidly instructive books were made accessible to them by the friend to whom reference has already been made, and the writer especially was at this time particularly indebted to another, whose intense interest in his welfare will never be forgotten. Second only to his beloved parents, this teacher exercised an undoubted influence in promoting the spiritual and mental welfare of his young pupil. Looking back over all these years, he can assuredly say that, at that time, there was indelibly implanted in his heart the love of everything true and pure and beautiful.

The companion of whom I have written was taken at an early age to work with his father in a large timber yard. The other "boy" also soon left the lovely country abode, and for several years lived in a neighbouring country town. They seldom met after this separation, but now and then tidings reached his old friend that Willie had denied the truths in which he once professed to believe and had followed his unhappy parent in paths of scepticism and definite unbelief.

The writer, during the several years of his residence and occupation in that favoured little country town, can look back upon them with thankfulness and exceeding pleasure, for not only were there splendid facilities for profitable reading and study—advantages that have proved of supreme value to him ever since—but during this period of his young manhood he was, through wondrous mercy, given to know himself a sinner in the presence of a Holy God, to accept Christ Jesus as his Saviour, to have the knowledge of Salvation through the infinite value of Christ's One Atoning Sacrifice on the Cross, and to confess the Lord Jesus publicly as Lord. The verse in Romans x. had a great effect upon his soul then: "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."

The matchless efficacy of the Blood shed for

The Springing Well;

sinner on Calvary's Tree has been the writer's boast from that day to this, and is the foundation whereon his soul can rest with confidence for Time and for Eternity. It would be easy to write much concerning these well-remembered years, but we cannot linger, except to say that good men still seemed desirous of exercising a salutary influence over the young disciple. A young man, who in later years became the celebrated DR. DALLINGER, ministered then the word of God with purity and power; and so did another equally famous man, Professor Newth. The encouragement the writer received then is now recalled with the deepest gratitude.

III.

But a day came when a crisis arrived in the young man's life-story, for he was invited to join a prospecting party and to proceed to Peru! A gentleman he had met professed to appreciate the energy and activity exhibited, and it was arranged that the writer should leave his occupation and join him, the chief of the company, in London, previous to the date named for the departure for South America.

Never can I forget the morning when, very, very early, I arose to be ready to leave the simple country home for the great Metropolis. My beloved Mother's eyes were red with weeping. Very little sleep had she known that night! We knelt together in the quiet back room, her gentle arm thrown around her boy, and she prayed! Oh, how she prayed! that God would take care of him and guide him, and that, wherever he might go, or whatever might be before him, he would, in all and every circumstance, be true and faithful to Christ, and feed upon God's Holy Word. Then in the quiet morning, before the town's-people were astir, she walked with him to the end of the narrow street. Once more she threw her arms around her son, tenderly kissed him and stood, with straining eyes, looking after him until a turn in the path shut him out from view.

But how easy it is to arrange and plan, and perhaps, like Jacob of old, to scheme. Man "proposes" indeed; but God often assuredly "disposes," and so He did in this instance. Hopes beat high in the prospect of an adventurous future, coupled with a somewhat advantageous appointment; but for certain reasons the leader resigned his commission, and those he had nominated withdrew with him from the proposed expedition. This left the writer, as some would say, stranded in London; but it was not so. It is grand to be able to say that,

from that very moment, now over fifty years ago, God Himself has been a greater reality to the soul than He ever was before. As I left the great hotel where the matter had been decided, I turned my eyes, like Nehemiah, to "the God of Heaven," asking Him to guide my steps. Like Moses, too, I cried to God as I walked along the crowded street, saying "SHOW ME NOW THY WAY"; and as I threaded the pavements, so strange to me then, the spirit of a hymn came chiming into my heart. Not the actual words, but the sense of them.

"I cannot read His future plans,
But this I know:
I have the smiling of His face
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below."

My disappointment was keen and serious for a little while, but I soon rose above it, and determined, God helping me, to trust Him. I resolved to ask Him to actually guide my feet that day, and before the sun set, I was directed for counsel and guidance to one through whom I was led to adopt that path, I hope of usefulness, which I have pursued ever since.

Just like Daniel of old, I could say, "Whiles I was speaking and praying" the answer came; and as it is given in Isaiah, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not! I will help thee."

Space prevents me telling in this issue how God's hand was stretched forth on behalf of the young stranger in London; but I hope to be able to do so in our next, and to mention the circumstances under which I met again the other "boy" who was swinging on the gate on the common in Anno Domini, 1858.

"God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides us with unerring Hand,
Some time with fearless eyes we'll see,
And fully then we'll understand."

Pinnacle Saints in Danger.

SATAN likes to get God's saints on a pinnacle. It is a dangerous place for a mortal man to occupy. Few stay there long. Falls frequently follow being on high elevations. If we need grace for trials, we need a double supply for prosperity. Who does not like prosperity? But how few can bear it. Yet what we all like naturally is our greatest danger spiritually. It is not every saint of God who, being on a pinnacle, straightway goes on his knees and takes the place of dependence on God. The spirit of prayer is the only security in the day of prosperity.

Words and Works of God.—No. 2.

"But all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."—EXOD. x. 23.

WHAT a glorious thing it would be if this could be said of all people throughout the earth! As believers in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, we have as many blessings given and promised to us as were showered down upon the children of Israel of old. Wherever we look in the Old Testament Scriptures we find something which may instruct us in the Words and Works of God. But we need eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to understand and obey, otherwise God's WORDS, whose entrance is intended to give LIGHT (Ps. cxix. 130), will blind our eyes, and His WORKS, which "are done in truth" (Ps. xxxiii. 4), will prove to be cursings rather than blessings.

Thus we read what Moses spake to the children of Israel just before he went up Mount Pisgah and died there: "All these blessings shall come on thee and overtake thee, if thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God. . . . But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all His commandments and His statutes which I command thee this day: that all these curses shall come upon thee. . . . Thou shalt grope at noonday, as the blind gropeth in darkness, and thou shalt not prosper in thy ways" (Deut. xxviii. 2—29).

In these and similar passages God is revealing the principles of His Government and Rule upon the earth, and it is important for us to recognise that the Scriptures are not only able to make us "wise unto salvation" (2 Tim. iii. 15), but also that they are given "for instruction in righteousness" (2 Tim. iii. 16).

In the very last book of the Scriptures we find a summing up of all God's dealings with mankind in such a passage as this: "Hallelujah" (which is the Hebrew for "*Praise ye the Lord*"); "Salvation and glory, and honour, and power, unto the Lord our God; for true and righteous are His judgments. . . . I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse; and He Who sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge" (Rev. xix. 1, 2, 11).

If we are like those of whom it is said, "Blessed is the man who heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My door" (Prov. viii. 34), or like Mary, "who sat at Jesus' feet, and heard His word" (Luke x. 39), we shall, as we obey His instructions, "know that Thou, Whose Name alone is JEHOVAH, art the Most High over all the earth" (Ps. lxxxiii. 18).

Everything that a man does or thinks or says, who does not believe in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ, and therefore does not daily ask God in the name of Jesus Christ for His guidance and blessing, has something in it, which is liable to bring sorrow and trouble either to himself or others.

On the other hand, God shows to us that those who believe in the Lord Jesus become blessings to others, according to their measure of faith, obedience, and faithfulness. When the Lord comes to judge the earth in righteousness He will make a difference "between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not," and those "who fear the Lord and that think upon His Name" He calls His "jewels" (Mal. iii. 16—18).

This is in accordance with what God said to Abraham: "I will bless thee . . . and thou shalt be a blessing" (Gen. xii. 2); and with what the Lord Jesus said to His disciples: "Ye are the salt of the earth. . . . Ye are the LIGHT of the world. . . . Let your LIGHT so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, Who is in heaven" (Matt. v. 13—16). Those who truly believe in the Lord Jesus, whose hearts are turned to God for His blessing, receive the Spirit and they bring forth fruit, as we read, "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (or "self-control") (Gal. v. 22, 23).

Do you remember what a blessing a little captive maid, who believed in the God of Israel, was to her master, Naaman? (2 Kings v.). Now the same thing is possible to-day. Only the other day an old christian lady, who lived in a boarding house, where nearly everybody seemed to be unbelievers and careless about the things of God, told me of the great comfort a little maid-servant had been to her. She was very young, only about seventeen or eighteen, but she had already turned to the Lord and believed in Jesus Christ, and she was so kind to this old lady (who spoke to her also about Jesus Christ). Thus the maiden was a blessing—a little bit of sunshine to the old lady in her loneliness. It made my heart glad to think of that young girl. May the Lord keep her, guide her, and bless her, and continue to make her a LIGHT wherever she goes, as she increases in the knowledge of God (Col. i. 10).

Let us never forget what lies before us, as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. It is that we may dwell in the City of God for ever, "which has no need of the sun, . . . for the glory of God 'will' LIGHTEN it, and the Lamb is the LIGHT thereof" (Rev. xxi. 23). w. h. a.

"Songs" or "Howlings," Which?

THE language of the Bible is very wonderful and very beautiful, and yet in a sense we ought not to wonder that it should be so, for the Author and Inspirer of the Bible is God the Holy Spirit, and He it was Who gave man the ability to think and the power to express his thoughts in language, both spoken and written.

The language of the Bible is very striking in every particular. To mention only one: The figures of comparison. These can scarcely fail to arrest attention. What more striking can be conceived than the contrasts, or comparisons—God and the World; Christ and the Devil; Life and Death; Light and Darkness; Heaven and Hell; Salvation and Destruction.

In these comparisons we have placed on the one side all that is worth possessing, and on the other side we have set against it the very opposite, and God tells us quite plainly we cannot have both.

Adam and Eve were under no delusion on this point. It was perfectly clear to them that obedience meant Life, disobedience meant Death (Gen. ii. 17). Moses was directed to repeat this solemn truth. He said (Deut. xxx. 19): "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death—blessing and cursing: therefore choose life that both thou and thy seed may live."

Joshua likewise insisted upon this truth. He said to Israel (Josh. xxiv. 15): "If it seem evil unto you to serve the Lord, choose you this day whom ye will serve, whether the gods which your fathers served, or the gods of the Amorites in whose land ye dwell. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

Elijah was also inspired to use this same figure of contrast (1 Kings xviii. 21) at the great assembly—when Baal's 450 false priests were arrayed against him. He said: "How long halt ye between two opinions, if the Lord be God, follow Him, but if Baal" (be a god), "then follow him."

There is no possibility of misunderstanding this plain and direct method of stating the point at issue. Clever advocates have been known to confuse a jury by introducing all manner of irrelevant matter into their speeches, when addressing the jury, in the hope of gaining a verdict for their side. It is not thus with God,—the Judge of all—He clearly puts the solemn issue before men and calls upon them to decide whether they will believe on the Lord Jesus and so receive Eternal Life, or whether they will reject Him and so reap Everlasting Woe.

When the apostle Paul visited Athens and

addressed that most learned gathering at the Areopagus (Acts xvii. 16—31) he was directed to set before his audience the Truth concerning that Saviour, Whom he knew, and loved and served, in opposition to (or contrast to) the host of base demons worshipped by the "polished" and "refined" literary people of Greece.

Now those who make the wise choice and seek God, Who has revealed Himself in the Lord Jesus—who seek Him, Who is Life—are those for whom there is reserved in heaven "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away" (1 Pet. i. 4). These sing a new song, saying "Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the seals thereof, for Thou wast slain and has redeemed us to God by Thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation" (Rev. v. 9). No man can learn this song but those who are redeemed (Rev. xiv. 3). It is the song which Moses sang. It is the song of praise to the Lamb. It declares "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of Saints" (Rev. xv. 3).

Christians are specially instructed to sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord, "and to exhort one another by means of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" (Eph. v. 19). It is plain beyond dispute that as the saints in heaven sing unto God and the Lamb, and that the substance of their song is "Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him Who sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever" (Rev. v. 13); so the same theme should be the subject of the psalms, hymns and spiritual songs sung by the saints upon this earth.

Who can truly, loyally, and lovingly sing a song of praise and thanksgiving unto the Lord Jesus—"the Lamb of God"—but such as have been brought to believe in Him? None. Now observe the contrast. Those who cannot sing shall howl. It is true there are many who take the Saviour's Name upon their lips and join in outward worship, but who have not turned to Him with all their heart. What does God say about such? Let us soberly listen to His words. They are most solemn. There is no misunderstanding them. "*The songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day*" (Amos. viii. 3). He Who came in love to save men repeated the same truth. He said though men make a great profession of religion, yet if they do not believe in Him to the saving of their soul, they will go away to everlasting punishment, where shall be *weeping and gnashing of teeth* (Matt. xxv. 41—46; Luke xiii. 24—28).

**As many as
touched Him
were made
whole!"**

(MARK VI. 56).

MANY a soul carries its burden to this hour, because there has not been the coming close to Christ Jesus in simple faith. Some are content to hear of His gracious works, others satisfy themselves by looking at Him, as it were from afar off, but the healed people, the saved people, have been content with nothing short of getting close to Christ each one for himself and herself.

We do not wonder at this; there is no room for surprise, the only surprise is that so few go to Him. Does it astonish us that we read of a dying thief being saved, or of a blasphemous man, a persecutor and injurious, being made a follower of the meek and lowly Lord? Or that we hear, in our own day, of the vilest and worst being "made whole," and living no more the life of sin, but living instead the life of faith? Do we lift up our eyes with amazement and say, "How can these things be?" By no means, for the Saviour is so wonderful, and His salvation is so complete, and the cleansing efficacy of His once shed blood is so perfect, that we know He can and does heal as many as come to Him.

"Whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch, if it were but the border of His garment." What a sight of power and of pity, of grace and misery! The Son of God, Who had come from heaven, surrounded with every type of human woe, and as He walks on, His heart moved in tenderness towards all, hundreds of weak hands stretch out, as it were to touch the very skirts of His garment? And if our eyes could but see, we should behold in this our gospel day the self-same Jesus Christ, the Son of God, moving amongst the longing and perishing children

Let Not Your Heart be Troubled.

T. O. SPIROLM.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. When wear-y with my bur-dens, When dark the day and long,
2. Like strains of dis-tant mu-sic, They fall up-on my heart,
3. "Let not your heart be troubled," Oh, thou who weep-est sore,
4. Oh, words of heav-'nly com-fort! Oh, balm for all un-rest!

These ten-der words of Je-sus Turn sad-ness in-to song:
Calm all its fev-ered beat-ing, Bid ev-'ry fear de-part.
Be-lieve in Christ's com-pas-sion, Be-lieve, and weep no more.
Dis-pel the gloom and sad-ness From ev-'ry trou-bled breast.

CHORUS.

"Let not your heart be troubled, Neith-er let it be a-fraid;

Ad lib.
Ye be-lieve in God, be-lieve al-so in me."
Ye be-lieve in God, the mighty God,

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of men, and we should see weak and helpless hands outstretched to touch Him, and "As many as touched Him were made whole."

Before the night closes in, and the Lord has passed by to return in mercy no more, oh! stretch out the hand of faith and touch Him.

"He Preached unto Him Jesus"—

ACTS viii. 35.

A DUSKY stranger from a far-off land
To worship at Jerusalem essayed;
And was returning; God's own Word in hand,
Perplexed he read, and sighed for human aid.
He read aloud; and one of God's choice men
Overheard, and joined that chariot on its way;
He grasped the situation first, and then
From the same Scripture, showed him Christ that day.

A Person, not a creed, he preached to him,
The Gospel in one dear, alluring Name;
Jesus,—whom prophets saw with vision dim,
Jesus,—meek bearer of earth's sin and shame.
The seeker heart, believed, and home returned
With greater treasure than he held for Queen
And country; since his eager heart had learned
The secret faith's glad eyes alone have seen!

WINIFRED A. IVERSON.

**Up the Hill Difficulty.**

MOST people have been going up the Hill Difficulty of late, and we have by no means reached the top, yet. But a brave heart and a stout staff are capital aids in climbing. One of the members of the Band writes this word of testimony: "The past year has been a 'Hill Difficulty,' and this wonderful staff 'The Word' has helped me to climb on towards the Celestial City."

The workers in the Berean Band have not escaped the universal experiences. The war-years have been perplexing years for them also. And although it is not yet by any means easy travelling for this any more than for other christian enterprises, yet it is hoped that in the mercy of God, the activities of the Band will speedily resume the normal. With the return of the Spring season, even the steepes of Hill Difficulty begin to look green and inviting. *For lo, the winter is past . . . the flowers appear on the earth: the time of the singing of birds is come. Arise, and come away!*

There are two helps in the renewal of consecration and endeavour, for which Bereans at the moment praise God. The annual meeting in May has always been a time of refreshing. It ought not to be missed by Bereans living in London and suburbs, or by visitors to the metropolis. It will be a live meeting this year. Members of Branches are praying about it, and

looking forward to it. But the Supreme Help is not local, or fixed to one day. Like the wind that bloweth where it listeth, the Holy Ghost is untrammelled in His gracious operations. The Founder earnestly desires all Bereans to be much in prayer for the renewing of the Holy Ghost. Hill Difficulties will become level plains, when He gives power to the faint. The year has opened well for the Band, but it is still desirable to tell others about the advantages of joining the membership. A simple verse of the precious Word per week committed to memory, what a grand store at the year's end! And what a help all the year through!

The verses to be committed to memory during April are as follow:—

THE MESSAGE OF LIFE.

April 6.—Jer. xxi. 8.—The Two Ways.
.. 13.—Ezek. xviii. 32.—Turn and Live.
.. 20.—John iii. 14 and 15.—Believe and Live.
.. 27.—John x. 10.—Abundant Life.

Address all communications to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

"He is able to succour them that are tempted."—HEB. ii. 18.

Extract of a letter received from a young soldier when at the "Front":—

HE does all things well. He gives me sufficient grace to keep looking upwards. I cannot—no, don't know how to—express my heart for His great love and care over me. I am up in the trenches day after day, often for six days and nights at a time, through all dangers, and He brings me out each time as well as I went in.

He supplies my every need—strength for the hard fatigues and trials, grace to help me, and, best of all, "Blessed assurance of eternal life through His Son Jesus Christ."

A. C.

The Path of Faith.

"Thou compassest (or winnowest, marg.) my path."—Ps. cxxxix. 3.

SO whether on the hill-tops high and fair I dwell,
Or in the sunless valleys where the shadows lie,—
What matters—He is there.
And more than this, where'er the pathway leads—
He gives to me no broken helpless reed;
But His own hand sufficient for my need;
Where He leads me I can safely go,
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

M. I. D.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day" (Prov. iv. 18).

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

No. 4.—Gates.

LONDON was once a walled city with gates, still remembered by the names Newgate, Aldgate or Oldgate, Moorgate, Bishopsgate, Cripplegate, Foregate, Aldersgate, and Ludgate. Shall we turn from these to some Bible gates?—

A RICH MAN'S GATE.—Here a poor beggar was laid (Luke xvi. 20); and from that gate he was carried by angels to the bosom of Abraham.

"Follower of Jesus, scanty though thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures, wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;
Oh, the change that's coming by-and-by!"

A NARROW GATE.—"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it" (Matt. vii. 13, 14). Open, though narrow, and wide enough for any sinner to enter. A gate into salvation, life, joy, peace, love, and heaven.

AN IRON GATE.—Where the angel brought Peter out of prison: "When they were past the first and the second ward, they came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out, and passed on through one street; and forthwith the angel departed from him" (Acts xii. 10). This was a gate out of captivity, danger and death. Jesus is able to open all enemy gates.

A CLOSED GATE.—When Peter came to the house where his friends were praying he had to knock: "And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in, and told how Peter stood before the gate" (Acts xii. 13, 14). Some even in the Church do not believe in the conversion of children, and would keep them outside. This is unbelief.

A BEAUTIFUL GATE.—"And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple" (Acts iii. 2). When

Peter and John came along, this became a gate of healing, which enabled the lame man to both worship and work.

A SEPARATING GATE.—"For the bodies of those beasts, whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin, are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. Let us go forth



THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY PLAY-GATE.

therefore unto Him without the camp, bearing His reproach" (Heb. xiii. 11—13). If I am a follower of Jesus, I must go outside and keep outside many gates.

A WATCHED GATE.—When Saul was converted in Damascus he began to preach: "And after that many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel to kill him: But their laying await was known of Saul. And they watched the gates day and night to kill him. Then the disciples took him by night, and let him down by the wall in a basket" (Acts ix. 23—25). No enemy can capture any of God's children unless God so wills it.

A PEARL GATE.—John saw a beautiful city, "and the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl" (Rev. xxi. 21). Fancy, one pearl large enough to be a gate! Get your hymn-books and let us sing:—

"The beautiful gates will unfold,
The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
The city of saints I'll behold:
For oh, there's a welcome for me!"

Now take your slate, or a piece of paper, and write:—

- 1 Rich man's gate. Beggary at the world's gate.
- 1 Narrow gate. Entrance into God's gate.
- 1 An Iron gate. Liberty out of Satan's gate.
- 1 A Closed gate. Admission at the Church's gate.
- 1 A Beautiful gate. Healing at the Temple gate.
- 1 A Separating gate. Outside of Society's gate.
- 1 A Watched gate. Beware of the enemy's gate.
- 1 A Pearl gate. Safety beyond Heaven's gate.

The Cross of Christ.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

THE Cross of the Saviour stands firmly for ever,
Light streams from it always that lost ones may see;

This day may the grace of His infinite merit
Be breathed by His Spirit, the sin-cursed set free.

What joy for all sorrowing sin-stricken mortals!
Who trustingly look to the Man on the tree;
Believing for life on a dying Redeemer,
They pass from the ranks of the bound to the free.

A dying Redeemer, no lesser atonement,
Could ever avail for the sins of our race;
His Blood, and His only, could cleanse our defilement,
And sweep from God's vision sin's terrible trace.

"Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher
of faith; Who for the joy that was set before
Him, endured the cross, despising the shame"
(Heb. xii. 2).

II. RUNN.

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

"Give a portion to seven, and also to eight."—Eccl. xi. 2.

WE are grateful for kind help rendered to this
Fund and for the help sent for poor Belgian
Believers.

	£	s.	d.
"For His Sake," 2s. 6d.; "Prov. iii. 9."			
Wimbledon, 7s. 6d. ..	0	5	0
Swampscott, U.S.A. ..	0	5	0
J., Miss A., Auckland ..	0	10	0
From Felixstowe Assembly, per J. D., for Poor Belgian Assemblies ..	4	0	0

For Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Deaf and Dumb and Blind.

	£	s.	d.
A. A. B., St. C., Ontario. In Memory of			
"Edith" ..	1	0	0
"John iii. 16." ..	0	10	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE thank our gracious Father for His goodness
in permitting us to receive such contingent
help from our many friends this month. From New
Zealand, Australia, Canada, the United States and
other lands, as well as from the Home countries,
beautiful letters have reached us telling of loving
fellowship and sympathy for the suffering, the poor and
the lonely people of God. We are exceedingly thankful
that He enables us to extend our circle of usefulness
through the medium of this paper and we pray, indeed,
that God's holiest blessings may be with each beloved
giver.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the
Very Poor.)

"He shall deliver the needy when he crieth."—
Ps. lxxii. 12.

PERHAPS above all we have abundant cause for
gratitude in reference to this Fund. For years
certain earnest helpers have never forgotten it and
their liberal donations have enabled us to help poor,
lonely and sometimes sorrowing saints of God. We
acknowledge with thankfulness the receipt of amounts
this month as under —

	£	s.	d.
Swampscott, U.S.A. ..	1	4	1
E. F. M., Queensland ..	0	15	0
J. H. and M. J., Worcester, 5s.; "Rezmil," 7s. ..	0	12	0
J., Miss A., Auckland ..	0	10	0
Christchurch, N.Z. From dear Saints of God and Mr. J. Fisher ..	5	0	0
E. J., Army Post Office ..	0	5	0
E. L., £5 5s.; B. J. L., N. Cerney, 10s. ..	5	15	0
Jubilee Home, Woolston, Christchurch, New Zealand. From aged Poor Friends, per Miss Cleaverley ..	2	0	0
"John iii. 16," 10s.; W. J. L. S., 6d. ..	0	10	6

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin ..	0	7	6
A. F. V., B. Columbia ..	0	10	0
"John iii. 16." ..	0	10	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"And Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands."— Ex. xvii. 12. ..			
E. L. ..	3	3	0
E. W., Sheffield ..	0	2	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"John iii. 16," 10s.; A. J. V., B. Columbia, 10s. 5d. ..	0	16	5
W., Bridgend ..	0	2	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed
to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster
Row, London.

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THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

**Edward Ashton;
or, A Brand
Plucked from
the Burning.**

IN a small village within thirty miles of London stands Edward Ashton's cottage, and a year or two ago, when the weather was fine, an invalid might often have been seen, seated in an easy chair outside the door, enjoying, as well as he was able, the sweet, fresh country air and pleasant sunshine—God's gifts alike to rich and poor. There was a rice garden adjoining the cottage, and, as long as his strength permitted, it was poor Frank Ashton's delight to attend to the fruit trees and vegetables with which it was well stocked. He had not always been an invalid, but, alas! his health and strength had been wasted in the service of sin. He had drunk deeply of the so-called pleasures of the world, and now he was tasting their bitter dregs. He was the son of a christian mother, the child of many prayers, and though his mother did not live to see those prayers answered, she died believing her son would yet be brought to the Saviour. Frank had led a wandering life, many of his early years having been passed in Australia, India, China, and other countries. At length, while in South
S.W.



"HE WAS THE SON OF A CHRISTIAN MOTHER, THE CHILD OF MANY PRAYERS. . . SHE DIED BELIEVING HER SON WOULD YET BE BROUGHT TO THE SAVIOUR."

America, he was seized with sickness, against which his constitution, enfeebled by excess, could not stand; and while there in an hospital during many weary months, longings for his native land and the dear ones who loved him

filled his soul ! How many vain regrets for his past wasted life harassed his mind ! Many times even in the midst of sinful pleasures thoughts of eternity and future judgment had filled him with terror, and often had he resolved to lead a better life ; but these resolutions made in his own strength were soon broken.

While lying in the hospital racked with pain, and far away from his native land, his sin and folly appeared in their true colours, and great was his distress of soul. At length, having sufficiently recovered, he was able to set out on his homeward voyage. Somewhat invigorated by the fresh sea breezes, Frank once more landed in England, and eagerly bent his steps to the home he had left so long ago ; but, oh, the bitterness of his disappointment when he found that home broken up, and the loved ones he had yearned to see—gone !

Heartsick and ill, he next sought out the dear elder brother, who had shared all his boyish joys and sorrows, and whose warnings he had so often rejected. The brother's door was at once thrown open to receive the poor wanderer, and a welcome accorded, which was balm to his almost broken heart. There Frank made his home. At first hopes were entertained that he would in time grow strong again, and all that affection could suggest was done ; but it soon became evident that his time on earth would be short. He thought very bitterly of the past, of mercies slighted, of warnings rejected, of health, strength, youth, manhood—all spent in the service of Satan. Oh, what a wasted life ! One who loved him and longed for his salvation, looking at his shrunken form, almost transparent hands, and the expression of suffering on his face, exclaimed, "Oh, Frank, the way of transgressors is hard !"

"Ah," replied the poor fellow, with deep earnestness, "I have found it so."

The glorious gospel of God's free salvation was often put before him, but he could not believe it was for *him*. He would say, "I do believe that Jesus is the Saviour of sinners ; that He died on the cross for sin ; but I cannot be sure that He has saved *me*. I cannot realise that He is *my* Saviour. I have been a GREAT sinner, and even now I am afraid that, if I were to get well, I should fall again into sin ; I have made so many resolutions, and broken them all. Will the Lord Jesus save me *now*, when I have served the devil till I could serve him no longer ?" "Yes," was the answer. "Christ Jesus is ready to receive ALL who come unto Him. He will save even the devil's cast-aways, as one has said." Yet still poor Frank's

mind was clouded by doubts ; he could not look off from *himself* on to Christ, so could not get peace for his troubled soul.

The poor invalid grew daily weaker ; less and less often was he seen in the garden among the trees and flowers, and soon he could not walk at all. His brother watched over him with the tenderest care, anticipating every wish. When no longer able to walk, Edward would carry him downstairs, and place him in his favourite seat outside the door in the sunshine, where he would watch for his brother's return from business at meal times, when he was again taken in those strong, kind arms, and borne back to his room.

The end drew near. Frank was carried up to bed *for the last time*. Yet still he could not say *assuredly* that *he was saved* ! A few hours before his death he said, "Edward, it is all over ; I am dying." "Oh, Frank, are you saved ? Can you trust your soul to Christ, the sinner's Friend ?" Still there was no reply, only that yearning gaze from those blue eyes, now so strangely bright. "Edward, pray for me," and Edward sent up earnest petitions, with strong crying, to the throne of grace for the soul so soon to enter eternity. At length came the gracious answer so long delayed—a look of joy beamed on the dying face. "Yes, yes," he cried, "I see it now : Christ died for sinners, and I *know* He died for *me*. Now I can die happy ; I am saved." "Are you quite sure, Frank ?" said Edward, bending over him. "Yes, quite sure ; I am quite happy. Give me both your hands, Edward. Keep close beside me. I *know* Jesus died for me. I am saved." Then he lay quite quiet, both his brother's hands clasped in his poor wasted ones, and with those large bright eyes fixed on the face he loved best on earth, a calm, happy smile lighting up his face, he awaited the summons to depart. Thus the solemn moments passed on, and Edward only knew, by the glazing of those eyes and the relaxing of the hands which held his own, that all was over. The gentle breathing had ceased—the spirit had departed. "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning ?"

But though we rejoice in this instance of God's mercy in thus saving a soul at the eleventh hour we can but deplore those long years of life spent in the service of Satan. Many there are, like poor Frank, who are rushing on in the broad road to destruction, the bond slaves of Satan. They vainly believe they are enjoying *freedom*, but they are in reality *slaves* of sin. The road to hell may look pleasant at the outset, for the devil takes care to strew it with temptations to

lead the poor victim on to his ruin : but he finds, sooner or later, like poor Frank, that " the way of transgressors is hard " (Prov. xiii. 15). How *unsatisfying* are all worldly pleasures ! They never quench the thirst of any who drink of them. How *fleeting*, too ! A moment, and they are past, leaving a sting behind. Oh, be wise in time ! Go to the fountain of living waters ! There is *nothing* satisfying in this poor world ; but in Christ *all* fulness dwells—His service is perfect freedom. Oh, come to Jesus !—He will receive you, He will pardon, He will bless you. Do not delay. To-morrow may be too late ; to-morrow may never dawn for you. " *Now* is the accepted time ; *now* is the day of salvation."

More yet concerning the "Two Boys" of 1858.

I.

I ENDED the story last month by stating what a disappointment came over my plans about leaving this country for Peru, I told how I traversed the streets wondering what should be my next step. A beautiful scripture gave me much cheer and encouragement. It came into my soul with great power, and I was surprised that I could remember the words so precisely, but they came right into my very heart as a message from God, to the lonely stranger lad in London. These were the words, kind reader, and I have never forgotten them since that far-off day.

" I WILL INSTRUCT THEE, AND TEACH THEE IN THE WAY WHICH THOU SHALT GO : I WILL GUIDE THEE WITH MINE EYE."—Ps. xxxii. 8.

The reader may smile, but so powerfully did this verse operate in my heart, that I actually looked down to my feet and asked the Lord just to guide them in the way He would have them go, and so He did. I had no special direction in my mind ; but I remembered a good man, of whom I had often heard, through a friend, but had never seen. This was Mr. Edwyn Shipton, the then Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. Almost instinctively I wended my way to his office in Aldersgate Street, and had such an interview with him that afternoon, in his private room, that there is no doubt it tended, under God's guidance, to change entirely the tenor and purpose of my life. Edwyn Shipton was a grand man of God, and he spoke to me about Christ and about the glory of the true christian life in burning earnestness, as though he had a large congregation, instead of only one lonely lad in London.

As our interview ended he handed me a letter

addressed to W. H. Broom, a publisher of Paternoster Row. I never knew what the communication contained ; but it secured an immediate consideration from this remarkable personality, I remember well when I met him. I was at first a little perturbed by his brusque, almost eccentric attitude, but there was something about his kindly genial face that attracted me and led me to trust him. Almost the first words he addressed to me were these, " Then you are a christian, are you ? Mr. Shipton says you are. How do you know that you really are one." " Well, sir," I replied, as best I could, " I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth, and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord." I noticed quite a merry twinkle in the



THE ABOVE IS A VERY INADEQUATE REPRESENTATION OF THE METEOR DISPLAY OF NOVEMBER 13TH, 1866.

good man's eye as he listened to this answer and then he further inquired, " Where do you find that in the Bible ? " For a moment or two I was embarrassed, when I remembered my answer came from the Apostles' Creed and not from the Bible at all. However, this beloved man seemed to appreciate the reality of my soul, and before the sunset that autumn evening it was decided that I should join his business, come to his home as one of his family, and possess his absolute and complete confidence. This no doubt seems wonderful after such a brief acquaintance, but I want to bear an earnest tribute to the finest

christian man and gentleman I have ever met in all my long and eventful life. This W. H. Broom I lived with for years. I knew him perfectly, I loved him with all my heart and can truly, *truly* say, in his unseen life, in his record only known to God and to those, like myself, in very intimate association with him, he proved himself to be one of the noblest-minded christian men that ever breathed. He was eccentric. Many did not understand him. The reticence of his character seemed singular; but the supreme desire of his heart was to commend Christ and to encourage the study of the word of God.

His house was a perfect rendezvous for young men. Hundreds of whom, like the writer, have had reason to bless God for having been brought under the teaching and influence of this unique servant of the Lord. I look back to those days with profound interest. It was then the Bible assumed a new character to me. It spoke to me, not as so many isolated texts, but as God's Word in all its dispensational and inerrant testimony from Genesis to Revelation. The memory of those profitable years can never be effaced, so indelibly was the Word of Truth rooted in my mind and heart and soul. I am proud to be able to place on record that I knew and loved this good man in closest Christian intimacy, until in his mellowed old age he was called home and rested from his labours here. Are there any who may read these lines who will be interested to know that it was during the period of my residence in this wonderful christian dwelling that I became acquainted with very many notable men, who frequently assembled there for Bible readings and other christian gatherings and which I was invariably privileged to attend? Sir Edward Denny was often present to explain his charts, and sometimes to read one of his spiritual and lovely hymns. G. V. Wigram was there, the man of mighty learning, and yet so simple and beautiful in his ministry that the children could follow his teaching. Charles Stanley, in the midst of all his great Gospel activities, would come occasionally. E. P. Pressland with his splendid model of the Tabernacle constantly had crowded gatherings. Trotter, Snell, Bellett, and the man of the golden countenance Andrew Miller were now and then, amongst the helpers, and many more. Even, very rarely came John Nelson Darby. An extraordinary man, in physique, in knowledge and spiritual power, I used to look at his muscular thick-set neck, and think how wonderfully God had built up the man for his stupendous work and to enable him to carry on his missionary labours all over the world. He was at heart a

kindlier personage than many believed, and especially was he a friend of the young man. Let me give one example. Some very cribbed and cabined brethren were very much upset because the writer had helped in christian effort at the Field Lane Ragged School. These unwise sectaries spoke to J. N. Darby about the necessity of excluding me from their fellowship, because of this, but the old man came to see me and this was the conversation that transpired. "Well," said he, "what is this I am told about you? I hear you are going to a Ragged School to work for the Lord. Is it true, Alfred?" I answered "Yes, sir, it is quite true." Then he inquired, "Well, what are you going to do? because they say they can have no fellowship with you." "Well, sir," I answered again, "I am very sorry; but I began the little service when first I came to London and I do not feel disposed to give it up." He seemed intensely interested when I told him how we walked along the corridors, reading aloud the 15th Luke and other chapters, so that the poor occupants of the cubicles could hear the story of the prodigal and of God's great welcome for the returning sinners, and so it may astonish readers when I tell what the great man, in his gruff but kindly voice, said, "Go on, young brother, go on, and may God bless you," and he added, these were his exact words, "They are a pack o' fools, take no notice of them. Connect your service, whatever it is, with Christ in glory, and not necessarily with His saints on earth and you will be all right." His words have ever since given me freedom and liberty for any humble service I can render for our Lord, wherever He may call me to do it. As I write I can feel the impression of that strong right hand, given as he bade me farewell and asked the Lord to bless "my young friend" as he graciously called me.

11.

A time came when I left the service of my dear friend, W. H. Broom, and began that particular sphere of service that has continued surely with the blessing of God resting upon it from that day to this.

I pass over the intervening period until just twenty years after the two boys were swinging on the gate. During 1878, on a Sunday about mid-day, a stranger called at our abode. I went to the door, and there stood my former companion. I scarcely recognised him; for he was certainly the most lamentable object I had ever looked upon. Talk about a devil's castaway, he certainly had all the appearance of one. Very thin and ill-clad, he was the very picture of

misery. I found he had been for a long time in America. There amidst all the babel of voices and creeds he had endeavoured to find a solution to some of the problems that troubled his soul ; but at last he turned again to the Homeland and found his way back as a minder of cattle on a ship, but, poor fellow, he had no rest. He was cared for and spoken to earnestly about Eternity, but still the rebel heart refused to receive the message of life and peace and blessing. He returned to the old home, and there continued the unsatisfactory speculations of a reasoning sceptic. Meanwhile nearly another twenty years had to come or go before the light of Christ Jesus our Lord broke in upon his soul. Possibly, please God, in a future issue I may tell how this was brought about.

III.

I promised to give pictorially some idea of the appearance of the meteors in 1866. I am not able to obtain a very satisfactory view of that wonderful sight ; but such as it is I give in the illustration to this article.

Old Elborough the Stonebreaker; or, "A Gem of Priceless Value."

IN a quiet village in Gloucestershire there lived an aged cripple, poor, very poor, yet always contented and cheerful.

From his birth old Elborough had been deformed; and at the time of which I am speaking, when he was sixty-two, the old man might be seen at an early hour, shuffling along on two sticks to his daily work of stonebreaking. Summer and winter were alike to the old man ; seated on his heap of stones he sat methodically using his hammer.

Elborough was truly a cripple, for every part of his body seemed out of place. The passer-by might say, "Poor fellow, what a terrible specimen of humanity." But that unsightly shell contained a gem of priceless value, one which shall shine for the Lord in "the day when He comes to make up His jewels."

You had only to speak to the old stone-breaker of Jesus, and immediately his face lighted up with a peculiar joy, revealing, in a marked way, the workings of a soul "kept in perfect peace."

I often bent my steps to Elborough's stone-heap, to get refreshment and teaching from the humble christian, and in reply to my question, "Well, dear friend, what feast has the Lord given you to-day?"

"A sweet morsel, truly, 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He leadeth me

beside the still waters.' My cup runneth OVER as I try to reckon up His blessings. I lack nothing; only think of such love to such a poor unworthy creature as I am; it is almost too much to believe—but I *do* believe what He says, I dare not make Him a liar"—and so, from day to day, this simple-hearted child of God fed upon the Bread of Life, grew thereby, and was a shining light to all around. It was said, frequently, "Neighbour Elborough practises what *he* knows; if all were like him, there would be more of us turned," meaning converted.

The old man's knowledge of the Bible was wonderful, and, as with David, so it was his meditation day and night (Ps. i.). Before he left home he got his portion for meditation from the treasure-store of his heavenly Father; content with that, outward circumstances affected him but little.

Once I remember passing the old man in a snow-storm, and begging him to go home, for he suffered terribly from rheumatism at times. When he answered, "Ah, ah, ma'am, I did not see the storm was getting so bad, I've been in such a good land, and lying down in such green pastures, and been so close to Jesus, I could not see ought else." And so, from day to day, this life of faith was a living evidence that the blessings of christianity are not merely something to be enjoyed hereafter, but that "The kingdom of God is within you."

Fellow-christian, are we living up to our privileges? if not, why is it? What loss to us—what dishonour to Him Who bought us, and opened up to us the unsearchable riches which are ours, as we are His.

Happy Hymnal Strains.

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name."—
Ps. xcvi 8.

GLORY to the FATHER give,
 God in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight His ear.
Glory to the SON we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb for He was slain.
Hear we now a Voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given?
"Children, come," it seems to say;
"Give your hearts to Me to-day."
Lord, we would remember Thee,
While from pain and sorrow free;
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.

"I WILL REMEMBER THE WORKS OF THE LORD;
SURELY I WILL REMEMBER THY WONDERS OF OLD I
WILL MEDITATE ALSO OF ALL THY WORK, AND TALK OF
THY DOINGS" (Ps. lxxvii. 11, 12).

A Worthless Weaving.

THOSE who take everything for granted, without troubling to inquire whence they receive their comforts, are not to be envied. Such miss much valuable instruction.

The weaving industry is one of the most ancient occupations; perhaps the most ancient after agriculture.

Immediately after the Fall God clothed our first parents with coats of skins, but considering the wisdom and knowledge with which God had endowed Adam it is probable that Adam quickly provided Eve with some sort of weaving instrument.

Be this as it may, we definitely find it stated in Exodus xxxv. 35, that God gave special wisdom to certain men to weave the necessary materials required in connection with the tabernacle, and wise-hearted women set to work to spin with their hands fine linen and blue, purple and scarlet cloth (verse 25).

In the Book of Proverbs it is recorded that a good housewife makes a point of learning to spin in order that her household may have clothing, and that her house may be kept warm (Prov. xxxi. 19, 21, 22 etc.), and that she may have becoming attire for herself. Although it may be impossible literally to carry out these instructions to-day, owing to the facility with which machine-made goods are produced, yet the spirit of them needs to be carried out.

However fine and delicate some materials may be when they are exhibited as finished articles, it is yet absolutely essential that the *warp* and the *woof* should have at least a minimum strength. The fine and soft appearance of some silks is plain to every one, but all the same the constituent parts must have strength else they could not hold together or serve any useful purpose.

Perhaps the reader asks "Why all these particulars about cloth-making? they do not interest me." Possibly not, but—consider a moment: God complains in His Word that some of His *professing* people claim to "weave the spider's web," but He adds, "their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works," etc. (Isa. lix. 5—6).

God has been graciously pleased to speak to us on many occasions in figurative language, because, when rightly understood, figurative language (or language by means of a figure) is so powerful, so plain, and so easily remembered.

Now let us consider the circumstances under which God thus spake. The people of Israel had become tired of the true spiritual worship of God. They desired to be like the other nations. They

grew tired of a religion which constantly kept before them the reality of sin, and the sure need they had of a Saviour. They wanted a religion that would stupefy conscience, that would give them no anxiety of mind, but that would give them something to boast of and glory in before their fellows.

They presumed to act upon this desire and yet they expected God to bless them, to protect them, and grant them anything they chose to ask for, or rather demand.

To such evil conduct God could give no countenance. He said no diminishing of My power has occurred, My hand can reach just as far, and grasp just as firmly as formerly. I am as strong as ever to save, but your sins have separated between you and Me, and therefore I do not regard your prayers (Isa. lix. 1—2).

He then proceeded, in substance, to declare that there was no possibility of their standing accepted before Him except as they were clothed with the garments of salvation, that is, covered with the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus, as with a robe (Isa. lxi. 10).

Before they could be thus clothed they needed to be washed white as snow (Isa. i. 16—18). The song of the redeemed asserts this. They sing unto Him, "Who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5—6). None can sit down at God's blessed banquet without the "wedding garment" (Matt. xxii. 11).

The KING provides this, not the guests.

What Israel tried to do was to come to God with empty forms, and ceremonies and a heart full of the love of sin and the world. They keenly followed a religion of idolatry.

Israel has many followers now. Look at the "spider's-web-weavers" amongst all the professing churches! Teachers who reject the righteousness of the Lord Jesus and bid their hearers clothe themselves with an imaginary garment that can no more endure before God than can the mist before the mid-day sun. There is neither strength nor goodness in this human production. It cannot hold together. The real spider's web is as a chain of steel in comparison therewith.

Let none join with such, but gladly, thankfully receive His Gift, Who bids us all come to Him for "white raiment that we may be clothed" (Rev. iii. 18), and so made "accepted in the Beloved" (Eph. i. 6). "His Righteousness"—this "white raiment"—"endureth for ever" (Ps. cxi. 3). It will never wear out.

The Call of God to Ezekiel, the Prophet.

IN Ezekiel's days, Israel was in rebellion against Jehovah. They cared not, nay, they often refused, to hear His word—and especially when that word spoke to them of their sins, and of God's judgment against their sin. Let us observe, then, the first great element in Ezekiel's commission. It is this, the proclamation of the authority of God's word, "I do send thee unto them; and thou shalt say unto them **THUS SAITH THE LORD**"—(ch. ii. 4). Never was there a greater need that God's servants should go to men in Christendom with this message, "Thus saith the Lord," than now. For in Christendom, as in Israel of old, men are rebellious and stiff-hearted; they refuse the authority of Scriptures and to listen to God's word. Let then our testimony begin and end with "Thus saith the Lord." Let us use the actual words of Scripture, the "**THUS SAITH THE LORD**" which never varies and can never be altered, the everlasting word of God.

A second great principle was this:—He was to make the word of God which he spake HIS OWN EXPERIMENTAL portion. Jehovah said to him, "Be not thou rebellious like that rebellious house"—who would not receive the word of God, the "**THUS SAITH THE LORD**"—"open thy mouth, and eat that I give thee."


"And when I looked, behold, an hand was sent unto me; and, lo, a roll of a book was therein; and He spread it before me; and it was written within and without: and there was written therein lamentations, and mourning, and woe" (verses 8-10). Now the testimony of God's word against sin is most bitter.

The Scriptures speak of the "great white throne," of the "day of judgment," of "everlasting punishment," of "hell fire," and hence


Precious Old Story.

JAMES FRASER.

R. F. BEVERIDGE.



1. We sing of a precious old sto - ry, The sweetest that ev - er was
2. The friend of the sad and for - sak - en, Des - pised and re - ject - ed of
3. The sun in the ev'ning was set - ting, They gathered a - round at the
4. They crown'd Him with thorns in de - ris - ion, And led Him to Cal - va - ry's





told, . . . How Je - sus left hea - ven and glo - ry, His
men, . . . O won - der - ful love of the Fa - ther, Such
door, . . . He came forth in love and com - pas - sion, The
hill, . . . That bit - ter cup drank, now for ev - er, Our



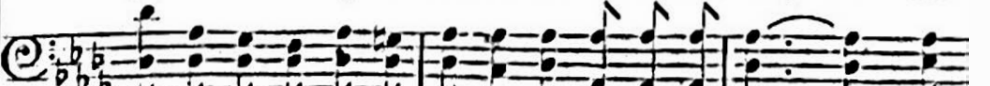
CHORUS.



won - der - ful grace to un - fold, . . .
sin - ners to save and be - friend, . . .
sick and dis - eases to re - store, . . . } Oh, dear old sto - ry, oh,
cup He with blessing can fill, . . .

pre - cious old sto - ry, The sweet - est that ev - er was told; . . . How




Je - sus left hea - ven and glo - ry, His won - der - ful grace to un - fold.



most terrible are its lamentations, and its mourning. It is as necessary in this day to heed God's "**THUS SAITH**," as it was in Israel's day,

Words and Works of God.—No. 3.

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment . . . they shall be changed; but Thou art the same."—Ps. cii. 26, 27.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—MAL. iii. 6.

ONE of the most surprising things that we learn from the Scriptures concerning God is that *He changeth not*. Just as God has always existed, so He has always been the same. One of the saddest things that we all have to learn as we go through life's journey is that all things round about us are continually changing and that we change with them. Whilst we are young we like a change, especially if it brings to us pleasant scenes and memories and perhaps new friends. But as we grow older, many changes come, which bring sorrow, distress, suffering. We have to face the difficulties, dangers and temptations of life, and who goes through life without many a stumble, without saying and doing many things which we deeply regret? Besides which, there are the losses we meet with. Some people lose their homes, their possessions, their health, their opportunities, but worse than anything else, there is the loss of loved ones, especially of dearly-loved parents; and how great is the loss if they have been godly christian men and women.

Thus we see there are changes, which bring great and deep sorrow to every human heart.

If we put these two statements together and carefully consider them, we shall sooner or later understand what great comfort there is in the thought that God changes not. Amongst other things we learn that when we truly believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, we have everlasting life in our souls (John iii. 36), and thus come to the possession of a certain amount of the true knowledge of "the only true God, and of Jesus Christ" (John xvii. 3), and we find by the teaching of the Holy Spirit and by the instruction of the word that "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," together with a "hope of the glory of God," and have "the love of God shed abroad in our hearts" (Rom. v. 1—5). What a joy and comfort it is, when we have knowingly and of deliberate purpose of heart thus turned to God and sought and found a Saviour (or, *as the Apostle explains it*, "after that we have known God, or rather are known of God" (Gal. iv. 9)), to be sure that the things which we from that time learn and follow after are the things of God, which never change, and are never lost!

When Balaam listened to the requests of Balak, who promised him great honour and presents of money, if he would come and curse the children of Israel (Num. xxii. 17), what was

he obliged to say? "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good? Behold, I have received commandment to bless; and He hath blessed; and I cannot reverse it" (Num. xxiii. 19, 20). Alas! Balaam, what a foolish man you were! You tried to please Balak and get his favour instead of determining to serve and obey with all your heart the only true God, Whom you knew to be a faithful, unchanging God, Who is a promising and performing God.

But, what say you, my reader? Do you not think that Balaam has plenty of followers to-day?

Do you believe that God changes not? that when He has spoken, He will make good? that when He blesses, no one can reverse it?

The Apostle Paul writes, "All the promises of God in Him (*that is*, in Christ Jesus) are yea, and in Him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. Now He Who stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God; Who hath also sealed us, and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts" (2 Cor. i. 20—22). Again he writes: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages" (Eph. iii. 20, 21).

I know these messages are written to true believers in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ. Unbelievers are persons, who for various reasons refuse to trust in God, but the preaching of the Gospel and all Gospel testimony is for this purpose to so incline the heart of those who hear that they may become true believers and so be made heirs of all the promises of God.

Until a person truly believes there seems nothing in the world to cure the sorrow and sadness and suffering that abound, but when any one believes, light comes into the soul, joy and peace also, and love to God and hope in God. Then the Spirit of God says: Consider what wonderful promises God made to Abraham. Consider further how many of them have been fulfilled, and then be sure, that God means what He says, when He declares, "They which be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham" (Gal. iii. 9).

It is evident, therefore, that all the outward works that God has wrought on behalf of Abraham and his natural seed are pledges and tokens that God will fulfil all the promises of spiritual blessing that He has made to those who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

W. H. B.

Studies in the "Fear
Not" of the Bible.

A "Fear Not" for those in Darkness.

"The Lord hath said that He would dwell in the thick darkness."—2 CHRON. vi. 1.

"Lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him (Abraham), and He (the Lord) said unto Abram"—GEN. xv. 12 and 13.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee."—ISA. xli. 10.

WALKING through the conservatory of a friend one day, my attention was drawn to a small plant completely covered by a flower-pot. "Do you know why I have put this slip in darkness?" he inquired. "It is because I want it to strike a deeper root." Evidently darkness was necessary, however unpleasant, for the striking of a deeper root.

How puzzled young christians are with experiences they never anticipated. When they first sought the Lord, and received from Him pardon, justification, and life, what joy fell to their lot. "O, happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away" they sang and shouted exultingly. Their sun shone with great intensity, and the Lord was ever near. But sometimes the joy departs, their sun goes down, the face of the Lord is hidden, and darkness and depression envelops them. Why this darkness? Sometimes sin is the cause, and quick confession will restore the gladness; sometimes a weak and ailing body is the cause of such soul travail—when rest, suitable food, or medical attention, will cause the sunshine to break forth once again; often, yes, very often, none of these reasons explain, but this—the darkness was thought necessary by the Divine Husbandman for the young convert to strike a deeper root, and get a firmer hold of God. But, whatever the cause, we beseech of you to cling to the fact, that "the Lord hath said that He would dwell in the thick darkness"; He is with you in the darkness, saying, "Fear not, for I am with thee." A lady was endeavouring to assist a young christian in a similar experience many years ago, when they met Sir Arthur Blackwood, who gave a message that was just the Lord's own word. "I remember meeting him (Sir Arthur Blackwood) one day, when C. T., who was with me, and was then a young christian, was in low spirits, from which I could not raise her. As we went round the railings of the parish church, we suddenly came face to face with him; and seeing our downcast faces, he said to us, "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His Servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? LET HIM TRUST IN THE NAME OF THE LORD, AND STAY UPON HIS GOD."

How bewildered newly consecrated souls are

with experiences they never anticipated! After they had fully surrendered to their beloved Lord and Master, and laid themselves upon the altar of sacrifice, they expected, and indeed received through the incoming of the Holy Spirit, a changed heart, and consequent deliverance from all the power of the enemy, they were conscious of a profound inward peace, and a very lively sense of the presence of the Father. Joy was full, communion deepened and uninterrupted, and a new delight experienced in prayer and the study of the sacred Scriptures. So far, everything had happened just as they were led to expect. But by and by a change took place, all deep emotional experiences ceased, and, while still conscious of an inward calm, the soul seems shrouded in darkness.

Some of the darkness of the dreary past can well be understood. Then it was either the outcome of repeated failures in the daily walk and conversation, and the consequent upbraidings of a self-condemning heart, or it may have been caused by a tired and jaded body. But not so in this case. Now, unconscious of anything done to grieve their Lord, in the possession of a conscience void of offence toward God and man, and a body in good health, the cry is raised in agonising tones: "Why this darkness?"

May not the solution to this difficult problem be found in the story recorded above? May not His purpose in the darkness be the striking of a deeper root, a firmer hold of Himself, a deeper and a grander knowledge of the Divine? Verily this is so. The darkness sometimes is but the Father's loving method of weaning His child away from everything else, to find in Him his or her all. He sees the subtle temptation to be taken up with mere emotional experiences, and not with the Lord Himself; to rest in the blessings of the deeper life, and not alone in the Blessor. And, as He can never be satisfied until our whole undivided attention has been gained, He has by darkness shut us in unto Himself, until we are able to say—

"Once it was the blessing, now it is the Lord;
Once it was the feeling, now it is His Word;
Once His gifts I wanted, now the Giver own;
Once I sought for healing, now Himself alone."

But what must we do when passing through such dark experiences? What can we do but sink into the arms of Infinite love? Pray remember He has not forsaken thee, for "the Lord hath said that He would dwell in the thick darkness." Oh, never, when in the darkness, harbour a doubt of the Divine presence! This was the most fruitful source of Israel's murmurings, for it is written: "They tempted the Lord saying, Is the Lord among us or not?" (Exodus xvii. 7).

THE HUSBANDMAN IS NEVER SO NEAR THE VINE
AS WHEN HE IS PRUNING IT.

A short while ago a journey was made by rail. In the same compartment were other two passengers, a mother and her little girl. The wee one was very busily engaged with some toys upon the seat. By and by a long dark tunnel was entered; and one wondered that no cry of fear had escaped from the lips of the frightened child. Emerging into the light of day the mystery was solved; the child had forsaken her toys, and was clinging with her little arms around her mother's neck. Canst thou not do likewise? Rejoice in that He has counted thee worthy of dwelling with Him in the darkness, thank Him that, though "a horror of great darkness" has fallen upon you, He speaks a comforting word, and in so doing thou shalt have "songs in the night."

ROBERT LEE.

The Three Fountains.

"A dry and thirsty land, where no water is."—Ps. lxxiii. 1.

"Give Me to drink."—JOHN iv. 7.

"I thirst."—JOHN xix. 28.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REV. xxi. 6.

"And David longed, and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the well of Bethlehem that is at the gate!"—1 CHRON. xi. 17.

"O H, that one gave to me,"
Thus sighed the shepherd king,
"A draught from where the well
Of Bethlehem guards the spring!"

They heard those chieftains three,
Standing in warlike line,
And looked towards the gate,
Where camped the Philistine.

A word to them sufficed
From him they loved so long.
What though the fray be hot?
What though the foe be strong?

At risk of life and limb,
Through all they fight their way,
One smile's enough from him,
That precious draught their prey.

But when those noble men
The sparkling water bring,
In bloodstained hands, oh then,
Out speaks the pious king:

"Forbid it, Lord, to me,
I should this water take,
The blood of heroes three,
Who gladly for my sake

Have jeoparded their life.
I pour it out to Thee,
Who kept them through the strife,
Forbid it, Lord, to me."

II.

Yet once again a well,
And once again, a King,
Sits lonely on the fount
Whence they the water bring.

A King outside His land,
Rejected and unknown,
And weary in the way,
A King without His crown.

'Tis David's greater Lord,
But where His servants, then?
Gone further to the town,
A few poor fishermen.

A woman only comes,
"Give Me to drink," He saith,
His glory unrevealed
Save to the eye of faith.

But yet we never find,
Though we may mark it well,
His thirst was quenched by her,
No, nor in Israel.

His food to do the will
Of Him Who sent Him forth,
His thirst unquenched still
Led Him to meet His wrath.

And when, upon the cross,
Again "I thirst," He cried,
'Twas but to keep His word,
Whom here He glorified.

III.

No water for His thirst
Had we, yet now on high,
He giveth living streams
Our thirst to satisfy.

Above, the fount of life
Is springing glad and free;
"To him that thirsts I'll give,"
He crieth, "Come to Me!"

"JESUS STOOD AND CRIED, SAYING, IF ANY
MAN THIRST, LET HIM COME UNTO ME AND
DRINK" (John vii. 37).

A. T. C.



The verses to be committed to memory during
May are as follow:—

THE INDWELLING SPIRIT.

May 1.—Gal. iv. 6.—The Praying Spirit.

" 11.—Eph. ii. 22.—The Spirit Building.

" 18.—1 John v. 6.—The Spirit Witnessing.

" 25.—Rev. ii. 29.—The Spirit Speaking.

Address all communications to Mr. Chas.
J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton,
London, W. 3.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

No. 5.—Some Early Seekers.

"I DON'T like the preacher: and I shan't go again." Such was a lad's decision, concerning an evangelist, after the Sunday service which opened a mission. The missionary was told this, and said with a smile, "I rather like that: there is something in such a boy. He is worth catching."

Monday night saw the lad at the meeting and in conversation with the despised gentleman.

"No, I shall not decide to-night. I shall wait till Wednesday, when I will bring my mate." Such was the boy's decision, after this second hearing; and like his other decision, it was soon altered; for on going home he saw the happy family all on the Lord's side. Father, mother, soldier brother, and even his little sister, all saved, and he . . . bursting into tears, he cried, "I'm left all alone!" and falling on his knees was soon also in the family of God.

Shortly after his mother saw him burning some papers, and asked what he was doing. He was destroying some numbers of a worldly magazine, which he had formerly prized, the reason given being, "I don't think the Lord Jesus would like to see me reading such things."

I told you in February about a Jewish boy who came to Christ; now I will tell of a Jewish girl, who lived in Algeria; she attended a school conducted by missionaries of the North African Mission, one of whom, Mrs. Shorey, wrote of her: "This girl in the early days gave us more trouble than any. She had a wonderful influence over the others. With one word or gesture she could make all the children, to the number of thirty or forty, get up a stampede and they would all go out, shouting and yelling as only Jewish children can. Often we have refused her admittance, until after tears and promises for the future we gave her an entrance again."

Like the boy she was worth catching, and some time after the same lady wrote of her, "One day a young Jewess, just returning home from business, on seeing us, ran as well as she could in the crowded street and joined us. She sent some one to bring her mother, brothers and sisters. After we had exchanged salutations, our young Jewess

said, 'You think that I've forgotten what you taught us in that hall there. Listen, and you will see if I

have, and heedless of the crowd she repeated the well-known text, 'God so loved the world,' etc., and then, in a beautifully clear voice, she sang one of our favourite hymns. This girl has



A SCHOOL CONDUCTED BY MISSIONARIES.

been offered quite a large sum of money to sing in the theatre, but I am glad to say she refused."

Mrs. Shorey writes of another girl, who shows that she has come to the Saviour by refusing to keep the great fast, called Ramadan. She says, "Our girl, Thasadith, continues to stand fast in the faith, in spite of threats and sneers on the part of *sheikhs* and others. Last Ramadan the big Marabout here asked her if she was not ashamed of herself, not keeping the holy fast. He said, 'Certainly you will go to the burning fire. We will not help you, only laugh at you: indeed sometimes I feel as if I could kill you myself.' She replied quite courageously, 'I am not afraid of the burning fire. That will not touch me, and you might kill my body but not my soul. You know that I have already been twice poisoned in this village, and now you see for yourself that the devil has no power over Jesus. Whatever you say, I will not deny Jesus. Thasadith has been with us now for eight years, and is loved and respected by all. She has refused all offers of marriage.'"

A little girl, who came to the Lord in the same mission as the boy first mentioned, showed her change of heart thus: She lived over a picture palace, and said, "I shall not want to go to the pictures any more now. I have something better."

If these children sought and found the blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, why should not you?

Acknowledgments of several Special Donations for our Different Funds.

WE are constrained to note again the receipt of the undernoted donations, which have been received from time to time. We intended to accord them particular mention in our pages before, but do so now. We thank kind friends in New Zealand, Australia, Canada, and in other parts of the world, for their liberal contributions to our several Funds.

From Christchurch, New Zealand, per Mr. John Fisher, for the Compassionate and Literature Funds, £6; from Southlands, New Zealand, per K. Karlsen, for various Funds, £6; from Miranda, New Zealand, per Miss L. J. Findlay, for various Funds, £2 7s.; from Canterbury, New Zealand, per Mr. H. Tizzard, for Cousin Edith's Work, £1; from Springsure, Queensland, per Mrs. C. F. Milliken, for various Funds, £3 4s 6d.; from Richmond, Natal, per Mr. Twite, for "S.W." Fellowship Fund, 5s. 2d.; from Vancouver, per Mrs. D., for Gospel Literature Fund, £1; also from A. W., New Zealand, "for the Lord's need," £10, as noted in our general list, with exceeding thanks.

We give the details of these several items, because we fear we have not written personally in acknowledgment of the same, owing to the great pressure on our time; but we very sincerely thank all our friends for their loving fellowship and practical help.

Ed. "S.W."

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s	d.
H. T., Canterbury, N.Z.	1	0	0
"John iii. 16," 5s., "A W., For the Lord's Need" 20s.	1	5	0
2 Cor ix. 15	2	2	0

The Lighthouse Literature.

Mission Director - SAMUEL H. STUBBS.

"O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth"—Ps. xliii. 3.

	£	s	d.
2 Cor. ix. 15	2	2	0
S. K., East Grinstead	0	2	0
P.O., postmark November 18th	0	2	0

For Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Deaf and Dumb and Blind.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not."—Isa. xlii. 16.

	£	s	d.
H. T. Canterbury, N.Z.	1	0	0
John iii. 16	0	5	0
A W. For the Lord's Need	1	0	0
2 Cor ix. 15	1	1	0

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

"He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth"—Ps. xlv. 9.

WE are very thankful to the friends who continue to help this Fund. We have supplied many grants of good Gospel Literature during the last month. We have received as follows:—

	£	s	d.
Mrs. McB., Worcester	0	10	0
H. T., Canterbury, N.Z.	1	1	2
A. D., Mid. Norton	0	5	0
D. B., Carlisle	1	0	0
2 Cor. ix. 15	1	1	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift"—2 Cor. ix. 15.

WE pray that God's rich blessing may rest upon all the generous helpers and fellow-workers who think of us each month, and pray for us, and manifest such wonderful sympathy and love for the poor, the needy, and the suffering. We have abundant reason to praise God for His great goodness, for we have received the undernoted for our general funds to this date:—

	£	s	d.
Rezmil, 7s.; A. D., Mid. Norton, 10s.	0	17	0
H. T., Canterbury, N.Z.	2	0	0
"John iii. 16," Portsmouth	1	0	0
From M. N.	2	10	0
E. L.	5	5	0
"A W., For the Lord's Need"	5	0	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

"My fellow-labourers whose names are in the book of life."—PHIL. iv. 3.

	£	s	d.
E. L.	3	3	0
A. D., Mid. Norton, 5s.; "John iii. 16," 5s.	0	10	0
Mrs. D., Vancouver	0	17	3
An Orkney Reader	0	10	0
"A W., For the Lord's Need"	2	0	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

"The days of affliction have taken hold upon me."—JOB xxx. 16.

	£	s	d.
A Sister, Cathcart, 3s.; "John iii. 16," 5s.	0	8	0
H. T., Canterbury, N.Z.	1	0	0
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin	0	8	0
"A W., For the Lord's Need"	1	0	0
2 Cor. ix. 15	1	1	0

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THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

The Story of Pegley Tom; or, a Remarkable Dream.

By ALEX. MARSHALL.

TOM BAILEY, or "Pegley Tom," as he is called by the men in the Kansas City Factory, where he is employed, was born in Holland, fifty-seven years ago. He is called "Pegley Tom," on account of the locomotive of the freight train that he was driving jumping the track, and pinning his leg to the roadbed, making it necessary to have the limb amputated. Although the principals of the factory, officials, and numbers of the employees, are believers, Tom was a scoffer, and Christ rejecter, for years. God has various ways and means to cause men and women to think about their soul's welfare. One is to lay them on a bed of sickness, giving them time for reflection. One day in March, 1914, Tom was stricken down with a serious malady, the symptoms pointing to an attack of apoplexy.

A Christian occupying an important position in the factory, who is also a physician, paid Tom a visit. On examining his patient, the doctor told him that he was very ill, and that unless God intervened he would probably die. After

prescribing for his body, the physician sought to reach the sick man's conscience, and read to him the latter part of Luke xvi., which speaks of the sufferings and doom of an unsaved rich man.



ON EXAMINING HIS PATIENT THE DOCTOR TOLD HIM THAT HE WAS VERY ILL.

Towards the evening of the following day the physician called again, but found that Tom was still in a precarious state. The medicine being renewed, and words of encouragement spoken, he read to Tom the story of God's dealings with Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, on account of their obstinacy and rebellion. "Sorry consolation," says one. True, but God's servant knew that it was not so much "consolation" that Tom needed, as an apprehension of his true spiritual condition. His desire was that the sufferer should acknowledge his state as ruined, lost, and guilty, and seek God's pardoning mercy. Thank God for christian doctors, and christian workers, who do not "heal the hurt slightly," and say, "peace, peace," when there is "no peace." Conviction of sin precedes conversion to God, and the reason why so few are crying out in distress of soul "What must I do to be saved" is, as McCheyne says, they "know not their danger, and feel not their load." "Put in the needle of the law," said Robbie Flockhart, the Edinburgh street preacher, to his helpers, "and you can then give them as long a thread of gospel grace as you like, but," he added, "be sure and put in the needle of the law!" On the doctor's next visit he found Tom in deep anxiety of soul. Big tears rolled down his cheeks, and soaked his pillow. The bed on which he lay shook, and, on asking him what caused him to be so troubled, he replied, "I have had a DREAM." This was Tom's dream:—"I dreamt I was on an express train, which was going at ninety miles an hour. While the train was rocking and swaying the conductor came along collecting the tickets. As I handed him mine I saw on it, in large letters, the words, 'THE TICKET TO HELL.' That horrified me! I looked out of the window and saw hell in front of me. As I sat trembling on my seat, waiting the final plunge, suddenly there was a crash, and the train was wrecked. The terrible smash awoke me and I have slept none since." "Oh, Tom," said the doctor, "the Lord is seeking to wreck your 'train' to-night. He is seeking to prevent you from going to hell. He wishes to stop your headlong rush, for the pit, and has placed the Cross of Calvary before you, and His own Son hanging on it. You are brought face to face with the matter, and before you can plunge into the abyss, you must brush Him aside. Ere you can get there you must fight your way past the Cross of Christ, and His outpoured blood. He was there for you, Tom; He was wounded for our transgressions; He was bruised for our iniquities. He bore our sins in His own body on the tree. The Lord laid on Him the iniquity of us all. Will you let Him

be your Saviour?" The doctor pleaded with Tom to accept Christ and left, promising to return the next day. On the following day when he entered Tom's little room, he found him rejoicing in the knowledge of sins forgiven. The trembling was gone, the tears were gone, and Tom was triumphant. "Tell me, Tom," said the doctor, "all about it." And this was Tom's story:—"After you left I was meditating on Christ dying for me. As I lay during the long night hours I could not sleep, but kept thinking about Him. During the night I BELIEVED THAT HE DIED IN MY ROOM AND STEAD, and I accepted Him." "Has He given you rest and peace?" inquired the good physician: "Yes, doctor, I have perfect peace because He has put away all my sins and, if I die in this sickness, I shall go to be with Him."

The Lord blessed the remedies prescribed, and in a few weeks Tom Bailey was back at his work in the factory. On the first day of his return he asked the President of the Company, the late beloved Mr. C. J. Baker, who had arranged for a meeting at noon, that he be allowed to tell the story of his conversion to his fellow workmen. Permission being granted Tom stood up before a crowd of 160 men, and, with tears coursing down his cheeks, said:—"My shop-mates, you all know what a wicked man I have been. But, while I was a-hating Christ, He was a-dying for me, while I was a-hiding from Him, He was seeking me, and while I was a-fighting Him, He was a-loving me." Continuing, he added, "NOW HE IS MY SAVIOUR; HE DIED FOR ME." I have put my trust in Him, and I am going to be with Him for ever. My fellow workmen, if you only knew how much He loves you; if you only knew that He died for you, you would not be a-fighting Him; you would let Him save you; I want to plead with you to-day to trust Him." The reader can imagine the effect such a testimony as that would have on those who knew Tom in his unregenerate days.

Nearly five years have come and gone since then, and Tom seeks to live as one who is Heaven-born, and Heaven-bound. What was it that led Tom Bailey to trust in Christ? Ponder his words to his workmates:—"If you only knew how much He loves you; if you but knew that He died for you you would not be fighting Him, you would let Him save you." True, oh, how true! READER, HOW MUCH DOES HE LOVE YOU? The measure of one's love is shown by what it is prepared to do, or suffer, in its object. Do you inquire "How much does He love me?" Consider the wonderful words of love contained in Gal. ii. 20: "WHO LOVED ME AND GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

What wondrous love! He died that He might save us from everlasting misery, remorse, and despair. By His sacrificial death on Calvary He has so "put away sin" that God can righteously justify the vilest offender who believes the good news regarding His beloved Son. The penalty has been borne, the ransom has been paid, and Divine justice is perfectly satisfied. Believe, then, on Him to Whom you owe your all, and you will be the happy possessor of eternal life. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (Jno. iii. 36). "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and *thou shalt be saved*" (Acts xvi. 31), and join with Tom Bailey, and tens of thousands of other believers in singing—

"All my iniquities on Him were laid;
All my indebtedness by Him was paid.
All who believe on Him the Lord hath said
Have everlasting life."

Forty Years after the Days of Donati's Comet, and what happened to one of the "Two Boys" in 1898.

I.

I HAVE told of the incident in the far-off days of 1858 when the two boys waited on the common for the appearance of Donati's comet. I have also described the visit of one of the two when in 1878 he unexpectedly returned to London from America and called to see his old friend. Alas! as I have stated, trial and privation at that period had had no real effect upon his soul. Prodigal he was still in every way! The terrible circumstances in which he had been placed had not apparently brought him to himself, like the one of whom we read in Luke xv., who went into the "far country." Thank God, in that inimitable story the young man *did* come "to himself," and said, "I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee and am no more worthy to be called Thy son."

But this young man, of whom I write, returned to his home and disregarded all the earnest entreaties of certain christian relatives and other believing friends, and he lived a life of utter unbelief and rejection of God, and, moreover, tried to influence the simple agriculturists and village folk to accept his infidel doctrines and so-called philosophies.

God's ways are not, however, our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts, and

surely this was strikingly exemplified in His dealings with this man, for it is a fact the writer had almost forgotten him, and had, alas! ceased to remember him in prayer, or to be at all concerned about his eternal welfare, when in the year 1898, after another twenty years had elapsed, I suddenly heard from him. He expressed a desire to meet the companion of his boyhood days, as he had "something special to communicate," which he believed would be of particular interest to me.

II.

Of course, I intimated that I should be very glad to see him, and made arrangements to secure an interview. Even then I feared it was some new discovery he had made, or thought he had made, in his vain fancies about a "scientific religion." However, the day came when we were to meet once more after all the years that had passed, and, imagine my astonishment, when the first words he uttered were, before even any ordinary salutation, "What do you think? Will you believe it? I am now truly converted! I am saved! I understand it now! God is my Father! Christ is my Saviour and my Lord! The Holy Spirit helps me and teaches me every day more and more from the Scriptures all about these wonderful things, and I thought I would so like to come and tell you myself what has brought about this wonderful change and given conviction and assurance to my soul."

He had greatly altered in appearance and presented a striking contrast to my remembrances of him as I saw him in 1878, for although he seemed to be in a positive ecstasy of joy as he spoke these hurried introductory sentences, yet I could not but notice that a great transformation had occurred in his manner and general demeanour; indeed quite a different man to what he was when he returned from America. It will be understood I was anxious first of all to hear in what way God had spoken to my old friend and brought him to such a definite knowledge of Himself. Ah! then he gave utterance to words I shall never forget. What think you they were, my friend? Well, he said, "Why did you not tell me clearly the way to be saved instead of arguing against my opinions and views? I never remember a solitary instance in which you told me plainly and straightly that I was a lost sinner, on the way to hell, and that I needed to look to Jesus Christ, the sinner's Saviour, in order that I might be saved. Oh, why did you not entreat me to trust in the Lord and in His FINISHED WORK AT CALVARY, and

then perhaps I might have been saved years and years ago?"

I did not think this was quite fair, because, at any rate, I had declared scores of times that I myself had been saved by simply looking to Jesus Christ and confessing Him as Lord. However, I did not wish to excuse myself for any want of former faithfulness, being mainly anxious to hear how my friend had been led into the way of truth and had so evidently found rest and peace for his soul; so when the first emotional declarations as to his salvation had passed, he began very calmly and touchingly to tell me the story. It appeared that the great crisis in his life had occurred about twelve months previously. He said he was afraid to write to me sooner because he "could not trust himself," and feared after all whether he would "be able to keep faithful to the Lord," as he put it; but now he could say, like the Apostle, "I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

III.

He then began in a quiet, calm tone to tell me how he was saved. It appears that one of the workmen in the timber yard met with a serious accident, a great trunk of a tree having fallen upon his leg, breaking it and crushing it badly. He was always regarded as a most trustworthy man, who attended to his work regularly and faithfully, so on a Sunday evening, when my friend thought he would be well enough to see him, he called to ascertain how he was getting on. The sight of the simple occupants of that home that night seemed instantly to have arrested his thoughtful attention. The injured man was sitting on a chair, with his leg in splints extended on a rest; his wife sat close by, and their four bright children were at the table, all apparently eagerly interested in what was transpiring. All six of them had a book opened, from which they were evidently reading before I entered. A few moments intervened, when I asked them not to permit me to interfere with their "lesson," as I termed it, so they continued to read, each of them a verse at a time. Then I discovered they were reading from the book I had so despised and tried to criticise. It was the Bible, the Word of God. After they had each read round once, the mother, looking at me, asked if I would like to read too; she opened the Volume and handed it to me. We will D.V. tell next month the rest of the eventful story.



Our Annual Meeting telling of Another Good Year.

THERE was a splendid attendance at the annual meeting in King George's Hall, when the president for the year, Mr. W. Y. Fullerton presided. He mentioned that on that day the terms and treaty of peace had been published to Germany and to the world. Every nation would, on the morrow, be eagerly searching through it, in order to discover "the bit that referred to themselves." "The bit that referred to them" was the interesting "bit" in the Bible; and each should search it out for himself. The president commended strongly the practice of committing to memory the Word of God, and urged the Bereans to make every effort to extend the blessings of the Band by enrolling many others.

Mr. F. C. Brading recited the Berean chapter for the current year (1 Thess. i.), the audience uniting with him. Mrs. Florrie Smith, the gifted daughter of Madame Annie Ryall, who, although upon the platform, was unable to sing on account of a throat affection, sang several solos with much acceptance. The hon. general secretary, Mr. Hensman, was not able to say that the Berean Band had been quite unaffected by the war. The central office, and doubtless the branch secretaries, had felt the strain. But they had maintained their position and had made progress. There was a roll call of branches represented in the meeting, and giving the number of members attending from each. Hounslow, Highgate Hill, Horn Lane, Acton, and Beckenham were the highest in numbers, and branches from all over greater London were represented, and also several provincial branches. Dr. Saillens sent a letter from Paris, and tidings of work done for the Lord through the Band were sent from several foreign fields.

The verses to be committed to memory during the month of June are as follow:—

THE DEITY OF CHRIST.

- June 1.—Col. i. 17.—Before all Things.
- " 8.—Col. i. 15.—The Image of God.
- " 15.—John x. 30.—One with God.
- " 22.—John xii. 45.—The Revelation of God.
- " 29.—Col. i. 10.—The Fulness of God.

Information respecting the Berean Band may be obtained from Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

Studies in the "Fear Not" of the Bible.

A "Fear Not" for the Downtrodden and Oppressed.

Be strong; fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; He will save you.—ISA. XXXV. 4.

SURELY this is one of the strangest "Fear nots" of the Bible! We have to strengthen the weak hands, confirm the feeble knees, and establish the faint-hearted by the declaration of His sure and immanent coming to wreak vengeance! And this thought is by no means confined to the Old Testament scriptures, for it is to be found in the New Testament: "And to you who are troubled rest with us, when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

It is a message to the downtrodden and oppressed, to those writhing under cruel wrong, smarting from oppression, indignant through some gross injustice. Brooding over the wrongs they suffer people are tempted to take vengeance into their own hands, and, moved by hasty and unrighteous impulses, make mistakes over which they will long mourn. "Avenge not thyself" is the Divine command. "Vengeance is Mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Justice will be meted out some day to these oppressors by the God of Righteousness, hence be patient, and fret not thyself because of evil-doers. Let not the wrongs you have suffered sour you. There comes to mind a tragic instance and illustration of this. A young woman who benefited largely under her father's will, was cruelly defrauded of most of her money by a solicitor who had to do with the estate, and from a position of affluence she sank into a state of extreme poverty. She so brooded over the cruel wrong she had suffered that her whole life was ruined thereby; she cherished hard thoughts of God, questioning His justice, cultivated a spirit of suspicion toward all mankind, and allowed herself to be so overwhelmed by bitterness that she became a bugbear to all her fellows, and this was so pronounced as old age crept on that she was avoided by all. Remember, persecuted, defrauded, or oppressed one, that the eyes of God are upon you; He knows all; He will now bind up your broken heart, soothe your bruised and troubled spirit, granting ample compensations even in this life, and will most certainly, sooner or later, mete out justice to the oppressors, eye for eye, tooth for a tooth.

This is also a message to those who, though not smarting under wrong done to themselves, yet are appalled at the sight of cruel oppression and wrong inflicted on others. There are many tenderly sympathetic souls who suffer more from the wrongs inflicted upon others than if they personally were the aggrieved ones. Noting how these oppressors seem to flourish, and how slow the wheels of God grind, they are liable to become "hasty of heart" (A.V. margin for "fearful"), rush to rash conclusions, even going to the length of denying either the existence or the power of God. A sympathetic naturalist so brooded over the present conditions of the world—the world of nature, red in tooth and claw, and the world of men at strife and enmity one with another—that he was so moved with indignation as to exclaim that, if he had been the Creator of the world, the patent facts would break his heart. He spoke truer than he thought, for the Creator of the world died of a broken heart on account of the sin of the world. No, no, we must not lose heart or patience; God still observes, and will most certainly rectify wrong, and mete out punishment to the oppressors sooner or later. Therefore, "Be strong, fear not; behold your God will come with vengeance."

This is a message particularly for the Jew. Many members of this people "of the wandering foot" have so brooded over the wrongs Israel has suffered now for two milleniums that they have thrown overboard their faith, and have become rank atheists. Certainly no nation has suffered such cruel oppression and wrong. But, if we read prophecy aright, Israel has yet a far more awful ordeal to pass through, "the time of Jacob's trouble." But the Lord is neither forgetful nor unobservant of His people. He is quietly noting everything. Even now, blessed are those who bless Israel, and cursed are they who curse. But "behold your God will come." And His coming will mean salvation for Israel, vengeance on the enemies of Israel, and recompense for the friends of Israel.

ROBERT LEE.

A Life's Story in Thirteen Words.

"AND Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him" (Gen. v. 24). What a short, sweet history of a long life! We are not told what great works he did: these will be known hereafter in heaven; but he had this testimony, "that he pleased God." Enoch believed that "God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him" (Heb. xi. 6).

Word and Works of God.—No. 4.

"And God said, . . . and it was so."—GEN. I. 6, 7, etc.

THERE is something very striking in this statement ("And God said . . . and it was so"), that appears again and again in the first chapter of Genesis, and to the sincere and thoughtful believer who trusts God with all his heart and believes what God promises, it is very comforting and confirming to read how God wrought all the works of creation, exactly in accordance with His word, that went forth from His mouth, and then to consider that God has recorded in the Scriptures many other words that He has spoken, some of which have already been fulfilled, some are being fulfilled in the days in which we live, and others remain to be accomplished in God's own time and way and in accordance with His purpose.

God has endowed man with a wonderful gift in providing him with a mind, for it is with the mind we are able to think, to consider, to meditate, to understand, to form our judgments, to decide upon and direct and control our actions, and generally to know what is taking place around us.

If a person does not use his mind he is spoken of as thoughtless, careless, unobservant, foolish, without understanding, and so on.

But for a person to use his mind and so develop its powers, he needs something for his mind to be exercised upon and he also needs some training, that his mind may be able to form right judgments and that he may act wisely and do well, so that he may be a useful member of society. The mind may be exercised on a variety of matters. Some persons have their minds trained at school and developed further by the reading of books, or by conversation; whilst other persons' minds are trained by being taught to work and their minds are developed as they observe the results of their work, and so on.

All these exercises of the mind God speaks of as *natural*. But God tells us that if the mind of a man comes under the power and training of His Spirit, it is capable of thinking about spiritual things, that is about the things of God, Who is a Spirit, and about the things of eternity, which are spiritual. Then God shows us that man is made with a spirit and with a soul and that man's eternal happiness depends upon his mind being brought under the power of God's Holy Spirit, and thus capable of knowing and understanding the things of God.

This truth is very plainly set before us in the following passage: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear

heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God. Now **WE HAVE RECEIVED**, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit, Who is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth; comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But **THE NATURAL MAN RECEIVETH NOT** the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned (or 'judged,' or 'examined'). But he that is spiritual discerneth (*see margin*) all things, yet he himself is discerned (*see margin*) of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct Him? But we have the mind of Christ" (1 Cor. ii. 9—16).

If we are thoughtful we shall ask on reading such a passage as this, "How can I receive the Spirit of God, so that I may understand and enjoy spiritual things?"

God's answer is, that the means He has determined to use in order that man may receive the Spirit is the preaching of the Gospel of Christ. Thus we read what the Apostle Paul wrote to the Romans, "I am ready to preach the gospel to you who are at Rome also. For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth; to the Jew first and also to the Greek. For therein is the righteousness of God revealed from faith to faith; as it is written, The just shall live by faith" (Rom. i. 15—17).

From one point of view the Gospel is the simplest matter imaginable. From another point of view it is the greatest, grandest, deepest, most glorious work of God, of which we have any knowledge. Let me explain, and to do so let me point out the account given in Acts xvi. 25—34. Here we see the mental trouble that disturbed the jailor when the earthquake occurred. He asked "What must I do to be saved?" The answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved and thy house." Then we read he "rejoiced, believing in God with all his house."

Here God shows us His **WORD** and His **WORK** in salvation through the preaching of the Gospel, and hence we learn the value of the account

given in Genesis i. of the creation. There we read, "God said . . . and it was so." We cannot explain creation, except that God spoke the word and it was done. So it is in the greater work of salvation. God speaks, man believes, and the work is done.

God's WORD, spoken through His servants, is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." God's WORK is to bestow upon every believer the gift of the Spirit that man may be saved from the condition of mental and spiritual ignorance of God, of mental and spiritual estrangement from and rebellion against God. Estrangement from and rebellion against God mean separation from God and all the anguish of mind that follows. Whereas salvation means a deliverance of the mind and conscience from opposition to God by the Spirit of God showing that peace comes through the blood of atonement or reconciliation (*see* Exod. xxx. 10; Levit. i. 4, 5; xvii. 11; 2 Chron. xxix. 24; 2 Cor. v. 14—21; Eph. ii. 12—17).

Dear reader, as you value your soul's salvation, read these passages of Scripture that I have named, and believe in the Lord Jesus that He died for your sins and that He rose again and God will give you of His Spirit and He will WORK in you a full and complete salvation.

W. H. B.

The Garden of Nuts.

A SONG FROM THE SONG OF SONGS.

"I went down to the garden of nuts, to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded."—SONG SOL. vi. 11.

THERE'S a garden of God in a valley well known.
Where the choicest of Heavenly fruit trees are grown;
Where the south wind blows soft, and the keen north wind cuts,
And 'tis known in the Book as "The Garden of Nuts."
The Garden of Nuts is bedew'd with the tears
Of the saints of all classes, all climates and years;
With sorrowful labour it often is tilled,
And yet with a heavenly fragrance 'tis filled.
Long time in the Garden of Nuts have I been,
Long time have I wondered at all I have seen;
Long time have I wondered how darksome its dells,
And wondered why nuts have such very hard shells.
King Solomon stood in this garden one day,
And sought to explain all its riddles away;
Yet vainly he wrought till the daylight was done,
For he looked from a view-point from "under the sun."
No comfort we find when from "under the sun"
We glance at the evil on earth that is done;
"Too painful" the thoughts that within us arise
When only earth's sun doth enlighten our eyes.
But when from the Sanctuary's heavenly height,
And when in the Sanctuary's soft, holy light,
On the Garden of Nuts we complacently gaze,
Ah, then understand we, though feebly, God's ways.

Oh, the nuts are so hard we oft labour in vain
A full and a right understanding to gain;
But hereafter we'll know, with a knowledge complete,
Though the shells have been hard yet the kernels are sweet.

Dear sorrowing saints, in this garden who stand,
And tearfully gaze on the work of God's hand,
Oh, vex not your hearts with the "how" and the "why"

Can wrongs be existent, when God reigns on high?

Oh, ye who have suffered—are suffering still—

Who toll, as it were, upon unending hill;

Who see yet no turn in the sad lane ye tread,

Whose joys are departed, whose comforts are fled;

To you is this word of salvation now sent,

To bind up the hearts that with sorrow are rent;

The oil of God's joy for your mourning to give,

And praise for the souls that in heaviness live.

For God, once for all, when He spared not His Son,

Has shown all the best that by love could be done;

And He in the day that is coming will show

How sweet are the nuts in His garden that grow.

Meanwhile we are with Him, and He is with us,

He holdeth our right hands and guideth us thus;

Jehovah Himself is our heart's mighty strength,

Our portion untold through eternity's length.

Oh, whom have we, Lord, in the heaven but Thee?

And no one so fair upon earth can we see;

Though south wind blows soft, or the keen north wind cuts,

We'll trust Thee, Thou Lord of the Garden of Nuts.

J. C. J.

"Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out. Let my BELOVED come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits" (Song Sol. iv. 16).

"There is Victory in the Victor."

PREACH Christ, speak of Him, and whether men will hear and live, or whether men will be deaf and perish, ever and always the savour of the name of Jesus Christ the Lord is sweet to God. Let sorrows and defection occur in the Church, let the world despise the Gospel and persecute its preachers, let the pressure of trial cast down the faithful-hearted, beyond and above these things there is victory in the Victor, triumph in the triumphant Lord, to whom every knee shall bow and every tongue confess.

The glory of the Gospel should fill our hearts, but if any be cast down, let them encourage themselves in remembering that even St. Paul the apostle was now and again overwhelmed in spirit. However, he derived fresh strength and energy from the contemplation of the very Gospel he preached. Let then its glory and majesty fill the heart. Soon the triumph of Christ will be present. "Yet a little while and He that shall come, will come, and will not tarry."

Now and Then.

[T is a characteristic, common to most people, to desire to look into the future. As a general rule this longing to peer into that which is hidden is most unprofitable even when not sinful.

There is, however, one exception to the rule, and it is a God-sanctioned exception. By the mouth of His servant Moses, God says (Deut. xxxii. 29) "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end" and by the pen of the wise king, God says (Prov. xix. 20) "Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end." Both by His prophet Isaiah (Isa. xlvii. 7) and by His prophet Jeremiah (Lam. i. 9) God complains that His professing people of old did *not* remember their last end.

This being so, it is evident we all are called upon to so far look into the future as to ask ourselves "Where shall we spend eternity?" It is a question that far outweighs in importance, every matter that relates to the mere temporal things of this life.

In order that men may be at a certainty; in order that they may know definitely whither they are hastening, the Lord Jesus says, "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). These words mean that the Lord Jesus will give *certainly* now, and everlasting rest and peace with Himself hereafter. That there may be no doubt upon this point He tells us what will be said, *THEN*, to those who hear Him *NOW*. "Come (the very selfsame word) ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you" (Matt. xxv. 34). What a glorious look into the future! What a profitable one! How it should stir every person who hears the words or reads them, to cry out with eager prayer "Draw me, O Lord, and I will run after Thee" (see Song Sol. i. 4).

It may be asked, "Is it a certainty that the Lord Jesus will bring to eternal rest all those who come to Him?" Yes, it is an absolute certainty. He said "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life" or in other words, I am the truly living Way to the Father: "no man *cometh* unto the Father, but by Me" (John xiv. 6), and, that assurance may be doubly sure—God has graciously revealed to us that at the last day the Lord Jesus will say to Him "Behold, I and the children which God hath given Me" (Heb. ii. 13). Furthermore the Lord declares "him that *cometh* to Me I will in no wise cast out"—I will under no circumstances whatever turn such away (John vi. 37).

As so often occurs in God's dealings with men,

we have given to us an example which fully illustrates how perfectly God carries out His own promises. There was an occasion when a vast multitude had gathered in a desert place, bringing with them their poor afflicted, sick folk to the Lord Jesus for healing. Evening came on. The people still hung around the Lord Jesus. In a short time darkness would cover the land for some hours. What was to be done? The disciples thought it most important the multitude should be sent home for there was no human possibility that food could be provided for them. Did the Lord countenance this proposal? Certainly not. He said "They need not depart" (Matt. xiv. 16). "There is no necessity for them to go, I am here. I can provide for them. Don't send them away."

What He said *then*, He says *now*. To every poor hungry thirsty soul, who comes to Him, He says, "Do not fear, you shall not be sent away. With Me there is provision for all your needs." "When the poor and needy seek Me . . . the God of Israel will not forsake them" (Isa. xli. 17).

Those who attend to His "Come" *NOW*, shall hear His "Come" *THEN*, when He sits upon His judgment seat.

There is, however, another side to the picture. When men persist in departing from the Lord Jesus, even though He says "Come,"—and let us remember the "Come" of *the* King is a *command*, when men will turn away though He says "There is no need or necessity for you to depart,"—*then* the day will come when they shall hear an irresistible command "Depart from Me, ye cursed" (Matt. xxv. 41).

"Whosoever will" (Rev. xxii. 17) may come *now* for "*now* is the accepted time" (2 Cor. vi. 2), but if the day of grace is neglected, it will eventually be followed by a *THEN* of indescribable misery.

"Come *now* saith the Lord" (Isa. i. 18, 19) and "if ye be willing and obedient" the time will quickly come concerning which it is written "*THEN* He shall reward every man according to his works" (Matt. xvi. 27).

"Ye Must be Born Again."

THE Lord said, "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." No cultivation can change nature; no effort can alter an Ethiopian's skin, or a leopard's spots!

Hence says the word, Ye must be born again. Ye must have a new life. The old is fallen, it cannot bloom in glory; it cannot enter the kingdom of God.

God Beseeching,
Man refusing
Mercy.

WHEN Israel lay stricken and perishing because of their sins, even then did the Lord bid Ezekiel, "Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"

The Bible opens out to us a succession of gracious stories of God's long-suffering with sinful men.

And to this day He is the same. He deals with individuals in long-suffering love. How many years has He borne with us individually! We heeded none of His counsel, and would none of His reproof, but He was "long-suffering to us-ward," and at length He subdued the proud heart, and brought the rebel sinner to His feet. Hence the christian is a living witness to the unrepentant of God's exceeding kindness and forbearance, and can out of his heart's own experience appeal to the sinner to turn from his evil ways.

"Why will you die?" "Why will you choose death before life? Why will you harden your heart against God's tender love? Shall the gift of His own Son remain as nothing to you? Shall the wounds and sufferings of His Son have no voice in your heart? He died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God; will you despise His death? Is this life worth more than everlasting life? Is this world's wealth a richer

God? Have you an arm like God? Can you brave His anger? Beware, sinner! for remember the longest summer's day must have its end.

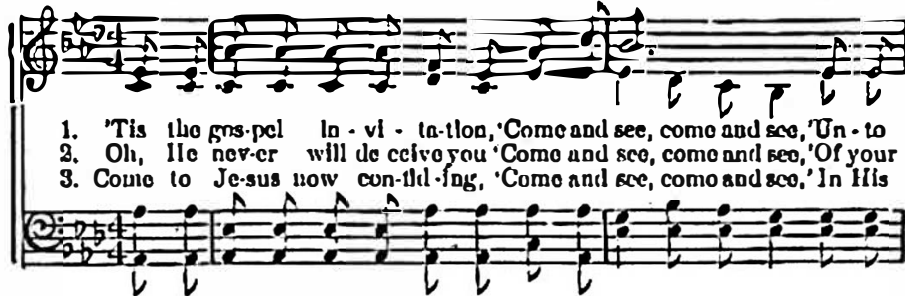
INVITATION,
No. 29.

Come and See.

"Philip saith unto him, come and see"

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. 'Tis the gos-pel in - vi - ta-tion, 'Come and see, come and see, 'Un - to
2. Oh, He nev-er will de-ceive you, 'Come and see, come and see, 'Of your
3. Come to Je-sus now con-fid-ing, 'Come and see, come and see, 'In His



ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion, 'come and see, come and see, Je - sus
bur-den he'll re-lieve you, 'come and see, come and see, He is
shad-ow quick-ly hid-ing, 'come and see, come and see, In His



of - fers free sal - va-tion, 'come and see, What the
wait-ing to re-ceive you, 'come and see, What the
mer-cy there a - bid - ing, 'come and see, What the

CHORUS.



Lord hath done for me. Come and see, come and
Lord hath done for me. come and see, come and
Lord hath done for me,



see, come and see, What the Lord hath done for me.

We are glad to be able to insert this fine hymn, and should it be specially asked for separately we shall be pleased to reprint it.—Ed. "S. W."

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

Author of "Peace Messages."

No. 6—A Mother's Love.

THANK God for our mothers! When I was only two years old, my father died, and I was left to the care of my dear mother; and after her home-going to heaven I found a slip of paper, written by her at the time of my marriage, in which she had recorded: "God said to me many years ago, 'Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.' Faithfully He has done His part, and I have to the best of my ability done mine. More than mere wages I have had as my reward. I wish to record this."

The precious writing brings tears to my eyes as I read it, and say, "Yes, precious mother, truly you did your part well."

Is it not wonderful that God should use a mother's love to illustrate His own? "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you" (Isa. lxvi. 13). His love is even greater than a mother's, for He says, "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee" (Isa. xlix. 15).

Someone has searched the Bible on this subject:—

1. "A mother comforts her child by running when he cries" (Ps. cxxxviii. 3; Ps. cvii.; Ps. lxxvii. 1; 1 Pet. iii. 12).
2. "Taking him in her arms" (Isa. xl. 11; Isa. xlv. 4; Deut. xxxiii. 27).
3. "Wiping away his tears" (Isa. xxv. 8; Rev. xxi. 4).
4. "Promising him good things" (2 Pet. i. 4).
5. "Showing him pictures" (Isa. xl. 26).
6. "Watching him when sick" (Ps. xli. 3).
7. "Bearing with and forgiving his frowardness" (Jer. xxxi. 20).

A thrilling scene was witnessed from the Star Hotel, Long Branch, N. J., on July 24. A lady who was staying at the hotel with her two children was sitting on the piazza with the younger child, an infant two months old, in her arms. She was startled by hearing a cry of alarm from

an upper window of the hotel. Looking around, she saw that her elder child, a little girl three years old, had

strayed on the railroad track which runs in front of the hotel. An engine was approaching, but the child was playing, unconscious of her danger. Playing in danger! How like



"AN ENGINE WAS APPROACHING, BUT THE CHILD WAS PLAYING, UNCONSCIOUS OF HER DANGER, PLAYING IN DANGER!"

many a mother's son and daughter! In danger of destruction worse than that on-rushing locomotive. Instantly, the mother, with the baby still in her arms, ran down the piazza steps and rushed frantically to the rescue of her child. She paid no heed to the shouts of the people to stand back, but reached the child and dragged her from the track, just as the engine touched her. The next instant the cow-catcher caught her dress and threw her off her feet. She was dragged along several yards with her baby still in her arms before the engineer could stop the locomotive. Both the children were unhurt, but the mother was badly injured. She had a terrible gash on her face, and her hip was dislocated beside other injuries. She received prompt medical attention from two doctors who were guests at the hotel, but it is feared that, if she lives, she will always be a cripple, besides having a disfigured face.

That mother risked her life to save her child; the Lord Jesus Christ gave His life to save sinners.

"For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth His love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 7, 8).

The child would be deemed very ungrateful if, should her mother's life be spared, she neglected her and was unmindful of the heroic deed by which her own life was saved, at the cost of her mother's health and beauty. Yet how many there are who owe their hope of eternal life to the love of Christ in undergoing suffering and death for their sake, yet render Him no service nor obey His commands!

A mother's love is great; but the love of God in Jesus Christ is stronger.

"Love strong as death, nay, stronger,
Love mightier than the grave;
Broad as the earth, and longer
Than ocean's widest wave:
This is the love that sought us,
This is the love that bought us,
This is the love that brought us
To gladdest day from saddest night,
From deepest shame to glory bright,
From depths of death to life's fair height."

How Two Little Boys came to the Lord; or, "Cannot You Trust Him?"

AS the children were leaving their Sunday School, one afternoon last July, the Superintendent gently placed his hand upon the shoulder of one little boy, saying, "Are you trusting in the Lord?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Would you like to trust Him?" asked the good man, tenderly.

"Yes," said the little fellow, and with such deep earnestness, that the kind superintendent was convinced Willie was really longing for the knowledge of salvation through Christ.

That same evening Willie was listening attentively to a preacher, reading a portion from John xx., who, at the end of verse 27, at the words, "Be not faithless, but believing," paused and said, "Be not unbelieving, but believing."

These words were impressed upon Willie's young and tender heart.

At the close of the service, the boy, together with his brother, remained, by the wish of his superintendent, to speak with the preacher. Willie's whole frame quivered with emotion, as he owned how he had been long desirous of salvation. And then the four knelt down together.

"O Lord, save me!" prayed Willie, and he repeated after the preacher these well-known words—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee:
O Lamb of God, I come!"

Without a storm was raging, and the rain was

descending in torrents, but within poor Willie's heart there was a storm scarcely less fierce.

"What hinders you from accepting Christ, and obtaining salvation through Him, Willie?"

"I want a sign to know that I am saved," he replied.

"If you had offended me, and I told you I forgave you, would you believe my words, or would you ask me for a sign that I had forgiven you?"

"I would believe you without a sign," the boy answered.

"Can you not believe God?"

"Lord, may I not be faithless, but believing!" he sighed.

"Jesus says, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" was whispered to him.

"Lord, I come to Thee, and ask Thee to save me!" was his response.

"Jesus says, 'No man cometh unto the Father but by Me.' Just tell God that you come in the name of His Son."

"O God, I come to Thee in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and ask Thee to save me," said the little boy earnestly.

Above the fury of the storm was heard that simple petition, and the Lord spake peace to Willie's soul.

"I am saved!" he said. "Lord, I thank Thee for having saved me! Lord, I pray Thee to keep me from evil, and to save my dear brothers!"

Now, Tommy, who had remained silent, began to pray aloud, too, and, with childlike simplicity, followed the prayer of his loved superintendent, repeating each sentence after him, word for word.

"Jesus is so loving, and gracious, and tender," said this servant of Christ to the little boy; "cannot you trust Him?"

And Tommy told the Lord he could do so; and then all rose from their knees and stood, and praised the Lord.

"Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord."

While we thank God that Willie and Tommy are now happily conscious that they are safe for time and for eternity, beneath the shelter of the blood of Christ, let us ask you, dear young readers, whether you have fled to Him for shelter, who is indeed a hiding-place from every storm? "Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

With Warmest Greetings—His Peace.

"My Peace I give unto you."—JOHN xiv. 27.

HIS PEACE.

TO-DAY, may His own peace be yours,
Peace which eternally endures;
As seasons come, and seasons go,
In deeper measure may you know

HIS PEACE.

Amid the many changes here,
That come with each succeeding year;
The soul that fully trusts Him knows
That peace, which like a river flows,

HIS PEACE.

Oh, may His peace be thine always,
In dark as well as brightest days,
Throughout this world of toil and strife
May perfect peace possess thy life;

HIS PEACE.

Whate'er the future holds for thee,
Of joy, or of perplexity,
Of disappointment, or of pain,
Still may true peace within you reign.

HIS PEACE.

Then may His peace thy portion be,
'Twas purchased by His Blood for thee;
However varied be life's scenes,
Oh, may you know in all it means

HIS PEACE.

Until earth's shadows all have flown,
And you shall stand before the throne;
When things of time have passed away,
'Then you shall know through endless day

HIS PEACE.

F. B.

"These things I have spoken unto you, that
in Me ye might have Peace. In the world ye
shall have tribulation: but be, of good cheer:
I have overcome the world" (John xvi. 33).

He Hath Left us an Example.

"Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example,
that ye should follow His steps."—1 PET. ii. 21.

WOULDST thou be chief? Then lowly serve.
Wouldst thou be up? Go down.
Yet, go as low as e'er you will,
The Highest hath gone lower still.

To love's most lowly offices,

Dost thou, in meekness, stoop?
The Christ, thy Master, thought it sweet
To wash His dear disciples' feet.

Wouldst thou be in the kingdom great?
Be here a little child.

Jesus was one, and never more
His childhood's humbleness forebore.

Wouldst thou command? Obedient be.

Jesus obeyed to death;
Even the death upon the cross,
With all its shame and bitter loss.

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

WE acknowledge with sincere thankfulness the receipt of the following amounts on behalf of this Fund. We have been privileged to circulate a large quantity of books amongst the returning soldiers. The following amounts have been received:—

	£	s.	d.
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	6	0
H. S. L., Oamaru, N.Z.	0	10	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.**For Our "Compassionate" Fund.**

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

WE are grateful for the undernoted contributions to this Fund. God is greatly blessing our service on behalf of His poor saints.

	£	s.	d.
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	6	0
H. S. L., Oamaru, N.Z.	0	10	0
Rezmil	0	7	0
E. L.	5	5	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. B. Lindsell	0	5	0
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	6	0
H. S. L., Oamaru, N.Z.	0	10	0
E. L.	3	3	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
From the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon, Lark- hall, N.B., per Mr. J. B. Campbell ..	3	0	0
Albion Hall Scholars, per Mr. G. Colvin ..	0	7	6
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	6	0
H. S. L., Oamaru, N.Z.	0	10	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Corpl. M. J. M., France	0	2	3
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	5	0
H. S. L., Oamaru, for a crippled child, from H. S. L.'s little boy	0	2	0

The Lighthouse Literature Fund.

Mission Director - SAMUEL H. STRAIN

	£	s.	d.
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	5	0

For Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Deaf and Dumb and Blind.

	£	s.	d.
S. E. and J. B., Sherwood	0	6	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Waterloo Row, London.

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THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.



**Do Come! Do
Come Home! or,
A Mother's
Love.**

I WAS lately allowed to see a letter, which touched me by its deep tone of earnest affection, and I feel assured that the few words which I shall copy from it will not fail to tell their own tale to my reader's heart. We all know what it is to love, and our sympathies readily respond to the story of affection, sorely tried, but sound faithful.

The writer of this letter is a poor working woman—how poor, the letter itself unconsciously tells us, for in the early part of it, as she entreats the long-lost daughter to whom she writes to return at once to her home, she says, "We would send you the money if we could afford it, but we have not got a penny to buy bread"—yet in her deep poverty her heart is overflowing with joy and thankfulness to the Good Shepherd Who had gone after her lost one until He had found her.

"It nearly broke my heart," she says, "when you left home; I have never let anybody take your bed since you have been away, and I have never turned the key since you left home, thinking you might come some night when it got dark.

S.W.



"SHE WAS INDEED AT HOME AND HER MOTHER'S ARMS WERE AROUND HER."

Your little sister often cries about you, and wonders where you are. Do come, do come home; we shall never tell you what you have done in the past, for we know you will never do it again, as you have been washed in the precious

blood of Christ, and your sins have been forgiven."

Those to whom the writing of a letter is an easy task, a thing done every day, can have little idea of the labour which it costs a poor woman, who knows she is "no scholar," to put her thoughts into words, and then slowly and painfully to transfer them to paper. The letter which you have just read cost its writer much trouble, and if you could see the torn sheet of blue paper which lies before me, with the words traced upon it in large uncertain characters, you would wonder the more at the eloquence of the language. The words are simple, truly, but how touchingly in their simplicity do they tell the deep yearning of the mother's heart over her wandering child—the faithfulness of the mother's affection! As the daughter read them she must have seemed to see the little bed kept sacred for her, the door left on the latch, if by any means the lost one should be saying in her heart, "I will arise," and should be seeking the home of her childhood; and then, as she read on, it may be amid blinding tears, and came to the sweet words which told her that in that home there was no one who would reproach or upbraid her, that what she had done should never be mentioned to her, she must have felt that there was no love on earth for her like that mother's love which had known neither weariness nor decline; no shelter on earth for her like that poor home, so lightly forsaken, which had been ready for her coming back during all the long days and nights of her absence.

My reader, let this story of human love, so tender and true, speak to you, if as yet you know it not, of that love of which it is but a faint picture, even the kindness of God to you.

It may be you are the light and joy of your earthly home, yet from the true home of the soul you are, perhaps, as far as this poor girl was from her father's house, nay, infinitely farther—"a great way off," yet not too far for the eye of God to see you, not too far for the hand of Christ to reach you, not too weary in your long wanderings, for the voice of Christ to say even to you, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Truly "God deviseth means that His banished be not expelled from Him," and if He allows us thus to look into the secrets of a mother's heart, and to note the strong yearning of that unconquerable affection, is it not that we may think of His mighty love to His lost creatures, and of the welcome that awaits the wanderer who, like the prodigal in the far country says, "I will arise, and go to my father"?

You remember that the lost son had a long and pitiful story to tell, and you remember how he told it, at least so much of it as was comprehended, in the "Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son!" It was while his father's arms were around him, and his father's kisses were upon his face. We, too, have our story to tell; our Father in heaven hears it, filled with a compassion unspeakable, and when we have told it out to Him Who "knows all, but loves us better than He knows," He gives us the sweet assurance that, as the mother said to her daughter, "what we have done shall never be mentioned to us again." None in heaven will speak to the redeemed, as they walk in the light of the golden city, arrayed in the best robe the Father could give, even garments made white in the blood of the Lamb, about those soiled rags in which they came from the far country; none will say of any in that company, which no man can number, "There is a story about that one—a terrible story, which might be told." No, the forgiveness of God is a perfect forgiveness, and His righteousness in Christ is a perfect righteousness, and heaven is a place where we shall find that all

"Dark memories have vanished
In endless, cloudless day."

The lost child, to whom the letter of which we have been speaking was written, *did* return; then, and not till then, did she know how sweet to the wanderer is the word home. When she had read the loving words of entreaty, she knew there was a welcome for her, in spite of all the grief and wrong she had caused; but the deep joy of that welcome she could not know until she had crossed the threshold of the door so long open to receive her, and found herself in her mother's arms. I think, although she might remember the tender assurance, "We shall never tell you of what you have done," the lost child's first words must have been those of the prodigal. She could not fully taste the sweetness of forgiveness until the whole sad story was told, and now that she was indeed at home, and her mother's arms were around her, what need for reserve or excuse?

"I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am not worthy," were the prodigal's words, and such words must be ours, dear friend, each having a different story to tell, but all speaking in the same language, before we can know what the "kindness of God" to the returning one can be, or before we can be clothed with the best robe, which alone can fit us for the Father's house.

The Conclusion of the Incidents concerning the "Two Boys."

I.

IT will be remembered how the old companion of my boyhood days described his entry into the workman's cottage. That Sunday evening before he left proved to be the most solemn crisis in his eventful history. He expressed himself very emphatically about the impression created in his mind by the appearance of the home. It was a model of cleanliness and order. The children seemed to be as much interested in the reading as their parents, and even the cat sat upon the arm of the father's chair as if he were a passive observer of the proceedings. Surely all this shows what influence can be secured through the quiet, godly home-life testimony of a family such as this. Anyway it had a wonderful effect upon the mind and heart of the obdurate and clever unbeliever they had then in their midst.

My friend informed me that when he looked at the Bible the mother had offered, he found they were reading Psalm cvii. It was evident they had already gone through part of it; but out of consideration for him, it was proposed to re-commence. The father read verse 1. The mother, verse 2, and the four children followed one after the other. At verse 7 there was a pause and a marked expectancy that he would continue, and, therefore, much against his will, but not wishing to appear discourteous, he nervously read the words:—

"AND HE LED THEM FORTH BY THE RIGHT WAY, THAT THEY MIGHT GO TO A CITY OF HABITATION."

My friend declared he had a feeling of scorn and hatred in his soul as he read the verse. However, he paid attention generally, and especially noticed the efforts of the youngest child as she tried to spell out, word by word, the portion that fell to her turn. In the order verse 14 came to my friend, and he read:—

"HE BROUGHT THEM OUT OF DARKNESS AND THE SHADOW OF DEATH, AND BRAKE THEIR BANDS IN SUNDER."

He explained that there seemed to be a measure of deepening interest in his heart as the simple evening service proceeded. He was particularly struck by the fact that verses 8 and 15 were the same, and more so still when he discovered that the desire of the author was expressed in similar terms four times over in the same Psalm. He felt there was some secret reason for this, and the feeling was intensified when they approached verse 21

and the very words had to fall from his own lips:—

"OH THAT MEN WOULD PRAISE THE LORD FOR HIS GOODNESS, AND FOR HIS WONDERFUL WORKS TO THE CHILDREN OF MEN!"

Well, he told me he thought this was very singular, for he had never really praised the Lord "for His goodness" in all his life, and he had a strange feeling of remissness come over him as he thought of it. An indefinable sense of concern he experienced; but still the reading went round. Verse 28, which came to him, seemed to be like a ray of comfort, for he read:—

"THEN THEY CRY UNTO THE LORD IN THEIR TROUBLE, AND HE BRINGETH THEM OUT OF THEIR DISTRESSES."

He assured me he wondered whether, if he "cried unto the Lord," He would hear him, and he suddenly became more keenly concerned. He described how his eyes hurried over the intervening verses to anticipate what his next reading would be. He said he could not understand what it meant, but he read verse 35:—

"HE TURNETH THE WILDERNESS INTO A STANDING WATER, AND DRY GROUND INTO WATERSPRINGS."

He could only believe that in some way it was figurative of great blessing coming from a Divine source. My friend assured me that at this juncture he began to regret the reading of the Psalm was drawing near to the end; but one more portion would fall to his lot, and he read it; and somehow it made him believe there was hope even for him. At the same time, nothing was very definitely wrought in his convictions so far, but he read now quite with alacrity:—

"THE RIGHTEOUS SHALL SEE IT, AND REJOICE: AND ALL INIQUITY SHALL STOP HER MOUTH."

The previous verse was read by one of the children: "Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh Him families like a flock." It made him see that this humble family had been able to rise above the trial and affliction of the father's accident and to gather that night like a happy little flock, to read together that which they truly believed to be the Word of God to them.

But the climax of conviction came to my friend's soul as the last verse was read. The father began the Psalm with verse 1—"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth for ever"—and it fell to his lot that he should read the last verse also. He did so with calm deliberation and earnestness. Although he did not look at him, he felt certain

that he intended every word of it to be levelled straight at him.

"WHOSO IS WISE AND WILL OBSERVE THESE THINGS, EVEN THEY SHALL UNDERSTAND THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF THE LORD."

"Whoso is wise and will observe these things," it said. It came like a lightning flash from heaven that, all through his life, my friend had never wisely observed "these things," but had despised them and treated them with scorn, contempt and derision. He said he had, therefore, never known "the loving-kindness of the Lord." That was enough! It was very little he could say, his heart was too full; but when the little family knelt around the table in prayer, he knelt with them. It was the first time he had been on his knees thus since he was a boy. The father, as he leaned in his chair, lifted up his voice to God for them all, expressed thankfulness for the kindly thought prompting the visitor's call. There was then a strange pause, while the group still waited patiently and silently, until my friend said he could endure it no longer, and he cried to the God they had been reading of that night to have mercy upon him, a poor unworthy sinner, and to help him to trust in Christ Jesus as his Saviour and his Lord!

II.

Very little more was said. My friend hastened to his own home. He entered his bedroom, shut the door, and in the stillness there, for the first time in his history, he knew what it was to be ALONE WITH GOD about his sins, about his past life, about peace with God for his soul through the work of Christ, about the changed life to be lived, and about the joyful expectation of a glorious ETERNITY with Christ in Glory.

In the morning, he stepped forth to his daily duties, a new man in Christ Jesus. He believed the people of that country district had recognised ever since that some decided alteration had transpired in his entire character and conduct. He was glad to receive the help and counsel of a few christian men and women who, from time to time, gathered together for prayer and Scripture reading, and it was at about this period in 1898 he called to tell the writer of the great things that God had done for him.

I should fail to describe adequately the joy and thanksgiving my friend expressed. His heart was in raptures? Hallelujahs filled his soul. "Praise the Lord," he exclaimed. "He did it. Not I!" The day of his felicity in my office in London caused us both to remember the night when, in 1858, we sat on the gate to gaze at Donati's comet; the day in 1878 when

he came, a poor prodigal, to see me, and now this day (the best of all) in 1898, when he came from his country home to tell his old companion and friend that he was SAVED with GOD'S GREAT SALVATION.

III.

He has entered into rest! Not long did he live to testify for Christ. Early in the years of the new century, he was called home. One who knew him well said, "I never knew a gentler christian man. He was like a little child. Like his Lord, he "went about doing good." He was always glad to learn more of the truth, until, at last, he listened to the Saviour's voice calling him home to rest and peace and joy with Himself for ever and for ever.

Hallelujah, we are hast'ning
To our Father's House above,
On the way our souls are tasting
Rich and everlasting Love;
IN JEHOVAH IS OUR BOAST—
FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST.

Out of Time, into Eternity.

"VANITY of vanities—all is vanity," said the preacher, of the things of this life.

Each of us is a wayfarer travelling on to eternity; each day is a stage nearer the great goal—the everlasting abiding-place whither we are bound. Some of us have got more than half way on our journey; with others, a few more weeks at most, and the end will be reached—the last stage covered; we shall have passed out of time into eternity.

Each day's pleasures by the way, when enjoyed, are spent for ever. They never return. The farther on the journey of life we get, the more noticeable does this fact become. Childhood's pleasures are for ever gone to the young man, and as the years go by, the young man's pleasures become left behind one by one. We never take up again, to delight in them for ourselves, the pleasures we have been compelled by our advance on the journey to lay aside. The toys of the nursery, the sports of youth, are by-gones forever to age. Thus all that which we live for day by day is vanity; all is vanity.

The plucked flower fades, the feathers on the butterfly's wing are soiled by touch, the possession of our pursuit leaves us with that which is spoiled in our hands.

How soon the end of your journey may be reached you know not; already it may have been said of you, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." As you take flight from time, will not you say of life "all is vanity"?

A Lame Man's Experiences : A Lesson of Encouragement.

THERE are many forms of affliction in the world, and it is difficult—perhaps impossible—to decide what form of affliction is the most painful to bear. Much must depend upon the spirit in which the trial is faced. Some look up to God and beg for grace to enable them patiently to submit to whatever His wisdom sees fit to permit or ordain. Others yield to a murmuring disposition and thus increase the load they have to carry. Those who are enabled to cast their burden upon the Lord (Ps. lv. 22), find that He gives them strength according to their need, and many such are shining examples of cheerfulness. They help others in proportion to the grace bestowed upon them.

Considering that every affliction is, in some measure and degree, the result of sin in ourselves or others, it is a wonderful evidence of God's love and mercy that He does turn His people's afflictions into blessings.

To be lame is a great affliction. Look at any lame person and watch the painful movement of the body. Observe how the poor frame seems to shake, what jolts it receives, and can any right-minded onlooker be otherwise than moved with compassion? To be lame of both feet, and that as the result of an accidental drop, must be regarded as a calamity.

There are records in Holy Scripture of numerous cases of lame persons being healed, but here is one particular instance of a lame man being cared for, though not healed, that seems full of encouragement and comfort to the feeble believer.

Reference is, of course, made to Mephibosheth, the grandson of Saul (2 Sam. ix.). Considering how cruelly Saul had treated David and how he had sought to kill David, there was no special reason why David should have shown any tender regard for one of Saul's grandsons. However, out of love to Jonathan, David made inquiries as to whether any of the family of Saul had been preserved amidst the general slaughter that overtook the family. Learning of the whereabouts of Mephibosheth and that he "was lame on both his feet," David sent for him and gave him the lands that had belonged to Saul, and commanded that he "should eat bread at his table continually."

This touching incident demonstrates the tenderness of heart which was one of the characteristics of David's nature, but it does more. David was in many respects a type of the Lord Jesus. The name David means "beloved." The Lord Jesus is the "Beloved" of the Father,

He knows that all mankind are not only *lame*, but *blind*, and *deaf*, and *lepers*, and *dead* (that is, spiritually); yes, and rebels too; and yet He sends forth and bids men come to Him, and promises that He will heal them of all their soul diseases (Matt. xi. 5), that He has gone to prepare a place for such as come to Him, and that they shall be His guests for ever (John xiv. 2, 3). As a foretaste of what shall be, He now "prepares a table for them in the presence of their enemies" (Ps. xxiii. 5).

It may be supposed that most readers of this article have a sense of admiration for the conduct of David, but what is each one's feelings towards the Lord Jesus?

Mephibosheth realised that David conferred a great honour upon him. Does each reader realise how great a privilege the Lord Jesus offers? David sought out this poor lame man and undertook to provide for him. Mephibosheth did not resist, he did not put off, he did not say he could take care of himself; no, he gladly became a recipient of the King's bounty.

The Lord Jesus, by His Spirit, His Word and His servants calls the "lame" and the "blind" and the "distressed" to come to Him, and upon those who do come the great and glorious honour is conferred of being made sons and daughters (2 Cor. vi. 18).

Mephibosheth became lame because his *nurse* dropped him when he was five years old (2 Sam. iv. 4).

The Apostle Paul declared "we were gentle among you even as a *nurse cherisheth* her children" (1 Thess. ii. 7). In this he carried out the instructions of Almighty God by Isaiah the Prophet (Isa. xxxv. 3—6). "Confirm the feeble knees"; "Say to them of a fearful heart—Be strong, fear not"; "God will come and save you"; "Then shall the lame man leap as an hart" (that is, as a stag). Paul did not "drop" those committed to his charge. Why is it so "many are weak and sickly among" us? Is it not because they are "dropped" before they are ready to walk? Is it not because they are not built up in the most holy faith? (Jude 20). The Lord sent the Prophet Ezekiel (xxxiv. 1—10) to declare His displeasure with those who neglect the weak and feeble of His flock. Let heed be given to this warning.

"Thus said the Lord God; Behold, I am against the shepherds; and I will require my flock at their hand, and cause them to cease from feeding the flock; neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them" (Ezek. xxxiv. 10).

Words and Works of God.—No. 5.

"For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye received the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but, as 'It is in truth, the Word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe.'—1 THESS. II. 13.

THERE is something very wonderful and at the same time something very confirming and establishing to the faith of the christian to realise how much light one Scripture throws upon another, and how, whilst the whole Scripture is "The Word of God," there are scattered up and down this book, which we call "The Bible," innumerable WORDS, which, when RECEIVED into the heart and mind, WORK God's purposes of grace in the soul of a believer, so that the believer's whole spiritual nature becomes more and more filled with light.

As we "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. iii. 18), we discover that the power of God's Spirit, working through the Word, is "mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds" (2 Cor. x. 4). It is not an easy matter (first) to *learn*, and (secondly) always to *remember*, that "by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are His WORKMANSHIP, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them" (Eph. ii. 8—10). We are ready enough to blame the Jews, but if we are honest, must we not confess that there is in us much of the same unbelief that prevented them from receiving the Lord and His instruction and thus obtaining the blessing that God promises to all, who believe, whether Jew or Greek, Barbarian or Scythian, bond or free (Col. iii. 11)?

Why is it thus? Is it not because the true WORK of God is a hidden work, it has to do with "the hidden man of the heart" (1 Pet. iii. 4), and how difficult it is for us to know what is going on in the hearts of those around us? We read of the Jews that they said unto the Lord, "What sign shewest Thou then, that we may SEE, and believe Thee? What dost Thou WORK?" (John vi. 30).

The answer of the Lord was that, whilst God gave the children of Israel during their sojourn in the wilderness, through the hands of Moses, outward manna, yet the true manna, or bread from heaven, is "The Word" (John i. 1), or "He Who cometh down from heaven," as He said: "I am the bread of life: he who cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he who believeth on Me shall never thirst" (John vi. 32—35);

and, again (verse 51), "I am the living bread which came down from heaven; if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." But the Jews still did not understand, so, after further explanation, the Lord added: "It is the Spirit Who quickeneth (or 'maketh alive'); the flesh profiteth nothing: the WORDS that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (verse 63). Still they did not believe, and many turned away. Then we read that the Lord said to His disciples, "Will ye also go away? Then Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to Whom shall we go? Thou hast the WORDS of eternal life. And we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God" (verses 67—69).

This very morning I have received a paper, giving an account of some witness for the Lord in North Africa. The missionary visited an Italian barber and read and expounded to him John x. 1—18, and reports: "This old man becomes merry like a little child when he hears the Gospel. He always smiles, and it seems indeed that God's peace abideth in his heart. He never becomes tired, if by chance I prolong my meditation."

May we not rejoice and give thanks whenever we hear of such cases, for the Lord declares that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner who repenteth" (Luke xv. 10)? Repentance is a turning of the heart and thoughts to God, and is accompanied with a reception or feeding upon the Words of Life.

Christians are greatly concerned to-day that it would please God to give a revival. This can only come as we feed upon Jesus Christ the Lord and trust Him fully and wholly.

W. H. B.

"Faint Hearts Win no Fights."

THE word of exhortation to God's people to be of good courage runs all through the Bible. He who undertakes to fight for God must do so with a brave spirit, or he will certainly be defeated. The secret of courage lies in the sense that God is with us, and this sense flows out from obeying God's word.

A work is given to every christian to do for Christ. It must be undertaken and pursued with courage. Faint hearts win no fights. Successful workers for God are men and women who believe God has sent them to accomplish an end for Him on the earth.

Has God given us a work to do? Then go forward and do it in His strength!

Studies in the "Fear
Not" of the Bible.

A Fear Not for the Fearful.

"And David said unto him, Fear not: for I will surely show thee kindness for Jonathan thy father's sake."
—2 SAM. ix. 7.

HOW welcome this royal "Fear not" must have been to the trembling and fearful prince, Mephibosheth! How unexpected it was! What a surprise it was to him, being altogether different to what he really expected. The king's "Fear not" would fall on his ears as a peal of silvery bells.

But who was this Prince Mephibosheth? He was Jonathan's son, the last survivor of the royal house of Saul. When news of the death of King Saul and his sons on the fatal battlefield of Gilboa reached the royal palace, the nurse, snatching up in her arms this infant son of Jonathan, fled with him to Lo-debar. In the hurry she let him fall, when his feet were permanently injured. Sixteen years had passed when, upon David inquiring "Is there any that is left of the house of Saul that I may show him kindness for Jonathan's sake?" and hearing of the survival of this lame prince, sent and had him brought into his royal presence. Tremblingly must Mephibosheth have made that journey; and, at last, ushered into the king's presence, must have expected his death. When, lo! nothing but grace was meted out to him.

It is a lovely picture of salvation. Convicted of sin, and aware of your lost and ruined condition, do you feel you dare not entertain any hope of securing His grace and favour? Then listen and take to heart this story.

HE WAS THE KING'S ENEMY,

owing to his relation to Saul, though, thank God, the king was not an enemy of the poor trembling prince. We are by nature at enmity with God, though God is not at enmity with us, and is ever beseeching us to be reconciled to Him.

HE WAS LAME THROUGH A FALL.

And so is it with us. What moral and spiritual weakness and sickness and infirmities are ours by the Fall.

HE WAS IN A FAR COUNTRY,

away from the king. Far, far away from Jerusalem, the place of blessing, of peace and worship, at Lo-debar, "the place of no bread." We, too, are by nature in the far country, away, far away, from God.

HE WAS SOUGHT OUT BY THE KING.

No, it was not a matter of Mephibosheth seeking the king, but the king seeking him. Wherein do you think our christian faith differs from all other faiths that have ever been or are? In this, and this alone, all other faiths represent man, in the first instance, seeking God (which is not true, for man, left to himself, does not want God), but the christian faith represents God as seeking man, which alone is true to fact. Man is indifferent to God; but God is not indifferent to him.

HE WAS RECEIVED IN HIS DEFORMITY,

just as he was, without any attempts to improve himself. Ah, that we must remember:—

Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

HE WAS RECEIVED FOR ANOTHER'S SAKE,

for the sake of Jonathan. And we are received for ANOTHER'S sake, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ: "Accepted in the Beloved."

HE LEARNED TO ESTIMATE HIMSELF ARIGHT, but only after he came to David. When Mephibosheth said, "What is thy servant, that thou shouldest look upon such a dead dog as I am?" he may have simply indulged in an Eastern's habit of self-depreciation in the presence of his superior. Yet, it may have been a genuine and sincere expression of his deepest feelings. But, pray note, he only expressed this view AFTER he came to David. It is only AFTER we come to the Lord Jesus that we take low and truer views of ourselves, and get to see sin in the light of Heaven.

HE GOT IN DAVID MORE THAN HE HAD LOST.

What he had lost he regained, plus David's friendship and fellowship. We gain more in Christ than we lost in Adam.

HE DWELT WITH THE KING

in the royal palace, and upon royal fare: "For he did eat continually at the king's table." Oh, what blessed news! And we, too, may leave the pit and the dung-hill, and dwell in the holiest of all by the blood of Jesus.

POOR CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN, SINNER, fearful of just and deserved judgment, listen to our blessed Lord's "Fear not, for I will surely show thee kindness for Jesus' sake." Dare, therefore, to entertain hope of finding mercy, and cling to the Rock of Ages.

ROBERT LEE.



The Berean 120 Texts.

PARTS I AND 2.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HABIT OF LEARNING THE BIBLE.

FOR THE USE OF "FOUNDATION" MEMBERS.

THE Bible verses, which have been committed to memory by those who have joined the Berean Band since its formation in 1905, have necessarily contained, during that period, most of those verses which treat of the GREAT FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS of the Bible; and which, it is considered, should form the foundation of all Bible learning.

It is, however, manifestly impossible that these verses should be repeated year by year in the annual lists. Accordingly a selection of them has been carefully and systematically arranged and printed in a convenient and permanent form entitled—

"THE BEREAN 120 TEXTS,"

for the use of those who would prefer to learn them instead of, in the first instance, taking up with the more general verses appearing in the annual lists; thus availing themselves of the benefit of committing to memory these important fundamental texts. Those who exercise this option will be enrolled as

"FOUNDATION" MEMBERS OF THE BEREAN BAND.

The 120 texts are divided, for convenience, into two parts of sixty texts each. The learning of each part, at the rate of ONE TEXT EACH WEEK, will occupy a little over a year: but the subscription of One Penny (when postage is necessary, Two Pence) will cover the whole of this period. When the first part is finished, the membership should be renewed by the renewal of the subscription as above for the second part. The list of texts and other interesting leaflets will be supplied to each "Foundation" Member on application for, or renewal of, enrolment.

A LEARNER PRAYER.

"Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy Law" (Ps. cxix. 18).

Before a text is committed to memory, its context should be carefully read. If the learning of the verses is a help to you—and it should be

if you use the knowledge you gain—tell others about them, that they too may be helped. Every additional learner means another put into the way of blessing. You will reap your reward.

The verses to be committed to memory during the month of July are as follow:—

PRAISE.

- July 6.—Ps. lxiii. 3.—For His Loving Kindness.
 " 13.—Ps. xxviii. 7.—For His Help.
 " 26.—Ps. lxx. 4.—For His Salvation.
 " 27.—Ps. cvii. 8.—For His Goodness.

Information respecting the Berean Band may be obtained from Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

As for God, His Way is Perfect.

"As for God, His way is perfect: the way of the Lord is tried."—Ps. xviii. 30.

SAY, "As for God, His way is perfect"—yes,
 When our frail bark is on the storm-tossed sea—
 When every quivering nerve is strained by stress,
 And wave on wave seems rolling constantly.

Yes—even then to faith's far-sighted vision
 One stands supreme at helm, our bark to guide.
 His word can calm, His will can make decision,
 No hurricane has power His face to hide.

His very presence makes the spirit calm
 And nerves the feeble heart to do and dare,
 His voice has tender tones of healing balm—
 For storm-tossed mariner if He is there.

And shall we doubt the perfect way He leads—
 When once at Home? and we see "all the way,"
 Its love and wisdom all our hope exceeds,
 With satisfied heart-wonder, we shall say—

So in the happenings that try mind and heart—
 The daily pain, insistent and severe—
 May faith look up, rememb'ring what Thou art,
 And feel the calm of knowing Thou art near.

JESSIE OLDHAM.

May 28th, 1919.

The Believer's Daily Food.

WE each eat our daily bread for ourselves, according to our strength and appetite, and what we eat becomes part of ourselves. Hence the figure that brings to us Christ Jesus as the Manna is most practical in its teaching. No one can feed on Christ for another; each child of God does this solely for himself. What is thus received in the heart is private and personal. It is a secret between Christ and His own who feed on Him. The world cannot see or gather the food upon which the soul of the christian feeds. Moreover, none but the individual who finds the preciousness of Christ in his daily trials and difficulties, knows the special grace of the Lord to him, himself, in his peculiar circumstances.

You Must Face It!

YOU must face eternity sometime, why not face it now? You must pass out of this world into that which is to come. Consider how it will then be with you. God is infinite in holiness, and you must stand before Him and give account of yourself to Him. What have you to say? Your sins are not forgotten by God—every idle word even will be taken into account by Him. You have seen or heard of those who have felt the bitterness of their sins in this lifetime, and who have mourned in God's presence about them, as they sought His pardon, but what will it be to feel the bitterness of sins, and to mourn over them before the judgment throne, where no pardon will be found?

Now, such as mourn shall be comforted, then, there will be no comfort. Now, such as repent shall find forgiveness, then, there will be no repentance unto salvation. Oh! face the stern realities of eternity. "Prepare to meet thy God!"

Since you must face eternity before very long at the latest, why not face it now? Now the Saviour waits to be gracious. Now the word of God proclaims to you pardon. Now is your time, now, just now, this very hour. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation."

Sleep no longer, awake to righteousness, face eternity while health and strength of mind and body are yet young. Face it now, and find salvation, lest you delay and are brought face to face with it, when no mercy is to be found.

"Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." This, His gracious word to you to-day, is as true for you as it was for those who first heard it.

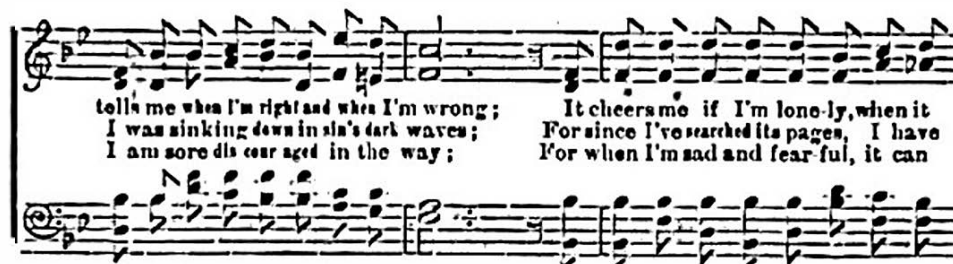
I love the dear old Bible.

DUNCAN McNEIL.

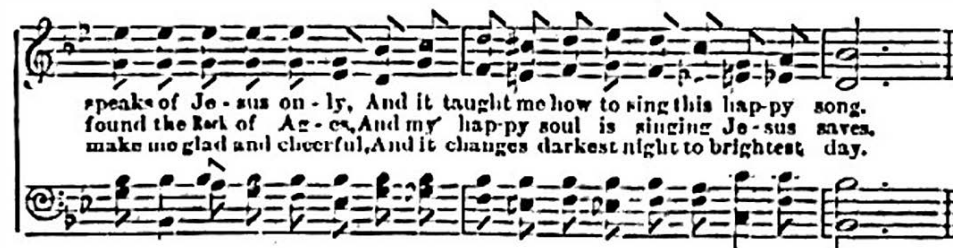
Harmonised by JOHN McNEIL.



1. I love the dear old bi-ble for I know it is my friend. It
 2. I thank God for the bi-ble and the truth it brought to me, When
 3. I love the dear old bi-ble for the com-fort that it brings, When



tells me when I'm right and when I'm wrong; It cheers me if I'm lone-ly, when it
 I was sinking down in sin's dark waves; For since I've searched its pages, I have
 I am sore dis-cour-aged in the way; For when I'm sad and fear-ful, it can

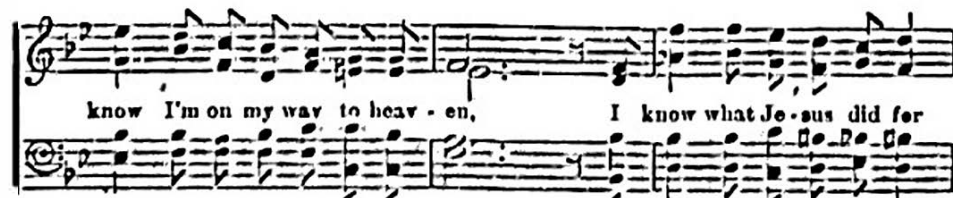


speaks of Je-sus on-ly, And it taught me how to sing this hap-py song.
 found the Rock of A-ges, And my hap-py soul is singing Je-sus saves,
 make me glad and cheer-ful, And it changes darkest night to brightest day.

CHORUS.



I know my sins are all for-giv-en, I



know I'm on my way to heav-en, I know what Je-sus did for



me, He can do the ve-ry same for you.

A new sacred song by Duncan McNeil, author of "Pilgrim Songs" and "Songs of Testimonies." Supplied in leaflet form with Staff and Sol-fa Notation 2d. net 21d. each or 2s. 2d. per doz., post free.

The Lamb and Flag Cripples' Mission.

WE are very thankful once more in a very humble way to appeal to our friends to assist this most worthy mission. During the war many former helpers have passed away, or their help has unavoidably been diverted into other urgent channels. We venture, however, now to ask our readers to assist in this work, if they feel touched in their hearts to do so.

The Mission is carrying on its beneficent work perhaps more assiduously than ever, and certainly the need is as great, or even greater, than in years gone by. It filled us with concern to hear recently that, not only was the small banking account overdrawn, but there were no funds to permit of the children or the mothers being taken into the fields even for a day!

We fear we have not adequately made known the helpful features of this earnest mission work. The hall is situated in the very centre of Clerkenwell slumdom. The poorest of the poor are crowded into these sad alleys and lanes, and the workers endeavour to bring a little sunshine into the lives of hundreds of the little children, and also to bring the glad tidings of the Gospel home to the hearts of some of the lonely mothers and others who live near by.

Not only is an effort made to take a large number of the little cripples into the country just for one day, but, as far as possible, in special pathetic cases, some are taken to the seaside for a fortnight's change. This can be assured by the payment of 30s. for each child.

We have heard only this week of a kindly lady who has offered to provide tea in her beautiful grounds at Hampstead for 100 mothers; very poor women they are, who would appreciate such a treat amazingly; but it costs 1s. for train or tram to take them there and back. We mean, please God, that these mothers *shall have* this little outing during these glorious summer-time days, but who will help us? Ever so small a contribution in furtherance of this happy service will be sincerely valued.

Great help has been rendered for many years in providing crutches and various instruments for many of the children, who otherwise would be confined almost perpetually to their dark and dingy homes, if homes they can be called.

We have ascertained, too, that the war has been responsible for stopping the supply of old clothes, boots, etc. These have been supplied during the last years to the many impoverished refugees, and our workers have not had any to use amongst the needy little ones and people of

our Lamb and Flag. If any kind friends can help in this way, parcels may be sent *direct* to

MR. FRENCH,
Hon. Secretary, Lamb and Flag Mission,
10, Red Lion Street,
Clerkenwell, LONDON, E.C. 1.,

who will, as hitherto, judiciously superintend their distribution.

The Editor will be pleased to receive any help towards the continuance of this good work, as he believes it to be a true service for Christ.

The Fruits of the Valley.

A SONG FROM THE SONG OF SONGS.

SONG SOL. VI. 11.

"Let my Beloved come into His garden, and eat His pleasant fruits."—SONG SOL. IV. 16.

THE FRUITS OF THE VALLEY ARE PRECIOUS AND RARE,
MOST SWEET TO THE TASTE, TO THE VISION MOST
FAIR;

THE MASTER HIMSELF OFT REFRESHETH HIS SOUL
WITH THESE FRUITS OF THE VALE WHERE THE DARK
WATERS FLOW,

THE FRUITS OF THE VALLEY ARE LOVE, JOY AND PEACE,
LONGSUFFERING AND GENTLENESS YIELD THEIR IN-
CREASE;

HERE GOODNESS AND FAITH 'MID THE BARE ROCKS ARE
FOUND,

WHILE MECKNESS AND TEMPERANCE ALSO ABOUND,
THIS VALLEY WAS ONCE BOTH "UNCARED AND UN-
SOWN,"

E'EN NOW IT IS "ROUGH," AND IT OFTEN IS LONE;
BUT THE LORD PASSED THIS WAY AS HE WENT TO THE
TREE,

AND SCATTERED THE SEEDS OF THE HARVEST WE SEE.

BUT THINK NOT THIS HARVEST IS EASY TO REAP,
FOR THE SIDES OF THE VALLEY ARE RUGGED AND STEEP;
AND OFTEN THE SUNSHINE GIVES PLACE UNTO GLOOM,
AND LIGHT IS EXCHANGED FOR THE SHADE OF THE TOMB.

PAUSE, CHRISTIAN, AND THINK! CANST THOU FOLLOW
THY LORD

O'ER SHARP ROCKS OF PAIN AS O'ER PLEASURE'S GREEN
SWARD?

YEA, PAUSE, ERE THOU ASK AS THY PORTION IN LIFE
A HARD DAILY DYING, A LONG, WEARY STRIFE.

DEAR CHILDREN OF SORROW, WHO TREAD THIS ROUGH
GROUND,

OIL, WEEP NOT! BUT SEEK FOR THE FRUITS THAT
ABOUND;

OIL, SEEK TO HAVE GARNERS OF GRACES DIVINE
AND PRESSES THAT BURST OUT WITH WORSHIP'S NEW
WINE!

THAT SO, WHEN THE LORD TO YOUR SOULS DRAWETH
NIGHT,

YOUR HEARTS MAY AT ONCE, AND WITH GLADNESS,
REPLY

TO HIS SWEET, WELCOME VOICE AND THE THREAD OF
HIS FEET.

"COME, LET MY BELOVED OF HIS PLEASANT FRUITS
EAT."

J. C. J.

"My Beloved is gone down into His garden, to the
beds of spices, to feed in the gardens and to gather
lilies" (Song Sol. vi. 2).

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

No. 7.—Story of a Robin Red-breast.

MY story this month has come all the way from Canada. It is about a robin, who was carrying material to build its nest, and somehow got it caught in a high tree, where it became entangled round its little legs, so making it a captive.

Now, Master Robin needed saving. When free he had no need of a saviour; but thus caught, a saviour was just his greatest need. Sin has made all of us captives, and we need a Saviour.

Master Robin could not save himself; indeed, the more he fluttered and struggled, the greater the tangle. So it is with us; we cannot deliver ourselves; and the more we try, the worse our trouble.

Other birds could not deliver Master Robin; they might pity him; but hardly that; and certainly they could not release him. Nor can we save one another from our sins (Ps. xlix. 7).

The poor little robin was very unhappy. How could he sing while thus held fast as by a chain? For the present his singing days were ended. Sin makes boys and girls unhappy; it stops all song.

The captive would die if no deliverer could be found; and what a dreadful death! So "sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (Jas. i. 15). And such a death, even a death everlasting!

At first no one noticed the bird, and it might have perished unseen; but after a time its cries were heard by some boys, and they felt real sorry for it; but it was too high, even for the boys. They watched it till darkness came, and then left it for a terrible night. Next day its cries were worse than ever, and one boy determined to save it, if possible. It was a very tall tree and took him a long time to climb; but he worked on with a noble purpose, and at last got high enough to cut off the bough to which Master Robin was tied. Then the entangling string was soon untwisted—and Bobbie was free.

Did the captive bird ask the lad to wait

until to-morrow before unloosing it? Of course not.

Jesus, the Son of God, is our deliverer. His

name is "Jesus," because He saves His people from their sins. Hence we sing:—

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avails for me."



"THE BIRD SANG WHEN SET AT LIBERTY."

Many pitied the poor bird; but only one saved it, and one saviour was enough. There is only One Saviour will and can save us. "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside Me there is no Saviour" (Isa. xliii. 11). "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts iv. 12).

The kind boy did not break his neck delivering the robin, nor would it have been worth while; but our Lord gave His life to save us. "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 6—10).

Do you think the bird sang when set at liberty? I guess he did, and I fancy why David was the sweet singer of Israel was because he could say, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers; the snare is broken, and we are escaped" (Ps. cxxiv. 7). Can you sing:—

"Now I am free, for He died for me,
Glory to His Name!"

There is a caravan chorus that sets to music the words, "If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (Jno. viii. 36). "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. v. 1).

Where my story comes from there is a society that rewards deeds of kindness thus done, so the lad got a medal for his trouble. The kind of reward that our Saviour most desires is the heart's love and service of those whom He sets free.

"Heartily thy life should be
Spent for Him Who died for thee,
All thy being's ransom'd powers,
His each day throughout its hours,
'Till He come,' when thou wilt be
All for Him eternally."

"Made Sin for Us."

"For He hath made Him sin for us, Who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 Cor. v. 21.

WHAT mingled awe and wonder were expressed
On angel-faces,
When Jesus, Son of God,—the Holiest,
With us changed places.
He bore unto the Tree, our guilt, our wrong,
Our dire disgraces;
And made His righteousness to us belong,
With gifts and graces.
He gave us to the Father's welcoming breast
And close embraces,
While 'gainst the rugged Cross His body pressed,
Since we changed places.
Wounded and bruised for our transgressions, love
Itself abases,
To raise us faultless to the throne above,—
To heavenly places.
Slain by the wicked hands of men,—God's Hand
Faith clearly traces;
It was by counsel definite and planned
We thus changed places.

WINIFRED A. IVERSON.

The World and the Christian.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world"—1 JOHN II. 15.

THE World asked the Christian, "Where's thy heart?"

And the Christian said, "One holds it fast,
Whose heart was pierced with the soldier's spear,
But Who liveth now where death is past."

Then said the World, "Where are thine eyes?"

"Mine eyes He, too, hath stol'n away,
To gaze upon His Feet and Hands."

Did Christian answering quickly, say,
"Thy passing strange, heart, eyes, thus gone!"

Christian! What then am I to thee?"

"Ah! World! who Jesus crucified,
The grave of Christ art thou to me!"

"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh,

and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world" (1 JOHN II. 16).

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

WE can only wonder at the goodness of God in permitting us to labour so long on behalf of our soldiers and sailors during the war. We have had ample testimony that the Lord has abundantly blessed, not only our humble efforts on behalf of the men, but also those of many other friends who have worked for the spiritual, as well as the material, welfare of our brave men. Since the demobilisation began hundreds have called upon us, as they passed through London, and have expressed the utmost thankfulness for all the help they have received during the terrible war-days of the past. We are not sure how much longer we shall be able to carry on this work, but we again express our gratitude for all the fellowship and generous aid we have received from the first. This month we acknowledge as under:—

Mr F. K., Cape Town	1	10	0
Mrs. McB., Worcester	0	10	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"Not one thing hath failed of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you."—JOSH. xxiii. 14.

WE render thanks to God for all the help so generously rendered by our friends during the present month. Truly we can say with Joshua of old, "All good things are come upon you, which the Lord your God promised you." The wonderful continuance of the help of our friends on behalf of this Fund calls forth our heartfelt praise and gratitude to God. We have received the undernoted amounts:—

Anonymous, per Miss S. Cleaverley, Wool-	£	s.	d.
ston, New Zealand	1	0	0
The Misses H. and M. J. J., Worcester	0	5	0
"A Cheerful Giver," Hereford	2	0	0
"E. L."	5	5	0
C. E. M., Cirencester	0	10	0

We record our special thanks for these generous contributions to this fund.—ED. S. W.

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

We have very great cause to be grateful for the continued help rendered in the production of our paper.

"E. L."	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	3	3	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

Albion Hall Scholars, Larkhall, per Mr G. Colvin	£	s.	d.
.. .. .	0	7	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

"For His Sake," Aberdeen	£	s.	d.
Miss U., S. Kensington	0	3	0
.. .. .	0	5	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.



Photo by A. Payne.

"SHE KEEPS HER FINGERS BUSY AT THE KNITTING." "THERE WAS LITTLE TO TELL OF
EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS."

**"Eighty-Five Years Old To-day;" or,
"Who was I to Argue when God
said 'Must'?"**

A WAY up in the hills, between Don and Dee, there are many lovely spots. Big wooded hills towering away up to the blue sky, between them little glens all shaded with trees, with a noisy burn chattering its way over stones and rocks to the sea, led me away one day on an exploring trip. A long run down a very steep hill, a sharp turn at the bottom, over a shaky bridge, and I discovered a dear old lady, and very soon we were busy talking as if we had known each other for years instead of minutes. "Eighty-five years old to-day" was her opening piece of news, and as pleased and excited about it as one at eight or eighteen years. And she had good cause to be, for except for her dear old wrinkled face there was very little to tell of eighty-five long years. But best of all there was a something that shone through in spite of the wrinkles, a joy that was not of earth, an answer that did not need words to the question: "Are you born again?" Her answer took us back very many years, and a simple story of God's love to a poor, guilty sinner, and His faithfulness through the long years took quite a long time to tell and hear.

As a girl growing up into young womanhood she had realised her need of a Saviour. All her goodnesses could never balance her badnesses, and so she began to see herself as a poor, needy sinner. Then into the darkness of her soul there shone a light from God's Word, that not to make herself better, but to have a new nature, was needful if she was to be saved. So to her, as to Nicodemus, the Lord said, clearly and simply, "Ye *must* be born again" (John iii. 7). And with quaint simplicity the old lady asked her question: "And who was I to argue when God said '*must*'?" But here comes the great difficulty! So many folks know they "*must* be born again," but, like the wise Rabbi Nicodemus, they are so full of "hows?" that it seems almost hopeless. To old and young alike God speaks His great "*must*," and the "*how*" must be answered before we have hope of eternal life.

Listen to the old lady's story. She believed God that she was a sinner, that she needed not patching, but saving, and that being "born again" was God's only way of salvation. "But how were you born again?" I asked, eager to see how she had overcome the difficulty of the big "how." And quickly as a flash came the answer: "There was only one way, God's way. I believed God's Word, and received God's Son as my Saviour. God's Word said, 'As many as

received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name' (John i. 12). I just took Him at His word, and there and then received His gift, even Everlasting Life."

The old lady was a simple soul, and knew hardly anything of the big world outside the green shady glen, but, tell me, is she not far wiser than you? She did not try to argue with God, but believed His Word that taught her her need of a Saviour. *Have you?* She did not ask God "How?" or "Why?" but received Jesus Christ as her personal Saviour. *Have you?* And when she had believed His Word and received the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour, she knew she was "born again," because God had said so. Have you taken Him at His Word? If not, will you not be wise unto salvation, and do so now?

A. P.

A Touch of Country Peace about it; or. Mrs. Clarke's Home.

MRS. CLARKE was known in the neighbourhood where she lived as a God-fearing widow, and christian friends felt it a privilege to visit her little cottage, for she had a fresh heart, and in her busiest hours there was always a sweet savour of Christ about her. Widow Clarke supported herself and invalid daughter by a little laundry business, yet, however busy, she had some time to bestow on others. Her cottage had a peaceful aspect—it stood back from the London thoroughfare, its little garden wore a neat and thriving appearance, and pretty creepers grew upon the cottage wall. She let her two upper rooms, and this was one of her opportunities for furthering her Master's cause.

On one occasion the rooms were standing empty, and much prayer was made to God by the widow that He would send tenants to whom she might be made a messenger of Christ. The quiet situation attracted the attention of a young man in delicate health—there was a touch of country peace about it, just what he wanted, and Henry, with his parents, were soon settled in the rooms.

Mrs. Clarke found in Henry a young man of a naturally fine and generous disposition. His love to his mother had restrained his desire for adventure, and his father being somewhat indolent, the young man kept the home together.

Henry worked in a gutta-percha factory, the confinement and heat of which acted unfavourably upon his constitution, and his tall frame

and handsome countenance were marked, with disease; this Mrs. Clarke observed, and from first acquaintance she took deep interest in his soul, but as every allusion to divine things was distasteful to Henry, she was led the more to prayer for his conversion to God. After a short time troubles threatened her new lodgers. Henry broke a blood-vessel, and though he battled manfully against the disease, when the winter came, with exposure to cold and damp evening air, he very reluctantly fell upon his club for support. No one felt more deeply for him than Mrs. Clarke, but in vain did she put before him his need as a sinner. When she spoke of Christ he would often leave the room, and every request for him to hear the Gospel preached met with a positive refusal. This made her more earnest than ever, and, not content with her own pleadings, she gathered a few christian friends together for special prayer on Henry's behalf.

The fatal disease was making slow but evident advance, and Mrs. Clarke felt no one had yet spoken plainly to the invalid about his state; she had endeavoured to do so, but had never got at his heart. After much prayer, the help of one who was specially powerful in her plain and solemn warnings to the unconverted was sought, and Mrs. Clarke introduced her friend to Henry's sick room. "Do you read your Bible?" inquired the visitor. "No," replied Henry. "Have you one?" "Yes, but I have not read it, neither do I mean to." "Let me see it," said the lady; and, finding it was not in the room, she asked the mother to fetch it. "I shall now read to you out of your own Bible *where* God has said you will go, if you die as you are."

Though Henry was angry at such plain speaking, he did not interrupt as scripture after scripture was read, declaring the awful and eternal misery of the unbeliever who died in his sins. Not one word of her own did the lady add to the solemn statements of God's Word. While Henry heard of the certainty of everlasting punishment, of the wrath of God, of the worm that dieth not, of the fire that is not quenched, of the weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, God spoke to his soul, with a "thou art the man." For the first time in his life his heart was broken under the sense of sin and the fear of coming wrath, and tears rolled down his face. His feelings of anger were forthwith changed into deep gratitude towards the friend who, in love for his soul, had not feared to tell him of his sure and hastening doom should he still reject the Saviour and persist in his unbelief. The lady's visits were welcome indeed from this time,

and Henry anxiously listened to the way of escape that God had made in the redemption by His Son.

Sometimes comforted with a glimpse of Christ, then pressed down with the weight of his sins, so as to feel he should never be saved, Henry would often say that he should not mind what he suffered in his body did he but know that his sins were forgiven, and that he was safe for eternity: and thus passed the long winter.

Another christian visitor was used by God for Henry's deliverance from fear and bondage. Having just heard from Henry the doubts and the fears that troubled him, he said, "Like a drowning man, you are struggling to save yourself. But suppose a rope is thrown out, and the man told to cease struggling, and to trust himself to the rope alone, he would then be saved by another. Henry, give yourself up as perishing and helpless, and trust to the Saviour, Who comes to you with a finished salvation; believe on Him, and you shall be saved by His strength; and then, instead of fearing, you shall know yourself safe in Christ, Who sits at God's right hand in glory." God opened Henry's eyes to see Jesus as his salvation; he received Him in his heart by faith, and from that moment peace in believing took the place of gloomy doubts and fears.

At first he had a desire to recover, not for the sweetness of life, but that he might tell others—and especially the men in the factory—what God had done for his soul. However, he soon saw that this was not his Father's good pleasure. Intense longing filled his soul to be with that precious Saviour, Who had so loved him, and had washed him from his sins in His own blood. One day, his end appearing very near, he told Mrs. Clarke, to whom he now felt the tenderest affection, that before the clock struck twelve again he hoped he should be with Christ; indeed, his daily desire was that on the morrow he might see his Saviour.

Unable to enter into his joy, Henry's mother showed too unmistakably that his lingering sickness wearied her; but "Mother does not know what I suffer," gently said, was all that he would say of her. The Master's word, "Abide in Me, and I in you," was his comfort, just simply resting in Christ, and in His faithful love. "Persons have told me," he once remarked, "that I should pray when in much pain, or repeat hymns, but I cannot do so. It seems so sweet to know that I have only to rest in Him, and that He is thinking upon me, when I am too weak to think myself."

After a day of especial suffering, Mrs. Clarke

asked him whether he did not think that his desire would very soon be granted, when, to her surprise, he answered, "I do not know; I have given up thinking." "Given up thinking of being with Jesus, dear Henry! What, then, do you do to comfort yourself?" "Oh!" replied the patient sufferer, "I have thought too much, I fear. I have wished too much to depart and be with Him. I now trust Him, and leave all to His will." The last lesson in God's discipline was learnt.

"What shall we pray for to-day?" asked Mrs. Clarke, the next morning.

"That the Lord may take me; and mind that you say, 'Thy will be done.'" That day a heavenly calm rested on the little company who watched Henry as he lay gently breathing himself away to bliss. None seemed able to speak or move, so sacred and solemn was that dying stillness; and as we watched, with eyes dimmed with tears, Henry looked up to heaven and smiled, and with rapid utterance cried, "I see Him! I see Him!" His mother whispered, "Whom do you see, Henry?" "I see Jesus. He is coming—He is coming for me—coming to take me to Himself!" He gazed upward adoringly for a moment, and then gave his last kiss and last good-bye to his dear ones, adding, "Say 'good-bye' to father; God bless him. Tell him to come to Jesus the Saviour." And then he shut his eyes, and his breathing grew softer and softer, until all was still. We looked one upon another and whispered, "He is gone."

Studies in the "Fear
Notes" of the Bible.

A "Fear Not" for Intercessors.

"Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand and to humble thyself before thy God thy words were heard; and I am come for thy word's sake."—DAN. x. 12 (R.V.).

THERE is much that is strange and mysterious about this incident in the life of Daniel, that great statesman, saint, and prophet. He was now an old man of eighty-nine. Seventy-three years had passed since his deportation from his beloved land of Judah. Two years had gone by since the imperial monarch, Cyrus, had permitted the faithful remnant of Israel to return to Jerusalem. For some reason or other Daniel began a season of special prayer. What particular petition he offered we know not. Maybe he was praying for the remnant on receiving a report concerning the difficulties they were meeting in the rebuilding of Jerusalem and the restoration of their national life, and probably he desired to know what would befall his

people in the future (see verse 14). He had been engaged in earnest and persevering prayer for three weeks before an answer came. Though no doubt puzzled and bewildered at this long delay, the aged prophet continued his supplications. Then a vision was granted. "A Man" appeared. Comparing Daniel's description of the appearance of this august Person with that given by John in Revelation i., we are bound to conclude that it was the Lord. Daniel's servants that were with him "saw not the vision, but a great quaking fell upon them, so that they fled to hide themselves," leaving their master alone. The effect upon God's aged servant was overwhelming—"And I Daniel alone saw the vision . . . and there remained no strength in me: for my comeliness was turned in me into corruption, and I retained no strength." But in his fear and distress the Lord spake this most comforting and cheering "Fear not," which is bound to be an inspiration and encouragement to all the Lord's praying people.

First, learn that

PRAYER IS HEARD AT ONCE IN HEAVEN, though the sensible answer may seem to be delayed. That is, of course, prayer offered from a humble and a trustful heart. How significant is the phrase "Set thine heart" not only to "understand," but also to "chasten," i.e., humble, "thyself before thy God." Our S.O.S. signals are always noted, and an account of the same kept before the Lord. Never for one moment allow the enemy to persuade you that your cry has gone unheeded. No; a thousand times, no. "For from the first day . . . thy words were heard."

Then, for the vindication of the Lord, pray note that:

DELAYS IN ANSWERING PRAYER ARE NOT
ALWAYS DUE TO GOD.

Some delays are due either to unpreparedness or unfitness on the part of the suppliant or the petition. But not all delays. Delays do not always mean denials. The Lord in the vision explained to the aged intercessor how it happened that he had received no visible answer to a prayer that had been offered with success three weeks previously. And the explanation was that there had been a conflict between the powers of light and darkness, betwixt the invisible powers which rule and influence nations and peoples. Strangely fascinating is this subject, yet how little we know or can know of it. The veil hiding the invisible is here slightly withdrawn, revealing titanic opposition to the performance of the commands of the Lord. As to

the ultimate success of the powers of light there can be no doubt, for Satanic powers are not omnipotent; but the opposition delays the answer. And all delays are trying and testing times to the eager and anxious souls. In Daniel's experience a suitable explanation was given him for the delay, but the Lord is not able to explain to all of His servants. And what then? Well, surely we can trust even when we cannot trace. And we can persevere in our entreaties until our prayers are answered. Daniel persevered in prayer three weeks; let us persevere for three, thirty, or three hundred weeks. Pray through. Never give up, however sorely tried you may be with Heaven's silence. Prayer conflict is an experience not to be trusted to all the Lord's people, but only to the ripened and mature saint. Jacob's determined reply to the Lord, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me," is to be commended. Many a lost battle would have been won if perseverance had been practised a little longer on the part of the combatants. So in the ministry of intercession. Therefore, let this be our final word—

UNTIL THE ANSWER COMES PERSEVERE IN YOUR PRAYERS.

ROBERT LEE.

Christian Comfort or Worldly Consternation, which?

THERE is nothing upon this earth that can compare with God's Word—the Scripture of Truth.

Looked at from every point of view it is wonderful. It deals with every question, whether relating to time or eternity. It surveys the whole period from the date when God laid the foundations of the earth, to that final day when the earth shall be burned up and the heavens pass away with a great noise (2 Pet. iii. 10). It is addressed to the whole mass of the human race, and it speaks to each person individually. It records events that are startling in their magnitude, and it recounts incidents that historians would overlook. It surveys the whole horizon of the future in a few verses, and it illustrates momentous transactions by a simple example plain to all who are willing to understand.

In explanation of this latter statement let reference be made to Matthew xxviii. 2—7. There had been a great earthquake. An angel of the Lord descended from heaven. The Roman soldiers, who had been stationed to watch the sepulchre, were seized with consternation. They were so sore afraid that they

became as dead men. Their military training, their rough courage, their superstition, their authority as representatives of the great imperial power of Rome, were all alike incapable of rendering these men any assistance in that dread hour! When face to face with one of God's holy angels, and in the presence of an awful earthquake, these strong men were as powerless as the morning mist is to resist a mighty wind. The angel had no word of comfort or encouragement for them.

On the other hand, those few christian women, who, out of love to their Lord and Saviour, had gathered at that early-hour to "anoint Him" with "sweet spices," were cheered by the angel with these words: "Fear not ye, for I know that ye seek Jesus. . . . He is not here, He is risen. Go, tell His disciples they shall see Him." Does not this wonderful scene speak to us of another resurrection?

We are told that "the trump of God" shall sound, the voice of the archangel shall be heard, the Lord Himself shall appear and His people be with Him for ever. "With these words" we are to "comfort one another" (see 1 Thess. iv. 16—18).

As the feelings of those christian women were suddenly changed from gloom to gladness, so the bodies of God's saints shall be suddenly changed when He comes for them (1 Cor. xv. 51). "This corruptible must put on incorruption."

There is another side to this picture. It is given in Revelation vi. 12—17. There shall yet be a great earthquake and the heaven shall depart as a scroll, when it is rolled together. Great men and mighty men and all classes of men shall try to hide themselves from the wrath of the Lamb—that Lamb Who was slain at Calvary—but it will be impossible. Fear, consternation and destruction will follow one another with lightning rapidity. Desolation will come in a single moment.

Those hardy Roman soldiers—trained to fear no foe—became as dead men when the angel of the Lord appeared! Men seem brave enough now in their open defiance of God and His Christ and His Word, but in a little while this courage will disappear, unless they repent.

Those lonely women, venturing forth in faith in their man-rejected Saviour, found that His Word was their support and comfort in their affliction. He sent His message by His angelic servant, and they were found with joy.

There can be no question as to who were the happier.

Those Christian women suffered reproach with their Lord, but now they are in His presence for

ever. If we desire to share their "great joy," we must follow and serve the Saviour they owned and we must be willing to "run" to carry His Word to others.

As surely as the Lord Jesus rose on the third day morn, so certain is it that He is coming again, and then all who have loved and obeyed Him shall rise to meet Him in the air and be for ever with Him.

The comfort the christian women received at the empty tomb is an encouragement to all who desire to follow the same Saviour. This same Jesus is coming again (Acts i. 11).

Words and Works of God.—No. 6.

"And the Lord SAID unto Moses, Is the Lord's hand waxed short? Thou shalt see now whether MY WORD SHALL COME TO PASS unto thee or not."—NUM. xi. 23.

OH! how little do we know or understand of the Scriptures! How little do we realise that in the Scriptures God condescends to reveal to mankind both what He has done in the PAST and what He will do in the FUTURE. Likewise He reveals to us His purposes that we may have LIGHT upon our PRESENT path, so that we may not be in darkness concerning His wonderful works in our own days.

It is true that christians do not always and at once understand all that God is bringing to pass, but that is due partly to our lack of knowledge of the Scriptures and partly to our lack of knowledge of what is going on around us; partly also to our unbelief, and partly to our lack of discrimination. Nevertheless, if we do wait upon the Lord, we shall be able to learn something of His providential acts as well as of His acts of mercy, grace and loving-kindness.

That one object of God in giving us the Scriptures is that we may know of His overruling in providence in all the affairs of mankind is evident if we consider what He has said on the subject, and consider that He has again and again claimed to be God Almighty, Who can do great things, and Who has always PERFORMED at the appointed time and in the right way all that He has SAID He would do.

Then, too, we see in the Scriptures that, as generation after generation has come upon the earth, He has pointed men back to what He has done in the past that they might learn—each generation in its own day—to observe that what God does is in accordance with what He has said He will do. God knows quite well that every generation has to LEARN to know of the things of God for itself and not for another.

In the verse quoted at the head of this article

God is appealing to the faith of Moses. He reminds Moses of His power, and appeals to him to trust Him to provide food for the children of Israel during their journey through the wilderness. Within His appeal there was hidden a further lesson. God had provided MANNA, and that was the very best and most healthful food possible. But the children of Israel wanted flesh. God would show that He *could* provide flesh, but that it was not the kind of food that was suited to their needs—in short, He would teach them that He knows best.

From this we may learn that God knows what is best for the spiritual life of christians. I am sorry to notice that in the places of worship in this land there has arisen a tendency to introduce various kinds of so-called amusements with the idea of interesting and attracting people, instead of feeding the congregations on the true manna, of which we read in John vi. Notice verses 33—35: "For the bread of God is He Who cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world. Then said they unto Him, Lord evermore give us this bread. And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that COMETH to Me shall never HUNGER; and he that BELIEVETH on Me shall never THIRST." God knows that amusements will not SAVE a soul, neither will they FEED a soul and enable it to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (2 Peter iii. 18).

At the end of his life Moses recapitulated what God had said and done and taught him and the children of Israel as they wandered in the wilderness, and he said: "The Lord humbled thee and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with MANNA, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know; that He might make thee know that man doth not LIVE by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live" (Deut. viii. 3).

In later days we find the Psalmist recalls these and other acts of the Lord, and exclaims: "The Lord satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. . . . He made known His ways unto Moses, His acts unto the children of Israel" (Ps. ciii. 5, 7).

Again, the Psalmist says: "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness. . . . He sent His word and healed them. . . . Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord" (Ps. cxviii. 9, 20, 43).

Dear reader, may it be your portion and mine to feed on the true manna!

W. H. B.

Route March from Norwich to London.

WE are glad to be permitted to insert the following article telling, as it does, of the wonderful blessing that accompanied the beloved friends who recently marched from

right along the way. All denominations have taken intelligent interest. At each stopping place great crowds gathered to hear the Word preached, especially at Norwich, Bury St. Edmunds, Ipswich, Colchester, Chelmsford, Brentwood and Ilford. There is no doubt that



Norwich to London. On the first occasion, when they journeyed from Bath, we were deeply interested and, in common with many of God's people, we prayed that a great blessing might attend this novel but earnest testimony.

Another march, from York to London, is under prayerful consideration, and we are sure our christian readers will look to God that the Holy Spirit may guide, and grant an abundant result, if the way be open for the third itinerary.

We have great confidence that this unique movement may lead to many similar journeys, all so arranged as to converge on the mighty metropolis.

Our friend Mr. Leverton contributes the following description of the march just concluded:—

"The 'Pilgrim Preachers' finished their march on Thursday, June 19th, arriving at Tower Hill for the final meeting. A great crowd gathered, and the march ended with much joy to the preachers. As far as can be seen, there were numbers of men and women 'born again'

throughout the country the christian people who have heard and read about this march have been stirred up to pray; and right along thousands of unconverted have been startled to see sixteen men, with Gospel texts and bibles and tracts, singing joyfully along the route. It has been an 'in-season and out-season' preaching tour, for there has been no formal marching; but all the men have been on fire to tell out the 'Good News' and give 'The Warning,' by hedge, to people at windows, to groups in street, in trains and wherever possible. There has been no 'fear of man,' for the definite assurance of salvation, the absolute certainty of coming doom to the world, the joyful confidence of the speedy return of the Lord Jesus has made the tour one of exceeding earnestness.

"Thousands of people have, therefore, no excuse if they 'Neglect so great Salvation'; for God has sent forth these messengers as those with a message for the last days.

"The singing of the four Welshmen has been

a great help in reaching the multitudes, and the choruses, so full of Gospel, have been a direct statement or appeal to all hearers.

"Thanks to the daily press and christian papers, there has been brought to millions of people the fact that this march has been undertaken with the express conviction that the only hope of the world is the 'Coming of the Lord,' to bring in universal peace. Also, that the solemn preaching of the apostle Peter, after Pentecost, '*Repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out*' is also the message for to-day.

"It is impossible to bring before the reader the far-reaching results of this tour, and all christians are asked to pray about the past three weeks and to seek God's guidance with regard to future marches. What is needed are half a dozen strong bicycles to reach isolated houses off the main road, and no better investment could be made by anyone who is concerned, so that all in the highways, hedges, lanes, etc., may be reached.

"All particulars as to the future will be gladly given by Mr. E. Luff, Bible Depot, Frinton-on-Sea. 'It is high time to awake out of sleep, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed.'"



The Literature of the Berean Band.

THE many friends of the "SPRINGING WELL" will be interested to know that the Berean Movement is still maintaining its definite appeal to lovers of the Word of God to adopt the systematic method of learning the Holy Scriptures according to the Berean plan. Membership is available to everybody all the year round, and we shall be glad to enrol friends immediately on receipt of the member's minimum annual subscription of one penny (postage extra). This is a recognised holiday month, and most of our readers will have some leisure time at their disposal, and they could help us very appreciably by helping to circulate our most interesting leaflets in the boarding-houses, on the beach, or leave them in some prominent spot where they might appeal to others to join us in happy fellowship. Leaflets will be forwarded gratis to any who will circulate them. Just give your name and address on a postcard, asking for a holiday packet, and we will do the rest.

A "Berean," writing from Holloway, says: "It is wonderful how much can be committed to memory at odd moments. I often learn the verses waiting for trains and trams."

The most effective way of helping the Band is to form a branch in your district. Six can start, and when once formed soon grows in numbers and interest. May we send you full particulars?

The verses to be committed to memory during August are as follow:—

DIVINE PROMISES.

- Aug. 3.—Isa. xli. 17.—Thirst Assuaged.
- " 10.—Ps. cxlvii. 3.—Healing.
- " 17.—Ps. cxxxviii. 3.—Prayer Answered.
- " 24.—Ps. xxxiv. 18.—The Lord is Nigh.
- " 31.—Isa. liv. 17.—A Goodly Heritage.

Address all communications to Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

A Gospel March in Midland Hop-Country.

WE are preparing for our thirty-seventh season among Herefordshire and Worcestershire hop-pickers, and hope to have the helpers of many past years, so as to work in two parties, visiting from yard to yard in a Gospel march, which last year covered 239 miles. As expenses will be in every way increased, we look for increased help from old friends and trust to find some new. The hop acreage was reduced during the war, but is now again increased, so we expect full work. In this tramp we reach all sorts of people. I find in my note-book we gave Scripture portions (kindly given by the S.G. Mission) to soldiers, wounded and whole, an airman, an officers' children, a New Zealander, German prisoners, farmers, police, postmen, a Jew, fishermen, hawkers, railwaymen, a fox-hunter, a paralysed woman, a lady in a bath-chair, a dying young woman, fruit-gatherers, farm-labourers, and cottagers, besides the thousands of hop-pickers to whom we gave Gospel literature, sang, talked and preached. Will friends pray that we may have physical strength, spiritual power, guidance, and all that is needed, and that God can supply. We hope to devote the month of September to this work.

WILLIAM LUFF.

We trust God's blessing will be with our friends, as they go forth for another year's service in the Hop Gardens. We shall be glad to help them as heretofore by receiving any contributions from our readers to assist in defraying their heavy travelling expenses.—Ed., S. W.

"Be in earnest, fellow Christians!"

A DOWNRIGHT earnest gospel-worker, praying, yearning, determined by the grace of God to save souls, is the winner of the jewels for the Redeemer's crown. Zeal may perhaps blunder, and haste perchance stumble over a stone, but ten thousand times better to make mistakes in doing good than to live the life-long, miserable mistake of doing no good.


True earnestness is only to be gained in one way: we must get near to the heart of God. His love kindles ours; His compassion for a perishing world moves our spirits. His Spirit stirs our souls, and works in us and through us for the salvation of men.

Love cannot but be active. Love asleep, while the objects of its affection are perishing, is but love's image; it is but a block of stone carved into the shape of the reality, and painted up to look like life. We do not want images, we want men and women labouring in the gospel. Helpers in the gospel in the abstract are of no use, they are dead weights in the lifeboat, where every hand should be handling an oar, and every muscle be strained to rescue the perishing. We know that there are Christians like worn-out, pensioned-off steeds, turned out to grass, who enjoy their fat things; but with infidelity stalking defiantly across the land, and superstition sapping the foundation of the gospel, it is no time for Christians to rust out of this world into heaven and rest. We do not suggest doing any great thing for God, for when the idea of doing some great thing fascinates the mind, the usual result is that


The Song of the Sparrow.

"Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—LUKE xii, 6, 7.


AMY ADAMS.




1. I'm on - ly a lit - tle spar - row, A bird of low de - gree;
2. But it keeps me warm in win - ter, And it shields me from the rain;
3. I have no barn nor store-house, I nei - ther sow nor reap;



1. My life is of lit - tle val - ue, But the dear Lord cares for me.
2. Were it bor - der'd with gold and pur - ple, Per - haps it would make me vain.
3. God gives me a spar - row's por - tion, And nev - er a seed to keep.



1. He gives me a coat of sea - thers—It is ve - ry plain, I know;
2. And now that the spring-time com - eth, I will build me a lit - tle nest;
3. If my meat is some-times scan - ty, Close peck - ing makes it sweet;



1. With - out a speck of crim - son; For it was not made for show.
2. With ma - ny a chirp of plea - sure—In the spot I like the best.
3. I have al - ways e - nough to feed me—And life is more than meat.

4. I know there are many sparrows—
All over the world they are found—
But our heavenly Father knoweth
When one of us fall to the ground.
Though small, we are never forgotten;
Though weak, we are never afraid;
For we know that the dear Lord keepeth
The life of the creatures He made.

5. I just fold my wings at nightfall,
Wherever I happen to be;
For the Father is always watching,
And no harm can happen to me.
I am only a little sparrow,
A bird of low degree;
But I know that the Father loves me—
DOST THOU KNOW HIS LOVE FOR THEE?

We are glad to insert this original and beautiful copyright music to the sweet familiar words of "The Song of the Sparrow." Music Copyright.—ALFRED HOLMES.

nothing at all is done. Begin with meditation. Meditate upon eternity. Pray about its realities, seek for grace to be possessed with its tremendous issues; then you will begin to act for eternity.

“Not I, but Christ” in Lowly, Silent Labour!

WE have from time to time intimated that, because of advancing years and somewhat declining strength, we might have to relinquish the very serious and strenuous activities of our life.

It is on record that over fifty years ago we came to London and served a beloved man of God in Paternoster Row for a considerable time. Then, just upon half a century since, we began to publish christian literature, and, through God's great goodness, we have continued to do so until the present time.

Now, however, the way has been opened for the entire transference of our work to Messrs. Pickering and Inglis, for whom we have acted as London agents since 1902. These friends will continue the business very much on the same lines as we have always endeavoured to maintain.

We believe God's good Hand has been upon us, and that He has blessed our efforts more than we can tell. We acknowledge the great kindness we have received from thousands of earnest believers the wide world over, and they will understand with what feelings of keen regret we reach this important epoch in our very eventful life and humble testimony.

May we further be permitted to mention that our dear wife (Mary Say Holness) also feels that the time has arrived when she ought to place in other and younger hands the great responsibilities she has borne with us here. She has laboured with loving sympathy and incomparable energy to advance the high principles we have always sought to make known.

Messrs. Pickering and Inglis will command our continued interest in all their unique service for our Lord. We believe, with the greater energy they will bring into the work, their influence will be increasingly felt, not only in our own great Empire and America, but everywhere throughout the world. We ask for them the fullest confidence and consideration of all our friends.

The great thing, after all, is that, in the words of our title to this article, we may be able truly to say, “Not I, but Christ.” This is the supreme desire of our heart.

A dear friend remarked, “You cannot tear up a tree by the roots without noting its results.”

This is true in our own case, but still we believe the transplanting of the tree will result in greater glory to God, and, as far as we are concerned, looking backward, we can sincerely say—

“We'll praise Him for all that is past.”

And looking forward, we can add—

“We'll trust Him for all that's to come.”

We hope all our subscribers and friends and contributors will continue their kind interest in THE SPRINGING WELL, which will be continued, at any rate until the end of the year, under the auspices of your friend and fellow-worker, the

ED. S. W.

The Bible.

God's garden diffusing Heaven's fragrance.

TREAT the Bible as a garden,
Pluck a flower each day;
Wear it, that its heavenly fragrance
May refresh thy way.
Matchless in their form and feature,
Mark each petal fair;
Pardon, peace, and gifts most precious
Glow with tints so rare.
Colours which will charm the vision,
When the sight is clear;
Varied as the clouds above us,
Smiles from God to cheer.
Not by year or month applied for—
Daily may be had;
Blooming ever, fading never—
Just to make us glad.
God in rich abundance giveth
Blessings as the dew;
Longest lives can ne'er exhaust them—
Promises so true.
Lips may speak their praises—
Riper years repeat;
Lonely hearts, as age advances,
Find its truths a treat.
Under all conditions suited
For us here below;
Every tongue, and age, and nation
May their sweetness know.

H. BURN.

“I love Thy commandments above gold, yea, above fine gold. Therefore I esteem all Thy precepts concerning all things to be right” (Ps. cxix. 127, 128).

Over-weighted.

BEARING a heavy burden upon the back inclines the head earthwards; when the christian has his face downwards he is allowing himself to carry too many cares. The Lord's promise is to take the care when we give it over to Him, and in exchange for our care to give us His peace.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF (Author of "Peace Messages").

No. 8.—Fruit.

LAST year, when other fruits were so scarce, God gave a bountiful crop of blackberries, of which children in the schools gathered many tons: in Dorsetshire, 91 tons; in Buckinghamshire, 130 tons; and in Gloucestershire, 313 tons. All was God-grown and gratis, and in other seasons would have been wasted. The Bible is full of God-grown fruit, free to all, yet how few gather the rich and plentiful supply.

One day, when visiting the hop-pickers, we found ourselves in a corner of a field from which we could not see any way out; so we sat down, had our lunch, and ate some beautiful blackberries. While doing this we discovered an opening through which we could pass out and on. The fruit seemed to have opened our eyes. God's fruit does this.

Let us write an acrostic on the word FRUIT:

F. Forbidden. Such is sin. Satan's fruit is poisonous, and this is why it is forbidden. In Worcestershire they grow an apple they call a Bitter-sweet; it is sweet at first, but leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. Once we saw a picker lying in a ditch, dead drunk, and some children were poking him with a stick. "He has had the sweets, now he is having the bitters," we said, and remembered the words of Solomon concerning drink: "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder" (Prov. xxiii. 32).

R. Ripe. Such are God's promises. I remember passing under a laden damson tree in which a man was picking fruit.

"Hold your hat, sir," he called out. Of course I did as I was bidden, and received a double handful. Faith acts thus, and receives the fulfilment of God's promises.

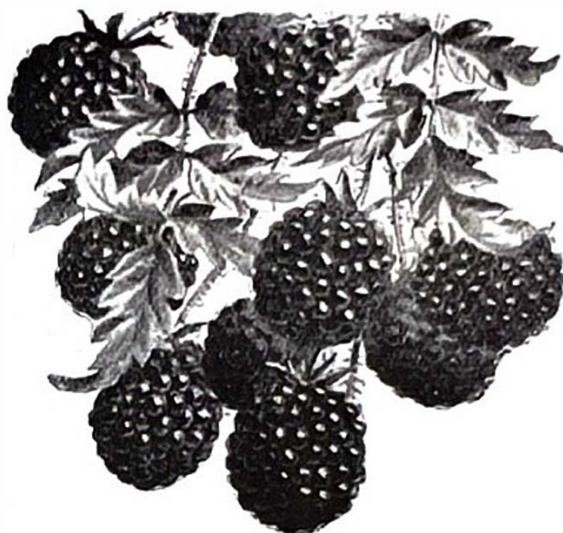
U. Unripe fruit. Such are the world's promises—disappointing and sour. Better wait for God's fruit later on than have the world's fruit here and now.

I. Imported fruit. Such are heavenly joys, enjoyed even on earth. Do we not sing—

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

obey. I know a lady who had the run of a beautiful hot-house and garden, but did not help herself.

T. Taken. Such are faith's certainties. If given permission to take fruit, all we need to do is to



"WE ATE SOME BEAUTIFUL BLACKBERRIES."

"You do not live up to your privileges," said the owner. And many are like her.

A little boy, whose father was gardener at a gentleman's house, took me under a pear-tree and said, "We have those that fall off, but the best are on the top, where we cannot get them." Too many of us are content with just the blessings that fall at our feet. God permits us to get even the top fruit.

In a cherry-tree I noticed two ladders, a short one and a long one, and I thought these ladders were like little faith and great faith. Little faith reaches the lower blessing, great faith attains to the higher. After all, the top fruit cannot be gathered in this life.

Fruit on the tree—showing and growing.
Fruit on the ground—wasted and lost.
Fruit in the hand—gathered and grasped.
Fruit in the basket—preserved for future.
Fruit in the mouth—tasted and enjoyed.

An old man sat at a gate with baskets of fruit packed, waiting to go away. I admired him, and said he just represented what the end of life should be—going home with a good basket of fruit.

To our Readers.

FIFTY years ago ALFRED HOLNESS, as a young man, entered upon the business of publisher and bookseller in Paternoster Row, issuing for many years *Faithful Words*, latterly changed to *THE SPRINGING WELL*, as well as many other known works and magazines. Seventeen years ago Mr. Holness began to act as London agent for the publications of Messrs. PICKERING AND INGLIS, Glasgow. Friendship between the two houses has increased and strengthened year by year, and now we have pleasure in intimating their fusion into one firm. Advancing age causes Mr. Holness to desire some relief from active control; the management has been undertaken by Messrs. Pickering and Inglis, and will be continued with their usual vigour and enterprise. The valued help and guidance of Mr. Holness will be available as usual, so far as health and circumstances permit. He has an unbroken record of nearly fifty years' life and service in the Row, and now with the energy of younger life, friends of both firms may count upon a development of mutual interest and benefit to all.

A CENTRE FOR CHRISTIANS.

Customers or christian workers in any part of the world are invited to freely make use of the spacious saloons at 14, PATERNOSTER ROW, for having letters or parcels addressed, making appointments with friends, inquiring about special meetings, or otherwise when in the Metropolis.

A full range of CHRISTIAN LITERATURE, including the latest issues, may now be viewed, without pressure to purchase, at the several depots:—

LONDON: 13 and 14, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C. 4 (under the shadow of St. Paul's). Telephone: Cent. 4802.

GLASGOW: 229, BOTHWELL STREET (five minutes' walk from Central Station). Telephone: Central 7421.

EDINBURGH: 75, PRINCES STREET (opposite the Art Galleries on the Mound). Telephone: 7673 Central.

Supplies from Agents in EUROPE, UNITED STATES, CANADA, SOUTH AMERICA, AFRICA, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CHINA, INDIA, EGYPT, PALESTINE, etc., or address supplied if desired.

Mr. Holness will continue to take an active interest in *THE SPRINGING WELL* and in the circulation of pure literature for old and young, and he earnestly trusts that the friends who have so generously encouraged him all these years will continue, even increasingly, to further the efforts of his successors in sending throughout the world sound definite Scripture literature.

Our Gospel and Scripture Literature Fund for the Free Distribution of Testaments, Gospel Portions, and Sound Gospel Books and Tracts.

WE have to acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of the undernoted amounts on behalf of our Gospel Literature Fund. Already we have gladly sent out very much more in value than is represented by these donations, but still we are grateful to our helpers for their continued kindness and fellowship. We have received as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Three Friends, Wimbledon	0	8	0
"Till He come," Mid: Norton	0	5	0
For the Blind, John v. 24	0	10	0

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O God!"—Ps. xxxvi. 7.

WE have had constant reason to thank God for all His "lovingkindness" in relation to this wonderful little fund. He has blessed abundantly the givers, and also the receivers of their love and bounty. We cannot half express our gratitude for all the fellowship and interest manifested by so many. We acknowledge amounts received as under:—

	£	s.	d.
J. T., Shetland, 5s.: "In the Lord's Name,"	0	10	0
"Till He come," Mid: Norton	0	5	0
E. L.	5	5	0
John v. 24	0	10	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

"He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."—PROV. x. 4.

WE are sincerely thankful that our article last month concerning this work amongst the poor children of Clerkenwell has led quite a number to write about it and to assure us of their great interest. We acknowledge with deepest gratitude to God the receipt of the undernoted liberal and opportune gifts:—

	£	s.	d.
J. T., Shetland, 5s.: John v. 24, 10s.	0	15	0
"Till He come," Mid: Norton	0	5	0
Father, Mother, Daughter, Truro—			
For Cripples' Holiday	1	10	0
For Mothers' Outing	0	5	0
A Great and True Friend—			
For Cripples' Fund	5	5	0
For Mothers' Day's Outing	1	1	0
For Hoxton Market Mission for Poor Children	2	2	0
Sir John Kirk's Cripples' Fund	2	2	0
H. and M. J., Worcester, Mothers' Outing	0	5	0

For Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"In the Lord's Name" (Titus iii. 5)	0	5	0
John v. 24	0	10	0

"Springing Well" Fellowship Fund.

We have very great cause to be grateful for the continued help rendered in the production of our paper.

	£	s.	d.
E. L.	3	3	0
"Till He come," Mid: Norton	0	5	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render *THE SPRINGING WELL* increasingly useful.

THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

The Heart at Rest; or, One Whose Work can give you Perfect Peace.

A YOUTH is resting beside a bank, while some cows, over which he keeps watch, graze quietly not far off. A stranger passing hears him softly singing, and pauses to catch the words of his song—

"Jesus! my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me."

"Is He your refuge?" she inquires.
"Yes, lady," replies the youth, "I have known Him for two years."

The stranger heard the quiet words, but the expression of the young man's face had deeper language, for it told of settled peace within and a heart at rest before God.

"Jesus has died for me; I have known Him two years," was his simple tale: what a world of meaning these few words convey!

How different his case from another's, whose sad, unrestful expression could tell of no peace within, even had her lips not confessed it to one who remarked, speaking of her years of suffering, "Well, this has been a sad world to you—have you a bright hope of another?" The weary face looked even more sad as she replied, "I hope so, ma'am; I am

S.W.



AUTUMN DAYS—GATHERING APPLES IN THE ORCHARD.

trying hard for it, and have done my best for the last forty years."

In the one case the burden of sins had been removed by the death of the Lord Jesus, and acquaintance with Himself, and His praises were

filling the heart; while in the other the lifetime spent in doing her "best" had failed to give peace or assurance of salvation, and the Divine Person at God's right hand was quite unknown.

There is all the difference possible in resting on Christ and trying to make oneself fit for Christ. How sorrowful it is that so very many are content with their efforts, and with their religion of "trying hard for it."

Reader, are you trusting in this Blessed One, Whose work can give you perfect peace? or are you doing your best to earn forgiveness, and only "hoping"?

Beware! for "the hypocrite's hope shall perish" (Job viii. 13).

My Choice is Made, or That's the Man for Me.

MANY years since, being at Worcester, I was seated in a third-class carriage one evening waiting the departure of the train, when my attention was arrested by the sound of approaching footsteps and peals of merry laughter, followed immediately by the appearance of two happy-looking country girls, aged apparently nineteen or twenty, who, baskets on their arms, were evidently returning from market full of fun and merriment.

They sprang into the carriage, flung themselves into their seats, and then one, apparently the elder, exclaimed, "Oh, look here! I've got such a jolly song, just listen!" and then proceeded to read out a long rigmarole of a song describing with some cleverness the kind of sweetheart or husband she would like to have, each verse of the song concluding with the words, "And that's the man for me. And that's the man for me."

He was to be brave, true, honest, kind, slow to take offence, but quick to resent injury or insult to herself, intelligent, clever, good, in fact a combination of all manly virtues; and always the refrain to each verse was the same, "And that's the man for me. And that's the man for me," followed again by an explosion of hearty laughter.

I waited until this had died away, and then, turning to the reader of the song, I said quietly, "Well, and have you found that man yet?"

She looked highly amused, and again bursting out into laughter said, "No, I should think not."

"And yet," said I, "He has been looking for you, seeking you, following you, and is very near you now."

She gazed doubtfully into my face, and then, seeing I was very grave, her countenance fell,

and, after a pause, she said softly, "I know what you mean."

I said, "Do you know what I mean? What do I mean?"

"I know," she said.

"Well, but," I said, "*what* do I mean? *Whom* do I mean? Do I mean the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"I suppose so," she answered in subdued tone.

"Ah, yes," I said, "He has been following, seeking you for many a day, trying to win you for Himself; and He will be to you all you have been saying, and a great deal more, if you will only yield yourself to Him."

Then a man on the other side of the carriage intervened. "The young lady was pretty quick to pick up your meaning, sir," he said. And for a moment I thought I had a friend like-minded, but was soon undeceived, for, as he joined in the talk, I found a man full of his own fantastic notions, and determinedly set against the doctrine of Christ or the authority of Scripture.

I answered him as well as I could, the other passengers listening, as the train rumbled on. Soon we reached Malvern, and the two girls alighted, leaving us to continue our journey.

But I shall not soon forget her of the song, as with face and eyes blazing with excitement she backed out through the carriage door, and with hand outstretched and pointing at the scoffer, she stammered out, "You may say what you like, sir, but my mind is made up, my choice is made, this is for me," and then she disappeared in the darkness.

I wished she had said, "Christ is for me"; but all knew what she meant.

I never saw her again, but have often asked, "Shall I meet that dear girl in glory by and by, or shall I not?"

J. A.

"Does the Lord Jesus Love You?"

"*I am the Good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine.*"—JOHN x. 14.

YOU will observe that Jesus first speaks of His knowing His sheep; next, of His sheep knowing Him. Sometimes we find His people very much distressed, and doubting whether they are His people; but the happy thing is to rest in the Lord's love to us, and not in our love to Him. A little boy was once asked, "Do you love the Lord Jesus?" He did not make any reply, upon which his friend asked him, "Does the Lord Jesus love you?" when the little boy immediately replied, "Oh! yes, indeed He does." The Good Shepherd knew His lamb, and His lamb could say, with a thankful and loving heart that Jesus loved him.

How GOD'S GOSPEL REACHED THE SLAVES IN JAMAICA.

Pioneers of Missionary Work in Jamaica.

MANY of the early English settlers in Jamaica were either Puritans or Quakers. George Fox requested the latter to endeavour to train up their slaves in the fear of God, to treat them kindly, and in due time to set them free. How far they acted in accordance with his injunctions there is no possibility of knowing. This only we know, that there were no traceable marks of compliance, and no record of evangelical labours among the slaves until 1754, when three Moravian missionaries were sent out at the request of certain proprietors in the parish of St. Elizabeth. Their difficulties, sufferings, and ultimate success are recorded in the annals of that excellent body. Much larger results, however, followed the labours of certain negro preachers, some of whom came from America.

The first of these was George Liele, an emancipated slave from Virginia, North America. George was a member of a christian church, which had "called" him to exercise his gifts as a preacher. His master was a deacon of the church, and gave him his freedom. When George arrived in Kingston, in 1783, and saw the wretched state of his enslaved brethren, living in ignorance and vice, without God and without hope, he was filled with compassion for their souls. His pity took an active form. He went to the racecourse and boldly proclaimed the Gospel of Christ; afterwards he hired a room, and preached regularly. Numbers flocked to listen to the preaching, and not a few received the Word joyfully. Persecution arose, and a restraint was laid upon the slaves, so that their meeting in public worship was forbidden. A petition to the House of Assembly resulted in a temporary restoration of their privileges.

George Liele sought no earthly reward, but only the salvation of his brethren. He worked with his hands for his bread, and preached the Gospel quite freely. He employed a teacher to instruct the children, and sent out such of his converts as gave promise of fitness to preach the Gospel in other parts of the island. In little more than seven years five hundred persons had made a profession of their faith in Christ. In 1793 the contributions of the poor slaves sufficed

to purchase a piece of land, and by the aid of a number of white gentlemen the first meet-

ing-house was erected in the island.

During the earlier years of his work Mr. Liele had to endure much opposition, and no little of contumely and reproach. The moral condition of not a few of the planters was of the lowest, and their profanity and barefaced wickedness appalling. There was a club called the "Hell Fire Club," the members of which went to the



A VIEW IN KINGSTON HARBOUR, JAMAICA.

extreme of blasphemy and horrid profaneness. One of this too well-named club was rescued by sovereign grace, but all the rest came to an untimely, and some to a tragic end.

One day, when Mr. Liele was preaching, preparatory to the celebration of the Lord's Supper, a so-called gentleman rode his horse into the chapel and urged him to the front of the pulpit, where he exclaimed with equal profanity and insolence, "Come, old Liele, give my horse the sacrament!"

"No, sir," replied the godly preacher, with equal courage and coolness, "you are not fit yourself to receive it." The intruder soon rode out.

On another occasion three young men of the same impious character walked into the chapel during service, and, going to the table where the bread and the wine had been placed, one of them took the bread, and, breaking it, gave it to his companion, who, with a horrid oath, swore that it was good ship-bread, and presented it to the third, who refused to take it. Not a week had

The Springing Well;

elapsed before the first two were ushered into the presence of Him whose sacrament they had profaned. One died raving mad of brain fever, and the other, going out of Kingston Harbour the boat was upset, and he was never seen again.

More than once Mr. Liele was charged with preaching sedition and was thrown into prison, loaded with irons, and his feet made fast in the stocks. But when brought to trial he was honourably acquitted.

There was a debt on his chapel, and, being unable immediately to satisfy the claims of the builder, he was sent to jail. When urged to take advantage of the Insolvent Debtors' Act, he refused, and remained in prison until he had paid the whole.

In the neighbourhood of Kingston was a poor mulatto barber, named Moses Baker, a refugee from America. He was sunk in ignorance, and given to drunkenness and other bad habits. A godly negro faithfully warned him and his wife of their sins, and entreated them to turn to God. His earnest efforts and prayers were the means God used for their conversion, and Moses Baker and his wife became genuine disciples of Christ, attending the ministry of Mr. Liele.

Soon after this a Quaker gentleman, named Isaac Lascelles Winn, bought some slaves who belonged to the flock under Mr. Liele's charge. They were much distressed at the thought of losing their religious privileges. Mr. Winn pitied their sorrow, and set on foot inquiries for a christian teacher. He was directed to Moses Baker, who at that time was threatened with blindness. The benevolent planter placed him under the care of an able physician, and he soon regained his sight. He sent a man, and horses and money, to bring Moses with his wife and child to his estate, one hundred and twenty miles distant, and gave him a cordial welcome. He commenced his labours there about 1788.

Moses found the people imbued with the singular and grossly superstitious delusion known as *obeak*, said to have been imported from Africa. *Obi-men* were a kind of priests, who manufactured and sold their *obies*, which were bottles filled with such things as feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, grave-dirt, rum, egg-shells, and similar things. They were used for purposes of sorcery, and this gross delusion held the people in terrible bondage, resulting in abounding wickedness and superstition. Moses faithfully told them of their sins, and warned them "to flee from the wrath to come." Unruly at first, they afterwards became attentive, and invited others to hear the Gospel.

Multitudes abandoned their evil habits, and

not a few received the Gospel message and became obedient to the faith. He soon had access to the negroes on about twenty other sugar estates, and christian societies were formed at Crooked Spring and Montego Bay. But he was not unmolested, and had a large share of persecution to endure.

On one occasion, when conducting service at Crooked Spring, he gave out the hymn—

" Shall we go on in sin
Because Thy grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all His wounds ?

" We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to the cross,
And bought our liberty."

A book-keeper present informed the authorities that Moses Baker was teaching sedition and stirring up the slaves to rebellion. He was arrested, and taken down to Montego Bay in irons. Subsequently he was admitted to bail, and at the assizes acquitted.

During the widespread rising, known as the " Maroon War," not one of the slaves under his instructions joined the insurrection, so great was his influence over them and the peaceable results of the preaching of the Gospel.

On the death of Mr. Winn, Moses Baker was transferred to the estates of the Hon. Samuel Vaughan, who bore high testimony to his worth and the beneficial results of his labours. For eighteen years he continued his work, until, in 1806, a law was enforced forbidding all teaching and preaching on plantations. This continued in force for eight years.

In 1813 Moses came over to England. His appearance at that time has been described by the Hon. Richard Hill, whose father befriended him.

" He appeared a plain, home-spun man, rugged as a honeycomb rock. His eyes were then failing, his head was bound with a handkerchief, for he had suffered torture in America, which had injured both his eyes and ears. His appearance was that of no common man. His language was direct, and his delivery was marked by simplicity."

A Moravian missionary thus wrote of him :—
" Moses Baker . . . is a man of the right stamp—a blessed and active servant of our common Lord and Master—notwithstanding old age has almost blinded his eyes, and made his legs to move slowly. . . . I know one man who had him a whole night in the stocks; and others would have destroyed him had they had him in their hands; but God had him in His."

Another black man who was greatly used by God for gathering in His own was George Lewis, a native of Guinea. Taken as a slave to Jamaica he was afterwards removed to Virginia, where he heard the Gospel and was brought to Christ. Returning to Jamaica, he resolved to devote himself to make known the Gospel among his fellow slaves, and had good opportunities to do this. Upon paying a monthly sum to his owner he was allowed to travel the country as a pedlar. He often visited the large parishes of St. Elizabeth and Manchester, where nearly all the slaves were living in heathenism, worshipping the cotton tree, keeping idols in their houses, and living in malice and enmity. He preached at first to a few; these brought others; God the Holy Spirit applied the word to the hearts of the people, and great numbers renounced their idolatry and sought christian instruction. So much was he loved that the poor people purchased his freedom for one hundred pounds. He continued his labours, though often imprisoned for preaching to the slaves, and was the means of a considerable revival in connection with the Moravian Brethren.

All these men—and there were others little less distinguished—were destitute of human learning, but with the apostle they might have said, "We also believe, and therefore speak." Thus God built up His Church, using these humble and godly men as useful pioneers, and his approval was their reward.

"Not seeking recompense from human kind,
The credit of the arduous work they wrought
Was reaped by other men who came behind;
The world gave them no honour—none they sought;
To one great aim their heart and hopes were given
To serve their God, and gather souls to heaven."

True Rest of Heart and Conscience.

THERE is only One Who can truly say "I will give you rest," and this could not be truly said were He not divine. No mere human being, as creature, can say to his fellow "I will give you rest"; there must be a greatness in the Person so speaking which no creature can possess. We have never heard of any religion which gives rest, though it is quite true that "the Church," as Rome calls herself, offers to such as submit to her authority rest from perplexity and doubt. But rest of heart, of conscience, rest in view of death, of God's judgment, of one's own sins, rest of the love of a Person Who is our friend, no Church professes to bestow. A very great deal of what is called "rest" by the Church referred to has to be

bought in one way or other; it knows very little of giving, because it is human.

Jesus Himself offers rest to us, and He Himself says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." We have to go to Him, Himself, for this priceless reward. It is entirely a personal matter: Jesus personally gives the rest—we personally receive it. Such as have gone to Him, as He says, have the rest. Others may say, "We do not credit the possession of rest," because they have it not, and no one can truly declare what the rest is save he who has it. The evidence that we have the rest lies within our own hearts and consciences.

Let each reader look carefully into these familiar words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and ask himself or herself whether he or she has had the personal dealings with Christ the words prove to be necessary. "Come unto Me!" Think of Christ in His divine glory, in His human tenderness—think of Him as now, at this moment, looking into your heart, and as speaking these very words to you yourself, and be personal with yourself as you meditate upon His saying.

Rest is offered to you for time, for eternity, rest in the full view of your sins, and in the full sense of Christ's cross; how have you treated these words of Jesus, "*Come unto Me*"?

"Is All Well for Eternity?"

IS all well with you? I do not ask if all is well with you in things temporal, but is all well with you in things eternal? You may perhaps ask, "What am I to do to have all things well with me in eternity?" You can do nothing. It would be rather late in the day for you to do anything to obtain salvation, even if it were possible, seeing that God has done everything that is needful nearly two thousand years ago. And what has He done? You will find what He has done in John iii. 16: "FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH, BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE." Though the world hated God, God loved the world, and proved His love by sending His only Son, "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved." Come, therefore, before God, as a lost and ruined sinner, owning that you cannot do anything for yourself, and believe the good news, that "while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Elijah and Mount Carmel.

THOUGHTS of Carmel ever stir the heart of the believer in God, for that mountain-top witnessed the rise out of the sea of the little cloud as of a man's hand, which became the covering of the skies, that poured out their abundance of rain upon famine-stricken Israel. But Carmel saw more than the cloud, it witnessed the man of God bowed to the ground pleading with Jehovah and waiting for the answer to his prayer. Elijah's servant saw the cloud, Elijah prayed as seeing Him Who is invisible. "Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth by the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again, and the heaven gave rain, and the earth brought forth her fruit" (Jas. v. 17, 18). We might almost suppose such a man was not subject to like passions with ourselves, were it not that we are told to the contrary, and bidden find in Elijah an instance that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Elijah's prayers were for the good of Israel. The nation had departed from Jehovah to serve Baal, the voice of God was unheeded, and it was only by deep suffering that Israel was brought to bow to the might of Jehovah's arm. God often recovers men and nations by means of affliction, and when man denies His Name He lifts up His finger and proves the folly of man's pride. Thus, through the famine brought upon the land by the prayers of Elijah, did He open the eyes of rebellious Israel to their sins.

What the battle of three and a half years in Israel between Elijah and the powers of the nation was like we can hardly conceive. The end of it, the destruction of the priests of Baal and the abundance of rain poured upon the land, we know. And in Elijah's eventual weariness of the strife, his prayer to be relieved from his post, we perceive that this mighty prophet of God was a man of like passions as we are.

One thing Elijah failed to understand. In his lament over the desperate apostacy of Israel, he said to Jehovah, "I, even I only, am left," but the Lord replied, "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him" (1 Kings xix. 10, 14, 18).

The great leader as a leader and a marked man stood alone; however, in secret there were found by God seven thousand true hearts in Israel. And in a day of departure from God

He surely has His own, though they be unrecognised and unknown. Neither will God forsake them, though they be feeble; and thus when the mighty Elijah's work was over, God raised up in His goodness Elisha to wield the sword of His word in the midst of erring Israel and to comfort and support the faithful few who revered the holy Name of Jehovah.

We may well pray God in our own day of departure from His word that He may raise up men of His choice filled with the Spirit; men of faith and courage to do battle for Him in the Church. A man or a movement induced by God the Spirit has ever influenced the Church, but the arm of flesh avails nothing. May we not justly believe that much prayer went up to God from the seven thousand who had not bowed to Baal; may God's faithful people pray much in this our day for servants who shall arouse His Church to the reality of His word.

"Early led to Jesus Christ."

AN only boy lay tossing on his sick-bed; he was very ill, and all that medical skill and a mother's tender nursing could do were powerless to arrest the disease. The mother sitting by was waiting to hear the father's footsteps, for it was close on the hour that brought him home. She wanted to meet him and tell him what the doctor had said to her when he came out of the sick room that day. Soon she heard the familiar sound of the latch-key in the door, and, softly leaving the room, she went to break the news to the anxious father. When he heard the doctor's verdict, that the boy could not live out the day, the shadow on his face deepened; with an effort he said, "God's will be done." Ascending the stairs he entered the room where the boy lay. As he bent over the child, and kissed his fevered cheek, the sick boy opened his eyes, and asked, "Father, am I *very* ill?" "Yes, Frank, my boy," answered the father. "Shall I die?" added the boy. "Yes, we think you will, dear, before to-night." He lay silent a moment, and then he said, "Then I shall spend to-night with Jesus." "Yes, Frank, dear," answered the father, turning away with the tears streaming down his face. "Don't cry, father," said Frank, "directly I get to heaven I shall go straight to Jesus and tell Him that ever since I can remember you have tried to lead me to Him." Frank will surely be

"At rest beneath the wings of the Lord,
At home in the courts of heaven."

LOUISA GOODWIN.

Words and Works of God.—No. 7.

"What man is he that feareth the Lord? him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose. His soul shall dwell at ease; and his seed shall inherit the earth. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant."—Ps. xciv. 12—14.

THESE few words are full of *eternity*. They take us back to what took place before the earth existed and they tell us that there is a "secret of the Lord," a something that is not generally known amongst men, and they tell us that this "something" is connected with a "covenant" that God has made, and that this covenant has reference to what shall yet take place upon the earth, and what God intends to do.

It is probably true that most christians read these beautiful words over and over again before it dawns upon them what wonderful words they are, and before they realise that these words contain (as indeed do other passages of Scripture) a key to everything that has taken place, is taking place, and will yet take place upon the earth.

Let us consider what these few words tell us and then let us ask ourselves, Have we ever tried to understand what God means by them?

Has it ever struck you what a great statement the Psalmist was taught of God to write: "The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Ps. xii. 6). Also what an equally great statement the Apostle Paul made when he told the Ephesian christians that he prayed that they might "be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height" (Eph. iii. 18) and he does not tell us quite plainly what of, but leaves us to find out that he refers to God and the knowledge of His ways and purposes, as well as of the love of Christ, to which reference is made in verse 19.

In Proverbs ix. 10 we read "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." It is the knowledge of the true and holy God that is communicated to mankind in the Scriptures, and this knowledge is conveyed in pure words—so absolutely true and holy and full of meaning—that they are like "silver, purified seven times." In these Scriptures God takes of His fulness, of His infinity, of His "breadth, and length, and depth, and height," which are so great that no man can measure them or ascend to the height thereof, or descend to the depth thereof or find out the limit of their breadth and length.

No man can measure or understand the greatness of God's power and wisdom in creating the universe. No man can fathom the mystery

of life in plants, so that a minute seed or a little slip, when sown or planted in the ground can grow up and develop into a thing of beauty and glory.

No man either can measure or fully understand the greatness of the Love of God in the gift of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, nor of the greatness of the love of the Lord Jesus in taking upon Himself our nature and bearing the wrath of God for our sins, nor how it is that LIFE—*eternal life*—comes into the soul through faith in—that is by feeding upon the Lord—but so it is, as we read: "I am the living bread, which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever: and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the LIFE of the world" (John vi. 51).

But though we cannot measure these matters any more than could the Ephesians, yet we can receive all the benefits and blessings that God purposes we should have, if we fear (that is reverence) Him and trust Him, for the great Apostle adds: "Now unto Him Who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power (*that is*, of the indwelling Holy Spirit in the soul of the believer) that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen" (Eph. iii. 20, 21).

Dear reader, will you now consider the words given at the head of this article and try and find out what they mean, not being discouraged if you find that they are such "pure" words, that you cannot *fully* measure them?

They tell us of "the Lord"—Do we know Him? They tell us of some who fear (*that is* "reverence") the Lord. Do we know what it is to fear the Lord? They tell us of the ease (*or* "peace, and rest, and joy" and much more) that the soul has, who is taught by the Lord. They tell us that the Lord teaches such a soul His secret. They tell us that there is a covenant (which the Lord referred to when He said "This is My blood of the New Testament," or "Covenant," *for it is the same word*, Matt. xxvi. 28). What do we know of these things?

W. H. B.

Berean Verses for September.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

- Sept. 7.—Life through the Word.
- .. 14.—Light through the Word.
- .. 21.—Cleansing through the Word.
- .. 28.—Hope through the Word.

Address all communications to Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W. 3.

Studies in the "Fear
Not" of the Bible.

**A "Fear Not" for those overawed
at the magnitude of the Forces
arrayed against them.**

"Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they
that be with them."—2 KINGS vi. 16.

[T] was truly an appalling sight that Elisha's man-servant saw. Dothan, their residence just then, lay on an isolated hill in a wide plain. Rising up early one morning to perform his accustomed tasks ere his master arose, he saw "a great host" of the enemy surrounding the town, and they were utterly undefended and apparently at the mercy of the besiegers. No; we are not at all surprised at the man's alarm and dismay. It verily was a fearsome sight.

The King of Syria was at war with Israel. His method of warfare was not by a regular continued invasion, but by dashes across the border on undefended places. But he found himself forestalled at every point. Whatever place they decided to attack they found their plans were known, and the carefully planned surprises were defeated. No wonder he suspected treachery, and, calling his servants together, challenged them on the matter. Their prompt answer implied that Elisha's intervention was well known by them. They declared that Jehovah revealed these carefully made plans of theirs to Elisha who instructed the King of Israel. Therefore the Syrian king determined to send an expedition for the capture of Elisha, never dreaming that this servant of the Lord, who knew all his former schemes, might know of this one too!

No; we are not at all surprised at the servant's fear. And there is no wonder that we, too, are appalled as we remember the forces arrayed against us. Worse foes ring us round than those whose armour glittered in the morning sunshine at Dothan. A recently retired business man, in a letter, said: "These are terrible times we are living in, and it seems as if Satan was allowed to put forth tremendous power in these last dark days." How true are these words. All the Satanic forces seem to have united in one desperate onslaught upon the forces of righteousness and truth, and against the Lord's own people. Of the reality of those mighty enemies and of their bitter and fierce attacks, the Lord's people are not ignorant.

Are we not as helpless to cope with them as this servant was? Then why should not we fear? Ah, this incident teaches us that we are not alone and deserted even when we seem most to be. And that, like Elisha, it is our duty, not

so much to pray that the Lord and His host might be with us, as to recognise their presence. Elisha did not pray that the Heavenly guards might come, for they were there already. The *manifestation*, not the presence of the angel guards, was the miracle. God's messengers are ever near us. Let us remember this, and thus, ever recognising their presence, and above all, the presence of our mighty Lord, be delivered from all fear. For "greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." "The Angel of the Lord encompasseth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

ROBERT LEE.

The Graves of Ocean.

"The Lord said . . . I will bring my people again
from the depths of the sea."—Ps. lxxviii. 22.

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge
There is a peaceful tomb:

Storm raves above, calm reigns below;
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,

The weary find a home.

Calm shelter from Time's vexing winds;

Sure anchorage at last;

The blinding sea-drift blinds not here,

No breaker's boom the sleepers fear,

No angry typhoon hovers near;

Their latest storm is past.

Done now with peril and with toil,

They sleep the blessed sleep.

The last wild hurricane is o'er;

All silent now life's thunder-roar,

All quiet now the wreck-strewn shore;

'Tis we, not they, who weep.

Who dies in Christ the Lord dies well,

Though on the lonely main:

As soft the pillow of the deep,

As tranquil the uncurtain'd sleep,

As on the couch where fond ones weep;

And they shall rise again.

Not safer on the sea of glass

Before the throne of God!

As sacred is that ocean cave,

Where weeds instead of myrtles wave;

As near to God that unknown grave,

As the dear churchyard's sod.

O'er the loved clay God sets His watch,

The angels guard it well,

Till summon'd by the trumpet loud,

Like star emerging from the cloud,

Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,

It leaves its ocean-cell.

The sea shall give them back, though death

The well-known form destroy;

Nor rock, nor sand, nor foam can chain,

Nor mortal prison-house retain.

Each atom shall awake again,

And rise with song and joy.

The cold sea's coldest, hardest depths

Shall hear the tramp of God;

Death's reign on sea and land is o'er.

God's treasured dust he must restore.

God's buried gems he holds no more.

Beneath or wave or clod.

Of Three Questions, which is the Greater?

IT is so easy to drift into an interference with other people's affairs. This is universally acknowledged.

It is, perhaps, less easy to seek to be directed to a proper regard concerning our own duties.

It is certainly more difficult to acknowledge our personal failures and urge another to set us right.

The foregoing remarks are of general application, but a right consideration of them may lead to a profitable conclusion.

There are some natures which seem particularly impulsive. We find an illustration of this in the Apostle Peter. The Lord Jesus had been giving Peter very needed exhortations as to his future conduct. The Lord had dealt with him in a firm but compassionate manner. One would have thought Peter would have been deeply touched. So he was for a moment, but catching sight of the Apostle John, his impulse gets the better of him and he said to the Lord Jesus, "What shall this man do?" (John xxi. 21). Oh, Peter, have you not enough to do to attend to your own affairs without interfering with John? Let us leave out Peter's name and insert our own and the lesson may be profitable. Let us attend to the work God places in our hands. He can manage His other servants.

The Lord Jesus in His great love spoke from heaven to poor persecuting Saul and asked him "Why persecutest thou Me?" At once Saul replies "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6). Oh Saul, you are not yet fitted to do anything for the Lord. You have much to learn first.

If any reader has not yet found the Lord Jesus as his—or her—Saviour, such an one is not yet fitted to do anything for the Lord Jesus. It is so natural to want to work for salvation, but it cannot be done. Salvation is not of works—it is the free, unmerited gift of God's grace and love.

Unconverted Saul wanted to do something. Converted Paul sought to declare on every possible occasion that God "hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, *not* according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9). "Not by works . . . which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us" (Titus iii. 5).

Two questions have been referred to, now for the third, and it must be the most important of all, for it was put by the Lord Himself. It is this. "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" (Matt. xx. 32).

Two blind men were sitting by the way-side when the Lord Jesus passed along. They could not *see* Him, but they had heard of Him. They believed in Him as King, they addressed Him as "O Lord, Thou Son of David." They had faith. Whence came it? They had done nothing. They were helpless. God had given them spiritual sight which enabled them to look to the Redeemer with the assurance that He could help them. Their cry was heard. The Lord responded, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" This question is never addressed to any poor seeker but the Lord has the intention to grant healing. It was so in this case. He had compassion on the two blind men. He gave them sight and they *followed Him*.

These poor men cried and the Lord heard them and saved them out of all their troubles (Ps. xxxiv. 6).

Can there be any doubt that the Lord's act was otherwise than an act of unqualified grace, mercy and love?

By His word He says to all who hear it or read it, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?"

Some have responded and the substance of their prayer has been "Lord, save me. Lord, open my eyes that I may see Thee as the All-sufficient Saviour. Lord, give me peace and rest in Thee." And to such He still makes the inquiry, for they need grace and strength and help day by day and He is ever ready to supply their utmost need.

Some are hanging back. Some are hesitating. Some are turning away.

"Will ye also go away?" Who can open your eyes? Who can heal your soul's sickness? Who can save you but He, Who bids you come to Him that you may have life? (John v. 40).

Do not think you can be saved by concerning yourself with other people. Do not think you can be saved by "doing something." Come as you are with all your needs to Him Who says "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" If you come, He will find some work for you to do when you know Him.

Christ is Our Peace.

WE who sometimes were afar off are made nigh by the blood of Christ, for He is our peace (Eph. ii. 13, 14).

Mark, troubled heart, the word does not say that anything in you is your peace, but that He, Christ Jesus, is. Who shed His blood for you upon the cross, and Who lives for you in heaven.



Jesus the Way,
the white robes,
and the near-
ness of heaven,
they all wanted
to go, and pro-
mised to love

“SEEK ME EARLY” STORIES.

By WILLIAM LUFF (*Author of "Peace Messages"*).

No. 9.—Lasses and Lads.

RECENTLY our Queen spent two hours in Deptford, mixing with the poorest.

One little girl—"Young Dorofy," her mother called her—got right in front of the Queen, and waved a Union Jack in her face.

"Come out of the way—you wait," yelled the mother ominously, and Dorothy looked scared.

So the Queen stopped and spoke to the child, and told her it was a pretty flag she was waving. Another little girl—Cissie—told the Queen: "We have a picture of you in our kitchen."

"Do you think I am like my picture?" asked the royal visitor.

"Well," came the reply, "where's your crown?"

When the King of kings came among the children, He left His crown at home.

Sometimes, like the Queen, He visits the children's wards, and does what Queen Mary could not do, takes a child home with Him.

Not a sound could be heard but the tick of the clock. The night nurses had come on duty and everything was still in the hospital, when upon the stillness came the sound of a clear voice. The sufferers moved in their beds, some tried to sit up to listen.

The nurse hurried in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded and as she came up to the cot heard these words:—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

It was Nellie, a little Junior who a few days before had been carried to the hospital from a burning house.

The sounds ceased as the nurse reached the cot. She was too late. Nellie had already gone to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

A missionary in Paraguay tells us:—

A little girl once said that she did not want to go to heaven as it was so far away, and another because she was afraid of falling down, and a third said she did not know the way, and her clothes were very bad, but when they heard of

Jesus for coming to be our Saviour.

All these stories are about girls: so, lest the lads should think I favour the lasses, I must give the boys a turn.

A farmer once drove with two high-mettled horses into town. Stopping in front of one of the shops, he was about to enter when his horses took fright. He sprang in front of them, and heroically seized the reins. Maddened by strange noises, the horses dashed down the street, the man still clinging to the bridles. On they rushed, until the horses, wild with frenzy, rose on their haunches, and leaping upon the man, all came down with a crash to the earth.

When people arrived and rescued the bleeding body of the man, and found him in death's last agony, a friend bending tenderly over him asked, "Why did you sacrifice your life for horses and vehicle?"

He gasped with his breath, as his spirit departed, "Go and look in the waggon." They turned, and there, asleep in the straw, lay his little boy. As they laid the mangled form of the hero in his grave, no one said, "The sacrifice is too great."

Jesus, once a lad Himself, thought lads worth dying for.

Here is a double acrostic on the honourable company of "Lads," young recruits for the army of life: may we also say for the army of God. Lad-dom is an important border-country between manhood and boyhood: it is a great junction, where we leave the siding of school and often of home for the main line for the City. But I am forgetting my acrostic.

LOVE THE LORD.

This must be first and foremost. Love mother and father, love brothers and sisters, love work and love play, but in and above all else, love the Lord. He is worthy: He already loves you. To love Him will bring peace, and joy, and power. Do you love Him? Then,

ABIDE IN HIM ALWAYS.

If we love Him this will be easy, nay, it will be our delight. As the fish abides in the sea, as the bee abides in the sunshine, as the branch abides in the vine, so abide in the sea of God's Love, the sunshine of the Spirit's Light, and the True Vine, Christ Jesus.

DO MUCH BECAUSE ALL IS DONE.

This reads like a paradox ; but saved lads will understand. Since Christ has done all for us, let us do all we can for Him.

" Till to Jesus' work we cling
By a simple faith,
Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."

Christ has done all in grace ; let us do all in gratitude.

SEEK ANOTHER LAD'S SALVATION.

Another in the class, in the house, in your circle of friends. Some one sought your salvation : pay back the debt. Above all, do it to please Jesus.

(L) Love the	(L) Lord.
(A) Abide in Him	(A) Always.
(D) Do much because all is			(D) Done.
(S) Seek another lad's..			(S) Salvation.

The Story of the Ravens and the Lilies.

PROBABLY many of you have never seen a raven, for the bird is not common in this country ; it is larger than a rook, and black, and it does not sing, but it makes a noise called *croaking*. It builds its nest on a high tree like a crow or a rook, only ravens generally live in pairs like crows, and not in flocks as rooks do. Ravens feed on eggs, and on any kind of flesh, alive or dead. The bird is not a favourite, you may be sure, when I tell you that it will even kill and eat a young lamb if it can find one.

Ravens are very common in the Holy Land, and the Lord Jesus taught His disciples a lesson from them. He said, " Consider the ravens : for they neither sow nor reap ; which neither have storehouse nor barn ; and God feedeth them ; how much more are ye better than the fowls ? " Have you ever thought about what He told them to consider ? He had been telling them not to be careful as to what they should eat, because " the life is more than meat "—that is, God values our lives more than the food we require to keep us alive.

What did the Lord say about the ravens ? They do not sow or reap ; they have no storehouse or barn—that is, they do not prepare their food, and so they do not store it away. . God has taught some animals to make storehouses : squirrels (you can see one in the picture opposite) for instance, will gather nuts and acorns in the autumn when they are plentiful and hide them in some hole in a tree, or make a heap among the roots, so as to have food for the winter. But

God has not taught ravens to do this ; and the Lord says, "*God feedeth them.*" They are remarkably dependent on Him for food. God has so ordered things in this creation of His that some creatures should be useful in clearing away dead things which otherwise would be unwholesome. It is well to notice what He has done, though we must always remember that sin has come in and spoilt His work, and that He will

" GOD HAS
TAUGHT
SOME
ANIMALS
TO
MAKE
STORE-
HOUSES:
SQUIRRELS,
FOR
INSTANCE."



never be satisfied until He has made a *new* heaven and a new earth, where righteousness and not sin and death will reign. And He will do this because His beloved Son is " the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

We need not wait for the new earth to be without our sins, need we ? Some dear little ones who read *THE SPRINGING WELL* are able to say, " Our sins are forgiven for His Name's sake." If God takes care of the ravens, will He not take care of us ? " How much more are ye better than the fowls ? " He will not let us want any *good* thing, but if we ask Him for things that would not be good for us He will not give them, just as if a little boy asked his father for a sharp knife he would not give it him because it would hurt him. God feeds the souls of his people too. Oh, be sure that you have life in your souls, or you will not want food. The Lord said, " He that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me," and when you know Him as the Bread of Life you will find that you cannot live without Him.

The Lord Jesus had also said to His friends that they were not to be careful about what they put on their bodies, for " the body is more than raiment," *it* is more important than its clothing. Then He gave them something else to think about. " Consider the lilies, how they grow

they toil not, they spin not : and yet, I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Oh, you will say, I have often seen lilies. Yes, you have seen sweet lilies of the valley and tall white lilies, and all kinds of smart turk's-head lilies ; but I expect you have never seen anything so lovely as those that grow in Palestine. I might paint a picture something like them, but I could not show you all the beautiful colours God has put on them. How do they grow ? They do not toil or spin ; oh, no ; and yet if you were dressed in the finest clothes in the world you could never make yourself look so fair as the lily. Solomon was the greatest king the Jews ever had, and if I were to begin to tell you of his riches and his glory I should have to go on for a long time, and then the half would not be told you, but even Solomon in all his glory was not dressed like a wild lily. God has clothed the lilies ; do you think He will forget you ? Oh, no ; our Father knows we need food and clothing, and by-and-bye the Lord Jesus will clothe the little ones who have believed in Him, and have already been clothed in the "best robe," in new bodies, "made like unto His own glorious body." Then they will be fairer than the lilies.

Having told you two things we are not to be careful about, I must tell you one thing we are to seek after. "Seek ye the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." Oh ! dear little ones who have not come to Christ, seek Him now. The prodigal sought the father, and then he found that his father had been watching for him, and very soon he had food and clothing too ; the best robe and the fatted calf. Do not turn away from the Father, but "consider" these things. He knows you need them, and He waits to give them.

Improving Supply.

AS mentioned in last number, we are now pleased to state that arrangements have been completed for taking over the old-established London Bible and Book Saloon, 14, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C., conducted for close on fifty years by our honoured friend, Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS. In handing it over to us, his one desire was that it might be continued as a centre of Evangelical Literature. This we freely purpose doing by continuing *The Springing Well*, issued in succession to *Faithful Words*, so ably edited by H. FORBES WITHERBY for long years ; and the *Golden Text Calendar*, edited for thirty-three years by Mrs. HOLNESS, the choice portions of which have been a word in season to thousands. The texts for 1920 have been carefully selected by M. S. H., the artistic design for board is by the well-known artist, WILFRID BALL, and the price is moderate, 1s. 9d. post free. We shall also continue to publish the *Auxiliary Bible* and other Aids ; *Redemption Songs* and other Hymnbooks ;

the well-known works of FRANCES BEVAN, H. FORBES WITHERBY, HENRY VARLEY, SIR ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E., Dr. BURTON, ISAAC LEVINSON, ROBERT LEE, H. P. BARKER, and many others. We are also planning to revise and re-issue the "Homeward Journey" Series of Gift Books, including "Ben and Kit," "Narrow Pathway to the Golden Gate," "Good Shepherd and His Lambs," "Homeward Journey," and many others. So far as we know, these are the only true Gospel Stories on the market to-day.

In a short time we hope to have a full range of Christian Literature from British, American, and Colonial Publishers conveniently displayed for the inspection of callers, as well as an ample Display of Gift Books — Pure and True for Sunday School Teachers, at lowest possible rates.

Our desire is to make this Depot, right under the shadow of St. Paul's, a Christian Resort, which friends from all parts coming to the Metropolis may use for letters, parcels, trysts, information, and other purposes useful to "His own."—PICKERING & INGLIS.

OUR GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

For Our "Compassionate" Fund.

(For Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor.)

"Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living."—RUTH ii. 20.

WE have received for this Fund as under, with sincere thankfulness to the Lord for thus enabling us to help His poor people.

	£	s.	d.
"A. W. S.," Kowloon	1	10	0
"J. W. B.," Bury-St.-Edmunds	0	10	0
J. M. I., Swampscott, Mass.	1	0	0
J. R. McG., Riverton, N.Z.	1	0	0
J. R. McG., Riverton, Special for poor Jews ..	1	0	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

WE have been thankful to help this Mission for many years, because of the great need, and of the good work accomplished ; but as it is about to be incorporated with another Mission we think the two together ought to be self-supporting, so although we shall be pleased to convey to the friends any subscriptions hereafter received, we shall not be free to appeal for them as hitherto. We have received as under this month :—

	£	s.	d.
A. F. V., Abbotsford, B.C.	0	12	0
A. K. P., Reading	0	5	0
J. M. I., Swampscott, Mass.	1	0	0
J. R. McG., Riverton, N.Z.	1	0	0
"A. W. S.," Kowloon	1	10	0
E. J., Wimbledon	0	3	0

Our "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Albion Hall Scholars, Larkhall, per Mr. G. Colvin	0	12	0
"A. W. S.," Kowloon	1	0	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of 14, Paternoster Row, London.

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The SPRINGING WELL

or WATERS · THAT · FAIL · NOT.

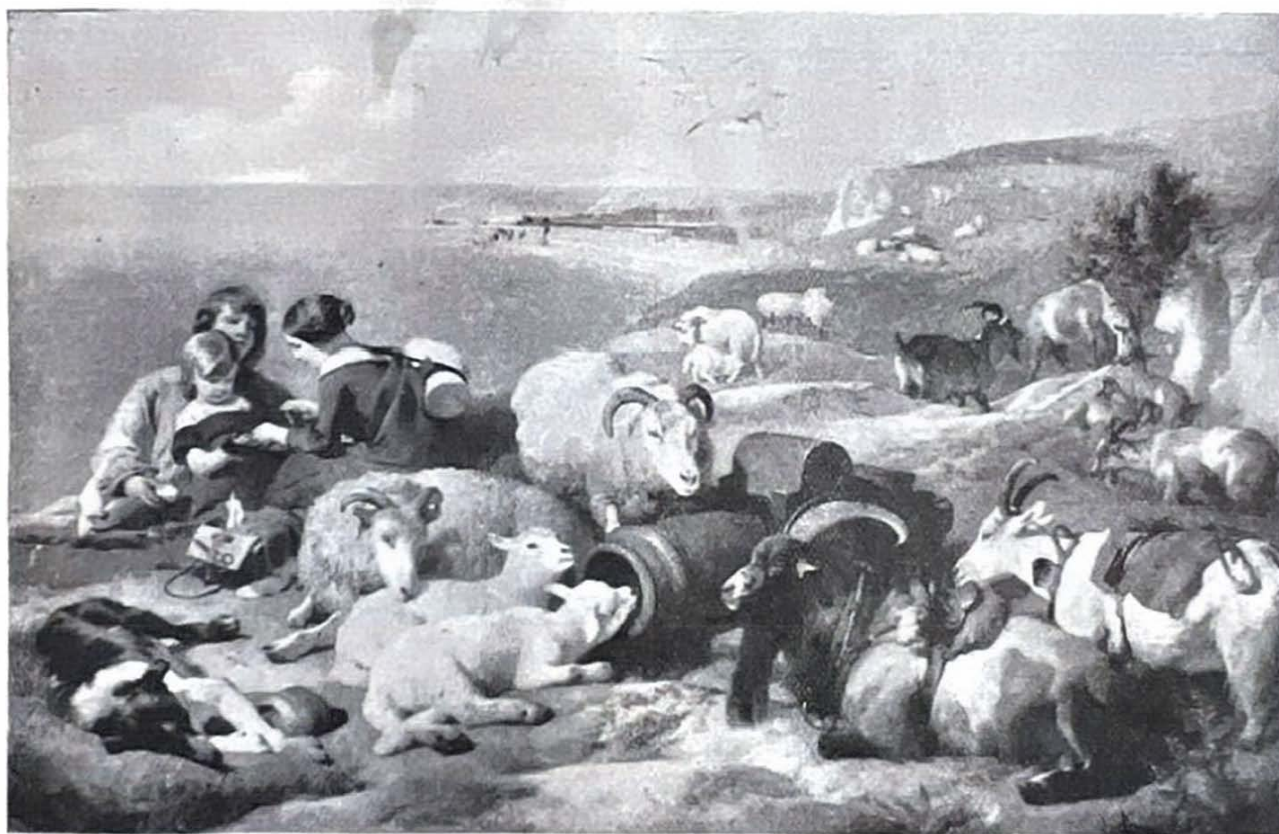
A Twopenny Monthly Gospel Paper for the People.

SPRING UP, O WELL

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OCTOBER, 1919.

TWOPENCE NET.



Art Pictures for All.

"PEACE."

The Famous Painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.

PEACE AT LAST!

"WAR DECLARED!" was the tragic news which unexpectedly sounded in our ears in August, 1914. First two or three nations were involved, then the battle waged till not only the twenty nations engaging in actual conflict, but the whole world in one way or another was embroiled in the great conflict. Now after five years of stupendous struggle

such as the world has never known, with twelve millions of the flower of the nations lying in battle graves or deep in ocean's depths, with millions more maimed, blinded, and ruined for life, out of the carnage, bloodshed, and agony comes the glad news

Peace Proclaimed!

PEACE which has been sighed for by multitudes in most lands of earth! Peace, whose sweetness

How to have "Peace, Perfect Peace."

is mixed with sadness in many, many homes, as they view the vacant chair, the earthly belongings, or the cherished likeness of a loved one who shall never return. Peace, which withal has a jubilant note, for once more humanity may breathe freely; once more interchange of communications is freely granted; once more husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and lovers are meeting without the prospect of a sudden recall; once more the Heralds of the Cross are crossing oceans and continents, and entering long closed lands with the "Glad Tidings of great joy." PRAISE BE TO GOD!

Peace Guaranteed

to every one who will accept the terms and sign

"all have sinned" (Rom. 8. 7). To continue the strife means death and defeat. "The wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6. 23). "He that believeth not...the wrath of God abideth on him" (John 3. 36).

2. Peace Basis. Stripped of much verbiage, and reduced to plain words, the basis is contended to be *justice*. Whether that be so or not is without our province. Certainly the basis of guaranteed peace for Eternity is justice and righteousness. "For Christ hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" (1 Peter 3. 18). "That God might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."

3. Peace Terms. These are of such length

as to fill pages of parchment, and require columns of print to detail, yet are based on one idea, the *unconditional surrender* of the vanquished to the victor. So eternal peace is not on the basis of bargain, discussion, or merit, but solely on the condition of "grace," for "by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God" (Eph. 2. 8). "When they had *nothing to pay* he frankly forgave them" (Luke 7. 42).

4. Peace Signed. At last the day came when willing or unwilling the document was produced, and the deed was signed. Over a hundred delegates signed the famous Peace document at Versailles, but only one is called upon here and now to signify assent

to the greater deed of peace and salvation. "For if thou shalt confess with *thy* mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in *thine* heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou* shalt be saved" (Rom. 10. 9). Say with purpose of heart just now: **As a guilty, lost sinner I accept the Lord Jesus Christ as the One who made my peace through the Blood of His Cross—as the One who was delivered for my offences and raised again for my justification—therefore being justified by faith, I have peace with God.** Thus, justified and saved, you will have "PEACE from Him that is, and was, and is to come?" nyp.



Original Painting for the Bible Almanac, 1920. "No Place Like Home, however Humble."

the treaty. Hear the words which describe it: "JESUS OUR LORD, . . . who was *delivered* for our offences, and was *raised* again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, *we have peace with God* through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. 4. 24, 25; 5. 1). In view of the value of this peace in life, death, and the ages to come, let me urge you to consider

1. Peace Needed. The nations were exhausted, their coffers were almost empty, to continue indefinitely meant extermination of family, nation, and race. Peace was necessary for the preservation of humanity. As a member of the human family you are a sinner, for

SAMUEL STEWART'S SURPRISE.

SAMUEL STEWART was the son of a Canadian farmer, so had not the advantages of religious training like those in large towns or cities. Yet he sometimes thought

of God and Eternity, and at the age of fifteen became greatly concerned about the salvation of his soul. He attended "revival services" that were being held, prayed earnestly, felt happy, and thought he had "made a start for



Copyright Photo: Canadian Pacific Railway.

A Canadian Maiden with her Favourite Team.

the kingdom." Instead of accepting of God's "unspeakable gift" by faith in the finished work of His beloved Son he built his hopes for Eternity on his prayers, feelings, experiences, and resolutions. Samuel tried and tried to walk as Christ walked, but was conscious of miserable failure. Day by day he determined to be "better," but fell so far short of his standard that he became thoroughly discouraged.

During a visit to a country district

In the Backwoods of Northern Ontario

he attended a meeting which was held in a hall in the place. The meeting was a very happy one. One rose from his seat and thanked God for the Lord Jesus Christ; then another, and another, until six or seven had thanked God for His "unspeakable gift," the Lord Jesus Christ. In relating the incident to the writer in a Canadian town, Samuel said, "I was accustomed to thank God for health and strength, for food and raiment, and I smiled as I heard them thank God for Jesus." God was in the meeting, and had His eye on him. As he sat in that Gospel hall the Holy Spirit revealed to him the terrible mistake he had been making. "I saw that Jesus was God's gift to me," he said, "that He had suffered for my sins on Calvary's Cross, and by

Believing on Him I was Saved."

Are you building for Eternity on a sandy foundation or on the "Rock of Ages?" God has given Christ to the world. "For God so loved THE WORLD, THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16). Why not accept the GIFT and thank the GIVER? How wondrously simple and gloriously free! Could anything be simpler or freer? Trust Him now. A.M.

"HIS NAME JESUS."

MANY names are dear, but His is dearer,
How it grows more dear as time
rolls on;

Many friends are near, but He is nearer,
Always all we want and all our own.
Jesus! Jesus! let us ever say it,

Softly to ourselves as some sweet spell;
Jesus! Jesus! troubled spirit, lay it

On thy heart, and it will make thee well.

A.O.

GOD'S "EXCEEDINGLY ABUNDANTLY."

WORDS AND WORKS OF GOD.—No. 8.

"Now unto Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen" (Eph. 3. 20, 21).

WE read in 1 Chronicles 15 and 16 of the joyous ceremonial observances connected with the bringing of "the ark of the covenant of the Lord" to the city of David. Above all else that took place prominence is given to the Psalm, or song of praise, which David caused to be sung on that occasion. It is all doubtless prophetic and typical of what is yet to take place on this earth, when "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever" (Rev. 11. 15), for we read of the song that will then be sung, "We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, who art and wast, and art to come; because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power and hast reigned," and of the great event that will mark the occasion: "And the temple of God was opened in Heaven, and there was seen in His temple THE ARK OF HIS TESTAMENT OR COVENANT" (vv. 17, 19).

"The ark of the covenant" was the outward symbol of God's presence with the children of Israel, and is typical of God's dwelling with true believers and of their dwelling with Him throughout the endless ages of eternity. The last age, of which God has given us a revelation, is spoken of in Revelation 21. 3, where we read, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will DWELL with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

It is not to be wondered at that David and his people greatly rejoiced when

The Symbol of God's Presence

was once more openly set up and manifested in their midst. It was the assurance to them that God would bless His people (Psa. 29. 11). For in some marvellous manner it had been very evident to the people that during the three months that the ark of God remained with the family of Obed-edom "the Lord blessed the house of Obed-edom, and all that he had" (1 Chron. 13. 14).

Amongst many ascriptions of praise that are contained in the Psalm that was sung on the occasion of which we are considering was

this, "Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised: He also is to be feared above all gods" (1 Chron. 16, 25).

The word translated in this verse "greatly" is in some other places translated "exceeding," for example, "The word of the Lord came unto Abram, saying, Fear not, Abram, I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward" (Gen. 15, 1), and the word translated here "great" has the idea of "abundant," and is indeed so translated in one or two places. So the Lord said to Abraham (or Abram, as his name then was),

"I will reward thee exceedingly abundantly,"

and we know that God did so.

In Hebrews 11, 6 we read, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

Put these various passages together, and let the Spirit of God speak to you, and He will convince you that God will "reward" you and me, and every one who will wholly trust Him, "exceedingly abundantly."

Last month we considered together what is written: "The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times" (Psa. 12, 6), so pure indeed that we cannot fully measure them, but for all that they come to us appealingly, or as the apostle Paul writes, "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God" (2 Cor. 5, 20).

In this idea of reconciliation is included, not merely the thought of obtaining the forgiveness of sins (which is assured to every believer, blessed be the Name of the Lord), but also the thought of trusting in God to "reward us exceedingly abundantly," or as we read in the verse at the head of this article, "to do exceeding abundantly

Above all that we ask or think."

If you look at the margin of your Bible you will see that it is calculated that about a hundred years elapsed between the time when the Philistines overcame the children of

Israel, because of their sins and the sins of the sons of Eli (1 Sam. 4, 10, 11), and the time when David brought back the ark to the city of David (1 Chron. 15, 29); but God had not finally forsaken "His people." Throughout those hundred years there were always some who trusted in the Lord, and great was their reward. The call to Christians to-day is to remember that "Faithful is He who calleth you, who also will do it" (1 Thess. 5, 24).

W.H.B.

FAR-SEEING FAITH.

"Faith looks within the veil; it does not stop at the blue sky."—*Andrew Bonar, D.D.*

THE eyes of Faith see deeper far
Than sky and cloud, than sun or star,
She sees her God behind them all:
If not, Creation then would be
Before His face a canopy—
Not revelation, but a pall.



Peace Day Photo, page 109.

PEACE AT LAST.

HOW "AN OFFICIAL AGENT OF THE DEVIL" WAS WON.

OF all characters, the "Kapurala Caste" is perhaps one of the most difficult to win for Christ. They are the official and direct agents of the devil, who perform what is generally known as "Devil Ceremonies." Should any one be sick and dying, the last resource is to fetch in the devil priest, who will arrange the paraphernalia for exorcising the evil spirit, who is supposed to be the real cause of the sick-



GIORAMA DETAWANDA NIDAME,
Custodian of the Temple of the Tooth, Ceylon.

ness. These ceremonies begin at sunset and continue to the following morning.

An altar is erected, and accompanied by his satellites the priest will keep up a most stentorian noise, chanting dirges, dingling bells, tom-tom beating, with extraordinary distortions of the body, and gestures, thus hoping to drive out the demon. The more noise they make the more effectual will be the cure. Alas, it is often the case, through the long exposure and noise, which aggravate their sufferings, the patient dies, and ere the morning dawns the precious soul has passed into eternity.

Such services did the subject of our sketch perform for years. Many times, it appears, his conscience troubled him. He had a sympathetic nature, and when these sick ones died he felt how useless were his incantations; but then it was his livelihood; if he gave it up what could he do? To salve his conscience he did many deeds of merit, giving money for a Buddhist temple, etc. Yet he was very wretched, and as he said to me afterwards:

"I was supposed to cast the devil out of others, but I could not cast the devil out of myself."

In this depressed frame of mind he came to our Gospel service at Bandaragama, on Sunday, 7th February, 1915. No one listened with deeper attention than did this distracted soul. After years of bondage in the devil's service, hopeless and defeated, he heard of ONE who could deliver him, a Saviour to the uttermost. The service closed, but he remained behind for further conversation. The Word of the Lord had pierced his spirit, convicted, and condemned. He was pointed to the great Sin-Bearer, passages from the infallible Word were read to him, with prayer that light might shine into his dark soul. The Lord triumphed, and this long held captive was liberated. He believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, and was saved (Acts 16. 31). What a change! His face spoke even louder than his words, a light played about his countenance, the look of despair disappeared in the radiant hope which shone in his eyes. The dark, foul fiend had to give up his victim. Dancing with joy, he placed his hand on his heart, crying.

"The pain is gone—the pain is gone,"

Returning to his village, it was soon noised abroad that something had happened to Kapurala. All overtures to perform ceremonies over the sick he strongly refused, but daily he

could be seen reading his New Testament. "What was the mysterious Book he was reading?" The villagers were determined to find out its magic charm. One day, after his usual reading and meditation, he forgot to hide his treasure. It was not long before the inquisitive crowd discovered the book. The leader began to read. "This is the cause of all the trouble why Kapurala will not do his ceremonies. It's about the God of the Englishman," and tore it up in a rage. A few days later he came to see me in great sorrow. "Master, they have destroyed my Book"—his one great treasure. His sorrow, however, was soon dispelled when I handed him a new one. Five months later he asked for baptism. He had read in his Book how Jesus was baptised, and the early disciples, and he wanted to be like "JESUS!" I was glad that the request came from him. There was no pressure on my part, which, I believe, is the wiser plan, rather than pressing the young convert to take this step of public confession by baptism which *we* know, and *they* know, will mean increased persecution, and has resulted in some cases, under fiery trials, in their going back from following the Lord. On Thursday, 28th July, the same year of his conversion, after a solemn service at Egoda Uyana, when some sixty were present, we walked down to the beautiful river which skirts the village, and there, under the blue heavens, we baptised this trophy of grace, receiving at the same time the name of

Davadasa, the name he had himself asked for.

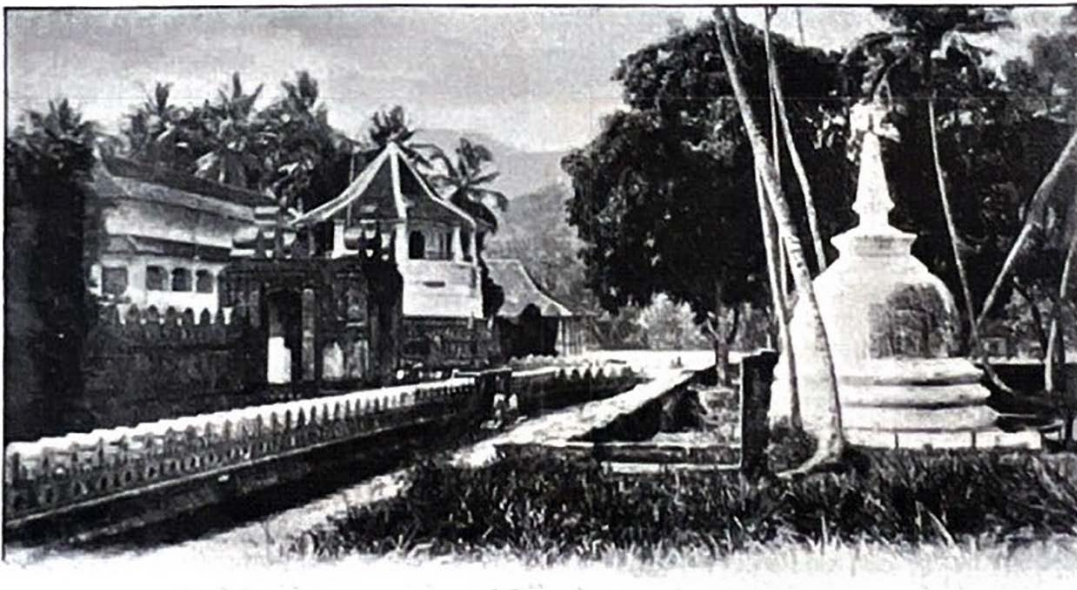
On 1st February, 1916, we left Pauadura for our furlough. Among the friends who came to see us off was Davadasa. "Good-bye, my friend, we are going on a long and perilous journey. It may happen that we shall not meet again on earth. If not, where shall we meet?" "In Heaven," pointing to the sky, was the quick response. He had no hesitation about the matter.

After a prolonged sojourn in Great Britain, on account of war conditions, we returned to Ceylon, May, 1919. We made inquiries about Davadasa, but no information was forthcoming.

He seemed to have dropped out of existence.

Some thought he might have died, as he was not strong. I went to his village, but his house was occupied by strangers. However, I made diligent search, and finally found him in a far-away interior village, crippled with rheumatism. He was very pleased to see me. "I knew when you came back you would find me out." After talking about the past we had a season of prayer and Bible reading. Though so infirm he had interested others in the village through reading to them the Scriptures. We were glad to be able to arrange his removal to Colombo hospital, where we hope he will receive relief from his sufferings, and be spared to witness to the manifold grace of God.

GERALD R. COULTAS, Ceylon



Buddha's Tooth is said to be preserved here.

Temple of the Tooth, Kandy, Ceylon.

A WONDERFUL HARBOUR.

THE thoughtful man or woman who may have crossed the sea in very rough weather learns to appreciate the skill and ability of the captain, who, if he be worthy of the name, stands upon the bridge directing the ship's course, and exercising control over all that, humanly speaking, affects the safety of the ship.

Again and again it has occurred that passengers have united in testifying their gratitude to captains for their untiring efforts to bring their ships and human freight safely into port through perils from storm and tempest enough to alarm the stoutest hearts.

It is after such experiences that men better understand both the value of a capable captain and the security afforded by a harbour of refuge.

When the Psalmist was inspired to write the 107th Psalm he knew something of the dangers of the deep. "They," said he (v. 23) "that go down to the sea in ships; . . . these see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep," and then he proceeds to describe how the stormy wind takes hold of the waves and seems to lift them up to the sky, only to let them fall again to a far lower depth than their normal position. To be thus lifted up by an apparently uncontrollable force and then to be left to fall as though there were nothing beneath to arrest the downward course is indeed enough to melt the spirits and strength of the bravest. So unsteady does the vessel become under such circumstances that the Psalmist adds, the sailors "reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man." "All their wisdom is swallowed up" (see margin). When they are thus at "their wit's end," and when they cry to God in their trouble, He (often) bringeth them out of their distresses, stills the waves, and orders a calm. Then follows (or should follow) a thankful quietness as "He bringeth them into their desired haven" (Psa. 107. 23-31), and they and all on board should praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works performed on behalf of the children of men.

The foregoing relates to a literal sea voyage in a storm, but as man's life here is comparable to the voyage of a ship upon a stormy and dangerous sea it is very certain that the Psalmist's description is a figure of great value to those who have left the enervating and poisonous shores of the land of Destruction and are sailing Heavenwards under the rule and

direction of the Lord Jesus, the great "Captain of their salvation."

Practically there is no sailing away from the shores of Destruction unawares. There are those on land who seek with all their power to hinder any who desire to start on the heavenly voyage, and even when the start is made there are "pirates" all along the route, whose aim is to frighten and alarm when they cannot rob or destroy. Nor are these the only dangers. There are "storms" and "tempests" of every kind, great and small. There are "rocks" and "quicksands," there are false and misleading "lights," there are lonely days when no land can be seen, and there are nights of darkness when unknown and unseen perils seem ever present.

Is this ALL that can be said?

Is there no Brighter Side?

"Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Cor. 15. 57), there is much else to be said. Those who by faith enter "the ark of God's strength" (or God's strong ark) (Psa. 132. 8) are in Him, who cannot be wrecked. He declared to Peter, those who put their trust in Me—those who believe in Me, the anointed Saviour—shall never be overcome (Matt. 16. 16-18).

HERE, THEN, IS SAFETY. But more, He who is the safety of His people is also the "Captain of their salvation." He is their "Wonderful Counsellor" (Isa. 9. 6). He knows all their difficulties and all their dangers, and in His Word He gives all needed warnings and directions. He asserts that He is the One True Light (John 8. 12), and that whosoever keeps his eye fixed upon Him "shall not walk (or sail) in darkness." He has given "the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, to be with His people for ever" (John 14. 16, 17), therefore they need "not fear though an host should encamp against them (Psa. 27. 3), or though the earth be removed" (Psa. 46. 2), or in reality anything else that man can do unto them (Psa. 56. 4).

This same Wonderful and for Ever Blessed "Captain" declares

to His people, "I have redeemed thee; . . . thou art Mine." "When thou passest through the waters (the storms) I will be with thee," and nothing shall permanently hurt thee (Isa. 43. 1-3). Yea, He adds further, "No weapon (no pirate) that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This

is the heritage of the servants of the LORD, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the LORD" (Isa. 54. 17), and then, to crown all, He assures His people the heavens and the earth shall shake, there shall be great commotions—comparable to storms and tempests—"but the LORD will be the HARBOUR (see margin) of His people" (Joel 3. 16). He is their Anchor now (Heb. 6. 19) and their Refuge for ever (Psa. 32. 7; Heb. 6. 18). That "the Eternal God" should be our "Refuge" (Deut. 33. 27) is wonderful, and wonderful too that "underneath are the everlasting arms," and none can pluck from thence (John 10. 29).

WHERE WILL YOU GET YOUR PLEASURE?

WHAT is it you need? It is Christ. What will bring peace to your troubled soul? Christ. What is it that will fill that void in your heart? Christ. What will cheer you along every inch of life's thorny road? Christ. Where will you get your pleasure? In Christ. He is the deep, sweet well of love. Ah! unsaved one, if you but knew Christ! And He loves you, He died for you, the ungodly one. And He wants nothing, He brings everything—peace made by the blood of His Cross, peace to that guilty soul of yours, redemption through His blood, and eternal life through the death He died for you. What wonderful love! You must have Christ else you will never enter Heaven. But how are you to be saved, you ask? The answer is simple, God gives it, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts 16. 31). *Will you?* w.s.

AN AIRMAN'S TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

NOT long ago an airman left Hendon, in Middlesex, to fly to Paris. On his journey he was often enveloped in either fog or cloud. A heavy wind opposed his flight. These difficulties caused him to lose his bearings. He drifted a good deal out of his course, and to add to his anxieties his petrol was nearly exhausted. It seemed to him that he had taken



"He Drifted Out of His Course."

his last flight. In his own words he summed up the situation, "It is finished now."

It is all over."

Unless he sighted land at once there was nothing for him but to fall, machine and all, into the sea, and most probably perish.

Whilst in this terrible predicament his eager eyes caught sight of a dark patch, and to his relief he discovered it was the coast of France. In referring to this joyful discovery afterwards,

he used the words, "I would rather have had that sight just then than seen a million in gold laid at my feet."

No attempt has been made to give an exact account of the flight in every detail, but care has been taken that in the above particulars no alteration of any material fact has been made. The incident is so striking, and is so full of instruction that surely no apology is needed for introducing it as an illustration. Men are being carried along in the flight of time. In a "sort of way" men pretend that they desire to reach a certain shore. They are bound to meet with many clouds and much fog. It is often difficult to see the way. It is a common complaint with men that many unexpected things occur to disarrange their plans. Schemes are worked out. Projects are devised. But unexpected hindrances arise, and

Much Ends in Failure.

There is even more than this, for whilst all the preparations and projects are maturing the one most important necessity is being exhausted. Life—like the airman's petrol—is becoming exhausted, and no certain land is in sight. "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. 9. 27).

In the case before us the airman retained his senses, realised his danger, and was thankful beyond words for his escape. When he saw the land he did his utmost to reach it, and on landing he remarked, "Half an hour's delay and I had been drowned." Think of this!

Saved by Half an Hour.

It might even have been by minutes. In higher matters men seem often to lose their senses, and they drift hopelessly about until they fall into the woeful abyss and perish for ever. At this moment you may be saved from so great a death. To the ever-present question, "What must I do to be saved?" the divine answer is, ever the same, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and *thou* shalt be saved" (Acts. 16. 30, 31).

When the airman saw the place of safety it was more to him than the possession of untold gold. Had he fallen into the water no gold could have saved him. His life was at stake, and the shore meant everything to him at that moment. The airman hoped to get to land when he started his voyage, but believers *know* they shall, for the promise is sure and steadfast, and they are connected with Him, their Forerunner, who has entered into Heaven, whither He has

prepared a place for them (see Heb. 6. 17-21; John 14. 1-14), and He will draw them safely to it.

Are you resting alone on the Lord Jesus for salvation? Consider the question. Examine yourself and where your hopes are, and never rest until you can say in reality and truth, by the witnessing of the Holy Spirit, "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. 2. 20), and He has prepared a place for me that I may be with Him for ever. Saved by grace alone. Can you say this NOW? P.N.

THE BEREAN BAND.

THE members and friends of the B.B. will be interested to know that its interests in America are now in the hands of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, and the Institute will, in future, be its representative in the United States. This is a matter for much grateful praise to our Heavenly Father for His goodness in bringing this about. Communications from our American friends all over the world should, in future, be addressed to Chicago direct. The influence of the Band is extending in many directions. The lists of verses are now being printed in Spanish. Our good friend, Mr. Webb, of Mexico City, is looking after this portion of our work, which we commend to the prayers of our readers. May the Berean habit be extended all over the Spanish-speaking world. Mr. H. T. Davis, of the C.M.S. in Egypt, writes: "It is nice to hear of increased membership. Mr. Ewell is here from Yambio on a visit, and I have got him to become a member. Yambio is nearly 300 miles inland from the Nile, on the borders of the Sudan and Belgian Congo." Mr. S. F. Thomson, of the B.M.S., in the Congo, says: "I am glad that the Balaham Branch is going forward. 150 members each taking a portion of God's Word and making it their own every week is bound to influence a large number of lives amongst whom they live. When we have the whole Bible printed in the language used here I shall certainly see if a Berean Lower Congo Branch is not possible." A friend from Bashahr, North India, tells us that he would like to introduce the Band to a small native congregation (Tibetan-speaking), as he is sure that the hiding of the Word of God in their hearts would lay a sure foundation of Christian character.

We hope that a large number of new branches will be formed during the autumn, so that the new year may find thousands more adopting the Berean habit. Six can form a branch, and full particulars will be sent to any address. The annual subscription is one penny for each member, and a sixpenny postal order will in this instance cover six members' subscription for both this and next year. Reference, however, must be made to this article in applying for members' lists of verses under these conditions. The verses to be committed to memory for the month of October are as follows:

SOME GIFTS FROM GOD.

- Oct. 5. John 3. 16—His Beloved Son.
- " 12. Matt. 11. 28—His Abiding Rest.
- " 19. James 4. 6—His Abounding Grace.
- " 26. James 1. 5—His Divine Wisdom.

Address all communications to Mr. CHAS. J. G. HENSMAN, 12 Baldwin Gardens, Acton, London, W.3.

1000 of the best of the old and the best of the new Hymns and Choruses. It is believed that this unique collection is just the one for which leaders of Christian work have for long been on the outlook, for the following among other reasons:

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2nd. — It also contains the best of the newer hymns along with a large number never before published in this country.

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IN LARGE TYPE. Red Cloth, 1/2 net; Boards, 1/6 net; Leather, 3/6 net (by post, 3/10).

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PICKERING & INGLIS,
Glasgow and London.

He's Coming.

Words and Music by DUNCAN McNEIL.

Not too quickly.

1. Have you heard the glad news that is spread - ing a - broad,
2. If we're saved by His grace it is pre - cious to know,
3. When thy soul is dis - tress'd oh do not des - pair,
4. Let us lift up our heads our re - demp - tion is nigh,

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; To the faith - ful and true 'tis the
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; When we're cleans'd by His blood we are
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; But look up to the skies your re -
Je - sus is com - ing a - gain; May we all be a - lert for the

mess - age of God, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
read - y to go, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
demp - tion is there, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.
soul thrill - ing cry, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.

CHORUS.

He's coming, He's coming, Oh! yes He is coming, the Saviour is coming a - gain, What a

sight that will be when the Saviour we see, Hal - le - lu - jah! He's com - ing a - gain.

NEW SONGS are in constant demand. Above new piece on The Lord's Coming can be supplied at 2d. each, or 2/4 doz., post free. Almost any Music book or piece supplied by PICKERING & INGLIS, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

A THOUSAND HOP-PICKING CHILDREN.

"SEEK ME EARLY" STORIES.—X.



Hop Pickers at Work.

ONE of our hop-growing friends had one year a thousand adult pickers, who among them brought a thousand children. Picture two rows of wooden huts along two sides of a square; a third side occupied by a long open shed, which was cook-house, dining, and sitting room. Add to the huts a veranda and a seat under the same, and you have our Sunday evening place of meeting. Taking our stand in the centre, we are soon surrounded with a juvenile crowd, who count this their Sunday school. Adults fill in behind. After a few hymns from hymn-sheets, distributed from door to door, our congregation gathers, and my wife sings a Gospel song with a chorus, "Will you take Jesus to-day?"

During this some of the hop pickers were passing to and fro, fetching water from a tap, one in a bottle, another in a jug.

Here was an Illustration of "Taking," so we asked, "Did you pickers put that tap there?" "No, sir." "Did you lay on the water?" "No, sir." "Do you have to pay anything?" "No, sir," was the emphatic reply. "Then taking water at that tap just illustrates taking the salvation of Him who says, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink' (John 7. 37). You have nothing to do, and nothing to pay; all is done for you.

Only, You Must Come and Take.

It is no use standing afar off, or coming half-way; if you want the water you must come and take what is provided. And if you want the water of life you must come and take it, just as God has provided it in Jesus Christ." Then we sang:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

While we were doing so, I saw an old black kettle come to the tap. "Black as he is, he gets filled, reminding us that black sinners may come and take."

This time a man came to the tap with a large basin, which also received a filling. Great sinners may find all they need in Jesus Christ.

"Just as I am, Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

This led us to say,

"There is no Barrier around your Tap, no barbed wire to keep you away. Once the barrier of sin might have kept sinners from coming near a Holy God, but Jesus by His death has removed all hindrances."

Did they have to

Wash Before they Came

to the tap? No, they came that they might wash and be clean. So we need not try to cleanse ourselves from sin; we come to be cleansed, washed whiter than snow (Isa. 1. 18).

Did they have to **quench their thirst before coming**? No, they came to have their need satisfied. "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled" (Matt. 5. 6). There is no satisfaction like the satisfaction in Christ.

Might the children come? Certainly! they delighted in coming to the tap, and the tap was within their reach. None are too young to drink of the fountain of the water of life *freely*.

Was there enough for all? There was, for the tap was connected with deep, full springs. Is there enough in Jesus to supply all who come? There is. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. 22. 17).

W. LUFF.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPIEST?

"AS happy as a king!" many a time we sang, as during the long summer days or lonely autumn evenings we swung on the hay-field gate, hunted for nests or fledglings in the hedgerows, chased the butterflies of variegated hues, gathered armfuls of wild flowers, returned laden with brambles, and otherwise revelled in youth's bright days.

Happier than a king have been some of the days since, and are the days ahead, for we have found the secret of true heart joy. What is it? In reply listen to one of the most touching stories told by the prince of preachers and prince of story tellers—C. H. Spurgeon—of a visit to a home for deaf and dumb children. One of the teachers put this question to a class

of girls: "What is the Sweetest Emotion?" One wrote as reply "Joy," another wrote "Love," another "Gratitude." A little girl, evidently writing what she felt, and feeling what she wrote, put down "Repentance." Surely the prodigal would have written the latter as the result of the love of the father filling his heart with gratitude and causing his eyes to flow with tears of repentant joy, for then, it is said, "they began to be merry," and the end of that happiness is unrecorded (Luke 15. 18-24).

However happy you may be, or have been, if you do not know the happiness of sins forgiven, you have not reached the highest joy. But you may reach it now. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. 5. 1). Rest not till, as a repentant sinner, you cast your all at Jesus' feet, take Him as your Saviour and Lord; know the joy of sins forgiven, the happiness of His holy service, and the certainty of Heaven as your eternal home. P.G.



Photo: Wallace, Sidmouth.

"As Happy as a King!" many a time we sang

50 YEARS ago Mr. H. FORBES WITHERBY launched a little barque which was destined to have a long and eventful voyage. Its title was "**Faithful Words**" and its aim to reach both "old and young." Almost from the beginning it was a success, and its circulation steadily grew until editions were issued in America and Australia, and it was known in Christian circles in every land. The well known records of "The Life of Wm. Farel" and "The Life of John Wesley," by Mrs. Bevan, first appeared in its pages, as well as much other matter which has been signally owned of God.

On the death of Mr. Witherby the title was changed to "**The Springing Well**," and the work undertaken by Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, who had been the publisher of Mr. Witherby's works from the beginning. The circulation has extended to all parts of the earth, and *The Springing Well*, noble in page and varied in matter, was welcomed by thousands of soldiers in the battle zone, as well as by sailors on the rolling billows.

With the retirement of Mr. Holness, after fifty strenuous years of service in Paternoster Row, it is thought well to further improve the paper and extend its usefulness, as well as meet the felt need for

A True and Topical Paper—

interesting, instructive, and evangelical—suitable for family use, Bible classes, elder scholars, and general readers.

From November the title will be changed to



Gospel indicating that which is *true*, and Graphic that which is *topical*. It will be a live monthly with a real message for to-day. Strong meat for thinking men, milk for babes in Christ, bright pages for our darlings, and graphic pen and pencil sketches for every one from 10 to 100.

As a Magazine with a Message, it will contain several

Striking New Features.

including:

1. **A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION** on front page, with forcibly written message thereon. A general topical article of interest to every reader.

2. **THROUGH SPIRITUAL EYES.** Events of the day, with their spiritual significance. Sayings and doings of remarkable men and women. The voice of truth in the vision of the times, by a Christian worker on the staff of one of the leading London Houses.

3. **PEN AND PENCIL PICTURES** of forward movements for God—Special Missions, Tent Campaigns, Pilgrim Marches, Cinema Services, Conventions, and everything aggressive and progressive.

4. **TOPICS FOR YOUNG DISCIPLES.** The Fundamentals of the Christian Faith, Practical Work, and Bible and Missionary Problems will be undertaken by a young worker of repute.

5. **NEW SACRED SONGS AND SOLOS** will continue to be a feature of the magazine. Several Sacred Songs now familiar first saw the light in our pages. Others will follow. This sad age needs the incitement of "Hymns and hymns and spiritual songs."

6. **BOOKS OF WORTH AND POWER** will be regularly dealt with by a literary man in the very heart of the book trade in London.

7. **GRAPHIC BITS FROM EVERYWHERE** will be contributed by writers and readers, with monthly award for "*The Best Bit*." These will be useful to every worker.

In fact *The Springing Well* will in future gush forth streams in abundance for the enjoyment and edification of all. Further details in future issues.

We bespeak the co-operation of old friends who knew *Faithful Words* in their youthful days, of present subscribers and friends of *The Springing Well*, and of all who are interested in evangelical progress.

OUR FELLOWSHIP FUNDS.

In connection with *The Springing Well* and *The Witness*.

As a means of practical fellowship between those in favoured circumstances and their less favoured fellows, we have pleasure in commending the following. The full sum sent in is distributed without any deduction whatever.

OUR "COMPASSIONATE" FUND, for Lonely Suffering Saints, and for the Help of the Very Poor. "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living" (Ruth 2. 20). Received for this fund, with sincere thankfulness, the following items: Rezmil, 7/-; S.E. and J.B., Sherwood, 10/-; E.L., £5/5/.

LONELY LIGHTHOUSEMEN, for posting pure literature to this hardy class of men who live lonely lives in order to guide the world's commerce to our shores with our supplies. Thankful, £1; Bradford, 1/-; Middlesbrough, 2/6; Brentwood, 5/.

GOSPEL LITERATURE FUND for distributing Gospels and Sound Gospel Literature in devastated, needy, and neglected lands abroad and at home, also for providing definite Gospel Messages in Serbian, Spanish, Roumanian, Russian, and other native languages. The Editor gratefully acknowledges the following amounts received to Sept. 15. Any further sums will be thankfully received, duly acknowledged, and well and wisely used. Warepa, Cowio, £2; Port-Glasgow, £1; M. and A. R., Cricklewood, 12/-; In Hope of His Coming, £20. See fuller details in *Witness*.

LAVENDER BAGS for the Wounded. Friends growing lavender might send a supply to Miss Payne, Glenholme, Warwick Rd., Boscombe. A number of ladies put it in bags with a text, and visit wounded sailors, soldiers, and others in British and French Hospitals. 35,000 lavender bags were sent forth during 1917.

"SPRINGING WELL" LEPER FUND, for Work Among Lepers in various lands. S.E. and J. B., Sherwood, 10/-.

"SPRINGING WELL" FELLOWSHIP FUND. E.L., £3/3/.

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"LAMB AND FLAG" MISSION. Mrs. W., Camplen, Glos., £1.

"GOSPEL GRAPHIC" FOR MISSIONARIES. What could be more interesting to the worker in lonely parts than this bright and human monthly? We would like to send free copies monthly to about 400 workers in distant lands. We are pleased to supply the magazine free, but will value help of companies and individuals with the postage.

All communications to be addressed to The Editor of *Gospel Graphic*, 14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C. 4.

Practical Helps for the Present Hour.

IN arranging our issues for the Autumn Season we have kept before us the practical needs of the present hour, and have pleasure in intimating the following works for Bible Students, Christian Workers, and Family use.

I. According to plan mentioned we continue to issue the valuable works by Sir Robert Anderson at *cheapest* possible rate, consistent with form and binding. We hope to have

Ready by Oct. 6, 158 pages, clear type, with preface by Dr. HANDLEY C. G. MOULE. 3rd Edition. "Every Christian's Library," No. 77. 2/ net (2/4, p.f.).

The Lord from Heaven.

A Study of the Deity of our Lord by this devout student in his mature years—"near the glory."

Dr. Handley Moule writes: "I pray our Master's blessing on this close study of the witnesses for the glory of Christ, done by one long versed in weighty and difficult duties of civil law and order, accustomed through his whole life to the keenest quest of facts, and to the ruthless exposure of fallacy."

Dr. Griffith Thomas, Toronto, writes: "His testimony for the truth is so fine that I cannot help rejoicing to think your publication of Sir ROBERT ANDERSON'S books in cheap form will be an additional advantage to the Christian cause. 'The Lord from Heaven' is splendid."

Favourable reviews by *The Christian*, *The Record*, *Life of Faith*, *Sword and Trowel*, and many other papers.

Uniform with above, *The Coming Prince*, 2/6; *Daniel in the Critics' Den*, 2/; *The Silence of God*, 2/; *Human Destiny*, 2/; *The Gospel and Its Ministry*, 2/ (add 4d. to each for postage). The set of 6 Vols. for 13/, or \$3.25, post free to any land.

II. Another Volume of a different character, but no less needed to-day. *New edition*, 1120 pages, with illustrations. "Students' Library." 5/ net (5/6, p.f.) The

History of Christian Martyrdom.

In all Ages and in all Parts of the World. By JOHN FOXE, with an Exposure of the Errors of Rome by Dr. WRIGHT.

This book is a standard work which should not only be in every Christian home, but should be read therein. Rome is increasing in power, and will seek to re-enact these tragedies when the convenient moment arrives.

III. The War with its effect on paper denuded publishers and booksellers of their stocks of Concordances. We have almost ready a new and carefully printed edition of

Cruden's Complete Concordance.

With proper names, life of author, etc., square shape, three columns to page, special paper to suit small type, black cloth, gilt lettering. "Students' Library" style. 10/6 net (11/, or \$2.75, post paid to any part).

D. L. Moody said: "After your Bible get a Cruden's Concordance, and use it well."

IV. *Palestine is coming to the front as never before.* Hence the opportuneness of the new volume,

With Christ in Palestine.

Descriptive Addresses Illustrating the Birth, Life, Work, and Death of our Lord. By Dr. A. T. SCHOFIELD, Harley Street, London. "Every Christian's Library," No. 78. 2/ net (2/4, post free).

"A Delightful Book in which inspiring messages from Scripture are combined with graphic pictures of the Holy Land."—*Friends' Witness*.

Dr. Schofield's works uniform with this: *The Knowledge of God*, 2/; *The Life that Pleases God*, 2/; *Good Health for All*, 2/; *Nerves in Disorder*, 2/6; *God Over All*, 1/6; *Yesterday—To-day—For Ever*, 2/ each

(4d. extra for postage). The Schofield set of Seven Volumes for 15/, or \$3.75, post free.

V. For a remarkable book at a remarkable price we commend our readers to the new *fifth edition*, completing 25,000 of A. M. HODGKIN'S volume

Christ in All the Scriptures.

Showing how Christ is revealed in the Pentateuch—Genesis to Deuteronomy; the Historical Books—Joshua to Esther; the Poetical Books—Job to the Song; the Prophets—Isaiah to Malachi; in His Life—Matthew to John, His Resurrection—Acts to Epistles; Future Glory—Revelation.

250 pages clear type, packed with profit. 2/6 net (2/10, post free). Translated into Arabic, German, etc. Commended by Sir Robert Anderson, Canon Girdlestone, Frank White, Fuller Gooch, B. Broomhall, Grattan Guinness, and many others.

"A remarkable unfolding of Christ in each Book of the Old Testament, likely to be helpful to the young student."—*Our Own Gazette*.

VI. The welcome which continues to be accorded to the undertaken volume convinces us of its value as an aid to the devout student of the Word.

The Outlined Bible.

By Robert Lee, Mildmay Conference Hall. Not a new translation, but an Outline on one page of each Book of the Bible, as given during a five years' study course at Mildmay Bible School.

Seventy large oblong pages in clear type. Strong paper covers. 2/6 net (2/10, post free); cloth boards, 4/6 net (5/, post free).

Commended by Colonel Morton, Captain Dawson, Captain Tottenham, Sydney Collett, Martin Anstey, B.D., M.A., E. W. Moore, M.A., W. Graham Scroggie, and many others.

VII. The first edition of the important Bible work on Palestine is almost exhausted. A new and improved edition is being pressed forward to meet the demand for the Volume. It is entitled

Palestine, Mesopotamia and the Jews, or the Spiritual Side of History. By Sir ANDREW WINGATE, K.C.I.E. Crown 8vo. 300 pages, beautifully illustrated with Maps and Original Photographs. 4/6 net (5/, post free).

VIII. Dr. A. T. Schofield, whose many works have been so helpful, is so convinced that the need of the Hour is Unity, that he commences in October

The Bond of Peace,

a Quarterly Journal of Christian Unity, Scriptural Truth, Second Advent, Health Notes, and other items—practical and useful. The leading Papers will deal with The Science of Christianity, a subject on which the doctor is entitled to write both on account of his medical and Christian experience for fifty years. Quarterly, 4d. net (5d. each, or 1/6 per year, post free).

IX. We have devoted considerable time and much expense to develop a series of

Chaste Calendars for 1920.

These are fully pictured and explained in the circular in colours inserted in many magazines and most parcels for this month. Ask to see this work of art, or send a post card with name and address, and it will be cheerfully posted per return.

A full supply of all our publications can be freely inspected in our saloons—14 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.; 229 Bothwell St., Glasgow; 75 Princes St., Edinburgh, as well as Agents in most lands. Inquiries invited.

SOMETHING QUITE UNIQUE for 1920.

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LAST year 110,000 Soldiers, Sailors, and Civilians welcomed our Bible Almanac with its charming "Back to Blighty" Picture, and thousands more could have been sold but for want of paper and time to produce. Our artist has made a supreme attempt to excel this year, and we think he has succeeded with

"NO PLACE LIKE HOME—HOWEVER HUMBLE."

THE PANELS.—PANEL 1 depicts 1914, "Leaving Home." PANEL 2, 1918, "Far from Home." PANEL 3, 1918, "The Last Shot." PANEL 4, 1919, "Peace Proclaimed." CENTRE PANEL, 1920, "God's Way of Peace."

THE PICTURE.—The Son who was Twice Saved welcomes to his happy home the Aged Parents, delighted to be once more in the midst of their family. The Sailor Boy is looking forward to "do likewise," the Daughter Nurse means to "carry on" till the wounded no longer require her kindly aid, the radiant wife the mirthful child, the domestic pet of the home, all indicate indeed that "the God of Peace" is with them, and that: "East, West—Home's Best."

Price as before, 2d. net, 3d. each, 2/6 or 60 cts. per doz., post free to any part.

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150	..	1 4 9	1000	..	7 7 0	150	..	1 7 0	1000	..	7 15 0

LOCALISED, with any Title, and List of Meetings, in place of the wording at top, at 1/2 extra on any of above rates for any quantity from 50 to 1000.

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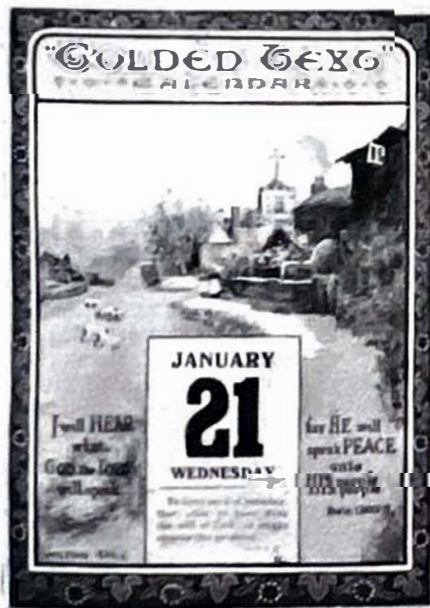
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