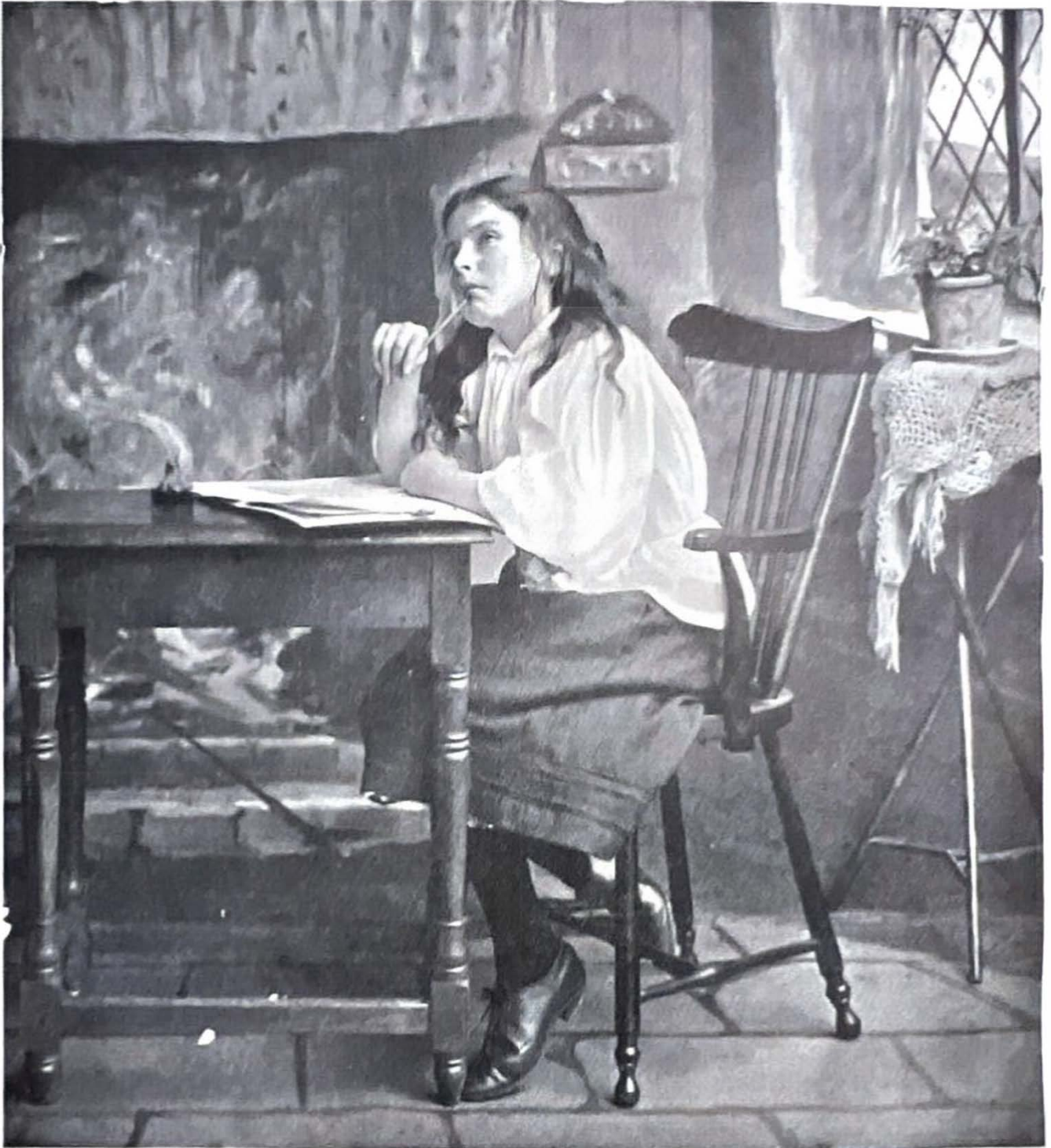


The Guide of Youth



THE GUIDE OF YOUTH

FRONTISPIECE

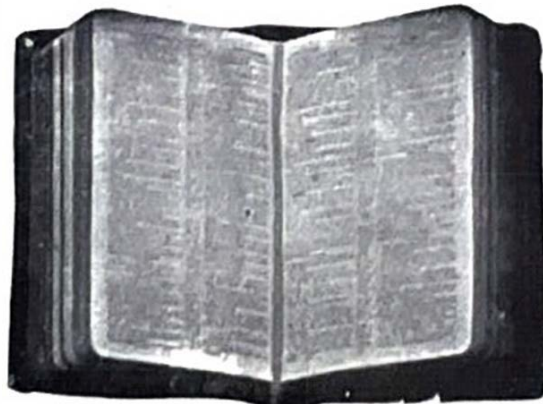


She wrote a letter to her Cousin.

See Page 38

THE GUIDE OF YOUTH

A New Volume of
Pictorial Gospel Narratives
for Young and Old



KILMARNOCK:
JOHN RITCHIE, PUBLISHER OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE
And through all Booksellers.

Grace in Three Generations



Gathering Flowers for the Anniversary.

Grace in Three Generations :

The Story of a Notable Golden Wedding Celebration.

THE New-Year opened with bright, crisp weather, and the genial sunshine gave indications of the near approach of early Spring. Already the snowdrops appeared in the woods, and the crocus put forth its gay colours in the gardens. A group of merry schoolgirls,—sisters and cousins, who had been spending the week together at a quaint old English farmhouse, set-off early, that fine morning, to gather basketfuls of flowers, to deck the old granary at the farm, which was to be used the following afternoon and evening, for the notable event which had brought them, with their parents, and others there, at this time. The aged farmer and his wife, the worthy grandparents of the merry group, were to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding, and to receive the congratulations of their sons and daughters, with their families, and of neighbours and friends, in whose midst they had spent their fifty years of peaceful married life. When the girls had fulfilled their mission, and returned with their baskets filled with flowers, willing hands soon transformed the erst-while dingy granary into a veritable dining hall, lit up, and beauti-

fied for the august occasion. It had been the especial request of the aged couple, yet hale and hearty, although both considerably over "the three score years and ten," that a number of friends from distant parts, who had been dear companions and associates of early years, should be invited to join them in what they called their "Ebenezer Wedding Feast," for while it might be regarded by the younger generation, as a time of festivity and mirth, to the grandparents it was to be an occasion for recording and celebrating the faithfulness of their good and gracious God, who had given them to each other in the days of their youth, and whose presence had been with them all through the years of their peaceful pilgrimage.

The arrival of the guests kept the farm-house a busy scene the following forenoon, and then in the early evening the celebrations began. All was simple, and suited to the tastes and desires of the aged couple, who loved that simplicity which had characterized the years of their early Christian life, in which Christian noblemen and squires, with their families, of that countryside, severed from

the world by the power of the Cross (Gal. vi. 14), and attracted heavenward by the glory of Christ (Col. iii. 1), walked in holiness with fellowheirs of that same glory, far from the fashion of the world which "passeth away" (1 John ii. 17). After dinner, the eldest son, who had come from a distant land, to share in the celebrations, in tender and affectionate words expressed the congratulations of the family to their beloved parents, on that memorable day, presenting them with a united token of their fervent love and unbounded esteem, with the earnest desire that the eventide of life might be to them as the "days of heaven on the earth, full of peace and bright with the presence of the Lord, who had been their faithful Companion and Counsellor all the way." Tributes of loving congratulations and reminiscences of happy years in Christian life and godly fellowship followed, from friends and fellow-believers, and then with no little diffidence—for he was not given to public speaking--the aged farmer replied, acknowledging the love and devotion of their family and friends on that memorable day. Then, as if unable to let the opportunity pass without, as it

were, raising his "Ebenezer" to the God who had saved, and kept, and guided them, through their long pilgrimage, he said, "My beloved partner in life and I were saved in our early years during a wonderful work of grace in this countryside. We had the joy of seeing our sons and daughters, some early, others later in life, born again, and following the Lord, and now it is our great desire to see our grandchildren saved and serving God. It would be the crowning of all our comforts, and the overflowing of our cup of thanksgiving, if in the grace of God at this time, some, or all of them, were brought into the kingdom." That last remark of the aged grandfather had a powerful effect on the circle of rudy grand-children around the table. It went to the heart of at least, three of them, and before the family gathering broke up to return to their respective homes, two grandsons and one granddaughter had received and confessed Christ as their Saviour. And before many weeks had come and gone, the three young flower-gatherers were saved in their own village Sunday School, and wrote a letter to their grandmother telling her the joyful news.

Three Indian Stories.

THE great Durbar recently held in Delhi, the coronation and acclamation of the King-Emperor there, and the loyal reception of him by the native ruling princes, recall brave men and noble deeds in that land, in years long gone by.

In the year 1857, a Sepoy regiment mutined at Meerut, 40 miles from Delhi, and after killing all the British residents, the insurgents hurried to the old imperial city, which fell before them. A noble telegraph clerk saved India, by wiring for help.

In Cawnpore, five thousand, led by the notorious Nana Sahib, surrounded the city in which were a thousand British subjects, half of them women and children. Sir Henry Havelock, with a regiment of Highlanders, set out for their relief. The brave general, addressing his men, said, "With God's help, we shall save them, or die," and under the broiling sun, they marched towards the beleaguered city. Encountering five thousand mutineers in a

position between, they fought their way through, only to find that the little garrison had been massacred, and their bodies thrown into a well. Havelock encouraged his men in God. Many of them were true Christians, and known by the name of "Havelock's Saints."

Lucknow, with its Residency,

on a hill, was besieged by the mutineers. It was the dwelling of many British officers and their families, numbering 1000. Havelock, joined by Outram, led their men to the rescue, fearing the wives and children might share the fate of Cawnpore.

They fought their

way through fire and flood, until with a cheer they entered the gate. "Thank God they are safe" cried the victors, as in the light of flickering torches they were welcomed. A few days after the relief of Lucknow, Havelock, the Christian General passed to his rest. Now India welcomes her Emperor. So when sinners own Christ's claim and pass under His rule, they enter into peace.



Sir Henry Havelock.

How a Paisley Boy was Saved?

IT was in Paisley, on the river Cart, once famous for its "Shawls," that David Shaw, the subject of our story, was born in 1893. As a boy, he was a Sunday Scholar in the Cumberland Hall, where he learned from his teacher his need of being born again, and the way of salvation through Jesus Christ alone.

But while always giving an attentive hearing to the lesson, he was still unsaved. Fond of singing, he joined a choir for the singing of Gospel hymns while he was still himself without Christ. But the God of salvation who knew the

lad's need, and saw what to human eyes was hid—the exercises of his unsatisfied soul, seeking for something he had not got, brought him, through the ever blessed words of John iii. 16, to know His love, and to rest in the One whom He has given as a love gift to the world, as his Saviour. Then he

was happy and satisfied. So well he might, with Christ as his Saviour, and Heaven as his home. But his Christian life was a short one here. For nineteen weeks he was laid on a bed of sickness, where he testified to all around of the Saviour's love, and was used in leading some of his relatives to

the knowledge of Christ. A short time before he died, he called his parents to his bedside, and bidding them and his sister an affectionate farewell, said he was going to "See the King in his beauty"—and his last words were, "It's all true," and then



David Shaw.

he passed from earth to heaven. His body was laid to rest in Woodside Cemetery, and around his grave over two hundred sang his favourite hymn, "In the summer land up yonder." Well was it for him that he was early saved. How different his end and his destiny had he been Christless. G.G.

The Farmer's Boy and the Wandering Sheep.

VERY sweetly, about three-score young voices sang the then newly heard of hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," on a New-Year night, at their Sunday School treat in the village Schoolroom.

dreary mile he had tramped on the hills looking for missing sheep in the cold wintry days, and when the love of Christ, in seeking the lost one until He found it, was told out in that Gospel song, it reached



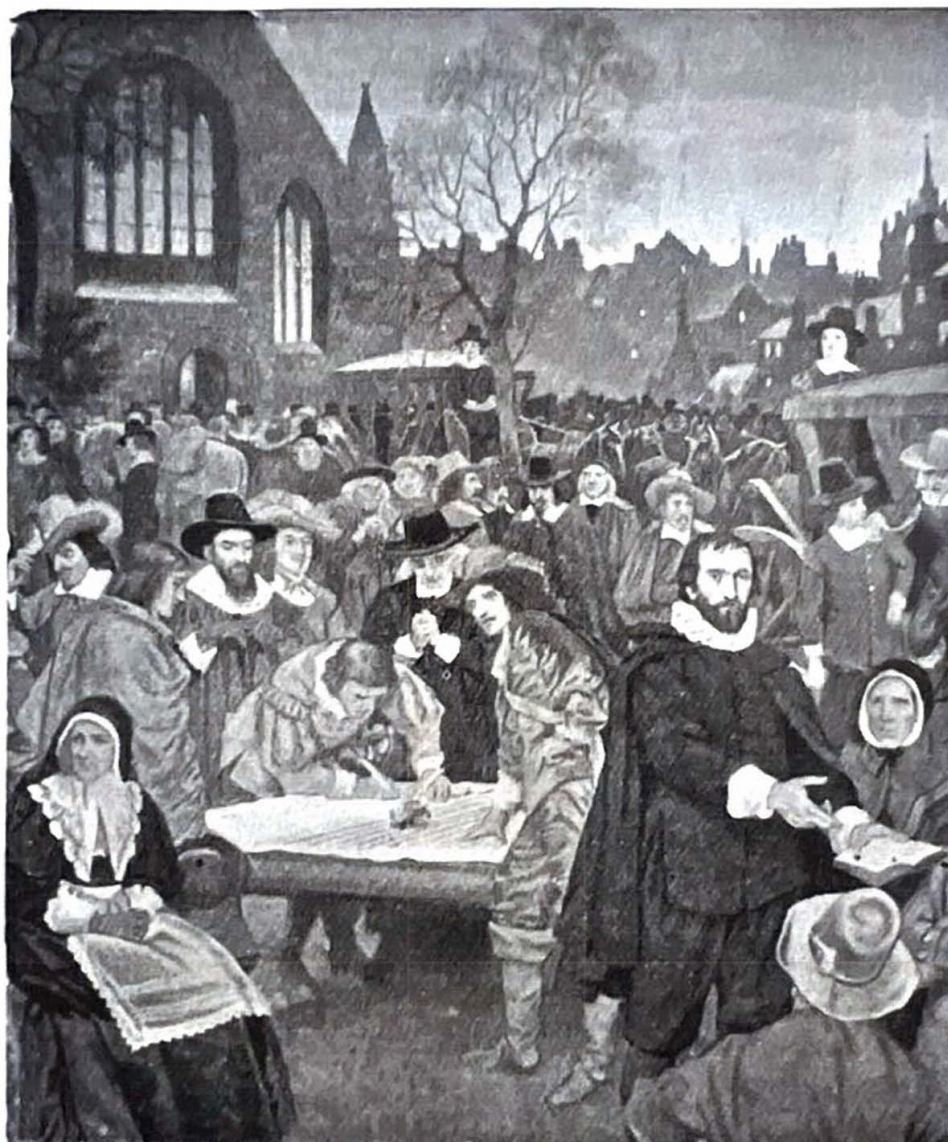
A group of boys stood snow-balling outside, but as the sound of singing fell on their ears, they stopped their play, and listened. The words of Gospel grace as expressed so sweetly and tenderly in that hymn reached one young and tender heart in that group of merry lads that night. Ronald was a shepherd, and had charge of a farmer's sheep. Many a

and won his heart. No more eager hearer was in that Schoolroom on the next Sunday evening, hearing the Word of life, than Ronald, and it was then conviction begun in his soul the previous night deepened. He was brought to the point, where the seeking sinner, and the seeking Saviour meet. Ronald trusted Christ, and Christ received and saved Ronald, making him happy.

A Memorable Day in Scotland.

ON a fresh Spring morning in the year 1638, the gates of the ancient Churchyard of Grey-

generations of the great and good men, who stood true to God and His Word, and suffered imprison-



Signing the National Covenant in Greyfriars Churchyard.

friars, in the city of Edinburgh, were early opened, and shortly after sunrise, crowds of serious-looking men and women began to enter that romantic spot, around which to-day lies the dust of

ment and martyrdom for their faith. The gathering crowd of that morning had come from every village and hamlet from the Tweed to the Tay, and many from the far distant North to anew,

confess their faith in Jesus Christ the Son of God, and affirm their devotion to the Word of God as their only rule of life and conduct. Shall I tell you briefly the cause of their assembling on that Spring day in the Scottish capital. King Charles I., who had succeeded his father James VI. on the British throne, was forcing upon the Scottish people a set of preachers and a system of church government, with Popish liturgies and prayers which, they would not receive, because they believed them to be contrary to the Word of God. They had come to Edinburgh that day to renew the "National Covenant," which had been in existence for over eighty years, but was in danger of being forgotten by the new generation which had arisen. It may be of interest to remember that among the earlier Scottish Christians, the practice called "Covenanting" had been common since the time of the First Reformation, when many were ushered into the liberty and light of the Gospel. Individually, and in groups, they inscribed their confessions of loyalty to Christ and His truth, in beautiful and thrilling words, that generations following might learn and follow in the same faith.

Whatever may now be thought of such Covenants, in a collective or National sense, few will find fault with the following individual declaration of a lady of these Covenanting times, which has been preserved. She writes:—"I here give my hearty consent Lord Jesus, to Thy coming in and taking possession of my soul, and to Thy casting out of everything here that stands in opposition to Thee. I desire to take Thee for my All, to be ruled and governed by Thee, acquiescing in whatsoever shall be Thy way of dealing with me." This breathes the true spirit of faith, and after four hundred years, is fragrant of the early love of one who has been truly born of God. It will be well with you, reader, if these glowing words can be honestly uttered as the desire and decision of your own soul. By mid-day it is estimated that fifty thousand had assembled in the vicinity of Greyfriars. The scene was picturesque and solemn. Within view was St. Giles, where seventy years before, the voice of John Knox had sounded forth the Word of God, and yonder on its rock immovable, the ancient Castle had defied the storms and assaults of ages. At two o'clock, Alexander Henderson,

the trusted leader of the evangelicals, offered prayer, and when he had finished, Archibald Johnston of Warington, a gifted young Edinburgh Advocate, lifted a great parchment of ramskin, and read the "Covenant" to the assembled congregation. It was a simple but definite avowal of their faith, with full rejection of "the innovations" which have "no warrant" in God's Word, and "do sensibly tend to the re-establishing of the Popish religion and tyranny." After the leaders had signed their names in solemn silence, the ramskin was stretched on a flat tombstone in the churchyard, and signed by thousands, "many drawing blood from their veins to make their signatures with, instead of ink." Then the document was passed from town to town, and from village to village, until ultimately the whole of Scotland had heard it read, and accepted it. To very many all this may have been little else than a mere passing religious excitement, and an outward form, but we are assured by godly men and women who lived in these stormy times, that there was a deep spiritual Revival over all Scotland at this time, and that many were born of God. Samuel Rutherford, whose "letters" are

still read, and whose "sweet saying" are fragrant of the love of Christ, had been preaching in St. Andrews with great blessing, until he was put in prison in Aberdeen, from which he was summoned to meet his judges, but called to his rest with Christ before their summons reached him. As the favourite hymn has it—

"They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come;
My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
My King says, "Welcome home."
My kingly King at His great throne,
My presence doth command;
Where glory, deathless dwelleth,
In Immanuel's Land."

When the crowd which gathered in Edinburgh that day, had in the manner described, borne witness to their faith, they parted, and peacefully returned to their homes, where it is said, those who were fitted for such a service, gathered their households and neighbours together, and rehearsed the events of that memorable day in Greyfriars, pressing home upon each individual,—as we would most earnestly do upon the reader now,—to receive (John i. 12) the Son of God as their personal Saviour, and confess Him (Rom. x. 9) as their Sovereign Lord, henceforth to be owned and honoured in life or in death.

The Happy Choice.

A New-Year Talk to my Class of Girls.

THE story of Naomi, Ruth, and Orpah, has a special interest to us, on this New-Year's Day. It tells us of the life-choice of two companions who parted company that day never to meet again. I desire to use it in speaking a word to you to-day in the hope that it may prove a message in season, and be used in bringing some of you to decision for Christ as your Saviour.

Naomi was a true Israelite, born again. But she had left her early love, and the land of her birth, to become a backslider. She found it a bitter thing to be away from God, and in her trouble she was brought to think of Bethlehem, the House of Bread, and she rose up to return there. If any who are saved are backsliders, in heart or life, may they be speedily restored. You can never be happy away from God.

Ruth and Orpah were Moabites, who knew not God. But death

had taken from them their husbands, and their stricken hearts were seeking something they could not get in Moab. That is just like the sinner who has proved that there is nothing to satisfy the heart in this world. They both start with Naomi for Bethlehem, but as the picture on our Calendar shows, they come to a corner of that

road where a life choice had to be made. Here we part with Orpah. From that point she goes back to her "people and her gods," her companions and her idolatry, to perish there. Noble



Ruth made the happy choice expressed in her words to Naomi, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God" (Ruth i. 16). Here, and now, I want each of you yet unsaved, undecided, to make such a choice to-day. To receive Christ as your personal Saviour (John i. 12), to confess Him as your Lord (Rom. x. 9), and to take your place among His people.

NEWS FROM THE BATTLEFIELD.

ON a bright Spring morning, the postman's knock was heard at "Sunny Lodge," which was quickly answered by the gardener's wife, who with her husband had been its tenants for twenty years. "Good news from Ben, I hope," said the postman as he handed a letter bearing a foreign post-mark. The gardener, who was working in front of the "Lodge," overheard the remark and throwing aside his spade, hastened towards the door where his wife stood with the letter in her hand. "A letter from Ben," she said proudly, and well she might, for Ben was an only son, greatly beloved, who had taken his degree, and gone as an army doctor to the Soudan War. Quickly the envelope was opened, and found to contain only half a sheet of paper. This was so contrary to Ben's custom, that they feared something must be wrong. Their fears were confirmed as they read, in a strange handwriting, that Ben had been wounded and lay in a desert hospital. The sad tidings brought a dark cloud on the dwellers in "Sunny Lodge," for they believed the sad news, and it filled them with sorrow and anxiety for their beloved son. A month of great anxiety passed, and again the aged postman was seen hurrying up the path to "Sunny

Lodge." With a trembling hand the gardener's wife received the letter, which she almost feared to open. But to her joyful surprise, it was from Ben himself, telling of a rapid recovery. Tears of joy flowed from her eyes, for she believed the good news, just as she had believed the bad news a week before, and believing she was made glad. Believing the first letter filled "Sunny Lodge" with gloom: believing the second letter filled "Sunny Lodge" with gladness. The believing was the same in both cases; so were the believers, but the subject was different, and so were the effects. Keep this in mind, you shall know why presently.

* * * * *

A stranger passing "Sunny Lodge" one day, handed in a printed Gospel message, which was thankfully received, with an invitation to "Come in and rest." In a few minutes the gardener, his wife, and the stranger were in earnest conversation on the all-important question of how a sinner may be saved and how he may know it. "I cannot understand how any body can be sure of being saved," said the gardener. "Just by believing God," said the stranger. "If you received a letter from a foreign land, written by a trustworthy person, saying some one whom you loved was ill, how would

you *know* it, would it not be by believing?" "Yes," said the gardener, looking over to his wife, who gravely nodded her assent. "And if the following mail brought a letter telling of his recovery, how would you know that he was better, would it not be by believing, just in the same way?" "Yes, sir," said the gardener, wiping the tear from his eye. "Then I believe God, in exactly the same way. He told me first in His Word that I was a lost sinner, on my way to a lost eternity; believing that, made me anxious. Next I learned from the same Book that God loved me, that Christ died for me, and that eternal life and salvation were sent me as the free gift of God (Rom. vi. 23; Titus ii. 11). Believing this made me glad, and," added the stranger, "so it will do for you, good bye." The illustration of the letters, used no doubt by Divine direction, was as the feather to the arrow, and carried the truth of God home to the consciences of the tenants of "Sunny Lodge." They learned that day for the first time from God's Word that they were *lost*, and *believing* it they were anxious, and blessed be God ere many days passed by, they believed God's Gospel, and believing, they were *saved* and made *glad*.

Reader, do you believe God? If not, why not?

ESCAPE FOR THY LIFE.

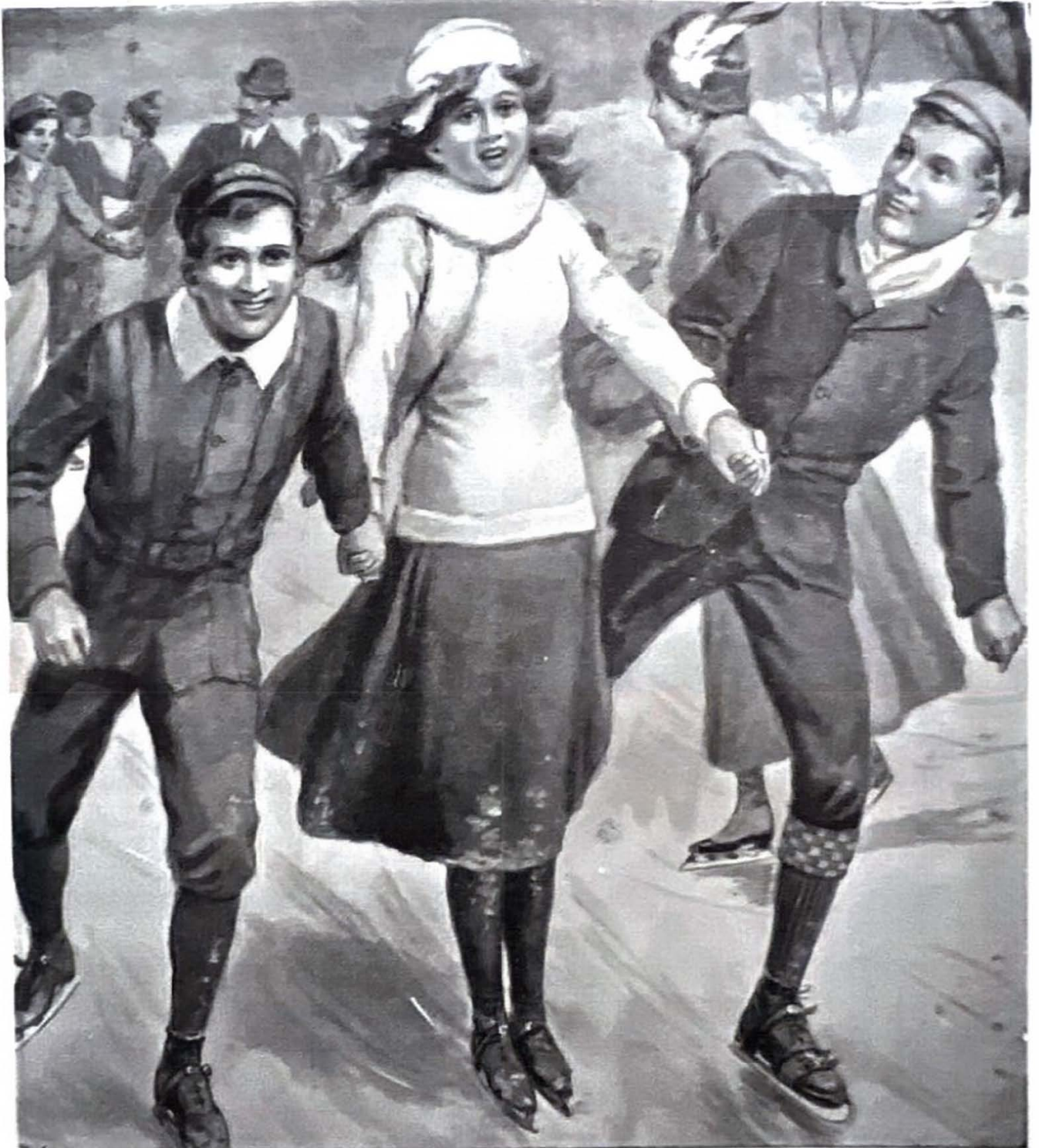
YES, unsaved reader, there is danger around you. The wrath of God is above you. The depths of hell are beneath you. You have sinned against heaven, and the wages of that sin is death. You need not try to forget it. To close your eyes to your impending doom will not deliver you. The warning voice of God says—"Escape for thy life." There is a place of safety. There is a refuge for the sinner. Only one. That refuge is in Christ. It is not in the Church: not in religion: not in sacraments: not in reformation. You may hide yourselves in these, but the judgment of God will fall upon you. In Christ alone, under the shelter of His precious blood, there is safety. Escape to that refuge. Life and death are in the issue. You may suppose that there is plenty of time: that you need be in no haste. This is one of Satan's soul-ruining lies. The time is short. The arrow of death may soon lay you low. "Escape for thy life."

WONDERFUL LOVE.

When angels sinned, no Saviour came
To rescue or atone;
No precious blood, no saving grace,
By them was ever known.

But man—poor man—ah! when *he* fell,
The heart of God was moved,
And for rebellious, erring man
He gave His own Beloved.

An Afternoon on the Ice



Skating on the Mill-dam.

An Afternoon on the Ice:

The Story of a Warning Despised, and a Companion Lost.

A CLEAR, crisp morning, after a night's frost, gave the school children the much-enjoyed sport of a half-hour's sliding on the frozen snow in front of the village schoolhouse. At mid-day, several "deputations" waited on the good-natured schoolmaster, making the respectful request that the school might get a "half-holiday" to enjoy an afternoon on the ice, on a frozen pond half-a-mile along the road. There had been little frost that season, and February being now half gone, there was not much likelihood of any prolonged frost providing them with much skating later, so the aged "dominie" acceded to their desire, and gave them the afternoon to enjoy themselves on the ice, not without warning them of the danger of skating or sliding on a mill-dam, not far from the pond, where the water was deep, and the ice treacherous. Promising to heed his warning, and keep on the shallow pond, the scholars bounded across the field, and were soon busily engaged in the enjoyment of skating on the frozen pond. All went on happily until a group of older skaters from the village came on the scene, and after viewing the ice on the pond,

decided to go on to the mill-dam, where the ice was "much better." Remembering the warning of the aged schoolmaster, some of the boys remarked that the dam was "dangerous," to which the newcomers replied sarcastically, that it "might be to youngsters whose mothers were afraid of them being drowned," but not to those who could, and were old enough to look after themselves. That foolish remark stung the pride of some of the older scholars, and rather than be reckoned "afraid to go" on the mill-dam, a dozen or more of the eldest of them, both boys and girls, scampered off to skate on the deep water of the dam. The one who called the schoolmaster's warning to mind was silenced with the retort, that if the ice broke, they would have "no worse chance than the others." So on they went, and soon forgot all about the danger in, the exuberance of the fun of that afternoon. As the light began to fade, a loud cry was heard from that end of the dam at which the sluice was situated, and where the water was deepest. The ice had broken there, and two of the biggest boys had fallen into the water. One was seen clutching at the broken ice, his head and arms

alone being visible, his companion had entirely disappeared from view. Ropes, and long rods were brought from the mill farm, and at great risk one of the lads crept along the cracking ice, and was able to get in touch with the sinking boy, who between cold and fear was ready to relax his hold, and drop. Grasping the rope, willing hands drew him from his dangerous position, and others carried him to the farmhouse, where he was attended to, but although every effort was made to recover his companion, no trace of him could be found, and the company had to sadly and silently turn their steps towards the village, leaving the lifeless body of their schoolmate in the depths of that mill-dam.

Then it was that some had time to think of their disregard of the schoolmaster's warning, and of their folly in putting themselves in danger, urged into a path of disobedience by that foolish remark about them being unable to "look after themselves." Thus it is exactly, that thousands of persons of all ranks and ages are beguiled into the "way of transgressors," which the Word of God tell us is "hard" (Prov. xiii. 15), and whose end is that they shall

be "destroyed altogether" (Psa. xxxvii. 38). The fear of being reckoned a coward, or unmanly, has driven many a youth into the way of sinners, to drink his first glass, to gamble his first shilling, to frequent the first haunts of vice, to fall under the power of sin, and become a wreck for time and eternity. There is no safety, no immunity from danger, in the way of transgressors. Only in Christ is there salvation and security. All who make Him the Saviour and portion of their soul, are delivered from the kingdom of Satan (Col. i. 13), and the dominion of sin (Rom. vi. 14), turned unto the Lord (Acts xi. 21), to serve and follow Him. Do you know anything of such an experience in your own soul, reader? There is no true Christianity, no discipleship apart from being converted. You need this change, and you may know it now. Three of that group of village scholars, learned by the untimely end of their school-fellow, how brief, and how uncertain earthly life is, and how needful it is to be ready to enter the eternal world, come when or how the call may. Awakened to hear God's warning voice through that sad incident, they are saved and serving Christ now.

THE ROBIN'S MESSAGE.

WHEN relating the story of his conversion from infidelity, and his salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus, a young man told the following touching story.

"It was a winter day, all was dull without and within. I myself

hell; you may do then as you like. I was never altogether at ease. The teaching of my boyhood often haunted me in the hours of night as I lay awake. Mine was a miserable life. That wintry Sunday night, I sat alone by the fire, musing and

wondering where my life would end. I said to myself half aloud—is there a God? If there is, let Him send me some proof that He lives, and that He can provide for me in time and eternity, if such there be? Just then a robin alighted on to the window sill, and picking up a few crumbs, sat perched on a twig chirping as merrily among the snow as if it had



was in misery of body and mind. I had been a companion of infidels, and tried to forget what I learned in the home of my childhood about God and eternity. In fact I wanted to disbelieve it, so that I might enjoy a life of sin. This is what makes young men embrace infidelity: it gives them a free hand to go on in sin. No God, no judgment, no

been a May day. I said to myself, 'There is a God. Who could make that little bird chirp so blithely but He?' I arose and went into the town, and for the first time for ten years, I entered a place where the Gospel was preached, and praise be to God, I was converted, saved, and set on the Rock Christ Jesus that night.

HAPPY PATTIE.

PATTIE began life as "Boots" in a country boarding-house. It was a humble sphere, and only yielded what kept the lad in clothes.



But Pattie was as happy as the day was long; he sang and smiled as he brushed away in the back-court, and as a visitor remarked—"That lad is happier far than if he wore a

coronet." But I am not so sure that every one knew the true secret of Pattie's contentment and happiness. It certainly was not his wealth, for of that he had none. It was not his circumstances, for he had long hours and hard work. What then makes the humble lad so continuously happy? He has Christ as his Saviour, and heaven as his home. Yes, Pattie was a Christian: he had been converted, and his life proved that he was Christ's disciple. Many think that wealth gives happiness, but this is not so. Some of the world's millionaires are the most miserable men in it. True joy is found alone in Christ, and it was because Pattie knew Him and belonged to Him that he was so cheerful and happy.

Pattie is no longer a shoeblick in a seaside boarding-house, but a flourishing city merchant; but the old smile of contentment is still on his face, and he has not, like many, become too engrossed with the world, to sing the song of Jesus and His love as he does his daily work, or to tell of Him to others. Nor does he forget the young folk, for the last time I met him, he was preaching Christ to a long row of working lads. Isn't it grand to be saved in life's early day?

The Gospel in a Highland Shieling.

SHOOTING on the heathery hills, a young gentleman farmer slipped, and badly sprained his ankle, which caused him to rest for a day and a night in a "shieling" not far off, to which he was carried, there to receive every

sin, and brought to trust in the Lord Jesus, through the faithful preaching of Brownlow North, thirty years before in the far North of Scotland. Possibly the young farmer had never before come in contact with a born again



care from the kind, though humble inmates. The aged couple were true lovers of the Lord, and had on the wall of their house several Scripture Texts, which seemingly interested the young farmer. He asked many questions as to why they were there, and what they meant, which gave the woodman a fine opportunity of telling the story of his conversion, how as a young man he was convicted of

Christian, one who could speak of Christ as his personal Saviour, and testify like the Palmist, "The Lord is my light my salvation" (Psa. xxvii. 1). That day in the Highland Shieling was the first link in a chain of events which led up to his true conversion. Now when telling others of the Saviour, he delights to relate that the means used by God to bring about his salvation was a text on the wall.

The Young Martyr of Wigtown.

BOYS and girls all like to read stories of young heroes and heroines. There have been many such, whose names are hardly known to the world, yet they have done greater works than the world's great ones. The fame of Napo-

Lord, and His down-trodden truth. There is hardly to be found a more pathetic story than that of the two female martyrs of Wigtown, especially that of the younger one, who at the early age of eighteen, suffered death for Jesus' sake.



"I saw her calmly raise her hand, and fix her eyes on heaven."

leon, and of Alexander the Great, will pass away, but the Lord's heroes will be remembered for ever.

In the days of cruel persecution in Scotland, many young in years, who loved and confessed the Lord, were called to share the sufferings of the persecuted Covenanters, and in several cases to lay down their lives for their fidelity to the

Margaret Wilson was the daughter of a small farmer, or "Crofter" in the County of Roxburgh, in the South of Scotland. She had a younger sister named Agnes. Both the girls at a very early age, were brought under the sound of God's Gospel, and converted. At this time Margaret was about eighteen, and Agnes thirteen years

of age. Their parents were followers of the Prelates, and had little sympathy with the Covenanters. The two girls were soon marked out by their testimony as followers of Christ, and for this they were apprehended and cast into prison, and after a brief trial, were both condemned to death. The father by going to Edinburgh, and paying a large sum of money, got Agnes free. Her sister, and an aged woman of sixty-three years, were both sentenced to be tied to stakes in the sea near to the town of Wigtown, and there kept till drowned. Parents and relatives, besought Margaret to renounce her faith, and save her life. But the young disciple of Christ firmly refused. She would rather suffer death for her Master's sake, than deny His holy Name. When the day for the execution of the sentence arrived, a company of soldiers, under the command of a persecutor named Winram, marched down to the Bay, and fixed two large stakes in the sand within the tide mark. To these the aged woman and the young disciple Margaret Wilson were tied. The stake of the aged martyr was furthest in, and she was quickly covered with the rising tide. As she was struggling in

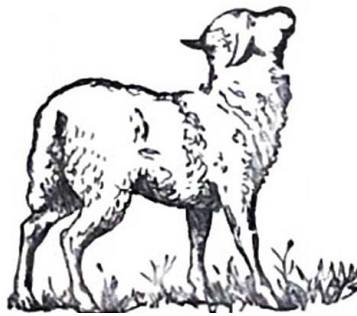
the waves, one of the cruel soldiers asked Margaret Wilson—"What do you think of your friend there now?" to which she calmly replied, "I see Christ, suffering in one of His members there." Her father who stood on the shore, besought her with tears to say, "God save the king," to which she replied, "I wish him and all others to be saved; I desire damnation for none." When some of the bystanders heard that, they told Winram, who, thinking she was about to recant, gave orders to have her pulled out of the water. He asked her then to take the oath, renouncing her faith, and all connection with the persecuted Covenanters, and their gatherings for worship. This she firmly refused to do, and told him she would rather die, than deny her Lord, and forsake His people and His Word. On hearing this, the heartless Winram gave orders to carry her back, and in a few moments longer, the water rose and covered the head of the young and faithful martyr, and the ransomed spirit of Margaret Wilson was "absent from the body," and "at home with the Lord." There is no such cruel fate for followers of Christ now, but if you are one of His you may confess Him daily.

A TENNIS PLAYER'S CONVERSION.

I PLAYED tennis and golf, and was very fond of both: indeed I spent every spare hour I had at them. There is nothing wrong in the game: it may be useful to many for health, but I was so absorbed in it that I had no time to think where I should spend eternity, or how it was between my soul and



God. A friend sent me a card with "Get right with God" on it, and invited me to a meeting. I did not like that, but out of respect for her I went. God met me there, and aroused me to concern about my soul. I had a terrible time of misery, until I saw that Christ was the Saviour of sinners, therefore mine. I find plenty to do for Him now, and am perfectly happy in His joyful service.



"POOR LITTLE BLACK SHEEP." A NEGRO VERSION OF "THE NINETY AND NINE."

Po' lil' brack sheep dat strayed away,
Done los' in de win' an' de rain—
An' de Shepherd He say, "O, hirelin',
Go fin' My sheep again."
An' de hirelin' say, O, Shepherd,
Dat sheep am brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
Wuz de onliest lamb He had.

An' He say, "O, hirelin', hasten,
For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep am lonesome
Out dere, so far f'um de fol'."
But de hirelin' frown; "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep am ol' an' grey!"
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
Wuz fair as de break ob day.

An' He say, "O, hirelin', hasten.
Lo! here is de ninety an' nine,
But dere, way off f'um the sheepfol',
Is dat lil' brack sheep of Mine!"
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
De res' ob de sheep am here!"
But de Shepherd He smile, like dat lil'
brack sheep
He hol' it de mostes' dear.

An' de Shepherd go out in de darkness
Where de night wuz col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it agains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown; "O, Shepherd,
Don' bring dat sheep to me!"
But de Shepherd He smile, an' He hol'
it close.
An'—dat lil' brack sheep—wuz—ME!

What the Lord Does for His Own.

A Talk to a group of Young Believers at a Bible Class Social.

IN our unconverted days, our "Socials" were scenes of folly, spent like the rest of our lives, "without God." Since we have been "saved by grace" this, among other "old things," has passed away, and we are all here together to night as "new creatures in Christ" to spend a few hours in praising God, and seeking to help on one another in the heavenward way.

This is true happiness to all who are truly born of God, and have the new life in them. Such do not want the world's way of enjoying themselves, they have something better. I will give you a cluster of Canaan's grapes, in five luscious texts, from which you may suck the sweetness at your leisure. They all tell what the living Lord is doing for us daily, where "for us" He is on the Throne.

1. **He Saveth** (Psa. cvii. 19). He saved us from hell, and sin, and the world, when we came to Him. He saves us every day from the snares and temptations, and enemies along the road. "He is able to save to the uttermost," all the

way, evermore. Praise His Name. Let us daily prove His power.

2. **He Keepeth** (Psa. cxxi. 3). We need One to keep us from stumbling (Jude 23, R.V.) from evil (2 Thess. iii. 3), and He is "able to keep," carefully and tenderly as "the apple of the eye" (Psa. xvii. 8).

3. **He Restoreth** (Psa. xxiii. 2). He does this by giving fresh food to the soul through His Word, by imparting fresh

strength by His Spirit (Eph. iii. 17), by giving fresh supplies of grace (2 Tim. ii. 1). To neglect receiving these, leads to backsliding, first in heart and soon in ways. Be sure you get your daily portion, thus shall you be renewed.

4. **He Leadeth** (Psa. xxiii. 3) along right paths, He going before, we following on as we hear His voice (John x. 27). This is the way of progress, and of blessing. Avoid the by-paths, and the side-tracks, they lead to sorrow.

5. **He Teacheth** (Psa. xlviii. 17). There is much to learn of God's Word, and it is those, who like Mary, sit "at Jesus' feet" (Luke x. 38), that truly learn of Him.



ARRESTED ON HOUNSLOW HEATH.

JOHAN WESLEY returning from preaching the Gospel, late one night, rode across Hounslow Heath, at that time a place of bad repute for highway robbers. It was a dark night, yet Wesley feared no evil, but, in the joy of his heart, he sang a favourite hymn as he rode along.

"Halt!" shouted a fierce voice, while a firm hand seized the horse's bridle. "Your money or your life."

Wesley humorously emptied his pockets, which contained only a few coins, and then invited the robber to examine his saddle bags, which were filled with books. Disappointed at the result, the robber had turned away, when Mr. Wesley cried, "Stop! I have something more to give you."

The robber, wondering at this strange call, turned back, when Mr. Wesley bending down towards him, said in solemn tones, "My friend, you may live to regret this sort of life in which you are engaged. If you ever do, I beseech you to remember this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

The robber hurried silently away, and the man of God rode along praying in his heart that the word spoken might be fixed as an arrow in the robber's conscience.

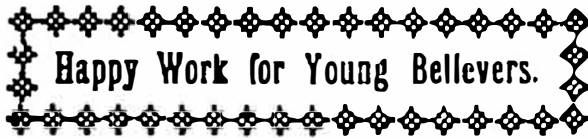
At the close of a Sunday evening's service, a stream of people poured out from a large building, many lingering around the doors to see the aged preacher, with his long white locks hanging down to his shoulders. This was none other than John Wesley, now grown grey in his Master's service, but still telling out in earnest words the story of redeeming love. A stranger stepped forward, and earnestly begged to have a short interview with the aged preacher, which was readily granted.

It was the highwayman of Hounslow Heath, now a well-to-do tradesman in the city, and better still, a child of God. The words spoken that night long ago, were used of God in his conversion.

Raising the white hand of Mr. Wesley to his lips, he affectionately kissed it, and said in tones of deep emotion, "To you dear sir, I owe it all."

"Nay, nay, my friend," replied Mr. Wesley softly, "not to me, but to the precious blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin."

What had transformed the highway robber into the humble disciple of Christ? The precious blood of Christ, believed in, relied on, trusted: there is no other remedy. No other way of salvation for you reader.



GAINING A CROWN.

"**WOULD** you like to do a little service for the Lord who has saved you," a teacher asked one of the little girls in her class, who was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and desired to serve Him. "Yes, very much indeed" replied the young believer with a happy smile. "Will you go down and read a chapter of God's Word on Lord's Day afternoons to old Mrs. Jones, the blind woman at the town end. She is very anxious to hear about Jesus, but she has no one to read or speak to her."

The young believer blushed, and held down her head. After a moment's pause, she said, "I fear I could not do that teacher, I am too young." "It does not need an old person, to speak a word for Jesus, Mary, and if you do not go, you may be throwing away a golden opportunity of winning a soul, and gaining a crown."

Mary felt the power of that word, and as she knelt by her bedside that night, she asked strength from, her Lord and Master, to go forth in the little service to which He had so clearly called her. Faithful to His promise, He gave her the needed

strength and courage, so that when the following Lord's Day came, she was joyfully ready for work. And for many days "old Mrs. Jones, the blind woman at the town end," heard from Mary's lips the story of a Saviour's love, and the Lord made her the honoured instrument in leading her to the Saviour.

See, dear young believer, that you do not miss the opportunity of gaining your crown. Whatever service the Lord calls you to, He will give you strength to do it, if you go to Him and ask it. Your youth and lack of experience need not hinder you from going forth in lonely paths of service for His Name. Lay yourself at His feet, yield yourself to Him, and He will surely bear you forth, as a vessel meet for His use, in carrying the water of life to weary thirsty souls around you.

We all should speak for Jesus,
Who hath redemption wrought,
Who gave us peace and pardon,
Which by His blood He bought.
We all should speak for Jesus,
And tell how much we owe
To Him who died to save us,
From everlasting woe.

We all should speak for Jesus,
The aged and the young,
With manhood's fearless accents,
With childhood's lisping tongue.
We all should speak for Jesus;
The world in darkness lies;
With Him, against the mighty.
Together let us rise.

Rest for the Weary



Peat Carriers Resting on the Wayside

Rest for the Weary:

Or, How Two Burdened Schoolboys found Rest.

OUR photo frontispiece is a scene from real life in the Northern Isles of Scotland. There, coal is high in price, and the Islanders chiefly burn peat, of which there is a full supply not far off. It is cut in the summer, dried in the sun, and carried by the people to their homes as our picture shows. A burdensome work it is, and those who are familiar with it, know what it is to be released from their heavy loads, and to enter into rest. Here and there along the wayside there are resting places, such as the woman in our photo is allowing her burden to rest on, which are generally well used, although some, like the man with his load of peat on his back, seem to seek rest (?) without unloading their burden. If you keep this real life scene in mind, it will help you to better understand my story and learn its Gospel lessons.

* * * * *

Two boys, who had throughout the winter months, attended a Children's Service, held on Friday evenings, became deeply concerned about their salvation. Fred, the elder of the two, was first convicted of sin, and caused to think of death and the judgment, by seeing a boy run down by a motor

car, and killed. What if that had been me? he thought. Where would my soul have been? Reflecting on the sins and shortcomings of his life, he became burdened, in the manner that Bunyan describes the man who left the City of Destruction with a heavy load of sin upon him, which he got rid of before the Cross, upon which by faith he beheld the Lamb of God who "taketh away the sin of the world" (John i. 29). On one of the Friday evenings while the speaker was describing the suffering Saviour, and earnestly bidding the boys and girls who listened, to "Come to the Saviour" and "make no delay," Fred came, and faithful to His own promise, which says, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), the burden of sin was removed from his conscience, and he found rest to his soul. It was by no effort of his own, but simply and only by coming to Christ, who is the Rest for the weary, believing that His death for sinners was for him, and His sacrifice for sin to put away his sin from before God. This is how the sinner loses his burden, and how the weary get rest. How he did enjoy singing

the well-known hymn that evening, often sung by him, but never before with its true meaning enjoyed in his soul:

"I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad."

Willie, his schoolmate was there that night, and when he heard from Fred of the rest he had obtained from the burden of his sin, and the peace enjoyed as one "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), he said, "I wish I could say that too." Very simply, as only one newly saved and happy in the Saviour's love can, Fred set before Willie the way to "come to Jesus" and "lay the weary burden down." But while all is simple and clear to those who have been saved by faith in the Lord Jesus, and they wonder why others "cannot see it," to the sinner groping in the darkness of his own thoughts, who has not yet committed himself fully to the Word of God—as one learning to swim does to the water—it does not appear to be so easy. Willie said he "believed in Jesus," and that he knew he must be saved by what His death had brought, yet he "felt the burden" of sin, and could not "get rid of it."

Dear boy, how many are like him, and like the man in our picture resting with the load on his back instead of putting it on the resting place near him as the woman does with hers. Willie wanted to "feel" the burden gone before he rested simply and fully in Christ. He could not believe that just 'by Jesus' death for him on the Cross, his sins that were laid upon Him there by God (Isa. liii. 6) were put away, and the righteous God satisfied with Christ's death as his Surety and Substitute. But as Fred went on to tell how happy feelings came "after believing," not before, Willie saw his mistake. He had been waiting to feel free of his burden before trusting himself and it to Christ, now he saw that he must trust first, and "trusting Jesus that was all." And trust he did, to find his burden gone. Then like Bunyan's Christian he could say—

"Here must the burden fall from off my back,
Here must the strings that bound it to me crack.
Blest Cross! Blest Sepulchre! Blest rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me."

Thus the two companions entered into rest, and have been happy followers of the Lord for several years. Have you known any such experience? Are you resting on the finished work of Christ alone?

THE BOUNDARY BRIDGE ; Or, "Half and Between."

WHEN we were boys at school, we often went on Saturdays to fish in a small stream, which divided two counties. It swarmed with trout, and we were sure to have a full basket if only we were allowed to fish undisturbed for a few hours. But it so happened that a farmer, whose ground lay on one side, forbade us to fish on his side of the stream, and another, whose ground lay on the opposite side, about half a mile further down, had issued a notice to the same effect. So it was no easy matter to regulate our movements, so as to observe law, especially if the fish were taking well. I remember one Saturday, a boy who did not know the laws of the stream, going out to fish there. He was going on splendidly, and had half-filled his basket, when he noticed a stern-looking man coming across the field toward the place where he stood fishing. All at once it flashed across his mind that he might be fishing on forbidden ground. But what could he do?



The boundary bridge that divided the two farms was quite near, and a happy thought struck him, that if he took his stand there, he would be on neutral ground, and thus escape the ire of the farmer, if perchance he had been fishing on forbidden ground. So winding his line, he hurried along, and had just reached the bridge, when the farmer met him. He had seen the move, and in a stern, angry voice, he said, "There's no neutral ground here, my boy. You think you're safe by standing half and between, but it won't do. We both claim the bridge, so

clear off at once." The lad was glad to get off so easily; but that incident of early days has not been forgotten. The boundary bridge was not *neutral* ground; it was not a safe standing place. Nor is the half-and-between standing place of the one who is neither a decided Christian, nor an out-and-out worldling. It is the enemy's ground, and all who are found thereon, are subject to the judgment of God.

IN ALLOWAY KIRKYARD.

ROUND the crumbling walls of the ancient ruin, thousands of visitors and excursionists roam, looking on the graves of Burns' ancestors and on the scenes made memorable by his name. The sturdy guide who describes the

"There's naeboddy kens that, till the judgment day," which seemed to give general relief to the company. But one remarked—"It will be too late if you leave it till then, 'Now is the day of salvation.'" There was a hurried exodus then, for of



ALLOWAY KIRK AND GRAVEYARD, NEAR THE RIVER DOON.

stones and points out where this one and that lies, had just finished his story to an interested group, when one in the circle ventured to ask, "And where have they all gone?" There was a moment's dead silence which none seemed willing to break. Then the guide, shaking his head, slowly said—

all things on earth that people cannot stand, is the great subject of their personal salvation and their eternal destiny. As the company scattered, a few into whose hearts the light of God's blessed Gospel had shed a brighter hope, sang,

"Farewell mortality, Jesus is mine ;
Welcome eternity, Jesus is mine."

The Faithful Shepherd and the Rescued Lamb.

DURING a very heavy snow-storm, an aged shepherd, anxious for the safety of his flock, exposed to the storm, on the mountain side, went out late on a wintry afternoon, to bring the

gratitude." But you and I can. And the way in which the great God who gave His Son to become our Redeemer and Saviour, desires sinners for whom He gave His life a ransom to rescue them



sheep under shelter. Not returning that night, the farmer set off next day to search for him. By tracing his footsteps in the snow, he found the aged man frozen dead, with a lamb wrapped in his plaid. To a neighbour who called, he pointed out the rescued lamb frisking in the field, and said—"That lamb owes its existence to the good shepherd; he gave his life to save it, although it knows nothing about it, and can never own its

from doom to do it is, to receive and confess Him as their personal Saviour and Lord. Some do it, yielding themselves to Him, joyfully confessing, "We love Him because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). "The Son of God who loved *me* and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). What answer have you given to the love of Christ in dying for you on the Cross? Have you yielded Him your heart, owning Him as Lord?

The Fisher Lassie's Fear:

Or, "I couldna' Stand them Laughing at Me."

DAYS of grace in a North East Coast fishing village had continued through the winter, and many of the fisher folk had been truly converted to God. You

in a way little known among more pensive natures, and the outcome is in joyful song, and earnest effort to win others to the Saviour. Talk of "good singing." You never



A Northern Fisher Lassie Baiting Lines.

can hardly imagine—unless you have seen it—what glowing zeal and amazing energy these young fishermen manifest when they are born again, and come out boldly on the Lord's side. Warm-hearted as a people, the love of Christ seems to get a grip of their hearts

heard it, unless you have been in a Revival among fisher-folk, when newly saved ones are giving vent to their joy, in sounding forth the praises of Immanuel's Name. Thus it was in Cairnbulg in these days of the Lord's right hand. Groups of newly saved fisher

lassies, sang as they sat at the doors baiting the lines for their fathers and brothers to carry to the midnight fishing, and as the boats put forth in the evening, the Songs of Zion were wafted across the waves from many a boat's crew, all rejoicing in the Lord, and His great salvation. Often have we wondered what it would be like, along the shores of the lovely Lake of Galilee, in the days when the living Lord was preaching, and healing, and saving sinners there Himself, and the crowd of five thousand following Him from scene to scene, in that wondrous year of His grace in Galilee. And yet we are told it was in these very scenes where His mighty works were done that the people of Bethsaida, Chorazin, and Capernaum "repented not" (Matt. xi. 20), and thus incurred a heavier judgment than Tyre and Sidon—heathen towns, whose people never heard such words of grace, or saw such works of power. If you have heard the Gospel of Christ, and seen His power in saving companions, it may be brothers, sisters, and schoolmates, and still remain unsaved, you are more guilty before God than the tribes of "Darkest Africa," who have never heard the Saviour's Name.

A ruddy fisher girl, whose father was a preacher, and whose only brother had been converted in that Revival time, was observed to be very unhappy. She kept herself apart from the meetings, and to all the entreaties of her former companions who had been converted, to "come and hear the Word," she gave a silent refusal. Much prayer was offered for her awakening, and at last to one of the fisher girls she confided the cause of her trouble. "If I were like you, living all the time in my father's house, it would be easy enough, but I'll be going South with the boats shortly, and if I were converted, I couldna' stand them laughing at me." The whole secret was out then. Annie was one of a group which followed the fishing boats engaged in the hering fishing around the coast, and she dreaded the sneer of unconverted companions, when far from her home and friends. An evangelist put before Annie the power of Christ to keep her from falling (Jude 24). She trusted Him, and was helped to confess Christ boldly among her companions. The new joy that comes to those who confess Christ, is strength and motive to take up the Cross and go on rejoicing on the road to heaven.

THE IRISH MILL GIRLS AND THE BIBLE.

THEY wrought in a linen mill in the North of Ireland, and were both converted during the Great Revival of 1859. Their par-



ents were Roman Catholics, and prohibited them from bringing a Bible into the house. The girls sat in the fields and read God's Word together, and hid the Book in the crevice of a rock. On the Lord's Day mornings they walked together to a meeting five miles off, and during the journey they committed to memory whole chapters of the Word, which during the busy days of the week, when they had little time to read, kept their hearts happy in the love of Christ. By the end of two years, these two simple mill girls could repeat from memory the whole of the Epistles without a break. They became bright and

shining lights in the mill where they wrought, for the life of God within being fed with the sincere milk of the Word became strong, and manifested itself in a walk amongst others which commended the Gospel of Christ. They took the Word of God as their guide-book in every step of life, and were thus preserved from the bye-paths of the world and the tempter. Need we wonder that they grew in grace, and became devoted workers for Christ—one giving her life for the Gospel among the heathen, the other, after a brief, bright testimony here, going home to heaven. It was by the Word of God that these two simple mill-girls learned that they were lost; they believed its testimony concerning them as *sinners*. It was by that same Word that they learned God's way of saving sinners—through faith in Christ alone; they took God's way and they were saved. Then as saved ones, they made the Word of God their daily counsellor and guide. Their love *for*, and their use *of* the Word of God, was the secret of their joyful lives and zealous work for God. Do you love and use that Word? Have you received its testimony concerning yourself as a sinner, and Christ as the Saviour? Then go on to feed on it, to sustain the new life within.

A CLUSTER OF PRECIOUS PROMISES

Picked from the Goodly Fields of Scripture.

IT has been our habit to have a "Promise" night once a quarter, in our Senior Bible Class, choosing a subject on which each one contributes a verse, giving a brief word, or asking a question thereon. Our first for the present season was on "God's Faithfulness," which is our Scripture Motto this year. The cluster we gathered that night was so very large, rich, and good, that it is well worth passing on

to others—like that big cluster of grapes which the two men of Israel carried on a staff to their friends in the camp across the Jordan. Here they are, in the order in which we gathered them.

1. **God is Faithful** (1 Cor. i. 9). He who called and saved, will supply all the needs of all His people, whatever their trials or battles may be.

2. **The Lord is Faithful** (2 Thess. iii. 3), and will keep His own from evil, if they cleave unto Him with purpose of heart (Acts xi. 23).

3. **He is faithful** that promised (Heb. x. 23). Not one thing that He has said will He fail to perform. He tells us that He will not suffer His faithfulness to fail (Psa. lxxxix. 33), even if we fail, as we often do.

4. **In Faithfulness** thou hast afflicted me (Psa. cxix. 75). If

we wander in heart or in life from the Lord after we are saved, He does not cast us off, but He uses the rod to make us

consider our ways and return unto Himself.

5. **He is Faithful** and just to forgive (1 John i. 9). This is a precious word to those who sin and lose the joy of His salvation in their souls. Confess it to God.

6. **All Thy Commandments** are Faithful (Psa. cxix. 86). Not one of them become out of date, nor should we neglect the least of them.

7. **Holding Fast** the Faithful Word (Tit. i. 9)). This is our part. Let us love, read, obey, hold fast, and hold forth the Word of Life.



ETERNITY.



O you ever ponder
the meaning of that
momentous word
—ETERNITY?

With what unming-
led joy its sound is
heard in heaven !

With what unutter-

able woe it rings through hell ! To spirits now at rest with Christ in paradise, it speaks of endless bliss, undying love, and eternal peace. To lost and hopeless souls, already in the prison of the damned, it tells of the ages yet to roll, of hopeless agony, and unmitigated suffering, amid the horrors of the burning lake. On earth, where millions live, and only live to die, the word, ETERNITY, is little heard, and still less is it pondered. Men live as if they were to live for ever here ; and yet, life's little day is but the threshold of their eternal existence. Men hoard their worldly gain, as if their hands would hold the prize for ever ; yet, these hands grow chill in death, and unclasp it all. Men's hearts are set on mirth and pleasure, as if these would accompany them through life and death ; yet, in days of lonely sorrow, and when the hour of death draws near, these false and misnamed joys of earth, take wings and flee away.

Oh, that man were wise, that they would look beyond the present, into

the future. But the great and mighty crowd press on, concerned enough about the present, but neglectful of the future. Solitary individuals here and there, at times, are seen to pause and think on great eternal verities, but the mass press on to death and hell.

Reader, how is it with your soul ? How stands it with you in the sight of God ? Are you in Christ, or in your sins ? Is your destiny the eternal glory, or the realms of never ending woe ? I beseech you, stop and think. Heed not the crowd around ; follow not their giddy track : it leads from God, to death and hell. You, yourself, must live on, through long eternal ages. Now, where is this to be ? Heaven's holy mansions are for redeemed inhabitants alone ; its songs are sung by ransomed lips. Do *you* expect to have any share in these ? You *hope* to be there, no doubt ; but, think you, is this enough ? Is there no fitness, no title required ? Ah ! yes, there is, and they are found in Christ, and in the blood of His cross alone.

Have you come to that Cross, a lost and guilty sinner ? Have you accepted that dying Lamb, as *your* Saviour and Substitute ? There is no other way to God and heaven. There is *no* title to mansions above, but in the blood of the Lamb.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE LORD;

OR, THE NURSERY-MAID'S MISTAKE.

"**D**ID you ask the Lord about it, Nellie?" said a Christian girl to a companion who had engaged herself to a Roman Catholic mistress as nursery-maid, and who was prohibited by her mistress from going to a Bible Class for young believers on the Lord's Day afternoons, where before she had received much help and instruction in the things of God. "You know, Nellie, the Word says—'In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He *shall* direct thy paths.' I have always found it true, that the Lord does so order my paths, and give me situations in which I have the privilege of doing His will, and assembling with His beloved people, since I learned to acknowledge Him, and seek His guidance in the matter of service. I once had the same difficulty as you have, but it was owing to my taking my own way, and not seeking guidance from Him in the choice of a place." The girl hung her head, and with a tear in her eye, answered, "No, I did not ask Him about going to this last situation. I thought it would be so nice, and

so much better than my last one, that I engaged before I thought of praying about it at all." "I thought so, Nellie; and now you are reaping the bitter fruit of following your own desires, without the guidance of the Lord. You must just bear it patiently now, and confess your sin to Him who is faithful and just to forgive. But, O, remember, my dear sister, that the truly happy path is to acknowledge the Lord in every step of life. There is nothing too small for Him to order, and such is His love for us, who are His loved ones, that He delights to choose for us, when we leave Him to do it."

The lesson was not lost on the young servant maid. She never forgot it in her after-life. That engagement without asking guidance from her Lord, and the trials she had to endure as the fruit of her own choosing, taught her that it is a bitter thing for a Christian to move along life's path, without in all our ways acknowledging the Lord. It is no uncommon mistake among the Lord's redeemed ones so to do. But it is an evil way. The world, of course, arranges its affairs without acknowledging the Lord. Those who "know not the Lord," and cannot therefore seek His counsel, choose their situations according to their own desires, but it should not be so with the children of God.

An Ulster School Girl's Conversion



She wrote a letter to her Cousin

An Ulster School Girl's Conversion:

A Distant Echo of the Great Revival of 1859.

IN a pretty village, within sight of the Mourne Mountains, two small farms have been tenanted for well-nigh a century by cousins. The original occupants were brothers of the sturdy Celtic race, true subjects of King William, and strong advocates of that militant form of Protestantism which bears his name. Beyond their staunch adherence to the Orange cause, and an inbred hatred of Popery, the two farmers had no Christianity other than what was formal and outward. They knew nothing in personal experience of being "born again" (John iii. 3), or passing out of spiritual death, into the sphere and enjoyment of life in Christ, which all who hear His Word, and believe on God who sent Him, know and enjoy (John v. 24). But when the great awakening of 1859 swept like a tidal wave across the province of Ulster, awakening sinners to their need of a Saviour, the two Orangemen farmers, and several of their sons and daughters, were converted to God, and became true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. You may ask, what was the difference between this and their former life? Just this, that they had a living Lord, instead of a dead reli-

gion: Divine life, instead of a mere outward profession, put on as occasion required, and cast off when not in place. That makes a big difference in one's life and ways, and others see and feel its power. So it was in these two families of County Down. Their homes became "Bethels," wherein the presence and power of God was known, and gathering-places to which the redeemed and newly-saved ones in that region, at that palmy time, were wont to assemble for praise and prayer. Full of faith, and ripe in Christian experience, the two fathers passed to their rest with Christ, their elder sons taking up the working of the farms, and retaining in form and profession the faith of their fathers. But there was at heart little of the old fervour about their gatherings in the country "Meeting House," built between the two farms, and gradually the remnant of "worthies," who had since the Revival days of 1859 assembled there, died out, and the little "cause" became extinct, as everything which lacks God and spiritual life and power, must sooner or later, whether in an individual, or a community. Life *from* Christ as its source, received by faith in Him (John

iii. 36); life *in* Christ as its sphere, enjoyed through abiding in Him (Col. iii. 3), and life *with* Christ experienced in following and communing with Him (John x. 36, 37), alone can maintain the light of effective testimony for Christ, such as those around may see and feel the power of. A long and dreary period of spiritual slumbering had settled upon that region, and in the two households in which the power of God in salvation had been so mightily witnessed in by-gone years. A third generation had grown up in both the households, among whom there seemed very little of even a profession of godliness. But the living God in His high and holy heaven, had not forgotten the prayers of the "fathers" of that worldly race, prayers which had gone up before Him for "their children's children," half-a-century before. When things are at their worst, God often begins to work, just as of old, when all was dark and dead, and nothing moved, "the Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters" (Gen. i. 3).

A fifteen-year-old daughter of the younger of the brothers, remained at home on a Sunday evening, while the rest were on a visit to a neighbouring farm.

Time being heavy on her hand, she began to look through some old books which belonged to her grandparents. One was a Family Bible; on the leaf of which was inscribed the names and birthdays of their family. On the next page the dates were registered on which the grandparents, and several of their sons and daughters, were "born again, and saved by grace alone." This especially interested their andchild, and more, it raised the great question in her mind: "Have I been born again, and saved by grace alone?" It was thus her soul-anxiety began. But how to learn the way of life, and find the way to be "saved by grace," she knew not. Then she remembered a cousin in Belfast, a daughter of her uncle on the next farm, was a Christian, and was laughed at by her sisters when she came on a visit home, because she confessed herself "a sinner saved by grace." Next night on her return from school, she wrote a long letter to this cousin, telling her what she had read on the fly-leaf of the old Bible, and more than hinting that she wished to know more of the meaning of being "saved by grace." This brought a long, loving, and beautiful reply, telling the awakened girl how her

grandparents were awakened, and brought to the Saviour in the Revival of 1859 as her grandmother had personally related the story to her, and how she had prayed with her dying breath, that all her sons and daughters, with their children, might be "saved by grace" to serve the Lord on earth, and "sing His praise in heaven." Then she told how she, as a girl of sixteen, had been saved, through receiving the words of Matthew xi. 20, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest," as the Lord's message to her sin-burdened soul, and how restful and happy she had been ever since. The following week-end she came along to her uncle's farm, especially to see and speak with Mary, her cousin, and was the means of guiding the awakened girl to the Saviour. Peace then filled her heart, and praise her lips. She had her full share of trouble from her unsaved brothers and sisters for a while, but by and by they let her alone, and felt ashamed of the way they had treated her. That school girl's conversion was the first fruit of a work of saving-grace in these two households, and through them it spread to others in the valley. The Gospel, which the grandparents

loved, and spread abroad in their life-time, was preached in simplicity and power by servants of Christ who followed up that work of grace in these two farmhouses, and many were brought into the kingdom. Mary became a worker for the Lord, first in her own sphere, and afterwards went forth to make known God's saving grace among the heathen. I wonder what the reader personally knows of being "born again and saved by grace?" Apart from this as a definite and personal experience, there is no real Christianity here, and no place in God's holy heaven hereafter. Do not, I beseech you, rest in any religious knowledge you may have acquired in a Christian home, or in any profession you may have made, that lacks "the one thing needful"—that of being "born of God, and saved by grace." There is no reason why you should not have the certainty, and the joy of both, in your life to-day. The way is simple, and the result is sure. The Word of God makes it clear as the morning light in the following words, "To 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. 12-13).

THE MESSAGE BOYS.

TWO message boys were loitering on the road, eagerly pouring over the pages of a Comic Paper. A third came along walking smartly, and as he passed, one of the loiter-

after him, and resumed their Comic Paper. I found that Jim was a converted message boy, and ran his master's errands smartly, as every Christian boy should do. He knew

Christ as his Saviour and Lord, and did things to please Him. What about the other two? One got dismissed, and the last time I saw him he was a shoeblack, still fond of his Comic Paper, from which I believe he learned many of his evil habits. Jim is now a smart young salesman, quickly rising in the warehouse, and much thought of by his master. He is not ashamed to own his Lord, and his Bible is his close companion. Who has the best of it? Jim to be sure. So will every boy who takes Christ as his Saviour, and the Bible as his guide. Comic Papers are poor reading; they defile and deprave the



"STILL FOND OF HIS COMIC PAPER."

ers said, "Grand tips here, Jim: wait a minute and hear this." "Got something better," said Jim blithely, pulling out from his pocket a Bible, and holding it up before them. The two boys laughed, cried something

mind, and often sow the seeds of habits which ruin soul and body.

Dear young folks, I know you need something to give you happiness: something to make you glad. The very best you can have is Christ

Marty, the Maid of Skye.

FAR from her childhood's home in the lone Isle of Skye, a fair-haired lass of nineteen, served in the house of a godly doctor, in the city of Edinburgh. Seeking her spiritual good, her mistress took

for you, just where you sit, if you take the sinner's place, and claim the sinner's Saviour," said the captain. Marty drank in the Gospel as one who knew her need of it, and in her simplicity, she just did



Crofters and their Ponies, in the Isle of Skye.

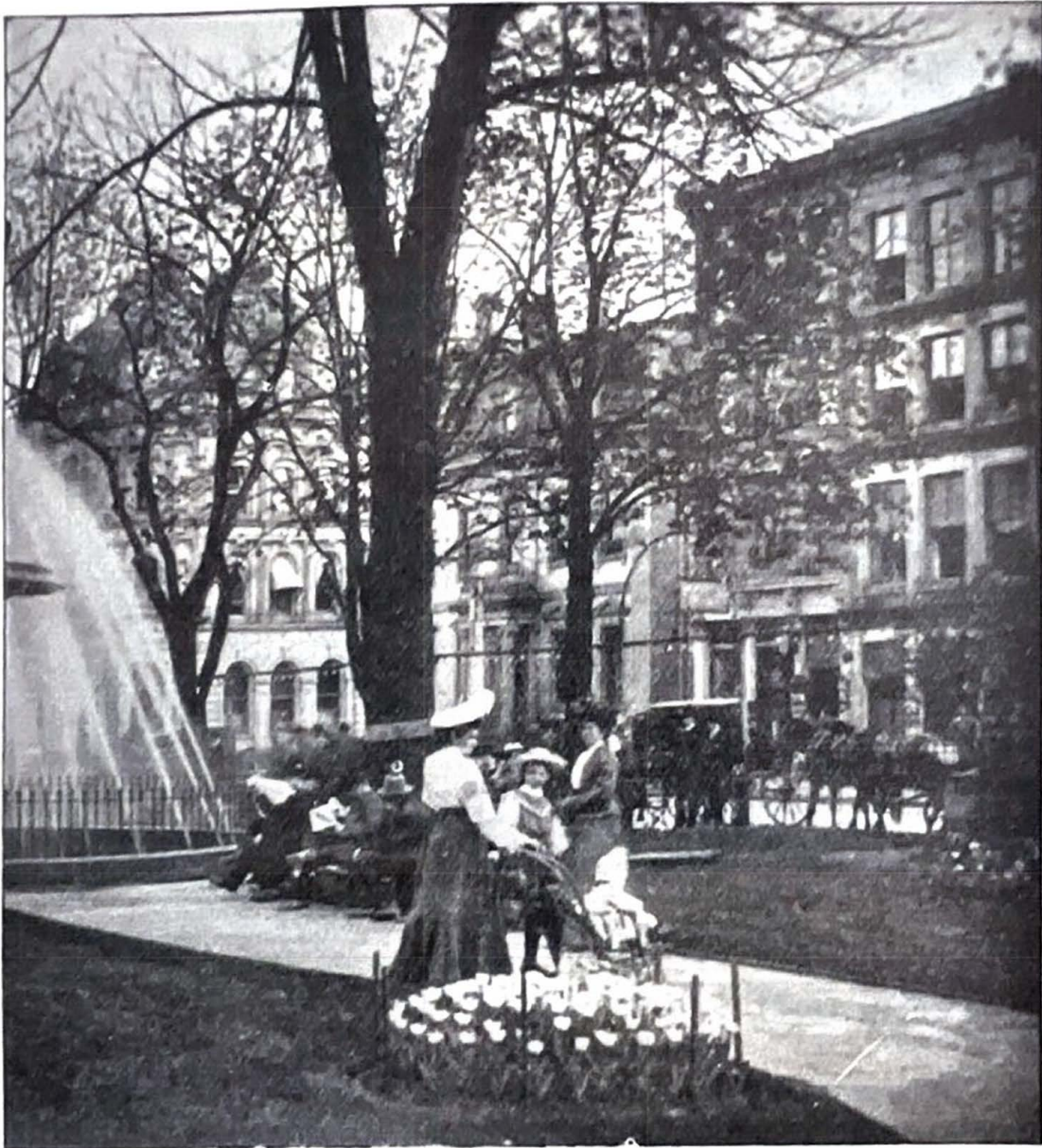
her on a Sunday evening to hear the Gospel, which was preached with simplicity and sweetness by a sea captain, who told how God saved him on the high seas. "I simply told God I was one of the ungodly for whom 'Christ died' (Rom. v. 6), and that I was willing to be saved then and there, and He did it. He will do the same

as the captain said. Reaching home, she told her mistress that she had "taken the Saviour," and that He must have "taken her," for she was happy. The godly lady read to her maid John v. 24, Acts xiii. 39, bidding her "rest on God's Word," and not in feelings. Marty became a Christian, and has spread the Gospel among her people.

The Canadian Newsboy.

ON a bright Spring morning, while walking along a street in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, I

liar to my ear. Overtaking him further along the street, I ventured to ask where he learned the pretty



Springtime, in the City of Hamilton, Ontario.

was offered a morning paper by a smart newsboy, who, after effecting his sale, politely said, "Thank you," and passed along humming to himself a tune which was fami-

tune he was humming, to which he replied, "At Sunday School, Sir." "What do you learn at Sunday School, my lad," I asked. "That Jesus Christ died for sinners,"

was the ready reply. "And where do they live," I asked, in order to bring out his ideas as to who bears that unlovely name. Quickly and reverently, the little fellow answered, "Everywhere, sir, we are all sinners, and Jesus died for us all." Then he politely touched his cap, and was off along the street, bathed in its early sunshine, to pursue his calling. Bright, intelligent, little chap! Taught the truth of God at some Christian mother's knee, or by some godly Sunday School teacher, who knew God's way of salvation. He seemed to be familiar with the great truths of the Gospel that puzzle the wise, and are resisted by the proud. May he personally know the power of the truths he so artlessly uttered, in his own soul, unto his own salvation. It is the individual, personal, and present acceptance of these great facts of man's sin, and Christ's redemption, with reliance of the soul upon them, that brings salvation, peace, and joy to the heart. What do you say to these three great facts, so clearly stated in the Word of God, and so simply owned by the Canadian newsboy?

"We are sinners," as surely as the Word has declared—"All have sinned, and come short of the

glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). But each one for himself must so learn it, as to be willing to confess—"Behold I am vile" (Job. xl. 4): "I am a sinful man" (Luke v. 8).

"Jesus died for sinners"—is a great fact which no one need dispute, and none can deny. "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6). "While we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). Such is the testimony of the Word.

"He died for us all"—or as the individual sinner puts it, "Who loved ME, and gave himself for ME" (Gal. ii. 20). This is appropriation: this is faith. It is such personal acceptance, such individual reliance that gives certainty of salvation, and peace with God" (Rom. v. 1).

How the Lost are Saved?

Shall I not LOOK to JESUS?
His Word is, "Look and Live:"
'Tis He alone can save me—
He only can forgive.

Oh, wonderful redemption—
So full, so rich, so free!
Then I shall look to Jesus,
Who died to ransom me.

Shall I not TRUST in JESUS!
Who left the throne on high,
And came in love and mercy
For sinners such as I.

My soul, so sad and weary,
His love appeals to thee!
Then I shall trust in JESUS,
Who died to rescue me.

Shall I not COME to JESUS?
The lost He doth receive—
The way to come to Jesus
Is only to "believe."

In grace He will accept me
As to His arms I flee;
Then I shall come to JESUS,
While now He is calling me.

THE COT ON THE HILL; or, Four Generations Saved.

IN yon pretty little cot on the hill, are four generations, all saved and on the way to glory. The aged grandmother, nearly ninety, has been a follower of the Lord for over sixty years, and she has some wonderful things to tell. She heard

awakened. These were wonderful days, which it is good to hear of still. The grandson of the aged lady is the son of this veteran, and is the active man on the little farm at the present time, and both he and his wife are bright active Chris-

tians, with open hearts and an open door for all who love the Lord. And the happiest and brightest of the circle is little Maggie, the only daughter of the farmer and his wife, who was converted only a few months ago, and makes the woods ring with her song. I like to drop into that humble cot, for there the King of kings abides, and gladdens with His presence and His smile these four generations of His redeemed ones. Grace does not run in the



the bells toll out the victory gained at the battle of Waterloo, and remembers the great "May Storm" when for months the fields were white with deep snow. Her son, who is an aged man of sixty-five, was converted when Robert Murray M'Cheyne of Dundee preached in the open air, and hundreds were

blood: the father does not communicate saving faith to his child, but it is clearly the will of God now as of old that "Thou and thy house" should enter the ark of salvation, and that humble cottage on the hill is a witness to it in four generations. If you would know the joy of a happy life, let Christ be yours.



A Talk with my Bible Class on "Faith."

THE pretty Scroll Text on our wall,—the gift of a scholar before he left for a distant land—suggests a suitable subject for our half-hour's Talk this afternoon. It shall be on Faith. The meaning of the Word as it is generally used in the Bible, is trust. In its simple Gospel meaning, it is trust in the Saviour, reliance on His precious blood shed for our ransom, belief in His power for personal salvation. We will take it up in four aspects:—

1. **Saved by Faith.** This is where it begins. We are sinners, and first need a Saviour. Never forget that there is no real Christian life, no service, no progress, until salvation is a known and enjoyed personal experience. The Word says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). Faith simply accepts what God gives, relies on what Christ has done, believes what the Word declares.

2. **Kept through Faith.** Peter tells us that as sinners saved by grace we are "kept by the power of God through faith" (1 Pet. i. 5), until that day when the Lord Jesus comes (Heb. ix. 28). As the Christian whose "heart is trusting in the Lord" (Psa. cxii. 7) commits himself in darkest days to God, he proves that power of God, sustaining and preserving him from danger. Have faith in God for keeping.

3. **Walking by Faith.** The Christian's path through the world, is somewhat like that of Israel through the Red Sea; it is a walk of faith, that is not by objects seen, but by taking God at His Word "Have faith in God" to walk where He commands, and leave the results to His care.

4. **Fighting in Faith.** The Christian life is a battle, a daily struggle with the powers of evil. "Have faith in God" in conflict, and the Lord will give you the victory.

CAROLINE'S DECISION ;

OR, AN EVENING HOUR IN THE CASTLE BY THE RHINE.

IN a fine old baronial castle, an aged lady and her only daughter lived comfortably together. Caroline was an only child, the image of her departed father, affectionate and exceedingly attentive to her aged mother, yet the cause of much anxiety, as she was yet unconverted to God. Her father had lived a bright and devoted Christian life, and died rejoicing in the Lord. Her widowed mother had been a faithful witness for Christ since her early days, and was well-known among her wealthy neighbours for her unflinching testimony for Christ. Yet, strange as it may seem, her only child who had been the subject of many prayers, and who from her earliest days had been taught the way of life, was not a Christian. She was not opposed to the Gospel, but like many others,—especially the children of believing parents—thought she might enjoy the world's pleasures in the days of youth, and when she had got her fill of them, then lay hold of the Gospel and be saved.

An aged uncle—her departed father's only brother—was in the habit of visiting them once a year, and Caroline and he were very fond of each other. He had travelled in many lands, and had seen much of

the world. Caroline's great delight was, to sit by her uncle's side, and hear him tell of the strange and wonderful things he had seen on distant shores.

When Caroline was about twenty-one years of age, her aged uncle came on his annual visit. He had been a Christian for many years, but by means of a wonderful work of grace in the town where he resided, he had been greatly blessed in his soul, and stirred up to seek the salvation of others. His great desire now was, to see his niece brought to decision for Christ.

Caroline took her seat by her uncle's side as she had so often done before, and he with the true wisdom of one who knows how to win a soul for Christ, began the conversation by saying, "I suppose my dear Caroline is perfectly wearied by people asking her to become a follower of Christ." Rather surprised at her uncle's apparent sympathy for her, she replied, "Yes, uncle, that is so, and I don't see why they should be always pressing me to it, I am young yet, and have lots of time to think seriously about Christ, and Christianity."

There was a pause, during which the aged servant of God was engaged in silent prayer, that the right word

might be given him to speak. Then laying his hand tenderly on Caroline's head, he solemnly said, "How long do you think it would be safe for you to put off the day of your conversion? Do you think *ten* years would be safe?" "O, no, uncle dear, I have never thought of putting it off so long as that." "Would it be safe to wait for *five* years do you think?" "Perhaps not" said Caroline, softly. "Would it be quite safe to neglect the great salvation for *one* year?" asked the aged saint, his voice quivering with emotion as he spoke. To this Caroline made no reply, but sat wrapt in deep thought. There was a period of silence, and then once more the quivering lips of the servant of God were opened with the question, "Are you perfectly sure, that it will be safe to put off your salvation another *day*? God says, "Behold! *now* is the accepted time; behold! *now* is the day of salvation."

Caroline was perfectly overcome, She buried her head in her hands, and as the tears flowed thick and fast, said, "O uncle, I never before looked at it in that way. I see now it is not safe for me to trifle another *hour*. I might have been cut down long ere now, a neglecter of salvation, to perish."

That night seated by her uncle's side, Caroline received Jesus as her

Saviour, and ever after, joyfully confessed Him as her Lord, walking in His truth, and earnestly seeking to lead others who like herself were halting and procrastinating, to decision for Christ.

Reader, think not that you are safe to trifle with grace, and neglect salvation one hour. Even now, the arrow that will lay you low in death, may be speeding on its wing? There is not a moment to lose. Even now, where you are, I urge upon you to make your decision: to claim Christ: to trust His precious blood: to commit yourself to His power; and then to confess and own Him as your rightful Lord.

"It will do to light my pipe."

A FAST living youth when offered a tract on the streets, took it from the distributor's hand, and thrusting it into his pocket, said with a sneer, "It will do to light my pipe." Later the same night, he put his hand into his pocket, pulled out the crushed tract, and folding it up proceeded to do with it as he had said. As the flame caught the paper, one bold word gleamed out before his eyes; that word was "ETERNITY." He tried to forget it, but could not. It haunted him day and night, until he came as a lost sinner to God, and found rest.

Bertha, the Dorset Orphan



"A thoughtful girl of twelve years."

Bertha, the Dorset Orphan:

A Memory of the Loss of the Steamship "London."

THE sinking of the great Trans-Atlantic Steamer, "Titanic," carrying with her to the ocean depths over sixteen hundred of her passengers and crew, bringing sorrow and distress to thousands of families, and suddenly ushering so many souls into the eternal world, has its message of awful solemnity and warning to all. The appalling calamity brings to mind a story of grace connected with a former disaster of the sea, over forty years ago.

On the New-Year week of 1866, the gallant steamship, "London," sailed from the shores of England, with two hundred and thirty-nine souls on board, commanded by a Captain of skill, with a picked staff of officers, and a crew of experienced men. A succession of gales culminated on the night of the 10th in a hurricane, before which she succumbed in the Bay of Biscay, carrying with her to the depths, two hundred and twenty souls. Among those who perished in that ill-fated ship was an English emigrant, who was going out to an uncle in Australia, leaving his wife and only child in the Dorset village, in which his boyhood years had been spent. The news of the disaster and loss of

her husband, so acted on the delicate young widow's health, that within four months she joined her husband in the presence of the Lord, her body being laid to rest in the village churchyard, amid blooming flowers, while her husband's lay in the depths of the ocean, both to rise at the call of the coming Lord, when on the fair morning of the first resurrection, He calls His own from land and sea. Good it was for Alfred Lane, and his young wife, that they were both saved in early years, in a Dorset village Sunday School, and made happy in the knowledge that Christ was their Saviour, and Heaven their Home, before the troubles and sorrows of later years came across their path.

Bereft at the age of three, of a father's care, and a mother's love, Bertha, the orphan girl, was taken by a maiden aunt, and by her brought up in the fear of the Lord. But while always obedient, and ready to hear the Word, as Bertha grew up it became evident that she had a strong will, and would not be easily restrained from having her own way. At the age of twelve, she gained the dux medal in the village school, and some philanthropists of the parish, who

knew the orphan girl's circumstances, were so gratified with her progress, that they determined to educate her to fill the place of a school teacher. Some time after, she went to a boarding school in Devon, where an event occurred which was destined to change the whole course of her life in time and for eternity. That Devon School was watched over by a Christian lady, who not only sought to educate her pupils, and fit them to fill good places in the world—in which to a remarkable degree she was successful—but to win their hearts and lives to the Son of God the Saviour, so that they might give to Him their best and brightest years, and serve Him all their earthly years. How many were saved, and set on the heavenly road by means of the fine example, and faithful testimony of that dear, godly lady, eternity alone will reveal, but it is well known that several who now serve the Lord in the Mission field, were "born again" in their school days there. Bertha Lane was a warm-hearted, thoughtful girl, and the tender memories of her parents' faith, and her aunt's Christian training, had not been lost upon her. Still, she was not converted, nor did she profess to be. Honest and straight-

forward, she answered "No," if anyone asked, "Are you a Christian?" The Lord has His own ways and means of reaching souls, and in sending the message which proves the Word of life and decision. At an Evangelistic Service, held on Sunday evenings, to which the lady superintendent usually took her pupils to hear the Word, the preacher told a solemn incident of a lady, who was on board the "London," in that awful hour in which she plunged into the depths of the Bay of Biscay, who offered a thousand pounds for a place in the pinnacle which was launched a few minutes before the steamer sank. The story had a tender interest for Bertha, and when the speaker pressed the message home, by urging on his hearers not to neglect God's great salvation brought to them in the Gospel, but to receive it as the gift of His grace through faith (Eph. ii. 8), lest in life's last hours they might find it beyond their reach for ever, Bertha's eyes were suffused with tears, which indicated the deep exercise of her soul in that momentous hour of awakening and decision. Whether it was just then, quietly seated in the little hall, or alone with God in her room after she returned, that

she actually "stepped forth" on the Word, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8), which was the preacher's text that night, I do not know, but the following morning, when she entered the breakfast room, she clasped her godly teacher in her arms, and said through her tears, "I am saved." Bertha did not hide her light, but let it shine, and it is said she was the honoured instrument in leading several of her classmates to the Saviour. Three years of happy, earnest, Christian life in the Dorset village followed her school days, and then, with the aunt, who from her early childhood had so tenderly watched over her, she sailed to join her father's family in New South Wales, where she taught for many years, and had the joy of winning many of her scholars to the One who won her heart and life as an orphan school girl.

Do you know, and can you say truly, that Christ is your personal Saviour, the choice and portion of your soul? Apart from Christ there is no salvation, and without salvation there is no peace with God here, no heaven hereafter. To be truly converted, turned to the Lord in youth, to confess His Name, and serve Him here, is the only really happy, as it is the only satisfying and useful life. All else, even the best that the world can offer is poor, compared with Christ and His salvation. And when life's last hour is come, whether it come unexpectedly and unheralded, as in the engulfing of a mammoth steamer in ocean's depths, or by the steady approach of death through sickness and suffering, it is only the one who has Christ, who can look into Eternity without fear, and triumphantly say—

"Farewell mortality! Jesus is mine:
Welcome Eternity! Jesus is mine."

What to TRUST in the LORD for:



FOR
SALVATION —Isa. xii. 7.
SHELTER—Psa. lxi. 4.
PEACE—Isa. xxvi. 3.
PRESERVATION
 —Psa. xxxii. 10.

THE ITALIAN GUARDSMAN;

Or, Saved in the City of Rome.



TALL, handsome Italian soldier, Carlo Cammasio by name, stepped inside a room in a quiet street in the city of Rome, where an earnest preacher told the story of the love of Christ, the good



old Gospel concerning which Paul wrote to some saved people in the city of Rome long ago. "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth (Rom. i. 16).

At the close a few personal words were spoken to the guardsman, and a copy of the booklet—"Come to Jesus" in the Italian language was given him.

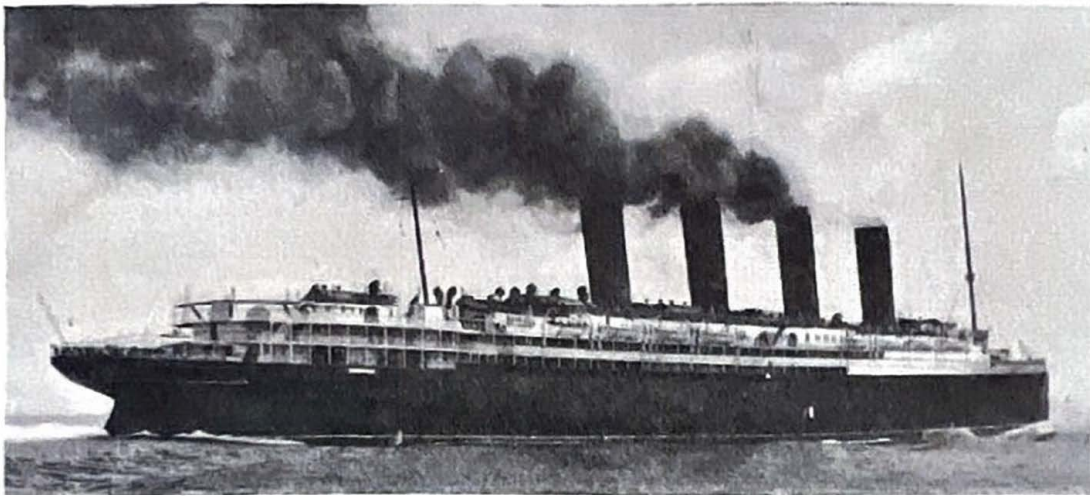
Cammasio through reading that little book was led to see his need of a Saviour, and how he might be saved at once and for ever by faith in the Lord Jesus. He came to

the Saviour as he was, and Christ received and saved him. Then he returned to the room where he first heard the Gospel, to tell what the Lord had done for him. Soon after, he fell sick, and was removed to the hospital. Here the priests and nuns assailed the Christian soldier, and almost forced him to confession and the sacrament. "I do not need them," said the dying man, "I have Christ, and when I die I will go straight to heaven." When the end drew near, they crowded around his dying bed. Waving his hand in triumph, the dying soldier cried, "Christ has cleansed me from all my sins, and Jesus Himself is with me," and so he died. The soldiers of his company paid military honours at this first "Protestant funeral," as they called it, held in the hospital courtyard, and the Gospel was preached to all who stood around. The happy life, the triumphant death and the strange burial of the converted guardsman, were spoken of far and near for many days, and people repeated his dying words in wonder. To be saved and ready to go was something entirely new to them. His was a grand confession. Can you say that Christ has cleansed you. Apart from this there is no peace with God, no heaven hereafter

The Sinking of the "Titanic."

ON Monday morning, April 15, the new White Star Liner, "Titanic," the greatest Steamship in the world, struck an iceberg in mid-ocean, and within a few hours plunged into the depths, carrying with her sixteen hundred and thirty six passengers, officers, and crew. The disaster has brought solemn

God's warning of coming judgment is treated by many. There was mistaken confidence on the part of some, they considered the "Titanic" unsinkable. False security in eternal things ruin the soul. When danger was imminent, life-boats were launched, but there was not room in them for all. In



The great Vessel ploughing her way through the Atlantic.

thoughts to many minds, and some have thereby been led to think of the need of being ready to meet God at any moment. There were millionaires on board, but their riches could not save them. There were godless men there, playing cards on Sunday night, when the vessel struck. They continued at their game, and perished. A warning was given that icebergs were near, but it seems to have been **unheeded**, until too late. Thus

the Lifeboat of salvation, provided by God, and brought near to sinners in the Gospel (Rom. i. 16), there is room for all. "Whosoever will," may step in and be saved. Some perished on the way, but those who are "in Christ Jesus" (Rom. viii. 1) are assured they shall not perish (John iii. 16), but shall reach the heavenly shore. Reader, let the awful disaster raise in your mind the question, Am I ready to meet God?

Companions for Eternity:

A Sunday Afternoon Service on Seamill Shore.

BRIGHTLY the warm sunshine sparkled across the calm sea, that quiet Sunday afternoon. The long stretch of sands along the shore from Ardrossan to Portin-

outer circle of grown-up folks on the shore, struck up a hymn, and by the time it was finished, a very large crowd of old and young had gathered. It was a Children's Ser-



A Scene on Seamill Shore, where the Children's Service was held.

cross Castle, was dotted with groups of visitors, walking or sitting, surveying the peaceful scene. The high green hills behind, with the Hydro in the foreground, and the flowing tide creeping up the pebbly beach, completed the charming scene. Promptly at three o'clock, a group of boys and girls, with an

vice, the last of a series conducted during that holiday month, by earnest Christian workers, spending their holidays there. Half-a-dozen smart and willing lads handed out hymn sheets, and otherwise helped in the simple, but thoroughly evangelical Service. The Gospel of a present and free salvation through

Companions for Eternity

Jesus Christ alone, in virtue of His finished work on Calvary, was lovingly and faithfully proclaimed, and an earnest invitation given to all, in the words of Luke xiv. 17, "Come, for all things are now ready." The half-dozen lads standing close by the speaker, manifested a real interest in the message, and the speaker's reference near the close of his address to some who had "closed with the offer," and "within the last week accepted Christ as their Saviour, and are not ashamed to own Him as their Lord," brought a whispered "Praise the Lord," from the lips of an elderly lady, who stood on the sands, evidently fully enjoying the message that afternoon. At the close, and while the crowd was dispersing, I learned from the preacher, that the six happy lads were all "born again" Christians. Two of them had been brought to the Lord on a previous summer at similar services held on Brodick shore, in the Isle of Arran. Two at Seamill, and the remaining two had only a night or two before been brought to decision, to trust in, and confess the Lord Jesus, during a walk along the sands, while the two first converted lads were speaking to them of the Saviour. "Now," said the speaker,

they are "companions in Christ for time and eternity." The sight of those six bright lads, the possibilities in their lives thus early won for God and Christ, and the spread of the Gospel, caused us anew to rejoice in the wonder-working power of God's glad tidings, to woo, and win, and satisfy young and ardent hearts, giving them something infinitely better than the world can give. Has the reader known in personal experience the power of the Gospel, to save and to set on the heavenly road, giving such new companions, new occupations, and the bright beginning of a life that shall know no end? The same glad tidings that "Jesus died and rose again" (1 Thess. iv. 14),—"died for our sins according to the Scriptures" (1 Cor. xv. 3) to give satisfaction to God for sins that we have committed, and it may be forgotten, and "was raised again for our justification" (Rom. iv. 25) in token of God's acceptance of, and well-pleasedness with (Eph. v. 2) the sacrifice of Himself that He offered on the Cross, when received by faith, and rested upon for salvation, give peace and joy to the heart, and bring brightness into the life. It is a personal acceptance of Christ that brings this salvation.

THE INDIAN AND THE DRUMMER LAD; Or, Bearing the Stripes to set the Offender Free.

ON the North American frontier there lived a peaceful tribe of Cree Indians who made their

soldiers who guarded the frontier, began to sneer at the red-skinned traders, and to use abusive language



"TWO OFFICERS WERE SENT ACROSS TO THE INDIAN'S HUT.

living by bartering beaver skins with the white men. As they came to the market one day, dressed in their native costume, a drummer boy, belonging to a regiment of

toward them in presence of his comrades. Not satisfied with that, the foolish lad ran up and struck the foremost of the party—who was an aged Indian—in the face with

THE INDIAN AND THE DRUMMER LAD.

his drumstick, causing the blood to flow. This wanton act caused indignation even among the soldiers, and when it reached the officer's ears, he gave the order to have the young scapegrace whipped. On the morrow the lad was brought out in the midst of the assembled troops to receive his punishment, and two officers were sent across to the old Indian's hut to ask him to come and see the punishment inflicted on his young assailant. "Let the white boy go free," said the aged Indian; "he did not mean to hurt me." "He must suffer the penalty all the same," said the officer, and orders were given for the young drummer to strip. Seeing his remonstrance was in vain, the Indian threw aside his blanket, and stepping out to the post said, "Then flog me, not the boy." A murmur of admiration ran through the company as the old Indian stood with his shoulders bare, head bent and arms folded, to receive the stripes due to the drummer lad,

who stood, with quivering lips and tearful eyes, looking on in wonder. Touched by the noble act, the officer said to the drummer, "Lad, you have escaped what you richly deserved. The man whom you injured has shown you a noble example which I have never seen equalled: go, and profit by it." From that day the drummer lad was the Indian's friend. That noble deed changed his thoughts and won his heart, so that ever after he loved him. Faint picture of the love of Jesus, who suffered—the Just for the unjust—to save sinners from the just punishment of their sins. Has the love of Jesus won your heart and caused you to love Him in return? Can you say, "Who loved me, and gave Himself for me"? (Gal. ii. 20). "We love Him, because He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19). There never was or will be love like His.

"O wondrous grace, O love beyond degree—

The Offended died to set the offender free."

THE BURGLAR'S ARREST.

A YOUNG man was entering a house by a window to commit a burglary when his eye fell upon a card on the wall bearing the words, "JESUS ONLY." The Spirit of God fixed them on his conscience, and he fled from the place.

Unhappy, he scarcely knew why he roamed the streets, until attracted by singing, he entered a hall where the Gospel was preached, and there, as he was, the Lord met and saved him. He is now a diligent Christian, and an earnest preacher.

LADYSMITH SET FREE.

The Story of the Seige, the Dangers, and the Deliverance.

THE first day of March, 1900, will live long in the memory of many, for on that day the welcome tidings reached our shores, that the town of Ladysmith, in Natal, South Africa, had been set free. For 118 days, the Boer army had surrounded it on all sides; railways were cut, telegraph wires were sundered, so that Sir George White and his brave little garrison of some 10,000 men, besides civilians, women and children, were cut off from the outside world. Thank God, the communication with God and heaven remained, and we are told that Sir George White—who is said to have been converted during the Revival of 1859, in Ireland—with many of his soldiers, prayed unceasingly to the God of heaven, during these days of isolation and danger. And when all is known, it may be seen that “the prayer of faith,” which is always honoured in the courts of heaven, had more to do with the marvellous defence and subsequent deliverance, than the booming of cannon or the movements of armies.

During the seige, a continual shell-fire was kept up by the Boer artillery from the surrounding hills, so that no one was safe, by day or by night. Twelve thousand shells,

weighing at the rate of three tons a day, are said to have fallen in the town, and many of all ranks were hurried into eternity. Need we wonder that soldiers and civilians alike were solemnised? No one knew when he might be called to meet God. Any moment the bursting of a shell might usher them into the eternal world. Some of the officers were Christian men; they knew the Lord Jesus and His power to save; so they began to lift Him up, to tell of His love, to point the weary and the heavy-laden to Him who alone can give rest and peace. As many as a thousand were said to be found eagerly listening to the Word of life, and God did a great work. Souls were brought to Christ. soldiers and civilians too were saved for eternity. Yes, blessed be God, there will be saints around the throne, who will sing the praises of the Lamb for ever, whose saving power they first experienced in beleaguered Ladysmith.

In addition to the investment without, want and disease began to show themselves within. The water supply was cut off; fever spread; over 7000 are said to have passed through the hospital during the seige, and many died. The garrison made several sorties, which

LADYSMITH SET FREE.

were partially successful, but they had no strength to overpower the enemy, or to effect deliverance. In this the beleaguered town is like the sinner. Satan with all his power is against, around : sin, with all its dire effects, within. He is "without strength" (Rom. v. 6). If deliverance come, it must be from without. The eyes of the hard-pressed garrison were daily turned to the hills on which they expected the relieving force to appear. That force was on its way, but had to fight through many obstacles; deliverance was not to be without cost of British blood. Many a valuable life was sacrificed in order to reach the captives; but this was willingly given. It was for fellow-countrymen and friends that they were fighting, and for this, some, yea all the British army, would "even dare to die" (Rom. v. 7). This is the furthest human love was ever known to go. But the love of Jesus far excels, for "while we were yet sinners Christ died for us" (Rom. v. 8). Yea, while "enemies," He poured out His blood to reconcile us to God, to deliver us from Satan's power. The darkest hour had come: disease and want were making a daily death-roll of appalling length: the brave general was under the necessity of cutting down the rations to the smallest, although it nearly

broke his heart. The tactics of the enemy became more subtle, so much so, that an order had to be issued, warning against accepting what might seem to be a relieving force, for it had become known to the general, that Boers had got hold of British khaki uniforms, and might appear in the garb of friends. How often Satan thus deceives sinners, and as an angel of light, lures them into his trap.

Late one evening, Lord Dundonald and his men, rode up to the British outpost. Who goes there? was the challenge. "Ladysmith's relieving army," was the answer. The news spread like wildfire. Deliverance had come. The haggard warriors, and the weary people, welcomed their deliverers, many with tears of joy. The enemy were discomfited, and had to flee. Captivity was changed for liberty, want for plenty, fear for joy. All the world heard, and many rejoiced.

Greater far is the deliverance of the sinner from the thralldom of sin and Satan. Grander far the victory of the Son of God. If you do not know personally, experimentally what it is, you are yet a stranger to the greatest event earth ever witnesses, for the greatest of all deliverances is that of a sinner, who is set free from the penalty and power of sin.

An Octogenarian's Story



"Her Great Grandchildren Played on the Bent Grass Hill."

An Octogenarian's Story :

Or, How a Schoolgirl Started on the Way to Glory.

HALE and hearty at the age of eighty-three, seated in her armchair at the door of her rose-clad cottage by the seaside, knitting, with her great grandchildren playing on the bent-clad hill in front, the happy pilgrim told me how she, as a schoolgirl of fourteen, was brought to Christ, during a most wonderful season of awakening and salvation, in that quiet village on the Banffshire coast. May the story of grace be used in setting before the reader, God's simple way of salvation, and the blessedness of being early saved to enjoy a long and happy Christian life.

"A quaint, but faithful and Christ-exalting young preacher, named John Murker, came to the town of Banff, during my school-days in the year 1833. His arousing ministry was used to awaken many of the people to a sense of sin, and the need of being born again. Before he came, spiritual death reigned among us. Shortly after the young preacher began his ministry, a ball at which a great many of the young people were present was held in the town, which was attended by a good deal of disorder and ungodliness. The following Sunday, Mr Murker in

his sermon compared it to Belshazzar's Impious Feast, as described in Daniel, chapter five, and warned the people that 'the hand which wrote on the wall the sentence of the ungodly king and his revellers, was not far off,' and might be laid upon some of them in death before long. The promoters of the ball were very angry, and one who took a leading part threatened that he would 'make Murker pay for it yet.' Before a week, that young man was in his grave. Another who mocked what he called, 'revival preaching,' and created a disturbance at one of the open-air meetings, within three days met an untimely death. These solemn events made a deep impression upon me, and caused me to think on eternal things. Preaching on that green hillside, on a Sunday night, Mr Murker earnestly prayed, 'Lord, raise up from among the young, a seed to serve Thee, when some of us shall be sleeping 'neath the 'clods of the valley.' Then he preached as I had never heard before, on what he called the 'Three Gospel R's.' Ruin by the Fall: Redemption by Jesus Christ, and Regeneration by the Holy Spirit. He told us there was 'a Christ for every

sinner out of hell, and a hell for every sinner out of Christ.' He pressed upon us all the need of an immediate acceptance of Christ, and repeated again and again the following lines—

'This moment, if for sin you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal, you'll receive—
That's the news.'

I felt that the great crisis of my life had come, and that I would have to make a decision one way or another. It was a fine Summer evening; the calm sea, the silent audience seated on the grass; the solemn words ringing in my ears, I said in my heart, 'Lord I come to Thee, sinner as I am, Thou wilt receive me. Thy blood will cleanse me from all sin.' That was the hour of my new birth. Then it was that I entered on the path of life that leads to eternal glory. And these out-door meetings on the bent hill, just over there, were but the beginning of a mighty work of grace, during which many servants of the Lord preached His Word. In a wood, a short distance from the town of Banff, two young lads who had been converted at the meetings on the bent hill, met to pray for their companions. Meeting one of them on the street, they invited

him to their meeting in the wood, and there God saved him. Soon, a second, and a third joined them, and at the end of a month, twenty young lads, all in Christ, met there. Intertwining branches of trees, they formed a booth, in which they met to pray, until the storms of winter drove them into the town, where the work went on until over fifty lads, and a number of older people were saved. These were glorious days, which can never be forgotten. One by one my companions of early years have passed away. My husband, two sons, a daughter, and two grandchildren, are with Christ, and I shall soon be there.' The last few sentences of the aged woman's testimony must be given in her own broad dialect, which is more expressive than any interpretation of it can be, "The sun of my life is far doon, an' I'm nae far fae my hame. There's only a burnie noo tae cross, and wi' His Word for steppin stanes, I'll put my feet firm on them, and hae nae cause tae fear. He has guided me along the road for near seventy years, and He'll see me safely hame at last." That glowing testimony of the aged saint, saved as a schoolgirl, tells the bliss of early conversion. Why not of yours?

SCOTLAND'S FAITHFUL WITNESS FOR GOD.

"THAT old-fashioned house in the corner was the residence of John Knox, Scotland's faithful witness for God and His Word in the days of Queen Mary," said my companion, as we walked along the Canongate of Edinburgh, and added, "we need a few more like

sanctuary of a man who, in his day, knew and honoured God, and faithfully preached His Word.

In the year 1563, John Knox preached at Holyrood to a congregation largely composed of courtiers and nobles belonging to the court of Queen Mary, who had only a



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, CANONGATE, EDINBURGH.

him in these days, of whom it could be said, as the Earl of Morton said of him as they laid his body in the grave, 'There lies the man who never feared the face of man.' It was by no means a grand edifice, but it was the resting-place and

short time before come across from France to claim the crown of Scotland. Beautiful and accomplished as the young queen was, her sympathies were not with the work of Reformation or with the Gospel as proclaimed by John Knox. She

SCOTLAND'S FAITHFUL WITNESS FOR GOD.

had been brought up a Roman Catholic, and her desire was to establish her own religion in Scotland, and convert the Scottish nobles to it. This had the effect of causing some who had at least professed to sympathize with the work of the Reformation and to embrace the Protestant faith, to hide their colours and thus obtain royal favour. Knox was not the man to allow this to pass; so when preaching that day he took occasion to refer to their unfaithfulness in language too plain to be misunderstood. "The queen, say ye, will not agree with us. Ask ye of her that which, by God's Word, ye may justly require, and if she will not agree with you in God, ye are not bound to agree with her in the devil." When Mary heard of this plain speaking she summoned Knox to Holyrood. Accompanied by a single friend the bold and fearless witness left his home in the Canongate and stood before the young queen, who, when she saw the plain man who had so fearlessly warned the people against her Romish influences, broke out in a burst of violent passion, and wept so freely that her page could scarce supply her with handkerchiefs to wipe them dry. Knox remained silent until her anger had subsided, then calmly answered that he had no desire to cause her grief, for,

said he, "God hath not sent me to wait upon courts of princesses, but to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as please to hear it." Mary had little desire for such a message, so she dismissed the Lord's messenger from her presence. He was then summoned before the Lords of Council, who charged him with speaking disrespectfully to the queen, to which Knox calmly replied, "I am in the place where I am demanded of conscience to speak the truth, and therefore the truth I speak, impugn it who may." They were unable to answer that or to deny it, and so the man of God went free. When the queen asked him whether she was to believe what he preached, or what the Church of Rome had taught her, he replied, "You will believe God, madam."

That was the kernel of his testimony. He preached Christ as the only Saviour, and the Word of God as the supreme authority, to which all must bow, no matter what popes, councils, kings or nobles say to the contrary. And this he continued to proclaim until, full of years, he fell asleep in that old house in the Canongate and went to heaven. The "evangel" preached by Knox was, that sinners must be saved by Jesus Christ alone, that faith in Him, apart from works or merit, justifies before God.

A Young New Zealander's Testimony.

MY father emigrated from Ireland, as a young man, during the first rush to Otago, in the early "sixties." He settled near the Wanganui River, and

believe, and be looked upon as Christians, and all the time have no Christ, and no sense of sin, or its guilt before God. From what I remember of my own experience



Early Morning on the Wanganui River.

through the earnest preaching of a Scotch farmer was converted the year in which I was born. I was brought up in the right way, but did not learn my real condition as a sinner until I was nineteen. I see now how easy it all is to repeat texts, sing hymns, say we

in these times, and what I see in others who have the same privileges as I had, it seems very possible that a kind of profession of being a Christian, without being born again, is common enough. But a testing time must come which brings out what one really is. To me it came in a manner I had never thought of. On a visit to Dunedin, I was living with a cousin who took me to several places of amusement, to which I never would have thought of going where I was known. My cousin knew that I was "religious," and on the Sunday night proposed we should go and hear an English preacher, who was then in the City. God's Word plainly spoken was used in deeply awakening me to see my need of a Saviour. When we got home, I went to my room, and there alone with God, I yielded myself to Christ, who has been my Saviour for twenty years.

An Afternoon on the River Thames.

I WAS brought up in a Christian home, and taught from my earliest years to revere the Lord's Day, and to go where the Word of God is honoured and

has some decision of character, he is in great danger of being led astray. Although I had made no profession of being saved, I had true respect for the Christianity



A Summer Scene on the River Thames.

preached. At the age of nineteen, I went to London to business, and shared a lodging with my cousin, who had been there for two years. The change from country life, with its simple ways, to the great city with its many attractions, and temptations, is always a time of crisis to a youth, and, unless he

I had been taught, and that I had seen in my parents, who were true followers of the Lord. The night before I left home, my mother put a Bible into my box, and with the tears in her eyes, said—"Now, Henry, my boy, I give you this Book to be the guide of your life. Do not fail to read it. Keep no

company with any who scoff at its teachings, or desecrate the Lord's Day, which has been given to us for God's worship, and our own eternal profit. I shall never cease to pray that you may be converted to serve God—your father's God, and mine." When I arrived in London, there was much to see for the first few days, and my cousin took me after work hours to many places of interest. On the first Sunday I discovered that he spent the first part of the day in bed, and the afternoon and evening, walking in the parks, or about the city. I felt very unhappy in this, but being a stranger, I did not like to say much. The second Sunday I was in London, he proposed we should have a row on the Thames, so we left in the forenoon, and got on the river. I had never seen such a sight before. It was crowded with boats of all kinds, and resembled a "regatta," more than a Sunday in "Christian England." I felt extremely unhappy in my surroundings, my conscience accusing me of doing what I knew to be wrong, and several times during that afternoon I felt as if I could have left my cousin, and returned to my lodgings in disgust. It is just at such a point that there must be a

parting of the ways. When we got back, I said to my cousin, "This is the first, and it shall be the last Sunday spent in that way by me." He laughed, said I would soon fall into line with him, and others, and get rid of my "Puritan notions." In God's great mercy to me, I met a young man that week in the place where I was employed, who took me to hear Mr Spurgeon preach on the following Sunday, and I was brought to see my need of a Saviour, and saved by faith in "The Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii. 20). A few weeks after, I got two new companions, and spent the Lord's Day in their company, happy in the service of the Lord. I can never cease to thank God that He arrested me in the first stages of a course which, I have every reason to believe, had it been continued, would have wrecked my character here, and ruined my soul hereafter. If the reader has not yet been turned to the Lord, I beg of you not to get into godless company, who will lead you into open disregard for God, and His Word, to spend the day of rest in amusement, neglecting to hear what you need to show you the way of salvation and true happiness.

A STRANGE EVICTION.

THERE is a wonderful "freak of nature," as some people say, and it has its lessons too for the kingdom of grace. A plant was potted in good soil, and put into its owner's conservatory, but, instead of growing, and shewing blossom, it drooped and decayed. On entering the conservatory one morning, he found the plant cast out of the pot



altogether, as shewn in our picture, and a full healthy mushroom appeared in its place. The explanation of this strange catastrophe is, that a small piece of mushroom spawn had been dropped into the soil in which the plant was potted. The conditions being favourable to its growth, it made rapid progress, sapped the life from the plant which was the rightful tenant of the pot, and, at last, cast it out altogether.

The strange occurrence has its interest and its message for the children of God, those who, by faith in Christ Jesus, have become plants of the Lord's own planting, so far as eternal life is concerned, that can never be lost, just because it is safe in Jehovah's keeping. But the spiritual growth of a believer is, in great measure, dependant on his

habits and his associations. That hidden piece of "mushroom spawn" in the pot, was a secret enemy to the growth of the plant. What was congenial to the one, withered the other. So what is pleasing to the flesh, is unfruitful to the new life. If you have companions who are unsaved, if you read novels and what feeds the old man, you

will find, sooner or later, your spiritual life withered, and yourself "evicted" from the place of a flourishing and fruitful Christian, into the position of a backslider. And if you are only a mere professor, without Christ or spiritual life, you will one day be cast out as a fruitless, lifeless, rootless plant, to be thrown into the fire. The eviction of many who have never been born again, must come. God has said it.

The Cuckoo's Return.

IN the early morning we are awakened by the notes of a Cuckoo, whose nest is in a field near our home. When we hear his clear and welcome morning



call, we know the summer is near. Hatched in a hedge-sparrow's nest, he took a long journey to a warmer clime for the winter—some say to Central Africa,—but when the genial Springtime came, he returned to the very spot where his earliest days were spent. How long he took to make the long passage, what storms and hard-

ships he endured on the way, or how many enemies he met, we cannot tell, but here he is, safe in the place where his life began, warbling his song in the early

sunshine to His great Creator's praise. The hidden songster who has come amongst us as the harbinger of summer, has his message, and his lessons for us all. Shall we seek to gather them. 1: The Cuckoo has his birth-place, and he knows it. So has the one who has been born again (John iii. 7). He knows how (1 Pet. i. 23), and when (1 John v. 1), he became God's child. 2: He has a song (Psa. xl. 3) which clearly marks him out. Nobody mistakes the Cuckoo's call: the sparrow cannot imitate it. So the Chris-

tian is known by His words, his ways, his testimony, and especially his song. It is of Christ, of salvation, of heaven. 3: He escapes from the winter blast, for He can only live in the sunshine. This is true of the Christian. He seeks the sunshine of God's presence, and soon he will go to his own country and home in heaven.

IN KILLIECRANKIE PASS.

THE sun shines brightly on the rugged Perthshire hills this summer forenoon as a little band of visitors enter the famous Pass of Killiecrankie. They are out for a holiday, and they are to sweeten it with Christian fellowship and combine with it if they can in these sparsely-populated parts, a little Gospel service for the Lord. They all know His saving Name and have proved His saving power, and now they find their joy in telling of His fame to others.

The clear waters of the river Garry flow on smoothly through their deep, rocky bed, and the trees offer a pleasant shade from the strong noon-day sun. During the hour of rest and refreshment, they make the rocky solitudes ring with

"There is a Name I love to hear,
I love to speak its worth;
It sounds like music in my ear,
The sweetest Name on earth."

Then three or four tell in few and simple words "How the Lord saved them"—for it is good to hear the wonders of the grace of God, and how, by ways and means of His own appointment, He reaches and converts the souls of men.

We take leave of the little group seated on the banks of the Garry, with the rugged heights of the Pass

behind, for a moment, to glance at a scene enacted in these wilds over two hundred years ago.

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On a July morning in 1689 an army of over six thousand Highlanders, encamped at the head of the Pass, headed by Graham of Claverhouse, who had been created Viscount Dundee by the exiled King James. He was known among his soldiers by the name of "Bonnie Dundee," a man who bore a notorious hatred to the Covenanters, and had persecuted and murdered many of them in cold blood. Enraged at the decision of the Convention held in Edinburgh to petition William, Prince of Orange, to become King, Dundee hastened to the Highlands, and by his persuasive manner soon collected an army of over six thousand around his standard. On his way south, he learned that General Mackay was advancing to meet him with an armed force equal to his own. Dundee encamped at the top of Killiecrankie Pass with his army, in the open ground. His plan was, immediately Mackay and his men entered the Pass to open the battle, entrap them there and let not one escape. The battle raged; Dundee's plan wrought out well; the Covenanters were trapped in the Pass, and it must have fared badly with

them. But just in the hour of his triumph a bullet pierced the heart of the great persecutor, and he fell mortally wounded. Thus the proud man was laid low in the hour of his apparent victory, the Jacobite cause was lost, and the persecuted lovers of the Lord were set at liberty to serve Him as His Word commanded.

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Sad was the end of poor Claverhouse and the lot of his deluded followers! "It will never be so with the followers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord, our Leader shall never fall; He is alive for evermore. He met the great adversary in

his last and greatest stronghold and conquered him there. Our Jesus hath done all things well," said one of the company, and then the whole joined in singing, till the rocks echoed the sound—

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious,
See the Man of Sorrows now,
From the fight return victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow."

There is no possibility of His followers being scattered because their Leader has fallen. He says, "Because I live ye shall live also."

To be *in* Him, *with* Him, *for* Him, is the way of salvation, life, and glory. Saved by Jesus to serve Him is life indeed. Do you know anything of it, reader?



"SIX FEET OF IT WILL DO FOR ME."

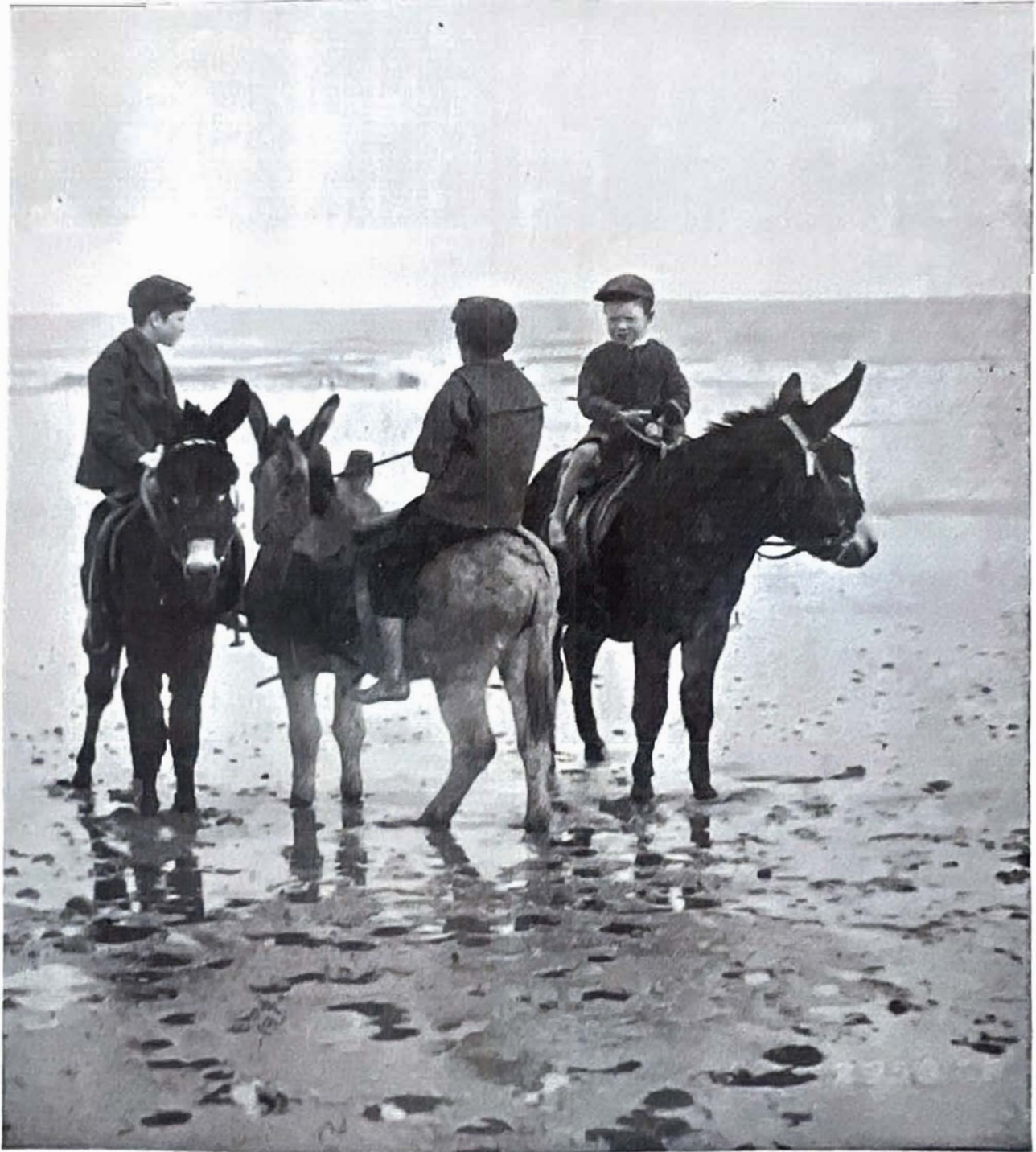
A CLEVER lawyer sat in his office conversing with a client, for whom he had been transacting some business. The lawyer's client was a Christian. Tak-



ing exception to the ways some men make money, the lawyer said, "Man, if you are to be so particular as that, you will never possess much of this world as your own." "Six feet of it will do for me, one day soon, to lay my bones

to rest in; that's all I'll need of it then. It is good to have an inheritance secured in the world beyond the grave," said the Christian business man. The lawyers sat in dumb silence. His thoughts never ran in that direction: he was living only for the present world. And so many are. They forget how soon it will elude their grasp, and six feet of "mother earth" for a grave will be all they shall want. When your body lies there, where will your soul be?

Matt the Donkey Boy.



Midsummer Holidays on the Seashore.

Matt the Donkey Boy:

Memories of Happy Days on St. Andrew's Shore.

BASKING in the bright beams of the midsummer sun, with the German ocean stretched out in front, calm as a pond, the shore of the ancient town of St. Andrew's presents a busy spectacle this Saturday afternoon. Being holiday week in various local towns, the sands are crowded with visitors, while bathing, boating, and fishing are engaged in by many of the young folks. Donkey boys have a busy time giving "rides," to the boys and girls, and all seem to be full of life and merriment. Within view stands the grey walls of the old cathedral of St. Andrews, where Samuel Rutherford preached, and near to which he died, and is buried. Further along, in front of the old College, is the place where Patrick Hamilton, Scotland's first young martyr was burned at the stake in 1527, for his faith and faithful testimony to the Gospel, at the age of twenty-four, shortly followed by George Wishart, whose martyrdom was witnessed by Cardinal Beaton, from a window overlooking the place, as he lay on cushions of silk, surrounded by his prelates. To this romantic and lovely place, a number of Oxford students, saved by grace, and

earnest preachers of the Gospel, had come on their Summer holidays, with willing helpers from other places, who conduct morning and afternoon services on the shore, for old and young. At these, God's simple way of life and peace is told out with no uncertain sound, and at the appointed hours for these gatherings, it is interesting to watch the children leave their sand-castles, the lads their fishing lines and the donkey rides, to fill up their places in the circle, around the Banner on the shore at these Services. The full results in blessing to souls, will only be known in heaven, but here and now the confession of one and another of being saved by grace, to own Jesus as their personal Saviour, and follow Him as their example and Lord, is joyfully heard. A young lady from Dundee confessed it had been "the beginning of a new life to her." A servant maid from London, there with the family, heard "How a sinner may be forgiven," in a simple Gospel address from Acts xiii. 38, 39, and through believing on Him who died for sinners (Rom. v. 8), and in whose name remission of sins is now proclaimed to all (Acts x. 43), she

is able to sing in the joy of her heart—

“Happy day, happy day,

When Jesus washed my sins away.”

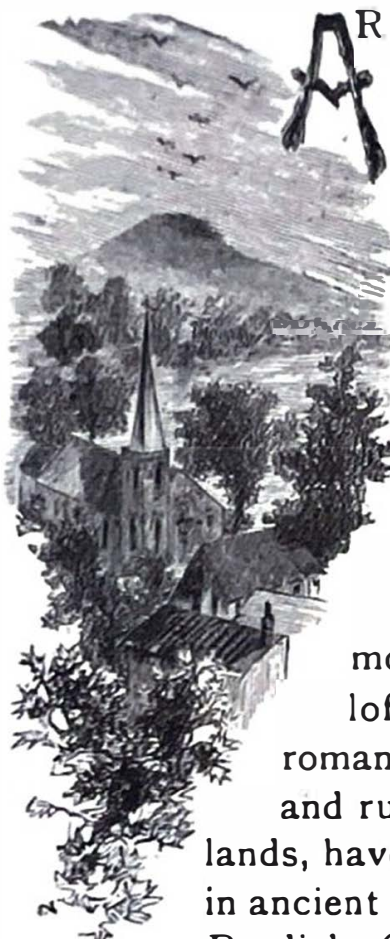
Perhaps the brightest case of conversion to God, followed by a happy and consistent Christian testimony, was that of an orphan lad who had come for the summer months of the year, to act as a “Donkey Boy” on the beach. On the Sundays, Matt attended the services on the shore. Having lost his parents when quite a child, he had never known a mother’s love, or an earthly father’s care. Although his education had not been wholly neglected,—for he could read and write fairly well—he had not received the care in his upbringing that many children know, or learned the way of salvation and of peace like most who read these lines. It has often been remarked, that those who have had few opportunities, and like this dear lad, know little of the Gospel, are more reverent and attentive to its message when it comes to them, than those who have been accustomed to hear it from their earliest years. Matt stood eagerly listening while one of the Oxford students told how he was led to accept Christ as his personal

Saviour, through the words of 1 Tim. i. 15—“Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,” and to yield his heart to the Son of God, saying in the words of the Apostle Paul—“Who loved ME and gave Himself for ME” (Gal. ii. 20). Matt did not think that anybody loved or cared for him. He had been accustomed to think that he had not a single friend in the whole world. Now a new light entered his heart, and the knowledge that God so cared for him as to give His only begotten Son (John iii. 16) to be His Saviour, and that the Son of God so loved him as to “give Himself” as a sacrifice for him, quite won the heart of the orphan boy. It was a great joy to hear Matt confess with the tears filling his big blue eyes—

‘ 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.”

Matt was truly converted, turned to the Lord, and as every saved one should, he commended his profession by a consistent life. No longer a donkey boy on the sands, but a successful business man in the city, he loves to tell the story of the love of God to old and young, which won his heart.

THE SCOTTISH PSALM AND ITS MESSAGE.



ARRAN, on the West of Scotland, is a favourite resort for the English as well as of Scottish families on holiday in the lovely Summer & Autumn months. Its lofty peaks, romantic glens, and rugged moorlands, have all figured in ancient history, and Brodick Castle, with its ivy-covered walls, peeping from the woods, under the shadow of Goat Fell, has its memories of King Robert Bruce to tell, in the days when he was an exile and a wanderer. It was in a pretty cottage here, around which the woodbine twines, that an English family had their home some summers ago. The father and mother, two little girls, with a servant maid, composed the little household. Mary, the maid, was an intelligent, clever girl, and a good singer. On many a quiet evening, her sweet

voice echoed through the glen, singing her favourite songs learned as a school girl in her Yorkshire home. Curiosity, rather than love for God and His Word, led her on a Sunday evening to the quaint, old-fashioned "Kirk" among the trees, for she wanted to hear how the Scotch folk sang, so that she might tell her sisters and cousins who were singers in the church choir in Yorkshire. Psalmody in the Scottish Highlands and Islands is just about the same as fifty years ago. Changes come slowly there, for the worshippers love the Psalms of David in metre, sung to old tunes, and use them in their Services. The closing Psalm sung that Sunday evening, was the last part of the thirty-fourth, the last two lines of which stuck to Mary's memory. They are—

"The Lord redeems His servants' souls.
None perish that Him trust."

Again and again, during her stay in Arran, she found herself singing them to "St. Paul's," and after her return to Yorkshire they were not altogether forgotten. By their means she trusted her soul to the Saviour, and was saved by grace. God sometimes causes a seed to lodge in a crevice of the memory, which in after years will spring up and bear its fruit.

SHETLAND JENNY;

Or, "GOD HAS BEEN AS GOOD AS HIS WORD."

IN the lone Shetland Isles, where the wild tempests of winter roar, there are many true and faithful disciples of the Lord, lovers of His Holy Word, which many of them have learned to read and commit to memory from their

An aged Shetland woman, when asked by a smart Southern how she knew the Bible to be God's Word, firmly replied—"Because I have proved it to be true. He has given me what He promised, and done for me all that He said



Shetlanders.

earliest years. Carrying peat and knitting all the time, it is no uncommon thing to hear them speak of the things of the Kingdom as they journey along. But in these far northern isles, the spirit of unbelief and infidelity is also found and the scoffer's sneer is heard

He would do. God has been as good as His Word." Was not that a beautiful answer? Need you wonder that the scoffer had nothing to say. Yes, God is as His Word. He fulfils and keeps it, in grace now, and He will in judgment by and by.

The Queen's Remembrance.

IT was a lovely trait in the character of Queen Victoria, that she never forgot a promise she made, or failed to keep her word. Living in her Highland

home at Balmoral, she frequently visited the homes of workers on the estate, and had her favourites among their families. One pretty child, named Jenny, was an especial favourite of the Queen Empress and year by year she delighted to bring her some little gift as a token of her love. When Jenny grew up to girlhood, she was bereft of

her mother, and had to undertake the duties of caring for her father's comforts, in the pretty little cottage with the rustic porch, within sight of the Royal castle by the Dee. That year, Queen Victoria many great State functions to m, and had been on the

Continent. "The Queen will be too busy to think of you this year, Jenny," said the father to his young housekeeper, as the time of the Queen's Autumn visit to

Balmoral drew near. "No fear of that father," was Jenny's quick answer. "Her Majesty is never so busy as to forget those whom she loves." That was a noble answer. It told how truly the simple Highland lassie confided fully in her Sovereign's faithful love. On a day not long after her Majesty's arrival in the Highlands, she drove



up to the door of the cottage and presented the little housekeeper with a charming present, selected by her own hands, while in France. Can God do less for those whom He loves, and who confide in His care? Never question the love of God or doubt His Word.

A Story of Pitcairn's Island.

IT is Christmas week, and mid-summer in Australia. A group of Sunday Scholars, with their teachers, are spending the day on the lake shore, and after games, and their mid-day meal over, a Missionary, from the South Pacific, who is with them for the day,

On a bright Spring day in 1769, the gallant ship *Bounty*, left Spit-head for Pitcairn's Island, on the South Pacific. When off Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, twenty-four of the crew mutinied, and binding Captain Bligh with ropes, threw him into an open boat, with



.A Favourite Resort of Sunday School Excursions in New South Wales.

tells the following story of grace to the circle of eager listeners, seated under the shade of the trees, that summer afternoon. The impression left on the group was such as will never be forgotten, by some at least, for that wonderful story of Divine grace was used of God to win, at least, two young hearts to the Saviour. May it have the same grand result to the reader to-day.

a small store of provisions, followed by nineteen loyal sailors, to drift on the mighty deep, while the mutineers with fiendish hurrahs, sailed away in the *Bounty*. After forty days and nights, during which eight of the men died, the frail boat drifted towards the Isle of Timor, in North Australia, where the twelve survivors told their terrible story. The British Government dispatched a warship

to scour the South Pacific, with the result that fourteen of the mutineers were caught, and all brought in chains to England, the remaining ten having fled.

Twenty-four years later, the captain of a British ironclad, cruising near Pitcairn's Island, believed to be inhabited by savages, observed a boat steering towards them. As it came near, they were astonished to find two young men were its occupants, who called out in good English,—“Heave us a rope, please?” The captain gave the order, and in fifteen minutes the two oarsmen stood on the deck, telling their story to a wondering circle of listeners. After sharing breakfast with the officers, the captain, with several of his men, took their places in the little boat, which quickly glided towards the pebbly beach of Pitcairn's Island. As they stepped on shore, an old sailor stood with outstretched arms to welcome them, and conducted them to the shade of some plantain trees. When they had sat down, he told them the following remarkable story.

“My name is John Adams, and I am the sole survivor of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. With my comrades, and a few Tahitians, I reached this Island, and to pre-

vent discovery, we set fire to the ship, saving only a few stores. When the natives became aware of our presence, they attacked us, and after a terrible conflict, killed all my comrades except a young Englishman named Edward Young, who shortly after died of asthma. Most of the native warriors were slain, leaving only four men, a number of women and children. You can picture my remorse and my misery. Turning over the little heap of remaining stores one day, I found an old dusty book. It was a Bible. To pass the time I began to read it, and as I read, I became greatly interested. When I reached the Gospels my interest became intense. The story of the life and death of the Son of God completely broke me down, and when I learned that it was to save sinners that He died, and that God for Christ's sake would pardon and receive the very “chief of sinners” (1 Tim. i. 15), I wept like a child, and casting myself on His sovereign mercy, I knew in my soul that He forgave me all my sins. My tears flowed in streams over Isaiah i. 18, “Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow,” and “I, wicked, guilty, John Adams, rejoiced that my

sins were put away by the blood of Jesus Christ which "cleanseth from all sin." From that day I prayed that God would use me to tell the few inhabitants of the Saviour. I began with the children, teaching them to read the Bible, which was our only lesson book. Then the older people became interested, and as years passed on, a wonderful change became manifest in them. They assembled on the Lord's Day to hear the Word of God, and soon their savage huts were changed for comfortable houses, and the neglected land was cultivated to yield fruit. The two young men who rowed you to shore were among my first scholars, and both are decided Christians. Including myself, the Pitcairn Islanders number to-day, forty-six, and we live peaceably in our island home. The wondering captain and his men exclaimed, "It is a miracle." "Yes," added the grey-haired man fervently, "A miracle of God's abounding grace." For several years John Adams continued his work on Pitcairn's Island, until the weakness of old age prevented him. Then he sent for George Noble, a friend of early years, whom he appointed to continue his work of teacher, preacher, and

doctor. After John Adams was called to his rest, his successor continued his work until 1852, when he came to England to tell of what the grace of God had wrought in that island in the South Pacific, where a company of worshippers, numbering close on two hundred, met on the first day of the week, to sing the great Redeemer's praise. The Bible was their law, and the Gospel of Christ the only religion known on their island home. Some tell us that the days of miracles are past, but surely the rich grace of God saving a vile sinner like John Adams, and then using him to lead others to Christ, is a miracle indeed. And the best of all is, this same grace of God, which is proclaimed in the Gospel, is the very same to-day as it was then on Pitcairn's Island, and it is "abundantly able" to save you, just in the same way as it saved John Adams. And the word of sweet invitation, the very last in the Book of God, is—"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (John xxii. 17). Do not fail to avail yourself of this free gift of God.

The grace of God, so rich and free,
Avails this very hour;
And all who on that grace rely,
Are saved by mighty power.



A HOLIDAY TALK ON BIBLE LAKES.

HOW lovely everything looks this afternoon. God's handiwork is all around us in its freshest green. I sometimes wonder what this fair world was like, before sin came in to mar its perfection, in that sinless Eden, where the Creator walked in company with Adam and Eve, and all the beasts were in peaceful subjection. Then I think what it will be in that coming time, of which, the Bible tells us, when Satan the great adversary shall be banished from the earth, and Christ will reign supreme! I am happy when I read that "He shall have dominion from sea to sea" (Psa. lxxii. 8), and that those who are saved by grace, shall in that glad coming time share His glory. Here by the Lakeside, I am reminded of two sets of Scripture texts, which speak to us of two Lakes—the former the scene of the Saviour's grace, and the latter the place where His righteous judgment must be known. "The Lake of Galilee" (Luke v. 1, 2) or Gennesaret, was a well-known place in the days of our Lord's earthly life. In the villa-

ges around its shores He preached and healed. From Bethsaida, Andrew, Peter, and Philip (John i. 44) were called to be his followers. In Capernaum, many of His mighty works were done (Matt. xi. 23), yet few of its people repented, or received Him as their Saviour. On its shore He spoke the parables of Matt. xiii. On its wild waves He slept in a boat, and on them He walked in the storm. How one loves to think on these Lake-side days, of those who were saved there in their early years, to follow and serve the Son of God. I know some of you are already among that happy throng. But what of those who now neglect His salvation, despise His grace, and turn away from His salvation. Alas! for all such. "The lake of fire" is reserved for the "fearful and unbelieving" (Rev. xxi. 8), all those who are afraid to confess Christ, and all who shut their hearts against His love. They are cast out, never to see God's beautiful world again, or enter His holy heaven. Reader, let your choice be for Christ and Heaven.

THE EAGLE'S NEST; OR, TWICE RESCUED.

NEAR our Highland home, on the wild rocky coast, there are great cliffs, where eagles and other birds build their nests. My brothers and I were strictly prohibited from disturbing the birds or robbing their nests. Tourists and visitors sometimes induced the fishermen and peasants to descend the cliffs by means of ropes fastened around their bodies, and held by strong men above, to rob the nests and bring the eggs or eaglets with them. This was a very dangerous occupation, at which more than one of the young people had lost their lives.

On our way home from school one afternoon, a party of English tourists met us, and offered a considerable sum, if one of us would descend the cliff and rob an eagle's nest. My brother and I looked at each other for a moment, then at the offered reward, and although I knew well I was going against the express command of our parents, I volunteered to make the dangerous descent, which arrangement my brother and the others fully approved of, saying they would hold the rope securely above.

In a few minutes the rope was fastened, and I was lowered down the rocky steep, the wild waves dashing against the rocks many feet

underneath. Once or twice I looked down, and my head reeled. If the rope should break, well I knew I would be dashed to pieces, and my soul would be in eternity. I was glad when I reached the place, and at once began my work of robbing the nest. This was not so easy as I had imagined, for I had no sooner lifted one of the eaglets, than down swept the parent birds, and began to make a fearful noise. I shouted to my brother and those with him above to draw me up, but this was a much harder job than they had counted on. I really thought I was to be killed on the spot, and I remember in my distress I cried to God to save me. I did not know Him, for I was not saved, still I knew that He could deliver, and as I looked into the yawning gulf below I felt as I had never done before, than there was but a thread between me and destruction. What followed I cannot tell; my brain seemed to reel; my mind wandered; I became unconscious, and the first thing I remember was, I found myself lying on the grass, my brother bathing my brow with water. The tourists were gone, and our promised reward with them. How that awful gulf, that straining rope, with these terrible birds hovering around abode in my memory, with the added sting that

I had disobeyed my parents, and risked my life. I might have been dead—ushered into eternity in a moment, and *where?*

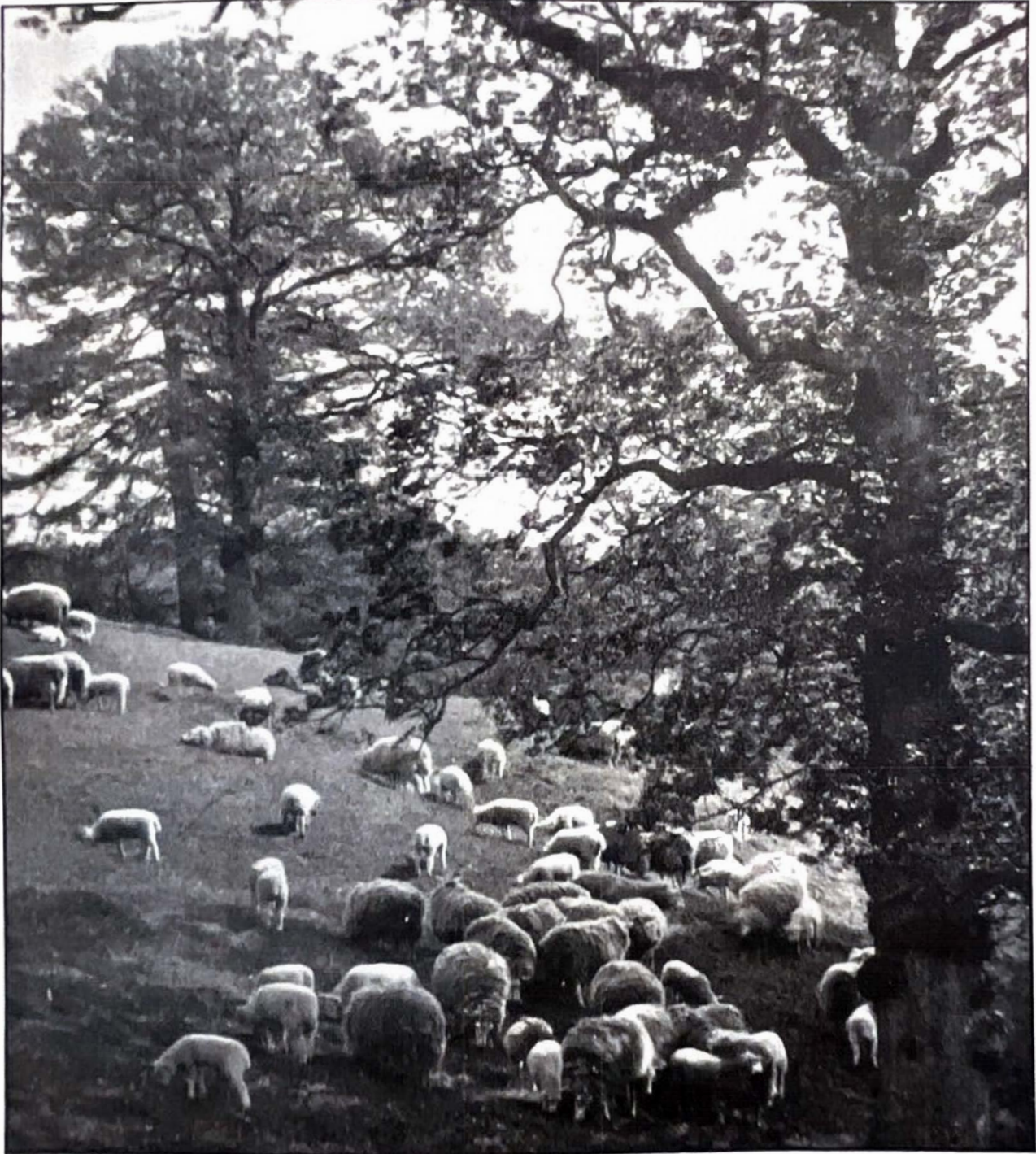
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Years rolled on. Youth and boyhood had passed away. I was a young man in the busy city learning my profession. One Sunday evening I sat listening to the faithful preaching of a servant of Christ, who spake in no bated tones of wrath to come, of the sinner's danger, the uncertainty of life, how we were suspended by the brittle thread of life above death, the grave, and the eternal world. That scene of my boyhood came back with all its vividness to my mind. It seemed to present, in terrible form, a still greater danger to which I was still exposed—the danger of being launched into a Christless eternity, an unconverted and unpardoned sinner. Death and judgment like the eagles seemed hovering around, ready to fasten upon me. Hell beneath was opening its mouth to receive me. I cannot tell whether I cried out or not, but for the moment I seemed again to forget everything, until I found myself at the close of the service, with a young man seated by my side, telling me of Christ and His outstretched arm, able and ready to save, and the Gospel His power unto salvation to every be-

lieving one. Again the incident of my early days, the arms above pulling me up, my own inability to do anything, and my complete deliverance from *above* by the hand of another, seemed to shadow forth in wonderful clearness, God's way of salvation. There was no need to *press* me to accept it. I cast myself upon Christ, believing He would save me by His own arm alone, and praise be unto His Name, He did then and there. I knew it, as surely as I had known the former deliverance, and I could praise God from my heart that moment and say—"Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest hell" (Psalm lxxxvi. 13). And the grace that delivered that day has preserved till this, and shall soon present me before His glory to praise Him for ever and ever. Loved reader, where art thou? Suspended over the sinner's hell, with a slender breath between you and your doom, or raised up, and eternally saved by the Son of God, through faith in His Name? There is no middle position; nothing between either saved or lost.

Reader, be not deceived. Allow no man to mislead you. Eternal glory is only for the *saved*. If you would spend your eternity in heaven with God, *you must* be saved on earth. An eternal hell will be the doom of all who reject Christ.

The Herd Lad of Cairn Shee



A Charming Pastoral Scene in the Valley of the River Dee.

THE HERD LAD OF CAIRN SHEE:

Or, "It was the Happiest Day of my Life."

I N one of the lower reaches of the River Dee, amid charming pastoral scenery, there is a height on the left bank of the Burn of Sheech, which bears the name of Cairn Shee. Around this hill, and in the rich pasture lands for miles on either side, in years long gone by, many a country lad of that region herded his father's flock, and spent the long summer and autumn days in the solitude of these finely-wooded and well-watered vales. The only incident of note—besides the half-yearly feeling-fair—which broke the monotony of country life to these herd lads was, an annual fête, held on midsummer day, in the vicinity of the hill of Cairn Shee, which ended with a big bonfire on its top. This strange custom was continued year after year, in memory of a man of some distinction, named Alexander Hogg, who left in his will the sum of ten shillings to be expended yearly on behalf of the herd lads of Cairn Shee, in memory of the fact, that in his boyhood he had herded cattle for a farmer there. The midsummer fête was a boisterous affair, and the bonfire was not without its dangers to those who danced around it. It was during

the events of one of these days, that a herd lad, the son of a widow, met with a mishap, breaking his leg, which necessitated his removal to the Aberdeen Infirmary, a journey of some fourteen miles, which had to be made in a heavy farm cart, along a rough road, in the dark. The lad who drove the cart sought to cheer the lad with the broken leg, by telling him of the fine buildings and the many sights he would see in the Granite City. "And, Jamie man, there's something they ca' a Revival goin' on aye noo in Aberdeen, for my brither Sandy, who is an apprentice joiner there, wrote me a letter this week, wantin' me tae come in and spend the Sunday wi' him. He says he has been converted, an' that he's gaen tae heaven. So if I gang in next week, I'll maybe come and see you in the Infirmary." Little more was said, either about the Revival or the young man's conversion, and the new surroundings in which the herd lad found himself for the next few days, probably drove the remembrance of both from his memory. But on the Sunday, at the hour when visitors are allowed to enter the wards to see the inmates, Jamie

was more than astonished to see his faithful friend, accompanied by his converted brother Sandy, enter the ward and come along toward the bed on which he lay. I do not know all that passed between the three, who had been schoolboys together, but I know that the lad who had been brought to the Lord, under the preaching of Richard Weaver and others, whose labours God had wonderfully used at the time in Aberdeen, told to the invalid and others around his bed that afternoon the story of his conversion, how he was led to trust in Jesus the Son of God as his personal Saviour, and to sing—

“The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That’s the news;
I have the witness now within,
That’s the news;
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I’m happy now from day to day,
That’s the news.”

Nobody can better tell the story of a Saviour’s love, than one who has just believed it to the saving of his own soul, and perhaps, none are so much used in winning others to the Lord as those who have just been saved themselves, and find their delight in telling of Him to their companions. Thus it was that Andrew of Bethsaida

first found his own brother Simon, and “brought him to Jesus” (John i. 41, 42), and Philip the following day found Nathaniel, and said—“We have found him” (ver. 45). God used the simple testimony of the young convert that day to bring his own brother and the herd lad in the Infirmary to Christ. Now they were companions in a closer and higher sense than before, and then it was that links were formed which continued throughout life in the service of the Lord whom they owned and loved. The herd lad who dated the beginning of God’s dealings with him to that day on the hill of Cairn Shee, used to say when preaching Christ to lads of the age that he was then—“I had to get a broken leg in order to have time to think about my soul, and I will praise God through all eternity that I got a taste of the bitterness of sin that day, which sent me to Christ to drink the sweet water of life. It was the happiest day of my life when I heard of One who could save my soul and satisfy my heart, for I never knew what it was to be happy till I was saved.” Let this word of the herd lad, who became a noble witness for Christ, sink into your heart to-day, reader.

HE KNEW THE "SPOT."

"**W**ERE you converted to God?" was the blunt question asked a young mechanic as he walked along the street of Peterhead on a Saturday afternoon. "Yes, praise God I am, and if you will come along a few yards I will show you

never pass it without thanking the Lord for the great transaction which took place here. It was all so simple too. I was a sinner, Jesus was the Saviour, so we just met and became "one for ever," as the hymn says. It was the words of John iii. 16



THE "SPOT" WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.

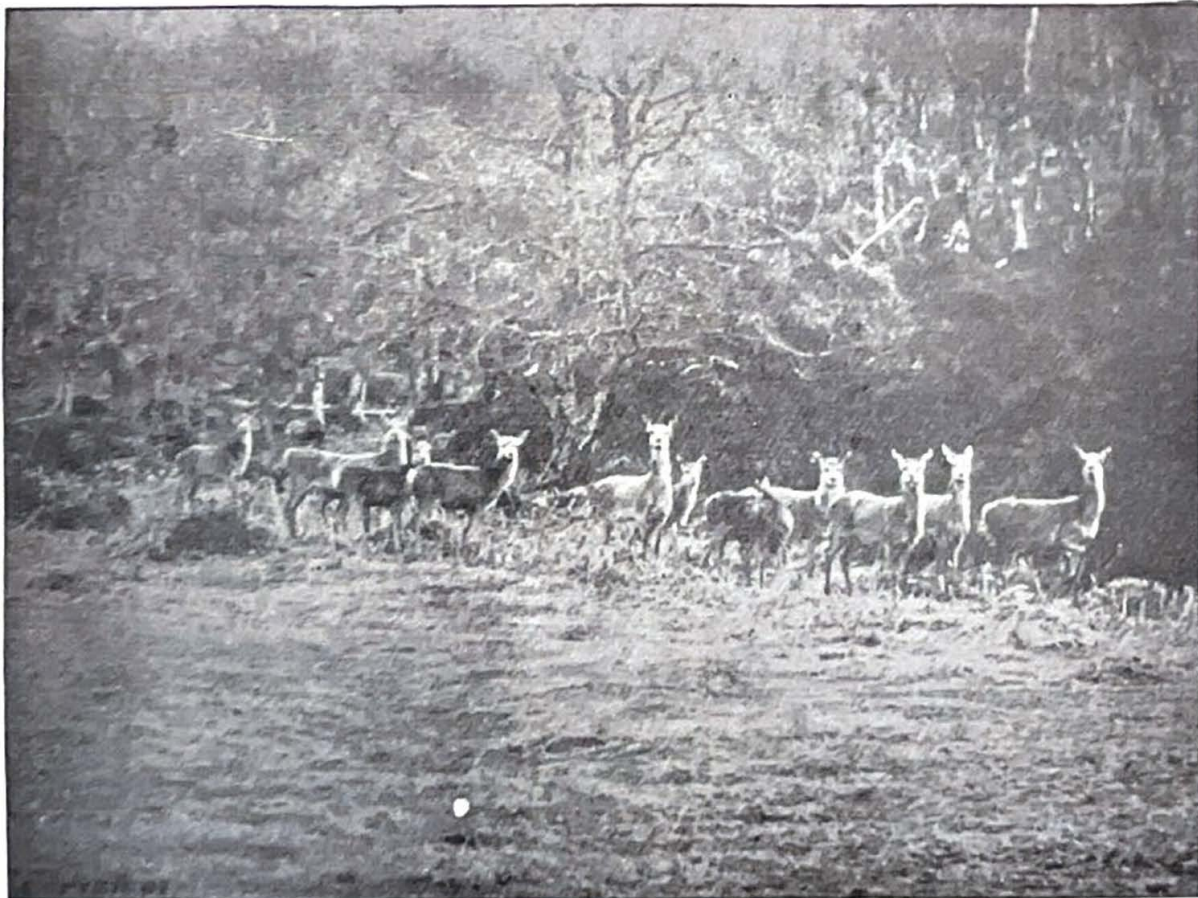
the spot on which I was standing when I passed from death unto life, on a Sunday evening ten years ago. It was a happy day to me that, and I can say Jesus Christ has been a good Friend to me ever since." When we reached the middle of the street, he said, "Here is the spot. I

that let me see it all. Bless the Lord." It was a great joy to meet that happy young mechanic, and I heard from others who know him well, that he bears a bright testimony to Christ in his life as well as by his lips. Is there a "spot" on which you have passed from death to life?

THE ROYAL STAG; or, Dying Alone.

WHEN King Edward was cruising on the West Coast of Scotland he spent a day deer-stalking on the Isle of Arran. A stag shot by the King escaped. Next day it was found dying alone under a cover. It had left the herd

of the ungodly. I withdrew to be alone with God. There, thank God, not to die, but to live. I met the Saviour, and He gave me life. When the arrow of death is aimed at and reaches the sinner, he then is left to die alone. Boon



A HERD OF DEER, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

to die, as a stricken deer is said to always die, alone. This reminds me of greater things : of the experience of a sinner wounded by the power of the Word of God, convicted of sin by the Spirit. When the arrow of conviction entered my conscience, I found no pleasure in the company

companions in sin will not be found near him then. He enters eternity alone. It is better to meet God alone in grace, than to have to meet Him in judgment. Better to withdraw from companions in sin to face the great fact of your eternal destiny than to face death alone, unready.

THE EVENING SONG IN THE KITCHEN.

THE little daughter of a village schoolmaster had picked up the lines of Doddridge's favourite hymn, and sang through the house:

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

The servant maid caught it up, and she too was soon humming these same words. Her mistress, who knew and loved the Lord, remarked one day as she heard her singing—"I am glad to hear you sing that Mary. When was that happy day in your life?" That question stopped the singing, for Mary had only learned the nice tune and picked up the words. She knew nothing of being born again, or of having her sins forgiven as a personal experience. But that question troubled her, and she had no rest until in her heart she trusted, and with her lips confessed Christ as her Saviour. Now she can sing

"Happy Day" with intelligence and joy, for that day has come to her. I heard the voices of Mary and her little friend the Schoolmaster's daughter, sweetly singing as I passed the schoolhouse



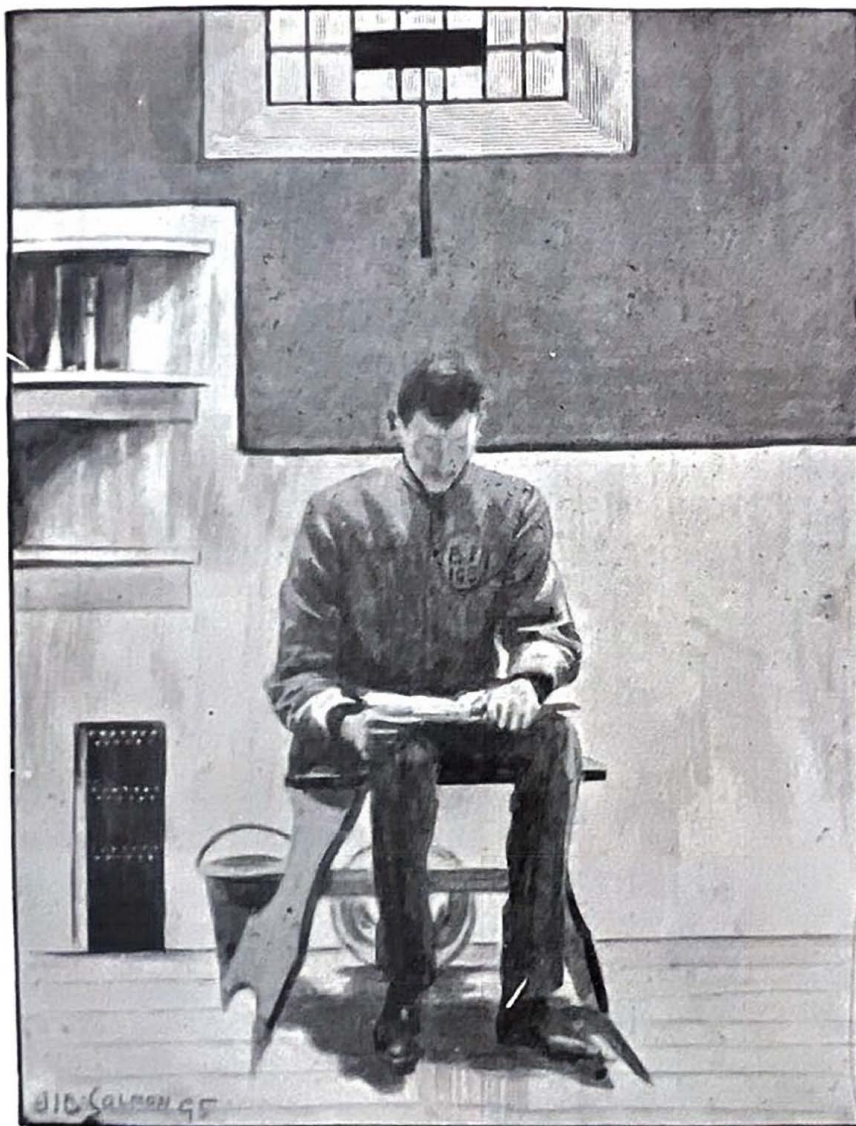
kitchen the other evening, and they sounded grandly in my ear, for I knew they were the heart-song of two who know what it is to have their sins forgiven. Can you so sing this favourite hymn?

A NATAL PRISONER'S TOUCHING STORY: Or, What a Bible Searching Text Book was used to do.

A YOUNG man who got into bad company, and while under the influence of drink, committed

his care, handed to this young man a copy of *The Children's Almanac and Bible Searching Text Book*,

which his little daughter always receives, and delights to find its daily texts. In the hope that during the lone hours in his cell, the young prisoner might thus be led to have an interest in the Gospel of God, and his own salvation, the warder handed him a Bible with the little Text Book, with the request that he might search for the Daily Gospel Text, and having found it, fill in the chapter and verse in the place left vacant for it.



Searching the Bible in his cell

a crime, was sentenced to two months' imprisonment in a South African gaol. A Christian warder who seeks to speak a word for his Master to the prisoners under

At first he seemed indifferent. He said God cared nothing for the like of him, and that the Bible was not a book for him. But as has again and again been proved, the Word

of God is "living and active" (Heb. ix. 12), and finds its way to men's hearts and consciences, when there is little desire for it there. He began to look for a text one day, and so interesting did his search become, that he did not cease, until he found, during the period of his imprisonment, the whole of the three hundred and sixty-six daily texts for the year, filling in the passages with pen and ink, in his prison cell. To-day, that perfectly filled in Text Book, has come into the compiler's hand, with a touching letter from the young prisoner, telling what the searching of the Bible, and the reading of these daily texts has done for his soul. The letter had best be given as it was written, and is as follows:—

"The little Text Book which I send, has been filled in by myself in spare hours during my imprisonment here. I regret that the book is not so neatly kept as it might have been in other surroundings. Should the judge see fit to award it a prize, I should like it to be a Bible, so that I may leave it for the use of those who are or may be in this gaol. Should I thus be instrumental in bringing the blessed light of the Gospel to one soul, how great will

be my joy. I wish you to thank the compiler of the Text Book on my behalf, and to say that in the mercy of God, the searching of the Scriptures, with its aid, has not been in vain in my case."

We had much joy in sending a Pocket Bible to this trophy of grace for his own daily use, and another for the use of the prisoners, whose salvation he thus seeks. True it is that the Word of God, which presents to sinners "the Gospel of God concerning His Son" (Rom. i. 2) has lost none of its ancient power. Wherever it is read, and its voice allowed to speak to the soul, it brings conviction of sin, and where the sinner owns his guilt to God (Job xi. 4: Isa. vi. 5), and casts himself on the atoning blood (Rom. iii. 25) and finished work (John xx. 30) of Christ, he is "born again by the Word of God," which liveth and abideth for ever (1 Pet. i. 23-25). Thus it is that those who sow the good seed are encouraged to "sow beside all waters," and to expect the fruit to appear in true conversion among all classes and in all spheres. In happier surroundings than a prison, reader, will you receive the message of God into your own heart and soul, and prove its regenerating power?

GOOD ANCHORAGE: Or, THE SAILOR'S TRUST.

A SAILOR lay in hospital in a foreign land dying of fever. Friends and kindred were far away, and he was surrounded by strangers. Comrades had sailed without him, and there was little hope given that he would recover, or see his native land again. Only one comfort remained, that was he was Christ's, and Jesus Christ was his. Years before, when only a lad before the mast, he had trusted his soul to Jesus, and had known the saving power of that peerless Name. To one who came to his bedside, seeking to administer what he called "the consolations of religion," and to read a prayer from his "Prayer Book," the sailor said, "Praise God, I have already got the 'strong consolation' God speaks of in His Word; that is, the certain knowledge that I am going to heaven to be with Him who has saved me. I was drifting on a wild tempestuous sea, when he found me, drew me to Himself, and invited me to put my trust in Him. Sinner as I was—lost, undone, and without

commendation or character — He took me as I was. I cast my anchor in that great and glorious verse, John v. 24, and I knew I had passed from death unto life. It is good anchorage; there I rest still, and to the glory of His Name I can say I have no doubt and no

fear while the anchor holds." Was'nt that a blessed testimony? He had cast anchor in the eternal truth of God, and of course there was no shifting there. Death's storms brought no alarms; eternity no fear. Reader, where is your anchorage? In self or Christ? In your own religion, or God's salvation? In your own feelings, or God's Word? There is no solid



anchorage in the shifting sands of your own good works. None in your feelings, your experiences, your thoughts. But there is "good anchorage," as the sailor said, in God's eternal Word. Drop your anchor there. Believe what Christ has done for you, and accept what God has said. They will stand secure; they will never deceive you.

Happy Service for Young Believers.

THE Lord Jesus, the Master of the house, has given "to every man his work." There must be no loiterers or "unemployed" in the ranks of the saved. All are redeemed to serve, and there is an infinite variety of work in the great vineyard of the Lord, with abundant room for all kinds of workers. To the young believer just starting on his life of service, a hidden corner is usually given; he is not generally brought into publicity at once. It is well to begin low, and not aim at too high things. We see this among the Lord's first disciples.

Andrew led Simon, his brother, to Jesus, and on the day of Pentecost, three thousand were converted through Simon's instrumentality. Andrew found a "lad" in the crowd, and the whole five thousand were fed from his store. May the Lord's hidden ones be encouraged to serve in such paths. May the young believer follow his bright example, seeking to lead his "own" kindred to the Saviour.

Where the demoniac of Gadara was converted, he was told by the Lord to go "home" and tell his "friends" what the Lord had done for him, and no doubt he began his

testimony there. Then the "whole city" heard his voice, (Luke viii. 39).

This is the "right road" to higher things. Begin where you are; do not wait till a "better opening" appears. There is quite a nice opening just now, and it's there you are called to begin.

Here are a few ways in which some dear young Christian lads and girls spent their early days. Most of them are now men and women, actively engaged in service for the Lord. Willie and Jack, apprentice lads, got the use of a widow's kitchen, and one night a week, gathered the children together, and told them of Jesus. At least ten of them were converted, and the two lads were greatly blessed.

Mary and her cousin stamped Gospel texts on the envelopes used by Christian workers in their correspondence. A text boldly printed on the corner of an envelope, and followed into the post-office by the prayers of the sender, was used to awaken an aged postman over three hundred miles from the place where it was posted. There are many such cases no doubt, which the day will declare. Ours is to "Sow beside all waters." To bring Christ before those who know Him not is our life business here. This is a service in which you may share.

JOHNNIE'S GRAVE ;

Or, "JESUS HAS DONE THE DYING."

IN a quiet corner of an old cemetery, where the dust of many generations mingle, under the branches of an old yew tree, lies Johnnie's grave. He was called away amid the brightness of his youth, and so suddenly too, that those of us who knew and loved him, could scarce believe it true, at first, that he was really in eternity. But Johnnie was ready to go, and his latter end was peace. Though only converted a short time before, he had borne a brief, bright testimony to the Lord who loved Him, and won a few souls for Jesus, then passed away to his rest, and to wait with Him until the resurrection morning.

Many followed his body to the tomb, and solemn words were spoken to the gathered throng around his open grave.

On a quiet Saturday afternoon in the early Spring I went on a visit to Johnnie's grave. The snow had just melted away, and the bursting snowdrop and crocus on many a grave, sweetly reminded me of that coming hour of resurrection, when the sleepers in Jesus shall awake again. I had just found the spot, read the simple inscription on the stone, and arranged the flowers, when the old sexton came walking

up to where I stood. "Not many funerals like that young man's here-about," he said, by way of opening conversation.

"Although I have buried hundreds here, I shall never forget the day that I laid the clods on that young lad's coffin," added the old sexton, with his eyes fixed on Johnnie's grave.

Glad of the opportunity to speak a word for Jesus, I said, "Johnnie's body lies buried here, but his soul is with the Lord in heaven. He was suddenly called away, but he was ready. Jesus had saved him, and he was able to look into eternity without fear, for he knew the blood of the Lamb had cleansed him from his sins, and that death would usher him into the immediate presence of the Lord."

The old sexton seemed transfixed to the spot, lost in deep thought. After a minute or two I saw a big tear roll down his wrinkled cheek, and with a voice quivering with emotion, he slowly said, "I would give all that I possess if I could look forward to eternity with that same hope, but it's not so with me. I often tremble as I stand upon the coffin of one after another and tread down the earth, when I think that the day will come, that somebody

JOHNNIE'S GRAVE; or, "JESUS HAS DONE THE DYING"

will do the same to mine, and I will be in eternity. Oh, that word *Eternity*; I never hear it or see it, but it makes me shake. The day your young friend was buried they spoke and sang a lot about *Eternity*, and that word has rung in my ears ever since. Day and night I have been thinking about it, and when I have a few minutes to spare, I come across here, and look at the lad's grave, and the texts on the stone, and many a wish I have, that I may be as ready as he was."

My heart was drawn out for the old sexton, and I asked him to sit down by my side on the green grass around dear Johnnie's grave. We sat down together, and I told him the story of Johnnie's conversion, how the Lord awakened him, and then saved him by simply believing the Gospel: how happily he lived, knowing he was saved; how peacefully he did, assured he was going to be with Jesus; and then I pressed home upon the old man the necessity of his own conversion, and how it could be effected in the same way as Johnnie's was. I shall never forget that solemn quiet hour, while memory lasts. There, all alone with God, surrounded by death on every hand, within a few feet of the precious dust of my dear departed brother in Christ, and—as I firmly believe—with the eye of God and

angels around the throne upon us, I sat waiting the issue. There was a moment's silence, and during that moment I felt there was work being done for eternity. It was one of these moments in which you feel yourself in the immediate presence of the Almighty God, with a soul in the balances between life and death. Quietly the old man rose, wiped the thickly-falling tears from his eyes with his sleeve, and grasping my hand, pathetically said, "My fears are gone now: I see it all. JESUS HAD DONE THE DYING, and the sting is gone for me." A coming funeral caused the old sexton to hurry from my side, and I was left by Johnnie's grave alone, the words so fraught with meaning echoing in my ears. "*Jesus has done the dying, and the sting is gone for me.*" The old sexton's dust now mingles with with the rest, in that quiet burying-place, but his ransomed spirit has gone to be where Johnnie is, "at home with the Lord." Quickened into life that afternoon at Johnnie's grave, cleansed from sin in the precious blood of Christ, after a short but happy eventide, the old sexton passed away. But his words are sounding loud and clear, "*Jesus has done the dying.*" Blessedly true. Unalterably sure. Can you add, beloved reader—"And the sting is gone for me?"

The Tent in the Old Orchard



Listening to the Singing in the Tent.

The Tent in the Old Orchard:

And what an Invalid Girl heard through her Window.

ON the outskirts of a pleasantly-set Wiltshire village, a retired military officer, with some earnest helpers, pitched a canvas tent for the preaching of the Gospel, some years ago. Great curiosity was manifested among the villagers regarding the object for which the old orchard, in which the tent was to be erected, was being cleared of a few fruitless trees, which had been cumberers of the ground for many years. One said it was a "new religion" that was going to be introduced; another, that it was "the Mormons," and that they wanted to get the young people of the place to emigrate to "Salt Lake City, their earthly paradise." With these, and such-like rumours "in the air," it was no great wonder, that when the canvas tent, with its pretty little flags fluttering in the breeze, was erected, it drew a crowd of village children, which in the evening was augmented by their elder brothers and sisters, and some of the parents, all more or less hostile, and prepared to "show fight" against what they believed to be an evil thing. When there was every appearance of an onslaught about to be made on the tent, and its owners, the aged

officer, who, in his days of active service for his country, had faced many a hostile crowd, walked quietly out to the orchard gate, and addressing those gathered, explained in a few words, that they were neither "setters forth of a new religion," nor "recruiting for emigrants to an earthly paradise," but simply "sinners *saved* by grace," who had the same Gospel to preach as their "fathers loved, which had brought salvation, life, joy and peace, into many hearts and homes," and which they were all invited, with their families, to "come and hear, without money, and without price." This simple statement had a wonderful effect of pacifying and assuring the villagers, who immediately quietly dispersed to their homes, saying, they would "come along" on the Sunday evening. In the meantime, the young folks were invited to a service that evening, to which they responded gladly, and filled the tent. Many hymns, which are now familiar, were little known in these parts then, and it took some time and patience to teach that group of village boys and girls the following words of Gospel grace, which few of them had ever heard, contained in the fine old

hymn of Revival times, beginning—

Saw ye my Saviour, saw ye my Saviour,
Saw ye my Saviour and God?

He died on Calvary.

To atone for you and me,

And to purchase our pardon with blood.

But having learned these lines, they made the valley ring with them during the following week, singing them in their homes, on the way to school, and, in fact, everywhere, until their parents could not help picking them up, with their lively tune, and singing them likewise. The Gospel in its simplicity and fulness, preached with no uncertain sound, bore its fruit, and before the month was ended, a circle of bright and happy young lads and girls—all saved by grace—stood in a circle at the open-air meeting, singing as only newly-saved sinners can—

There as my Surety, there as my Surety,
Jesus, my Lord, do I see,

On Him my sins were laid,

And for me the debt He paid,

When He groaned and expired on the tree.

It was during the singing of that hymn, on a quiet Autumn evening, that an invalid girl, lying in a labourer's house, near the old orchard in which the tent stood, had the words of life borne to her ear and heart, which led her to the Saviour. Unable to go and hear the Word, Carrie opened her window, and was able to hear the singing. So wonderful are the

ways of God in reaching sinners with the Gospel, that when they cannot "go" to hear, it is sent to them. And thus it was with the invalid girl. Night after night, she heard a little, and as one after another of the neighbours told of former companions being converted, Carrie longed to know in her own heart the peace of God. One night the favourite hymn was being sung, and she had heard it so often that she was able to follow the lines. But a new verse or chorus was being sung that night, which she had never heard before.

It was as follows—

I do believe it! I do believe it!

I am saved through the blood of the Lamb:

My happy soul is free,

For the Lord has pardoned me,

Hallelujah to Jesus' Name.

These words so full of Gospel grace, on the lips of some twenty young believers, who knew their meaning and power, were made the message of life to that invalid girl in her little room. She saw that in "believing" simply and only, resting in confidence on the "blood of the Lamb," shed for sinners, her soul was "free" from the curse and condemnation of sin (Gal. iii. 13), and that in virtue of the death of Christ for sinners (Rom. v. 8) her sins were forgiven (Eph. i. 7), and she rejoiced.

AVERILL'S FATE: A Tragedy of Niagara.

A YOUNG man named Averill and two companions, were boating on the Upper Niagara River and venturing too far, were caught in the current and swept down to the Falls. Averill clung to a log all night, but his companions perished. Early in the morning Aver-

river. For a time it proceeded toward the place where Averill clung, but was overturned and carried over the Fall. Several other boats were sent, only to share the same fate. In the evening a raft was constructed and lowered by two strong cables. Averill climbed upon it, lashed himself firmly to its timbers, and was slowly drawn up stream by willing hands on the bank. Then it stuck fast; Averill still kneeling upon it. Only one hope remained. A large sheet was hung from the bridge above where the wretched man was imprisoned, with the words, "The lifeboat is coming." This inspired him with hope. Down it came, and bumped against the raft, throwing Averill into the water. Now too weak to recover himself,



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

ill was seen clinging to the log in the midst of the rushing, roaring tide, drenched with spray and ready to perish. Fearful position for any human being to occupy, but only a faint picture of the position of every unconverted sinner, lost to God, and ready to be swept into hell. A small boat was procured, lashed to a strong rope, and sent down the

he was carried on the current in sight of the horror-stricken but helpless onlookers over the Fall. Such is the doom of sinners. Careless and indifferent they go on without God, carried on the current of sin. Once and again they are arrested and brought to a sense of their danger. The Gospel of God is neglected or rejected. Thus they perish.

THE CORNISH FISHERMAN;

Or, "I'LL COME BACK AND TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT."

IN a quiet Cornish village, two young fishermen were in the habit of attending the preaching of an earnest young doctor, who, in addition to his professional duties, proclaimed the message of God's salvation to the villagers. Under his faithful presentation of the truth

suade his former companion of the folly of receiving such a myth, and earnestly sought to lead him to the Saviour, but to all his entreaties he turned a deaf ear, and became a scoffer, more hardened than before his awakening. On the occasion of their last conversation the scoffing



many were converted, among them one of the two young fishermen. His companion rejected the Gospel and gave heed to the sceptical teaching of a man who said there was no hereafter, nothing beyond the grave—a doctrine which those who reject Christ and live in sin are only too easily made to welcome. The Christian youth sought to per-

youth mockingly said to the Christian lad, "If I die before you, Bill, and find myself in hell, I'll come back and tell you all about it"; and with the terrible words on his lips he went off to prepare for the night's fishing. Alas! for him, it was his last night on earth, for in the darkness, he fell from the boat and perished. Reader, God will not be mocked.

Home from Singapore.

AT the age of nineteen, Wilfred left his village home in Essex, to join the Royal Navy. His godly mother followed him with her daily prayers, the burden of her heart being that he might be

the brave act of a young engineer, who saved him from a watery grave. That narrow escape raised the question, where he would have gone had the wild sea waves become his grave. The young



engineer was a decided Christian, and Wilfred naturally respected and listened to his testimony to the Gospel's power to save. The first Sunday they were in Singapore he asked Wilfred to accompany him to a Mission Hall, where the Gospel was preached, and there he was brought to the Lord, and re-

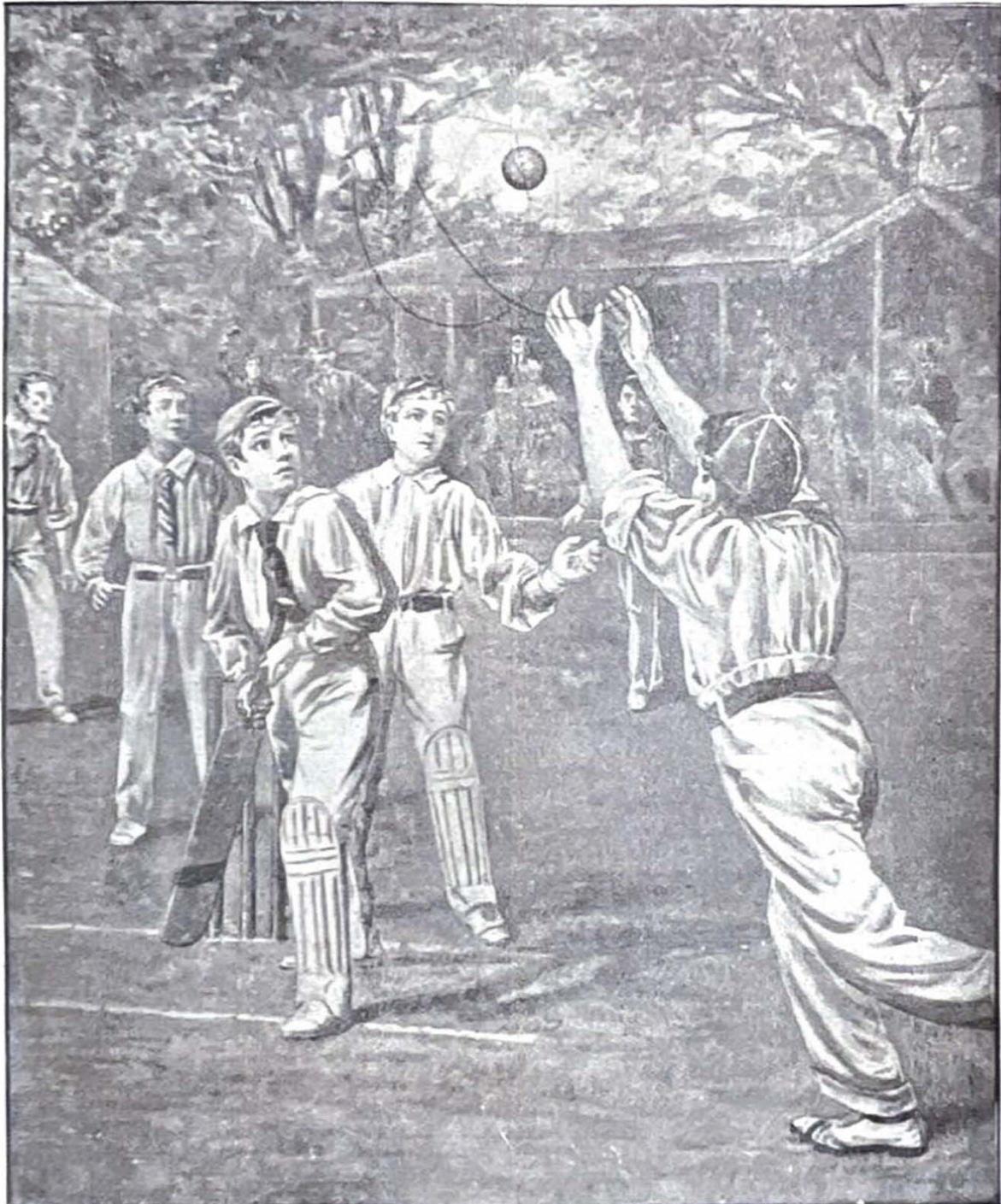
converted to God. For two full years his letters told the thoughts of his heart: no desire after God was there. But, by a way that he knew not, the young Blue-jacket was being brought to an end of his indifference. In a storm off Singapore, he was washed overboard, and would have perished, but for

ceived and confessed Him as his personal Saviour. "Saved at last, mother, and coming home to tell what Christ has done for my soul," was the first news received in the Essex home of the great event. It brought joy to the widow's heart, and Wilfred was used in his native village in leading others to Christ.

The Young Cricketer's Revenge.

ON the grounds of a Boys' Boarding School, a Cricket Match was being played, on a Saturday afternoon, in the pre-

sence of the head-master, and a number of friends. The home eleven, who were naturally very anxious to show their skill, lost



Playing Cricket in the Grounds of the School.

the game, owing to one of their number failing to catch a ball, which seemed to come to him easily, at which one of his side in an undertone of bitter irony said, "That's like you, you praying fool." That remark was resented by the other players, but the lad to whom it was addressed, said nothing. Archie was a Christian, a born again one, and a true follower of the Lord. He lived among his schoolmates in a way to commend his profession, and they all respected him, save this new-comer, who was an avowed enemy of the Gospel, and of all who loved it. When the game was over, the players went to bathe in the river, and while swimming in a rapid current, the lad who had made that wicked and quite uncalled for remark, cramped, and was seen to sink. Archie was nearest to him, and, in a moment, struck out for his rescue, which, at great risk of being carried down by the current, he nobly effected. A loud cheer arose from the group of schoolboys, when they saw Archie bring their comrade safe to the river bank. "I thought you would have had your revenge for what he said to you on the cricket field," said one, as they walked along

together toward the school. "And so I had, in the old-fashioned Bible way," said Archie with a hearty laugh. "That's the right kind of Christianity," answered the lad. And the sequel to the adventure of that afternoon was, that the lad whose life was saved by his noble schoolmate, became not only Archie's best friend, but by his influence and example, he was led to put his trust in the same Saviour, whom he lived to serve. It is not uncommon for one who owns himself a child of God, and a follower of Christ, to meet with reproach and contempt from those who are "without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12). But by acting as a Christian always should towards those who "despitefully use" them (Matt. v. 44), taking their "revenge" by showing "the kindness of God" (see 2 Sam. ix. 3) towards them, and manifesting a Christ-like spirit towards those who oppose the truth, and say hard things against all who love it, it is wonderful what God in grace uses such a testimony to accomplish. As the love of God toward His enemies and commended (Rom. v. 8) in giving His Son to die for them, so a Christ-like love wins those who oppose and deny His Word.

JERICO; or, The Scarlet Line.

HERE was once, in the ages long
gone by, [so high,
A city with ramparts and walls
That it seemed to the traveller's wonder-
ing sight
To embrace the sky in its airy height.
It was built in a country wondrous fair;
The evergreen palm waved its branches
there, [of gold
While the eastern sun threw a tinge
O'er the burnish'd dome of its temple old
But, alas, that city so nobly built
Was tainted with crimes of the deepest
guilt; [fane,
Vain idols were worshipped at every
While God they cared not in their
thoughts to retain.
Yet His love delayed for many a year
The avenging hour, which at last drew
near, [proudly spurned,
For God's terms of peace they had
And His messengers back from their
gates had turned.
The king and his warriors gazed from
their height
On the host of Israel, encamped in sight,
And lightly they laughed, as they
thought how the foe
Would vainly attempt their strong
towers to o'erthrow.
They could not believe that their
stately street [feet,
Would echo the sound of the alien's
Or that stranger hands would bear away
The spoils they had won in many a fray.
Said the king, "Let the gates be closely
shut, [out,
That no one may enter, and none go
For aught else, my people, you need
not fear, [here."
You are safely and strongly guarded
Do you ask, surprised, were there none
believed? [deceived?
Were *all* by the pride of their hearts
Had God not a witness in that dark
place? [grace?
No trophy from thence of redeeming
Yes, there was a woman, whose life had
been
A sad, weary tale of reproach and sin;

Yet she, in her heart, God's message
believed,
And into her home His people received.
The report of His power had reached
her ear, [fear;
And filled her heart with an anxious
She tremblingly thought of the wrath
to come,
And Jericho's awful impending doom.
The messengers spoke, "There is life
for you,
Bind fast in your lattice this token true;
When that scarlet cord shall meet the
eye, [by."
The avenging judgment will pass you
She *heard*, she *believed*, and without delay
She hastened the Word of Life to obey;
Her fears were all gone, for by oath and
by word [secured.
Salvation and peace to her house, were
But the swift stream of time flowed on
apace, [grace,
Six days passed by, they were days of
For God is long-suffering and slow to
wrath,
He takes no delight in the sinner's death.
The morn of the seventh day dawned
at last, [trumpet blast
Then with rending shout and with
The walls fell down with a thundering
sound,
And war's desolation reigned around.
All, all were slaughtered save those
within [sign;
That humble house with its scarlet
All inside its portals had safety found,
When Jericho's ruins had strewed the
ground.
Ah, say, has your faith, like Rahab's of
old, [hold?
On the Word of the God of truth laid
Can *you* say, The Saviour of sinners is
mine? [let line?
Have *you* bound in your heart the scar-
For the day of the Lord is near at hand,
And who before Him may abide to stand
When trembling nature shall quiver
with fear, [deer?
And the earth depart like a hunted

Following the Lord:

A Talk to a Class of Christian Boys.

THREE texts have been given me, from which I will say a word to you, to-day. You all profess to be the Lord's, and say you have been born again. Very well. You manifest and commend your profession by following

Christ, and owning Him as your Lord. Some profess much, and do little. One who came after Jesus, said—

"LORD, I will follow Thee, whithersoever Thou goest" (Luke ix. 57). That was a high profession, but when the Lord told him that He had no earthly home, and "not where to lay His head," the cost of such a path may have been more than he expected. To follow the Lord closely and fully is the truly happy and honoured path, but it means a share in His rejection here. You must count on that. Make up your mind to share it, and rejoice that you are counted worthy. I know some who are ashamed to give a tract, stand at

an open-air meeting, or speak a word for Christ to fellow-workers. If they are converted at all, they are half-hearted and will never be of much use for God or means of blessing to others.

"LORD, I am ready to go with Thee, both into prison, and to death" (Luke xvii. 23). This was Peter's bold boast. He thought he was quite able to go on, no matter who failed. But he knew not his own weakness, and after following "afar off," he got in among the ungodly, and there denied the Lord.

"LORD, what wilt Thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6). This was the question asked by Saul of Tarsus, that day on which he saw the glorified Lord, and heard His voice on the Damascus road. His was a real conversion: it was no shallow profession, no proud boast. Convicted of sin, won to Christ, he owns Him as His Lord, and as a true disciple, asks what the Lord will have him do.



UNDER THE HEALING TREE.

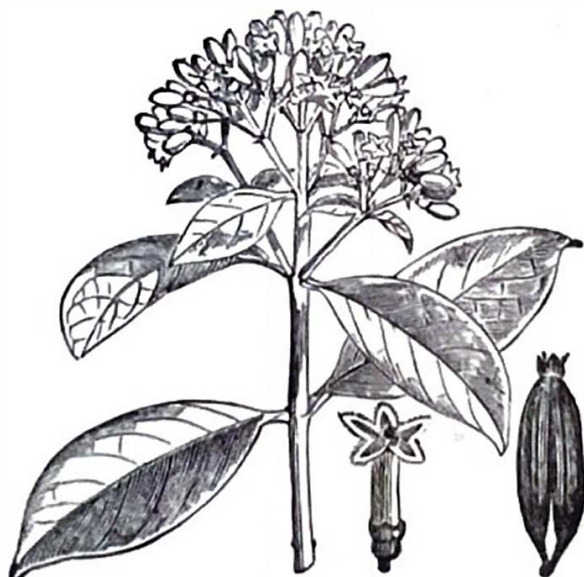
MORE than two hundred years ago a party of Spaniards travelling through South America were attacked with fever. One of their number became so ill that, no longer able to carry him, they were compelled to leave him behind. They laid him under a wide-spreading tree, with a supply of food, near a pool of water. The sick man thus left, apparently to die alone, was very thirsty, and in his extremity crawled to the pool, to find the water bitter and nauseous. This seemed to extinguish all hope.

He gave himself up to death, and considered that he was beyond all hope. Strange as it may appear, that bitter draught allayed the fever and removed his pains, and gradually his strength returned. When he joined his company they were astonished, and eagerly enquired by what means he had so quickly been healed. "Simply by drinking the bitter waters of

the pool," he replied. "The effect was instantaneous, and although I mourned being left by that pool apparently to die, I found in its waters life and health."

The entire company returned to see the wonder-working water. They found that the tree under which he had been left was the cinchona. Its leaves and pieces of its bark had fallen into the pool,

making its waters an infusion of quinine, which restored the dying man, and led to the use of that famous medicine which has saved



so many lives. There is a tree which brings healing to the sin-sick soul: it is the Cross, the tree on which the Son of God expired. Made known in the Word, laid hold of by faith, appropriated by the sinner, the death of Christ gives life and breaks the power of sin and death. But the water must be drunk, the Word of God received, the Gospel believed, in order to prove its power.

THE DISCHARGED ACCOUNT.

I WAS speaking one night to an anxious soul; one truly desiring to know his sins forgiven, and to have peace with God. He knew full well that he was a sinner in need of a Saviour, that he could do nothing for himself, and that Jesus, and He alone, could save. But his great difficulty seemed to be, "How can I know that my sins are forgiven?"

"If Jesus said to me, as He once did to a man whom He healed, 'Thy sins are forgiven,' then I would believe it at once, and go away rejoicing in the knowledge of it; but it is different now. He is not here, and I do not see how we can be sure in the same way."

You are quite right in saying that Jesus is not now audibly speaking to you, as He did to the man whom He forgave in Capernaum long ago; but I will ask you one question. "Is what a man *writes* not as worthy of being believed as what he speaks?" "O, yes," he quickly answered, "certainly." "Well then, is Christ's written Word not as worthy of being believed as what He spoke?"

"I should think it is." Then, let us turn to Isa. xlv. 22. So we turned to the verse and read, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee." These words are

true of every sinner that believes on the Lord Jesus, and I believe they are true of me, as I do. To illustrate this may help you. "This account is no longer charged against me," pulling a discharged account from my pocket, and laying it on his Bible. "I have not heard this man say—'Your account is paid.' I have not seen the entry of the payment in his books, but I have his writing '*paid*' and his signature. This is all I need to give me peace regarding the matter, and it is the same with my sins. God says my sins are 'blotted out,' and I believe Him. I am just as sure that my folio in God's Book is 'clear' as I am that my account is clear in this tradesman's."

My young friend had listened with breathless attention, and when I had finished speaking, he said, "That's where I've been wrong; I have not been looking at the discharged account given to me by God. But I will henceforth. 'I have blotted out' is God's discharge to me—'I do believe, I do receive it.'" He left the room, praising God for his discharged account.

Reader, have you then claimed it for yourself, or do you look for some "sign" to assure you that God has spoken? People believe one another's spoken word, but how few believe God.

The Story told in the "Smiddy."



At Work in a Country "Smiddy."

The Story Told in the "Smiddy:"

Or, "Holden by the Cords of his Sins."

THAT Lauderdale "Smiddy," was a general gathering-place for agricultural labourers having their scythes and hooks sharpened, farm lads waiting while their horses were being shod, and tramps of all kinds who turned in for a chat with the loquacious blacksmith, who could discuss politics, talk religion, argue theology, and debate on current topics, with men of all creeds and conditions.

It was on a Mid-Autumn Monday afternoon, that I passed the "Smiddy," and saw the sturdy blacksmith with his two lads, busily engaged shoeing a farmer's horses, which were wanted that afternoon for the beginning of the "leading" home of the ripened grain, standing in "stooks" in the fields around. Busy as he was, he could not allow me to pass without laying down his hammer, wiping the sweat from his brow with his brawny arm, tucking his leather apron to one side, and coming to the door to greet me with "come in a few minutes, and rest yourself." I obeyed his call, for I was tired with my long walk along the hard road, under the broiling sun. I had scarcely got seated on the wooden bench in the corner, until

he started off with an account of the previous day's sermon, preached by a stranger, who had occupied the pulpit of the parish "Kirk" of which he was a member. The subject had been a searching and solemn one, on the words—"His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins" (Prov. v. 22)—a line of things not often preached there, or elsewhere, in that spiritually dead and godless region. It was not easy to get from the blacksmith the "chief points" of that sermon, so far as their doctrine was concerned, he had "forgotten a lot of it," but that it had points, and piercing ones too, was perfectly evident from the effect it produced on, at least, one of the hearers. The present effect of sin, its condemnation and punishment, had evidently been proclaimed with no uncertain sound, and in the power of the Holy Ghost. The same opposition had been stirred in human hearts by that sermon, as was aroused by Stephen's address before the Jewish council over eighteen centuries before, when they gnashed their teeth at him, and "ran upon him with one accord" (Acts vii. 54, 57). Such preaching

is never popular with the godless or the sham professor. It "cuts to the heart," and brings sinners into the presence of God. "And man," said the agitated blacksmith, "he finished by telling a story of a man who made chains, and boasted that no chain ever made by him was known to break. He committed some crime, and was sent to prison, where he was chained to a stone. Being strong, he meditated making his escape, and set to work to break the chain that bound him. But—can you believe it—to his horror he found that the chain with which he was bound, had been one of his own making, and he could not break it. I tell you, that made the sweat break on my forehead. And when he told us it would be so with the chains of sin, which we were forging in life, they would 'hold' us in the day of judgment, I felt very strange, I can tell you." It was clear to me that God had spoken to the blacksmith's conscience through that sermon, and that he was under conviction of sin. I set before him the Gospel of God concerning His Son (Rom. i. 2), quoting Isaiah liii. 5—"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities," and died for us "the

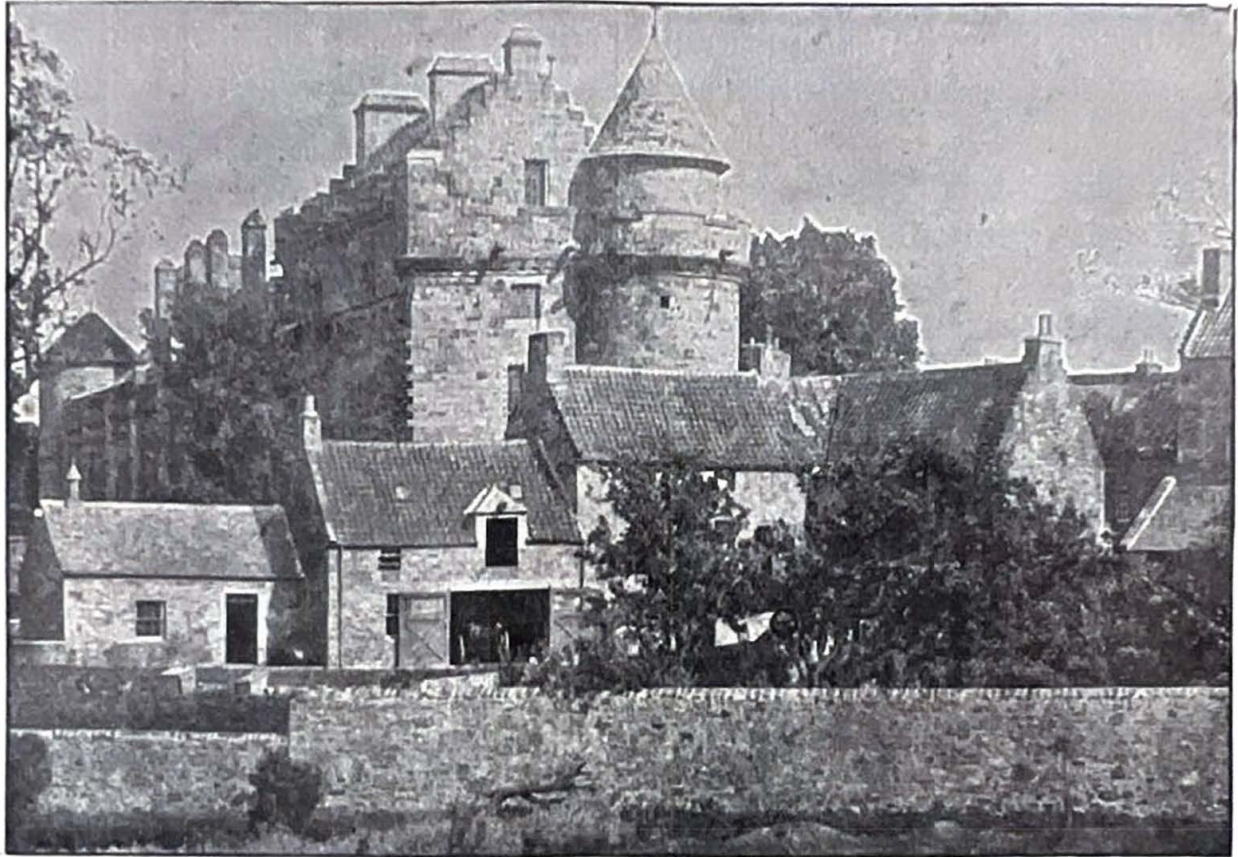
unjust," to bring us to God" (1 Pet. iii. 18). Then I passed on, praying that God would use the Word in salvation and peace to the awakened man's soul. It was a joyful surprise to me to hear that the work begun that day had been followed up by a soul-winner visiting that place, preaching the Gospel, and going from house to house speaking to sinners of the Saviour. One of the first to pass from death to life, out of the chains of sin, into that liberty wherewith Christ makes His people free (Gal. v. i.), was the aged blacksmith, quickly followed by his two lads, who were busy at work that morning, when I heard the story of the awakening sermon, and the prisoner's chain. The "Smiddy" became a centre of "grace" to that district, and more than one generation had cause to praise God for what they heard of the Gospel, and saw of the Grace of God there. It is plain, unpolished preaching of God's truth, that old and young need to show them their sin, and tell them of God's salvation. Under such preaching and teaching you may long have been, reader, but let me ask, have you received it as the truth of God to your own soul, and believed it unto your salvation?

FALKLAND CASTLE;

or, THE HEARTBROKEN KING AND THE HAPPY MAID.

YONDER, at the north east base of Lomond Hill in Fife, which rises so abruptly that it shuts out the sunshine for several months in winter, stands the ancient royal palace of Falkland, once a favourite

the tidings of the birth of the ill fated Mary Queen of Scots, and his army's rout at Solway, and died of a broken heart at the age of thirty-five, having spent a fast and unhappy life, and thus early had to leave his kingdom



FALKLAND PALACE AS IT NOW IS.

residence of the Scottish kings. If these grey walls and towers could speak, what histories they would repeat, what tragedies they would tell! Here, David, Duke of Rothesay, is said to have been stabbed to death by his jealous uncle, the Duke of Albany, and here the reckless and short-lived King James V., received

and his crown, with few to cheer his latest hours or to mourn his loss.

Such is the end of earthly glory and the sad harvest of a reckless and ungodly life. Disappointment here, with a hapless death and a hopeless eternity are all that Satan and the world can give, no matter how much they promise.

FALKLAND PALACE.

In striking contrast to these sad scenes enacted centuries ago within the Royal palace, is the simple life story of one who within a few hundred yards of the ancient dwelling-place of kings, was saved by grace in early years, lived a happy and Christ-filled life, and then, at the same age as the unhappy king of Scotland, passed triumphantly to be with Christ.

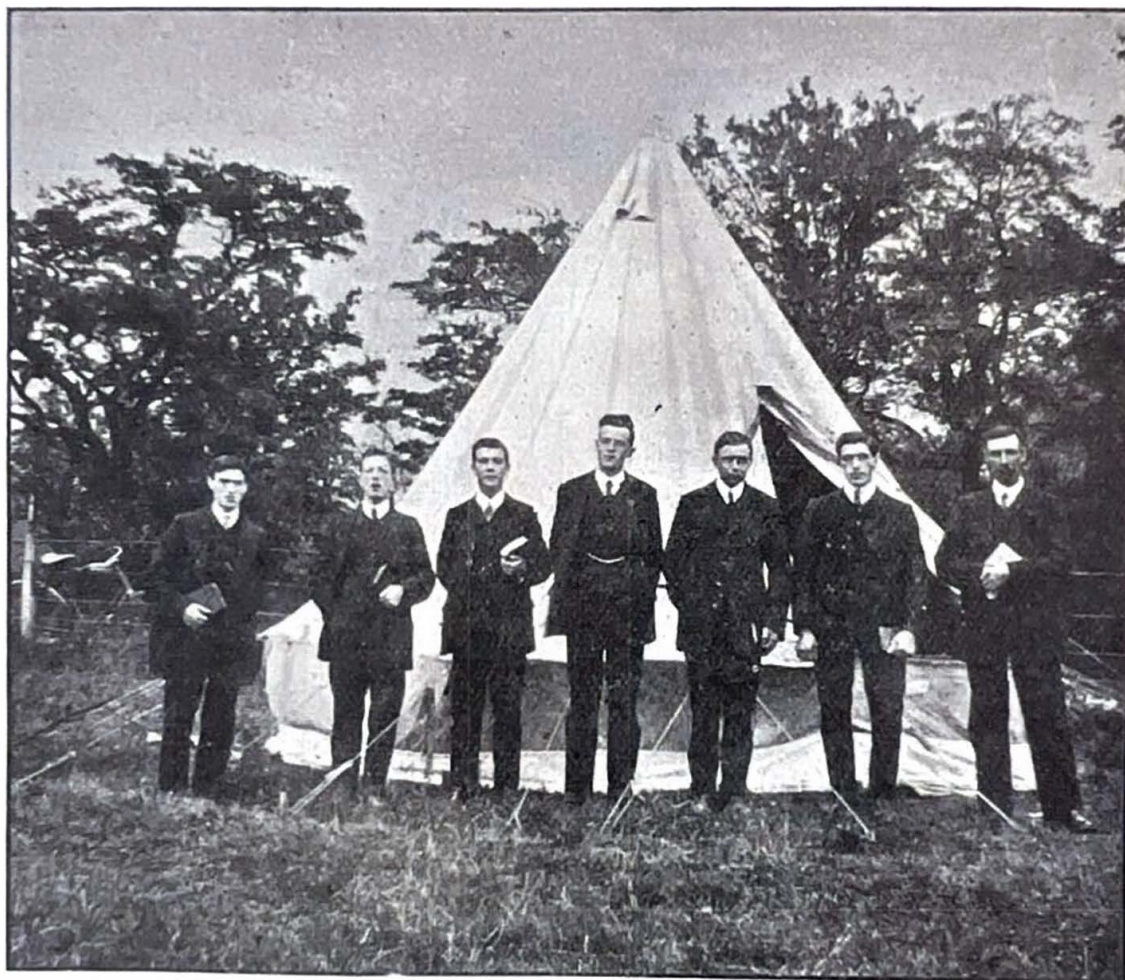
Annie was the daughter of a linen weaver, whose humble home was for years the meeting place of a little company of the children of God, who, night after night, after the day's work at the loom was over, met there to read the Word of God and pray. They had no brilliant preacher amongst them, but in their own simple and homely way, they made known the Gospel among their neighbours and their own families, and many were truly converted to God. Annie, the eldest daughter of the Christian weaver, was saved when a girl of sixteen and witnessed a good confession among her companions and work-mates. It was not so common in these earlier years as now, for young people to confess Christ, nor did those who did get off easy. Annie was laughed at, called all sorts of meaningless names, and persecuted for her Lord's sake. But this only made her sing the more His praise and speak more boldly of His

truth to them, until her bitterest enemies were silenced and subdued. In that humble home true happiness dwelt, and when trouble or sorrow came to the neighbours, she went out and in as a ministering angel among them, telling of Him who came to seek and save the lost. For years she visited among the outcasts and fallen in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, and at the age of thirty-five, passed away triumphantly, having no regrets to be with her Lord in His Royal Palace. What a contrast between the heart-broken, disappointed King James, and the happy, though humble weaver's daughter. One had wealth and earthly glory, but no Christ: the other had Him as Saviour, Lord and Lover. This made the difference in life and death and destiny. How is it with you? Are you without Christ like the unhappy monarch, or have you Christ like the happy maid? One had all that earthly wealth and power could give, yet lived and died unhappy. The other with none of this world's wealth, had Christ and the joy of His salvation. This alone can give you real happiness here, and "pleasures for evermore" at God's right hand. The world can never satisfy: it has been tried by men and women in every position of life and failed. Christ alone can save and satisfy.

The Young Ploughman of Ballochmyle.

A GROUP of young men spending their holidays visiting the farm houses, and giving tracts among the peasantry in an Ayrshire parish, came upon a young

of that verse what God says of us all. "Aye," said the young ploughman, "that's all true of me." I am glad to hear you say so, for to you the next half of the verse is good



Irvine Tract Band in Camp at Ballochmyle, Ayrshire.

ploughman resting in the field at noon. He welcomed the booklet offered him, and remarked, "My brother, Willie, sends me books like these, and tells me in his letters I should be a Christian, but I do not know how to begin right." One of the young men, taking his Bible from his pocket, read Isaiah liii. 6, pointing out in the first part

news." "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." "Let me see that," said the ploughman eagerly, as he took the Bible, and read the words. "I never read that before, or heard it. That's what I need." That evening he appeared at an open-air meeting, and was not ashamed to own that he had received the glad tidings, and was saved.

The Maid of Glen Rosa:

Or, "This is what I have been Seeking for."

CALM and placid the clear waters of Brodick Bay glittered in the sunshine, that peaceful Sunday evening, as half-

Islanders keep "Sabbath" in the old Scottish fashion, brought one and another to their doors, where, at first, somewhat shyly, they lis-



Glen Rosa, Isle of Arran, with Goat Fell in the distance

a-dozen Christian young men, with a few helpers, formed themselves into a circle, and sang the precious words of Dr Bonar's best hymn, to the old familiar tune of "French."

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast."

The sound of singing, so unusual at that hour in Arran, where the

tened to that hymn, and another which followed. Then one by one, about a score of elderly people, came slowly nearer, and sat upon the plain wooden seats which had been collected for the occasion, and set in a circle, on the grass, close to the sea shore. The calm sea, the golden sunshine, the fresh fringe of green along the further

shore, under the shadow of Brodick Castle, clad with ivy, nestling in the wood, with the rugged peaks of Goat Fell behind, formed a picture, which lingers in memory after twenty years. The Gospel of Christ was told out that evening in simplicity and power, to the circle seated on the shore, and many more who stood afar off, heard the message, and felt its power, as we know from the "signs" which followed. The Gospel in its freshness and warmth, has a wonderful power of attraction to those who in any measure know their state before God as sinners, and to all who have vainly sought satisfaction in the broken cisterns of the world, where there is nothing to satisfy. One young man who had come to the island to seek health, confessed that night he had found life in Christ through the words of John iii. 36. A backslider, who had lost the joy of God's salvation through keeping company with the ungodly, was restored to the Lord. And a servant maid who was with a Glasgow family living in Glen Rosa, hearing the singing, came along, and was converted to God definitely and clearly where she sat that hour under the Gospel's life-giving sound. Hers was typical

case. From her girlhood she had been troubled more or less about her soul, sometimes deeply, but had no one to tell her the way of life, or simply and lovingly guide her to the Saviour. Coming along that evening, she was feeling very down-cast and sad, for she was an orphan, without a friend in the world. To one so lone and weary, the Gospel has a wondrous charm. It comes as "cold water to a thirsty soul." Seated on the edge of the circle, she listened to the message from John v. 24—in which the one "hearing" the word of Christ, "believing" on God who sent Him, is declared to "have everlasting life," she grasped the glorious message by simple faith—faith that takes God at His Word, and is acknowledged by the Spirit's seal (Eph. i. 13) without a moment's delay. The happy girl, whose face was beaming with her new found joy, came up at the close, and told what she had experienced during the preaching. "This is what I have been seeking for the last two years, but I never could get at it. There was always something I thought I had to DO and to FEEL. Now I see it all so simply; it is just taking God at His Word." And so it is for you to-day, reader.

Happy Nancy ; or, Going to the Golden City.

LAME and old, lame and old,
She lived alone in a mud-built cot,
Walls and windows let in the cold;
Desolate, desolate seem'd her lot.
Food in winter was hard to win,
Fuel to warm her harder still;
She had buried her last of kith and kin;
She was poor and lonely, and old and ill.
Never a fire in her tiny grate
Had shone to-day with its feeble spark;
The sun was setting in pomp and state—
Setting, to leave her alone and dark.
Whence the light in her aged eye?
Whence the smile on her furrow'd brow?
'Tis a beam from the Saviour's throne
on high,
A seal of His presence with her now.
Surely for some the golden gates
Are opened awhile ere they enter in,
And they taste the glory which yet awaits
The spirit ransom'd from death and sin.
She knelt on her rough, uneven floor,
And bent her cheek on the broken bed;
And want and weakness were felt no
more,
For tears of joy were the tears she shed.
"O Father in heaven, Thy love has been
Ever around me in weal and woe:
I thank Thee for all that mine eyes
have seen
Of all Thy faithfulness here below.
I thank the Great Shepherd that fol-
low'd me,
And made me one of His happy flock;
And though from His side in heart I
oft stray,
My feet, praise His grace, ne'er slip off
the Rock.
And day after day Thy Spirit's grace
Has led me on with unwearied love,
And now I soon shall behold Thy face
In the happy home of Thy saints above.
Father in heaven, be with me still!
Jesus, my Saviour, oh, quickly come!
Free me from every earthly ill,
And bear me speedily, safely home!"
The widow slept; and while her eyes
Were closed in slumber, a dream she
dream'd,
Filling her soul with sweet surprise,
So strange and yet so true it seem'd.

When morning dawns, and the widow
wakes,
"It could only have been a dream,"
she cried,
"How swift a journey the spirit takes!
I thought at first I had surely died."
Her scanty store for a scanty meal,
She carried in to a neighbour's near;
"I should like the warmth of your fire to
feel,
And to eat my morsel in comfort here."
"Ay, ay, come in; there is always room;
And put thy chair in the old man's nook,
And tell him something to chase his
gloom,
Out of thy favourite, holy Book.
Thou hast a scanty breakfast." "Nay,
It is enough," she quickly cried.
"The promise fails not from day to day,
I know my Father will still provide.
And if so be He should want me home,
It is a token that's easily read:
Whenever He means to bid me come,
And not before, He will stop the bread."
"You're happy, Nancy?" "Ay, ay,"
she cried;
"And so would you be, if you were me;
There's never a sinner for whom Christ
died,
Whose life on earth should unhappy be.
And yesternight I was dreaming, too,
A happy dream you would like to hear;
A dream, I know, which is mostly true;
I wish the end might be true and near.
I stood, I stood by a river's side;
And far away, on the other shore,
Was the golden city, its gates flung wide;
But there was no one to take me o'er.
I saw the shining ones in the street;
I heard their harp-strings music pour;
I saw them waiting my soul to greet;
But there was no one to take me o'er.
Then I saw where the Saviour's throne
Shone in the midst of that city fair;
Oh, how I longed to be up and gone!
And suddenly, suddenly I was there!"
She ceased; and after a pause they said,
"And what did you see in that city fair?"
No answer. Her spirit to heaven had
fled;
Suddenly, suddenly she was there!

Stories of a Famous Text.

WHEN Martin Luther and his helpers were cast down by the oppression and persecution of the prelates and priests of Rome, he used to say for the encouragement of the rest—"Let us repeat the forty-sixth Psalm," and their voices joined in reciting in the German tongue, "God is our Refuge & Strength, a very pleasant help in trouble." Then with renewed courage, and in fresh confidence that God would not fail them, they went forward with the great work of the Reformation.

When the Scottish Covenanters were hunted by Claverhouse and his Dragoons, among the heather hills of Ayrshire, it is on record that these brave and godly men encouraged themselves in the Lord, whom they loved and served, by singing together in caves and dens—

"God is our Refuge and our Strength,
In straits a present aid."

And in the confidence that He

was with them, and would enable them to bear witness to His truth, they went fearlessly to the scaffold rather than deny His Name.

A young believer, who was threatened by his father with expulsion from his home, if he con-

tinued to pray and read the Bible, said—"I will not be allowed to want, for God is a 'present help in trouble.'" His soul was reposing on the One whom he had learned to trust as Refuge and Strength. He was enabled to continue faithful to the Lord, and before long his father was converted to God.



Let these precious words, which have been a source of blessing to saints and servants of God, be laid hold of anew, and proved to be a reality to the heart, and in the life. "God is our Refuge"—to enter into when the enemy assails, and He is also our "Strength," enabling us to stand firm and fast, when it would be unfaithful to flee.

JAMIE'S CONVERSION;

Or, "IT'S JUST LIKE SKATING."

"IT'S so easy Jamie, I wonder that you don't see it. It's only trusting, that's all: trusting yourself to Jesus. Then He saves you, and you soon know it. I'll never forget the night he saved me, on the way home, one moonlight night. I danced with very joy and sang the whole night long."

"Ay, Johnny, but it's no so easy as you think. It may be plain enough to you, but the *trusting* is just the bit I don't know rightly about somehow. I've tried to trust myself to Jesus, and sometimes I think I have done it, but the next day or so, I'm just as dark about it as ever."

"That's just where you're wrong, Jamie. There's no such thing as *trying* to trust Jesus: nothing of the kind. You must either be trusting or not trusting Him: there is nothing half and between."

This conversation was going on between two lads as they sauntered along the public road, on their way home from an evening meeting at which the Gospel had been fully and faithfully preached. Johnnie, the elder of the two, had been converted for several years, and his great desire was now to see his companion, Jamie, happy in the Lord. They had been school boys together, and many a happy hour they had then

spent in each other's company. But at the time of Johnnie's conversion there had been a breach between the two boys, and they were seldom if ever together after. Not from any desire of Johnnie to give the cold shoulder to his former companion, but simply because Jamie had no desire to hear about the things of God, which were now the constant theme of his companion's conversation. It was made plain enough to him that he would either have to be converted, else give up Johnnie's company, and he chose the latter. Plunging into the whirl of worldly pleasure, he sought to forget the condition of his soul. But the world can never *satisfy* the human heart, and after several years of a vain hunt for satisfaction to his soul, in a Godless world, Jamie was still restless and unsatisfied. That Sunday evening he had gone to hear a stranger preach, and at the door the two lads met, and were quietly walking home together, conversing on the way of life. Jamie was really anxious to be saved, but he was halting where others have halted before, and since, just here, that he was afraid to cast himself wholly on 'Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the 'Saviour of sinners, and allow Him to do all the work of

saving Him. Just as they were about to part, the Christian boy grasping the hand of his former friend, and companion, his heart yearning to see him safely anchored at peace with God, quietly said—"It's just like skating, Jamie. You remember how we used to do on the pond at school. One would go softly to find if the ice was bearing, then we would dash along on our skates full speed, without a bit of fear of the ice breaking. That was trusting the ice, and it's just the same way we trust ourselves to Jesus. He says, 'He that believeth on Me *hath* everlasting life' (John vi. 47); and 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out' (John vi.) Surely you would not be afraid to believe His Word: He never deceived anybody." Johnnie stood silently thinking. His companion's word, "It's just like skating" had opened up a new idea of *trust* to his mind altogether. He had been making a work of his trusting, "*trying* to trust" as he said himself. Now he saw his mistake. To trust Jesus was simply to cast himself as a sinner wholly on His merit, "just like skating"—and to prove that what Jesus had said would be done. "I see it Jamie: I see it now," burst forth from his lips, as the light of the Gospel shone into his heart, by means of the simple

illustration that had been used, "It's just like skating—I trust myself to Jesus, and He saves me. Of course He will when He says it. O I see it now. It's awfully simple, when you see what it is to trust."

Standing at the corner of the village street, under the starry heavens, on that December night, Johnnie passed the boundary of Satan's empire, into the kingdom of the Son of God, and now as a subject of that kingdom, and a servant of the Lord of it, he lives and labours, ever mindful of that hour when how to trust was made plain by—"It's just like skating."

Reader, is how to trust a difficulty with you? It is with many. Do you halt and hesitate? hoping and fearing by turns, instead of casting yourself fully and unreservedly on Jesus Christ alone for salvation, to prove as the school boy does, the bearing ice, "It's just like skating," but then you must cast yourself wholly upon Jesus and His precious atoning blood, before you can know His saving power, and be assured for His word is yea and amen. Some stand trembling on the brink, fearful lest He, the mighty God, might after all His promises, let them fall through and perish, while others from their side commit themselves fearlessly and fully to "Him who is able to save."

Reggie, the Harvester Lad.



An English Farmer and his Boy, looking on the Fields after the Harvest.

REGGIE, THE HARVESTER LAD:

Or, "Does that word 'Whosoever' mean me?"

I N the busy days of harvest, we had a canvas tent pitched in a pretty village of Herefordshire. The villagers were good listeners to the Gospel message, especially the lads, among whom there were some bright cases of conversion. One lad, whose brother was engaged as a harvest hand, was so anxious that he should hear the Gospel, that he went all the way to the farm to tell him of his own conversion, and to invite him to the meeting in the tent that night. But the harvest was late, and the farmer said he could not let him away. "Can I take his place, sir, and work for an afternoon, so that he may go?" earnestly inquired the Christian lad. The farmer smiled. He saw the youth was in real earnest, and having a brother who was a preacher among the Methodists, who had often spoken to him about his soul, he was somewhat in sympathy with evangelical preaching. He said that he had no objection to the proposal. So the following afternoon was to see Reggie at liberty to make a visit to his parents in the village, and go to the tent meeting at night, while Fred filled his place on the harvest field. Very earnestly did the young believer

pray that God would, by the Gospel's power, bring his awakened brother into the light and liberty of His great salvation that night. It is one of the most lovely traits of the new-born life in one who has received Christ, and known the peace and joy of his salvation, to seek to lead his kindred to the Saviour. Thus it was that Andrew, the young fisherman of Bethsaida, immediately after his own conversion, found his brother Simon, and "brought him to Jesus" (John i. 42). And the same desire was here found in this dear Herefordshire village lad, who had just been converted.

Reggie went to the meeting, and was more than astonished to see the big circle of lads, most of them his former schoolmates, all happy in the Saviour's love, singing His praises, and seeking to lead others to Him. There are no soul-winners so simple in their way of presenting the Gospel, as those who have lately welcomed it, in whose hearts its joy is bubbling over, and who in the warmth and energy of their "first love," seek to point sinners to the Saviour. A former schoolmate of Reggie's, sat beside him during the Service, and at its close, when

those who were "anxious" were invited to remain, laying his hand on his shoulder, asked, "Would you like to be saved to-night, Reggie?" to which the dear lad replied, "Yes, very much, but I don't know how." Opening his Testament, the young believer read several passages which tell of Christ's mission into the world "to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). His death on the Cross, "the Just for the unjust" (1 Pet. iii. 18), and finished by reading to him the ever-precious John iii. 16, which has been the birth-word and message of deliverance of a countless number of awakened and seeking souls—"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." Reggie listened very attentively, and then asked the lad, "Does that word WHOSOEVER mean me?" to which he answered, "Yes, Reggie, it means you and me, and everybody that will put in their name, and believe on Jesus as their own Saviour." That word was used in bringing the Gospel in its simplicity to the young harvester, and that night in the presence of his former schoolmates, he confessed with the mouth the Lord

Jesus (Rom. x. 9), and was definitely turned to the Lord. Later the same night, he started off for the farm, accompanied by three of the Christians lads, and the four of them made the woods ring with the "new song" of redeeming love, which had been put into their mouth (Psa. xl. 3). Half-way, they met Fred, returning from his day's work in Reggie's place on the farm. It was a joyful meeting, and when the lads turned with Fred to go back to their homes in the village, Reggie was left to go on his way rejoicing.

"Well, Reggie, were you converted last night?" asked the farmer, as he met the happy boy, next day. "Yes, Sir," he answered quite readily, without the least shame or fear. Many a quiet talk the farmer had with the lad when they met about the farm or in the fields, and it may be that a coming day will manifest that the testimony he gave to the Gospel of God, bore its fruit in turning the farmer's heart to God.

If you have the same difficulty, reader, as that Herefordshire lad had, as to whether you are one for whom Christ died, you may have all doubt on that score swept away, by putting your own name in place of "Whosoever."



AFRAID TO CONFESS CHRIST.

I WAS for several years much concerned about my salvation, and really wanted to be a Christian, for I had seen in my parents the beauty and reality of the Christian life; but I was afraid to confess the Lord Jesus as my Saviour, for fear that I would not be able to live worthy of such a profession. I had known some who professed the Saviour's Name, but whose lives were very far from what I thought a Christian's life should be, and very soon they "fell away" altogether, and were worse than before they professed anything. I knew my need, saw that by faith in Christ alone I could be saved; but what was to *keep me going after I was saved*, was what I could not see.

I made known my difficulty to a Christian business man whom I occasionally met, and he said to me—"My dear friend, you have no idea of what you will be five minutes after you have cast yourself upon Christ as your Saviour. You

will be a new creature altogether; a man born of God, the possessor of a new life. The Holy Ghost will dwell within you, and the power of the living Christ will rest upon you. You will be *in* Christ, and find it just as easy then to live *to* Christ, and *for* Christ as you do now without Him find it impossible to do."

That was a new revelation to me. Yet it was clear enough in the Word of God. Coming *to* Christ as a sinner, believing *in* Him, I would then be born of God, indwelt by the Spirit, strengthened by the Lord, and upheld in God's everlasting arms. I saw that my first business was to come to the Lord Jesus as a lost and helpless sinner, and cast myself upon Him for deliverance and salvation, and He had pledged His Word to receive me. I *did* go to Him, sinner as I was, without merit, without strength, and He received me, saved me, and made me glad. And He will receive you too,—only trust Him.



THE YOUNG FARMER'S ARREST.

IN a quiet glen surrounded by rugged hills, there stands a cluster of dwelling houses, not unlike a farm standing in appearance, which bears the name of "The Clachan." In days gone by, there was held a weekly gathering in one of these humble dwellings for prayer, and when a few strangers happened to turn in, there was a word of Gospel spoken by some one for their benefit. But the simple peasant folk who gathered there to supplicate the Mighty God, were strong in their belief in the power of prayer, and many a sinner was brought into the Kingdom of God at these weekly gatherings.

A young farmer belonging to the district, determined to perpetrate some trick upon the praying people, so he crept into the house by a back door, and hid himself behind

a door. Prayer after prayer ascended to the throne, many of them for "the ungodly and those who were on the way to death, blinded by the god of this world." In a moment it flashed across the mind of the young farmer, that he was of that number—"on the way to death." The pains of hell seemed to lay hold on him, and as he saw himself lost and ready to perish, he cried out from his hiding-place, "I am lost." In a few moments he was in the midst of the praying company, and that night he was converted by casting himself upon Christ. Reader, if you have never seen yourself a sinner, or feared the judgment of a righteous God, it must be because your eyes are still veiled, and your danger of being for ever lost hid from view

The Mysterious Writing on the Wall.

SEATED by the fireside, with her Grammer on her knee, Millie's eyes were fixed on a picture on the wall. It was a coloured plate of "Belshazzar's Feast," with the mysterious "Writing

brew prophet, who fearlessly read out the King's death-sentence, which was executed that very night. The words, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting" (Dan. v. 2), were

under the picture, and as Millie read them, they fixed themselves in her memory. She could not forget these words. They had a message to her, as well as to the King of the Chaldeans, and death might hasten her, as it did him, into eternity, at any moment. Millie had no peace, no rest, until, as a sinner, she trusted the Saviour, and in Him found that rest which comes of being cleansed by His blood, and free from condemnation and sin (Rom. viii. 1). Now she lives to serve the



on the Wall," which a hand sent by God, had written there in strange characters, over against the candlestick. The words so terrified the heathen king, and the thousand lords who were feasting with him, that they trembled with great fear. None of the wise men could read the writing, so they had to send for Daniel, the He-

Lord, and win others to Him. To her class of girls she often tells the story of how she was awakened by that picture on the wall, to think of her state before God as "weighed" in the balances, and "found wanting," and then how she put her trust in the Lord Jesus, who was perfect in everything, and became the Saviour.

The Young Glasgow Law-Student: Or, "What should I do To-Morrow?"

ON a warm August evening, thirty-five years ago, a group of happy Christian lads,

others gratefully, and a few gave the promise that they might "drop in to hear" what was being said



A View of Queen's Park Gate, Crosshill, Glasgow

stood near the northern entrance gate of Queen's Park, Glasgow, handing out notices of, and inviting the passers by to a Gospel meeting, to be conducted that evening in a place close by. Some received the invitation carelessly,

after their walk in the park. Among those who gave such a promise, was a young law-student, lately come to the city, from his village home. It is always a testing time to a young fellow, when he leaves the parental roof to go

forth into the great world, especially into the city, with its temptations, and its gilded snares. Unless a young man has grit in his character to say "No," to those who would lead him astray, he is likely soon to be made a spoil off, by those who "watch for souls" on the devil's account, and seek to ruin them for time and eternity. Would to God that those who know the Lord, and hold His commission to "Run, speak to this young man" (Zech. ii. 4) were half as active in winning companions and fellow-workers, to Christ the Saviour. It so happened that on that Summer Sunday evening, just as he left his lodgings, near the banks of the Kelvin, the young law-student met a classmate, who invited him to a quiet walk through the city, towards the South-side of the Clyde, which he had not yet seen. There were no Sunday cars or motors in these earlier years, so they made the journey on foot, and were glad to rest amid flower-beds, in their brightest bloom, in the Queen's Park, near the historic battle-field of Langside. The sound of a hymn sung in the open-air, brought to mind the promise they made to the young man who gave them

the leaflet, with an invitation as they entered, and they just reached the gate in time to enter with the crowd passing within the place, where the meeting was to be held. There were from twenty to thirty young men there, all happy in a new-found salvation, for that summer had been a season of grace—a time of the Lord's right hand, in saving power, in that suburb of 'The Second City.' The two young men gave a reverent hearing to the Gospel, simply and plainly preached, and at the close they were both found in earnest conversation with one who sat nearest to them, and took the opportunity of speaking a personal word to them as they were rising to go. "I believe all you say regarding my need of being converted, but if I became a Christian, What should I do to-morrow? I could never live as a Christian ought," said the younger of the two students. "Get saved to-night, and to-morrow you will go forth with a new life and a new power in your soul. Living as a Christian ought to live, will be easy enough then. I have proved it so for ten years," said the Christian worker. That word gave the needed help, and the young student was saved, and became a servant of Christ.

A CALL FROM AFRICA.

GIVE a *thought* to Africa;
'Neath its burning sun,
Hosts of weary hearts are there,
Waiting to be won:
Many idols have they made,
But from swamp and sod,
There are voices crying now,
For the living God.

Give *support* to Africa,
Has not English gold?
Been the cause of tears and blood,
When her slaves were sold?
Let us send the Gospel back,
Meeting all their need,
Those whom Jesus Christ makes free,
Shall be free indeed.



A Group of South African⁴ Natives.

Breathe a *prayer* for Africa,
Ask the God of Love,
To send forth the Gospel's sound,
From His throne above.
Swarthy lips, when moved by grace,
Sweetest praises sing;
Pray that Afric's sons be made,
Servants of our King.

Give your *love* to Africa,
Long her sons have been,
Held in chains of darkest gloom,
Now the dawn is seen.
Let the Gospel herald haste,
O'er her veldt and plain,
Telling sinners of the way
To be "born again."

Give your *sons* to Africa,
Those who know the Lord,
Able to proclaim His grace,
And to preach His Word.
Honours wait the faithful few,
Who for Christ have given,
Youthful years to serve Him there—
Rich reward in Heaven.

Give *yourself* to Africa,
Say, "Lord, here am I,
Willing, if Thy will be so,
There to serve, or die.
Or if such may please Thee best,
Here to live and pray,
Fellow-helper of the few,
Who are there to-day."

A CLUSTER OF CANAAN GRAPES.

A Simple Talk to a Class of Young Believers.

YOU all profess to be saved through faith in the Son of God, who loved you, and gave Himself for you, to be a Sacrifice and a Saviour (Gal. ii. 20). Your faith reposes on Christ as the One who died that you might live. Now you own Him as your living Lord (Rom. x. 9), the One who owns you (Rom. xiv. 9), whose Word you obey, and whose authority you own. There are dangers, snares, and pitfalls all around you, but He lives to guide and guard, and keep you. I will give you a cluster of "precious promises" (2 Pet. i. 4)—real Canaan grapes (see Num. x. 23), to suck their sweetness, and prove their cheer, as you journey onward to your heavenly home.

The Lord is my Shepherd (Psa. xxiii. 1). To feed, and to lead you, to guide by His voice (John x. 27), and to defend by His rod. Your safety lies in following Him, closely, constantly. Some follow on fully, listening to what He says, and are led on "safely" (Psa. clxxviii. 53), others stray from His side, and follow "afar

off" (Luke xxii. 54), to fall, and lose their joy and peace. Follow closely, obey fully, and yours will be a joyful and a Christ-honouring life and testimony.

The Lord is my Shield (Psa. xxviii. 4), to cover and to shelter from all attacks of the enemy: to compass (Psa. v. 12), and defend. Keep yourself in His love. Count upon His strength. Cleave to His Word, and do not expose yourself to the darts of the

devil, who stands ready to shoot, the moment you quit your place of safety, and wander out into the world, which is his kingdom. Do not mix among the ungodly—who are his subjects—in their pleasures or their sins.

The Lord is thy Keeper (Psa. cxxi. 5). He is "able to guard you from stumbling" (Jude 24, R.V.), at school, at business: as you meet temptation, as you live for God. He kept Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon, Mordecai in Persia—all surrounded by great temptation. But they set the Lord before them. They cleave close to Him, and to His Word.



HOW DONALD AND SANDY SAW THE QUEEN.

THE City of Glasgow was *en fete*. The Union Jack floated on all the principal buildings, and the streets were gaily decorated with bunting and banners. Early trains brought in crowds of country people, and river steamers brought thousands from the coast. What was all the excitement about? What brought such crowds of eager sight-seers, old and young, from their far-distant homes? Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was expected to visit the great International Exhibition, on the banks of the Kelvin, that day, and tens of thousands of her loyal subjects had come from far to see their Queen. For hours they lined the streets, awaiting the Royal procession, which at last appeared, and old and young, rich and poor, ignorant and learned, had the one opportunity of a life-time, of looking on the face of Queen Victoria.

Among those who stood on the crowded streets that day, eagerly waiting for the Queen's procession, were two young men from the Isle of Skye. They had heard of the Royal visit in their distant island home, and they determined that they would come to Glasgow and see the Queen. Arriving at an early hour in the morning, they took their stand at one of the places where the Queen would pass, and there they stood for

hours, hungry and tired, awaiting the great event of the day. At last it came, and with eager eyes, Donald and Sandy scanned the carriages as they passed, and had their desire fulfilled. They saw the Queen, and Donald believed that she actually bowed and smiled to him, as he respectfully raised his Balmoral bonnet above his head and said, "God save the Queen." But in a moment the Queen had passed, the crowd began to disperse, and the two highland lads were left standing alone in the great city, utter strangers, without a friend, or the knowledge of where they were to sleep that night. They wandered about the streets, looking at the strange sights, and as night came down, they began to wish themselves under the roof of their humble home in Skye.

They saw a crowd at a street corner, not far from the great Exhibition, and thinking it might be some sort of an entertainment, they went and joined the crowd. It turned out to be a circle of Christian young men, who had come out that evening to tell the story of redeeming love, and point the unsatisfied hearts of sinners to Jesus, whose royal grace alone can save, and whose love alone can satisfy the weary soul.

Donald and Sandy stood for half-an-hour, listening to the old, old

story ; they had never heard such testimony before. One after another in that circle of happy young men, stood forth and told what God had done for his soul. "Some of you have seen the Queen to-day," said one young man, "but that sight will not satisfy your heart to-morrow. When a sinner sees the Prince of Peace, and trusts Him as his own Redeemer, then he is for ever saved and satisfied." These words especially, arrested Donald. Grasping Sandy by the arm, he whispered—"That's just what we need, Sandy," but Sandy was more interested in the passing cars and crowds of people, than in the message of the Lord. At the close of the meeting, one of the young men got into conversation with Donald, and linking his arm in his, they walked along a quiet street, speaking of Christ and His great salvation, while Sandy followed, wondering what was wrong with Donald. "You have just to make Him your own, Donald," said the Christian worker. "I can tell you about the Saviour lifted up on the Cross to die for you, but you must *look to Him yourself*, I cannot do that for you. It would be grand to go back to Skye saved and satisfied, having seen the two great sights, the Queen and the Saviour, both in one day." Before the clock struck ten, Donald trusted Christ, received Him

as his own personal Saviour, and was saved, standing on the busy street, near the Exhibition buildings. There was a hearty shout of praise went up to Heaven from the company of saved ones, to whom Donald was introduced as "another sinner won for Christ," and both he and Sandy were welcomed to the soul-winner's home to spend the night, and there they both heard more of the Saviour, and saw the simple, godly home and ways of a true disciple of Christ. They sat late talking, and before they retired for the night, Sandy was awakened and really anxious to be saved. Next morning after breakfast there was reading of the Sacred Word and prayer, and there Sandy was converted.

The following day they returned to Skye, to tell that they had seen the Queen, and what caused greater surprise, that they had been saved and set on the way to glory, where they would see the King in His beauty, and dwell with Him for ever. Donald often tells the story of his conversion, and says—"I saw Queen Victoria and Jesus, the Prince of Peace, my Saviour, both in one day." Have you seen Jesus as *your* Saviour, reader? If you refuse Him now as your Saviour and Lord, you will one day see Him as your Judge. There will be no grace, no mercy then, but stern inflexible judgment.

King George of Greece and the Tiger Cub.



She seemed a Picture of Innocence as she sat with her doll.

KING GEORGE OF GREECE, AND THE TIGER CUB:

And how Annie Dean learned she was a Sinner.

SOME years ago, when King George of Greece, was on a visit to England, his royal sister, Queen Alexandria, whose interest in animals is well known, took him, and a small party of friends, to see some wild animals near to Windsor Castle. One young tiger, no bigger than a kitten, attracted her notice, and, taking it into her lap, she stroked it gently, remarking to her brother, "Is it not a little pet." "Yes," said the King of Greece, "but it has a tiger's nature all the same." By this time, if that tiger cub lives, it is a full-grown wild animal, and I am sure Queen Alexandria would not now risk stroking it. The tiger's nature was in the pet cub, and time would doubtless develop it. Keep this simple incident in mind. It will help you to gather the lesson of the following story.

In a fine old country house, far from the city, with its sins and sorrows, Annie Dean spent her early years. She was an only child, dearly loved by her parents, and was brought up most tenderly and carefully. Her father and mother were true lovers of the Lord, and had dedicated their beloved child in her earliest life to

His service. Many a long and earnest conversation they had as to how she was to be educated, and trained for a useful Christian life, without being exposed to the evil influences of a wicked world. They fully owned the necessity of conversion in the case of those who had gone astray in "the way of transgressors," and they had been in their day, active and earnest workers, seeking to reach the needy with the Gospel, but somehow they had forgotten—or lost its power—that whether openly godless, or morally pure, sinners need to be "born again" before they can see or enter "the kingdom of God" (John iii. 3). And when this great truth becomes weakened in the minds of Christian parents, they often proceed on false lines in dealing with their children. In one aspect, such children may be regarded as different from children of the godless, in another, "there is no difference." In privilege and responsibility they differ: in nature they are the same. And so long as they have only one nature, and that a ruined one, they, like the tiger cub—may manifest all the characteristics of "the flesh," in its most corrupt and vicious forms. A tiger is just a tiger,

with a tiger's nature, whether lying in the Queen's lap, or crouching in the jungle, watching for its prey. So is a sinner wherever found. This is a truth much lost sight of, and needing to be rung out in our day with no uncertain sound.

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Annie Dean had become a bright child of six years. She seemed the picture of innocence as she sat with her doll, when a cousin came on a visit to their country home. Being accustomed to have her own way, and with no brothers or sisters to cross or vex her, Annie was accredited as the perfection of gentleness, by all who knew her, and her parents thought so too. But while playing with her cousin one day, they differed about something, and Annie bit her in the arm. That was the tiger's nature—"the flesh" in all its natural viciousness was there.

When a tall, pretty girl of fifteen, Annie was at a private school, kept by two ladies near her home, and on prize day she received a second prize, a daughter of her father's clerk being first. In her wounded pride, she was heard to say, "I will box her ears, if I get a chance." That was the tiger's nature again. It was a terrible shock to Annie's parents,

when they heard of these and other incidents. They could scarcely believe that their tenderly brought-up daughter, could do anything so rude and so godless, but it practically brought back to them in fresh power, what they had forgotten, that Annie, like all other sinners of Adam's ruined race, needed to be "born again," to get a new nature, before there could be any true Christianity, or any real godliness in her life. So they began to speak to her of her lost condition: to teach her that she was a ruined sinner; and needed to be saved just the same as the vilest. And God used His Word to bring conviction of sin to her soul, true, deep, and keenly felt, which humbled her pride, and made her think a great deal less of herself than formerly she had done. And, best of all, in the consciousness of her sinfulness, owning herself a lost and guilty sinner, the writer had the joy of pointing Annie to the Lamb of God (John i. 29), and hearing her confess—

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

And that night she was born again—born of God. She got a new nature then, as different from the old, as light is from darkness.

TOM'S LETTER; or, "I've got Christ."

A YOUNG lad, tired of home and the quiet life of his native highland village, emigrated to the Australian gold-fields in search of wealth and pleasure. In his boyhood he had attended the village Sunday school, and there had learned God's way of life and



peace from a godly, faithful teacher. But Tom had no desire to be saved then. He loved his sins and the company of the ungodly too well. Arriving in the gold-fields a complete stranger, he found lodgings with a young man, a countryman of his own. Before going to bed, this young Scotchman took a Bible from the shelf and said—"I aye read a

bit o' the old Book at night before retiring—a custom I learned at my father's fireside in Auld Scotland: will you wait and read with me?" "Yes," said Tom, rather glad that he had met with such a companion, for although still unconverted to God he knew that a Christian had the best of it for time and eternity. God owned the reading of the Word, and the godly life of that young man to Tom's awakening, and soon after to his conversion. He was truly saved and at once took his stand by the side of the young Scotchman as a confessor of Christ. A letter to his mother by the next mail began—"Dear mother, I've reached the gold-fields, and am rich already, for I've got Christ and all His riches." How his mother and sister rejoiced! Their

many prayers had been answered. Tom had to go to the ends of the earth to learn his need of a Saviour, and be brought to decision for Him. God used His own Word, and instrumentally the decided testimony of that young man who read it. Are you saved? If so, do you read, love, honour, and obey God's Word? It is the only safe guide.

MY SECOND BIRTHPLACE.

I WAS brought up a Protestant, and taught to look with abhorrence on the errors of Romanists. When I left my father's house to enter on a situation in the midst of a bigotted Roman Catholic population in Wexford, I had my father's earnest counsel to stand true to my

statement, but I was unable. He was a most exemplary young fellow, and shewed much kindness to me, so much so, that before many weeks I thoroughly respected him. There he was, as happy as a king at his daily work, which was harder and worse paid than mine. But he



THE FAYTH, WEXFORD.

"religion," which I did. I lodged in a family where there was a son who had what was to me a "new" religion. He was a Protestant, but more than that, he said he was "a sinner saved by grace," and gloried in that more. I watched him narrowly for a while, and thought I would soon find something that would enable me to challenge his

never murmured, was always content, and that so puzzled me that I asked him one day the secret of it. "Well," said he, "it's just this: I have Christ and He makes me glad." He told me simply the way of life, and I as simply believed it, and from then till now I have been saved and happy. Reader, are you? If not, you may be.

The Japanese Student's Question.

AMONG a group of intelligent young Japs, who attended a Government School, of which the teacher is an Englishman, and a

the simple, but definite words of Scripture, "We love Him *because* He first loved us" (1 John iv. 19).

The love of God to sinners is

not easily comprehended by the Japanese. Their idea is, that fear, rather than love, should be their attitude toward a superior, and a common saying among them is that "emperor, father, and fire, are to be feared." How many who have read the Bible from their childhood have similar thoughts of God? They think He is to be dreaded, and, if it be possible, appeased. But this is not the God of the Gospel, whose Name is love. To know, and believe the love of God (1 John iii. 16), to receive His great love



Japanese in Winter Garb

Christian, one who received a copy of the New Testament, read through the Gospels with great interest. At the close of his reading, he put this question to his teacher—"How can a man love God?" The answer was given in

gift (John iii. 16), is to love Him in return. Do not think of your love to God, but of His great love to you, which He has manifested in giving His Son (1 John iv. 10). Believing that love, you will love and serve Him truly and well.

Saved in a Canadian Farm House.

MY parents emigrated from the North of Scotland to North-Western Canada, over twelve years ago, when I was a girl of nine years. I remember the Sunday morning walks to the

all—with perhaps the exception of my brothers and I, who went, because we had to go—enjoyed these simple meetings. But my brothers were growing up to manhood, and there was not enough



An Early Winter Scene in North-Western Canada.

village, two miles from our home, where my parents met with about a dozen more, in a vacant school-house, to worship God, in simple primitive fashion. Sometimes there was an evening meeting, when someone came, able to preach, and then we went again to the village, which made an eight-mile walk that day. But nobody seemed to think it far, for they

to employ them about the farm. They wanted to go to Canada, and my mother, being anxious that we should all be together, and have no family break-up, we emigrated to a pretty part of North-Western Canada. Things were very quiet there, few settlers having come to that part, and we felt pretty lonely. Our parents especially, felt the lack of the

Saved In a Canadian Farm House

meetings, and I, although yet unsaved, often wished myself back in the land of my birth, and at the little Sunday School, to which I had walked in the mornings. Just as the first snow of Winter came, and the fields lay mantled in their garments of white, glistening in the pale moonlight, a preacher of the Gospel, a very old friend of father's, came to the farm quite unexpectedly. In fact, he did not know we were there, until an hour before we welcomed him. I remember how tenderly he stroked my cheek, as we sat by the fire-side that night, while the storm raged without, and tenderly said, "Mary, my lassie, how grand it is to have a refuge from the storm, and a covert from the tempest. Just as the sheep yonder, are gathering in to escape the blast, so some sinners are coming to Jesus to be saved from their sins, and sheltered from the wrath to come. I am very glad that I am in that Refuge. Your dear father and mother are in it also, and their is nothing would give them greater joy than to know that Mary too, was in Christ Jesus! O, it is fine to be there." I felt the tear in my eye, though I tried to hide my emotion, and appear unconcerned. But that night, as I heard the

wintry winds howl across the prairie, I seemed to hear them moan, "The wrath to come. Flee from the wrath to come." Next night, our visitor had a meeting in the house, and so delighted were those who came, that they promised to come again, and the meetings went on for a fortnight. We have not much to do in the winter out here, so many are free to hear the Gospel. It will ever be a memorable year to me, for it was on the third night that I "passed from death to life," when as a lost and helpless soul, I gave myself over, just as I was, to the Lord Jesus, believing in Him as the One sent from God to be my Saviour (John v. 24). I have ever since then known the blessedness of a sinner forgiven (Psa. xxxii. 1), and I do with all confidence commend Jesus Christ to you as One able to save, and enough to satisfy the heart. There are pleasures in the world, "the pleasures of sin," but only "for a season," poor at best compared with the joy of being saved, and "in Christ Jesus."

My Heart's Desire.

Lord Jesus make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality;
More present to faith's vision keen,
Than any outward object seen;
More dear, more intimately nigh,
Than e'en the sweetest earthly tie.



JAMIE DOUGLAS, the Covenanter Boy.

'TWAS in the days when Claverhouse,
Was scouring moor and glen,
To shake, with fire and cruel sword,
The faith of Scottish men—
Who made a Covenant with the Lord,
Firm in their faith to bide,
Nor break with Him their plighted
Whatever might betide. [troth,

The sun was setting in the West,
When o'er the heather wild,
And up a narrow mountain path,
Alone there walked a child.
He was a bonny blithesome lad,
Lithe, and full strong of limb;
A father's pride, a mother's love,
Were fast bound up in Him.

His bright blue eyes glanced fearless
His step was firm and light; [round,
What was it underneath his plaid
His little hands grasped tight?
It was the bannocks which that morn
His mother made with care
From out her scanty store of meal,
And now, with many a prayer,

With Jamie sent—her only boy,
A trusty lad and brave,
To good old pastor Tammis Roy,
Now hiding in yon cave,
For whom the cruel Claverhouse
Had hunted long in vain, [glen
And swore he would not leave that
Till auld Tam Roy was slain.

So Jamie Douglas went his way
With heart that knew no fear,
He turned a great curve in the road,
Nor dreamed that death was near;
But lurking there were Claver's men,
Who drag him back apace
To where their haughty leader stands,
And set them face to face.

The cakes concealed beneath his plaid
Soon tell the story plain.
"'Tis old Tam Roy the cakes are for,"
Exclaimed the angry man.
"Boy, lead me to his hiding place,
And I will let you go."
But Jamie shook his yellow curls,
And stoutly answered, "No."

"I'll drop you down the mountain side,
And there among the stones
The old gaunt wolf and carrion crow
Shall battle for your bones."
Then in his brawny, strong right hand,
He lifted up the child,
And held him o'er the clefted rock,
A chasm, deep and wild.

So deep it was, the trees below
Like willow wands did seem; [maze,
The boy looked down in frightened
It seemed some horrid dream.
But no one spoke, and no one stirred,
Or lifted hand to save
From such a fearful, awful death
The little lad so brave.

"It's waefu' deep," he shuddering cried,
"But, oh, I canna tell;
Sae drop me doon there if ye will,
It's nae sae deep as Hell."
A childish scream, a faint, dull sound:
Oh, Jamie Douglas true!
Long, long within his lonely cave
Shall Tam Roy wait for you.

But up in heaven the shining ones
A wondrous story tell,
Of one snatched from a rocky gulf
That's "nae sae deep as hell."
And there with all the Lord's redeemed,
For ever blessed and glad;
His mother dear, and old Tam Roy
Shall meet their faithful lad.

A Morning Text at the Post Lamp.

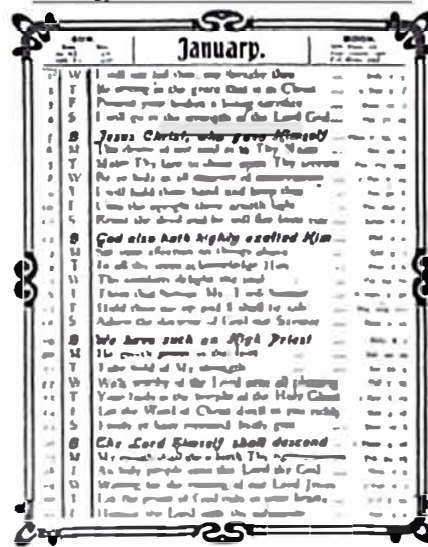
IN my boyhood, I wrought in a Factory, and required to be at work at six in the morning. Our home was a full mile off, so that necessitated rising at five, with a smart walk along the dark road on winter mornings. I was converted at the age of sixteen, and one of the counsels that was given us by the dear man of God, who was used in leading about ten of us, all about the same age, to the Saviour was, to always get a verse from God's Word, to think on, and enjoy, before going out for the day, to meet the temptations of the great world. I had a Scripture Text Calendar given me on New-Year's day, and the giver said—"Now Willie, I know that you have to get up very early, and that it may not be easy for you always to open your Bible, and read a portion of God's Word, before going out for the day. But I have found it a good thing to hang up the Calendar near my bed, and to read the Text for the day whenever I get up, thinking on it as I

dress, and asking God when I kneel in prayer, to make it a strength and comfort to me, all through the morning, until I have a little leisure to read my daily chapter. I find this to be a great help in my spiritual life, and I commend it to you."

I followed that wise counsel, and thank God for the help I derived from it. Then, setting off with my Testament in my pocket, sometimes with the stars as my only light, I walked along the road, thinking over the words of my morning text, often so happy in soul,

that I sang all the way. As I entered the village, I stopped at the first lamp, pulled out my Testament, at the place where my text was found, and read the whole verse. That was another handful of heavenly manna to my soul, which kept me happy until the breakfast hour, when I had time to read a psalm, or a chapter of the Word. All through the twenty-three years of my Christian life, I have derived much help and blessing from this plan.

"Daily Bread" Calendar, 1913.

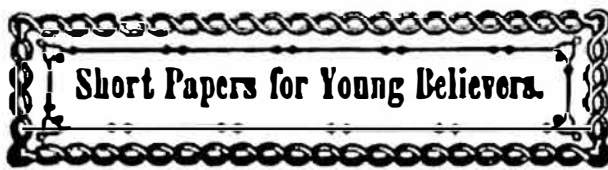


THE SCOFFER'S QUESTION.

A PARTY of young men had gathered for an evening's amusement. Singing of songs, telling of strange stories to create laughter, filled up part of the time, and at last they fell upon asking each other hard questions. A roar of laughter was raised all round, when one of the company said, "I will give you a question which one of our clerks thought he had cornered me with the other evening, on the way home from the office. He asked "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36) When the laughter had subsided, a voice from the other end of the room was heard saying, "And how did you answer it?" The speaker was the Christian servant maid of the house, who, passing in and out from the room preparing supper, was shocked at the scoffing talk about so solemn a subject, and so far forgot herself, as to speak aloud the thoughts that were passing through her mind.

That strange question, coming so suddenly and unexpectedly, seemed to strike the company dumb with astonishment, and for several minutes no one spoke. What effect it had on the others I cannot tell, but the words "How did you answer it?" were the arrow of conviction to that

young man's heart, who raised the scoffer's laugh by his story. He tried to forget that question amid the evening's mirth, but it would come up in spite of every effort to suppress it. Along the lone streets as he walked to his home at midnight, the words rang through his awakened soul. He tossed himself restlessly upon his bed, but not to sleep. The great Eternity, and where he was to spend it, was the subject of his thoughts all that night. He rose and went to business next day, hoping the bustle of the warehouse would drive such thoughts from his mind; but all was of no avail. His awakened soul found no rest, no peace, until as a guilty sinner, he came to the Lord Jesus, and received Him as his Saviour. Now he boldly preaches the Gospel to others, and seldom does he speak, without in one way or another, introducing his favourite text, that great unanswerable question, which first reached his own heart and conscience, and which may God carry home to yours reader, if you are still unsaved—"What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" (Mark viii. 36). I pass the servant-maid's pointed question on to you. How do you answer it?



SPEAKING FOR JESUS.

DO you ever speak a word for Jesus," John? I asked a young believer some years ago. Blushing, and hanging his head, he said, "Not very often; I have not the courage to do it." "Do the young lads in the shop know that you are saved, and on the way to heaven?" I asked. "I *think* they do," he muttered, with apparent shame, "but I have never told them." "Well, it does seem strange somehow; to be saved, and on the way to heaven, and never to have so much as told your companions in the shop, working every day beside you. I fear the devil has got a bushel put upon your light, and we must get it removed as soon as possible, my dear boy, else your Christian life will be a useless and unhappy one." The following Sunday afternoon we had an open-air meeting in front of the shop where John worked; I saw a number of the lads standing in the door, looking very much astonished to see him standing in the circle singing.

One after another of the young men walked out into the circle and told what God had done for their

souls. All save John had spoken, and I saw there was a severe struggle going on within his bosom, as to whether he would confess his Lord, or not. His shopmates were looking on, and there was a good crowd of people standing around. At last, with trembling step, John walked into the circle, and in a few broken sentences told how the Lord saved him. It was a feeble effort; a "poor start," as some people would say, and I noticed his shopmates smile as they witnessed his embarrassment and emotion; but that was the breaking of the ice for John. His lips were never locked again. Ever after that afternoon, he went on testifying publicly and privately for the Lord, and many have been saved and blessed through the words of life that have flowed from his lips. Dear young believer, do you speak a word for Jesus? No doubt your life should testify for Him, but so ought your lips. Yours is the honour of being an ambassador for Christ on earth, and of telling others of His salvation. If you have not been using your lips for Jesus, will you begin at once. God can give you courage, and He can fill your mouth with words to speak. Begin with these nearest to you: your brothers and sisters, your friends and kindred, your shopmates and companions.

