

Gospel Stories for the Young ANNUAL.



*

LONDON:
OFFICE OF 'GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG,'
20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

* CONTENTS. *

	PAGE		PAGE
Introduction - - -	1	About Sheep - - -	44
The Queen and the Prisoners - - -	2	Boys of the Bible - - -	46
A Gospel Story - - -	3	Little Mary - - -	46
Signalling - - -	3	Talks with my Girls—No. 18 - - -	47
A Living Picture - - -	4	The Faithful Shepherd - - -	49
Jesus' Lambs - - -	5	Madagascar Martyrs - - -	49
Scripture Questions - - -	5	Blue Peter, or a Shark Story - - -	51
Boys of the Bible - - -	6	Scripture Questions - - -	51
Talks with my Girls—No. 13 - - -	6	Amy's Half-a-crown - - -	52
Little Freddie - - -	9	Boys of the Bible - - -	54
Faithful to Death - - -	10	Talks with my Girls—No. 19 - - -	55
Little Bessie's Answer - - -	11	Appropriation - - -	57
The Lifeboat - - -	12	Have you Believed It? - - -	58
For our Boys - - -	12	"Nothing but the Blood" - - -	58
"Bright in the Morning" - - -	13	Scripture Questions - - -	59
Boys of the Bible - - -	14	The Value of the Bible - - -	60
The Precious Blood of Christ - - -	14	From Two to Nineteen - - -	60
Scripture Questions - - -	15	Boys of the Bible - - -	62
Talks with my Girls—No. 14 - - -	15	Talks with my Girls—No. 20 - - -	63
Little Dickie - - -	17	Wee Harry's Warning Dream - - -	65
A Little Hero - - -	18	The Love of God - - -	66
"My Word shall not pass away" - - -	19	"A Receiving Saviour" - - -	66
Staghounds and Sheep - - -	20	Scripture Questions - - -	67
Boys of the Bible - - -	22	That Night in the Tent - - -	67
Scripture Questions - - -	22	"Because He First Loved Me" - - -	68
Talks with my Girls—No. 15 - - -	23	Boys of the Bible - - -	70
Trusting Jesus - - -	25	A Midnight Surprise - - -	70
Jesus for Life or Death - - -	26	Talks with my Girls—No. 21 - - -	71
Scripture Questions - - -	27	"The Man with the Board" - - -	73
Jessie and Annie - - -	28	Salvation Neglected - - -	74
Boys of the Bible - - -	30	The "Tower of Repentance" - - -	75
"To-morrow may be Too Late" - - -	30	Pleasures - - -	75
Talks with my Girls—No. 16 - - -	31	Boys of the Bible - - -	77
Jessie and Annie - - -	33	Light - - -	78
A Word in Season - - -	34	Scripture Questions - - -	78
Bird Catchers - - -	35	Talks with my Girls—No. 22 - - -	79
Not afraid to Die - - -	35	Too Late - - -	81
A Strange Clock - - -	37	Saved - - -	81
Boys of the Bible - - -	38	Lost! A Little Boy - - -	82
Scripture Questions - - -	39	Scripture Questions - - -	83
Talks with my Girls—No. 17 - - -	39	Little Isaac - - -	84
Seven Steps to Heaven - - -	41	"I was Willing to Save you but I was not able" - - -	85
Saved or Lost—Which? - - -	42	Boys of the Bible - - -	86
"Catching the Sunbeams" - - -	43	Lost - - -	86
Scripture Questions - - -	44		

	PAGE		PAGE
Talks with my Girls—No. 23	87	Scripture Questions	93
“Patched Up”	89	The Young Jewess	93
Ben Syra	90	Boys of the Bible	94
Jane’s Answer to the Schoolmaster’s Boy	90	Talks with my Girls—No. 24	95

POETRY.

	PAGE		PAGE
Acrostic	5	“Even for Thee”	50
Jesus Christ	17	Jesus	60
Acrostic	18	News	62
A Prayer	28	Death of a Little Girl	67
The Love of Jesus	35	“Jesus Bids Me Shine”	74
Jesus	38	What You Possess	82

SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS AND ANSWERS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Enigma	5	Answer to Enigma for June	50
Enigma	13	Enigma	59
Answer to Enigma for January	13	Answer to Enigma for July	59
Enigma	18	Enigma	67
Answer to Enigma for February	20	Answer to Enigma for August	67
Enigma	28	Enigma	78
Answer to Enigma for March	28	Answer to Enigma for September	78
Enigma	36	Enigma	83
Answer to Enigma for April	36	Answer to Enigma for October	83
Enigma	44	Enigma	90
Answer to Enigma for May	44	Answer to Enigma for November	90
Enigma	54		

ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE		PAGE
FRONTISPIECE		Saved or Lost	42
The Queen at Home	1	A Sheep Farm	45
Signalling	3	Shepherd and Sheep	49
A Living Picture	4	Madagascar Martyrs	50
Lambs	5	The Finding of Moses	52
Little Freddie in Hospital	9	Amy and her Mother	53
Dr. Tayler’s Stone	10	Mother Shopping	57
Little Bessie	11	Wee Mary	65
Ship at Sea	12	Tears of Repentance before Joy of Heart	68
Little Dickie	17	A Midnight Surprise	69
The Roman Amphitheatre	19	Flee from the Wrath to Come	73
Staghounds in the Field	21	Joash being Crowned	77
Little Willie	25	In a Coal Mine	81
Jimmy on the Ice	26	Little Isaac	84
By the Sea	27	Unable to Save	85
Jessie and Her Father	29	Jane and the Schoolmaster’s Boy	91
Bird Catchers	35	Her Father was Dumb with Astonish- ment	92
Not Afraid to Die	36		
A Strange Clock	37		
Seven Steps to Heaven	41		

❖ P R E F A C E . ❖



IN presenting to our readers the first volume of GOSPEL STORIES, it is with an earnest desire that its pages may be used of God in the conversion of many dear children, and thus the blessed Saviour, who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God," may get glory, from the service of those who have helped with the magazine.

Those who have thus sought to serve the blessed Master will be encouraged to know their labour has not been in vain. Communications from various parts testify of the appreciation and interest shewn, also of blessing resulting from the perusal of its pages. Therefore let us "be not weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

To our dear young readers we would give an earnest appeal. Time is swiftly passing away, bearing us each onward to eternity. Many a solemn warning has been given during the past year. How has it been treated by you? Are you still in the darkness and distance of sin? Let me beseech you, in your youth, get this great eternal matter settled.

Let the solemn warnings and loving appeals contained in this book speak to your young hearts, and may God give you to know the precious Saviour of whom it speaks.

THE EDITOR.

20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

December, 1896.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Since seeing the notice in December number of *My Little Friend* about the change of title, etc., of your magazine, you have doubtless been, anxiously looking forward for the new number. Now it is in your hands, and as you read these lines you are perhaps looking eagerly forward to the coming year. 1895, with its joys and sorrows, has passed away for ever; we can never undo what we may have done or said during its stay. Things we may long since have forgotten are all put down in God's books: this (to me) is solemn, and yet very precious—solemn when I remember that some of my little friends are still unsaved, and that the naughty acts and words are added to that already long list of sins—precious when I think that (for those who trust in Jesus) all the little acts done to Him and words spoken of Him are put down in God's book to be remembered and rewarded.

Perhaps some of your friends are wishing you "a happy new year," shall I tell you how to spend one? If, as yet, you do not belong to Jesus (away from Him you cannot know true happiness), come to Him NOW. You will not spend "a happy new year" by turning over a fresh leaf, because you have blotted all the past ones, and God requireth that which is past; but just turn to Jesus, as a guilty sinner, He will receive you; you will then know such joy and happiness you have never tasted before. There is no need to wish the little believers "a happy new year,"

because all our days must be happy if we really know Jesus and are seeking to please Him. We shall be like the sailor who was asked by his companions to go pleasure seeking. His reply was, "I have no blanks." What did he mean? That his heart was so full of Christ, that there was no room for anything else. May the Lord Jesus Christ so fill the hearts of each young reader, is the prayer of

Your loving friend, THE EDITOR.



THE QUEEN AT HOME.



THE QUEEN AND THE PRISONERS.

I DARE say you young people would like to hear a story about Queen Victoria.

If God permits her to live another twelve months, she will have reigned longer than any former king or queen of England ever has—longer than King George III., who reigned sixty years.

The Queen was a maiden of eighteen summers when she was unexpectedly called to the great and lofty position of reigning over an empire upon which the sun never sets.

Now she is half way between seventy and eighty years of age—quite an old lady.

Well, some years ago she was staying in her palace in the Isle of Wight. Can you tell me the name of her beautiful palace there?

“Osborne Palace,”

I think I hear some sweet little voice replying.

Quite right, my dear, that is the name of it. But on the island there is another very large house—a place where they imprison women who have committed some crime. I am sure you cannot tell me the name of that place. It is called Parkhurst Prison. Well, one day the Queen went, without any warning, from her beautiful palace to the dismal prison.

The lady-superintendent shewed the Queen over the place. At last they came to a large room, where some fifty or sixty prisoners were quietly doing some needlework. In an instant the Queen was recognised. Throwing aside their work, quivering with emotion, and weeping their hearts out, those poor women threw themselves at the Queen's feet, and piteously prayed her to grant them pardon and liberty.

The Queen, trembled from head to foot, and greatly upset, was hurried from the room.

An hour afterwards, having recovered herself, she passed through the same room, but with head erect, and calm, unmoved look. She looked every inch a queen.

The poor prisoners were awed and silenced, and scarce dared to lift their eyes, as she passed them by.

Now, I think that a charming but sad story.

The good Queen's heart bled for them, but she could not justly pardon so many prisoners for the mere asking, though it might be with tears and piteous cries.

She had to steel her heart, and keep them at a distance, and turn a deaf ear to their pleadings.

How unlike the blessed Lord Jesus Christ! When He was here on earth, He said He was sent “to give deliverance to the captives,” or, in other words, to set free the prisoners.

If you turn up your Bible to Luke's gospel, in chapter iv. 18 you can read it for yourself.

Now we

all need that deliverance.

It does not mean to take us out of a real prison. Why, I am writing this story for you in my own home, and you are perhaps reading it with your toes toasting at the fire in the nursery.

But you see we are the captives of Satan, who leads us to sin, and who wants to drag us down to hell itself.

But the Lord Jesus Christ wants us to go to heaven, and as we are captives to sin and Satan, He has come into this world to deliver us, and to put away by His precious blood that sin which would have shut us for ever out of heaven.

But you see, if we are to be delivered by Him, and taken to heaven, we must trust Him and His precious blood, which cleanses from all sin.

The Queen had to turn a deaf ear to the cries of those poor prisoners, but the Lord Jesus is waiting in heaven to hear the cry of the poor sinner, who trusts in Him. And if my little unsaved reader wants to be delivered from Satan and from going to hell, and wants to go to heaven to be for ever with Jesus, oh, trust Him this very minute!

I remember, at the close of a children's meeting, a little girl coming and saying, "If you please, when you were speaking, I said,

'Jesus, save me,'

and He has saved me." She went away so sure about it, and so happy. Now you do the same, and then instead of going to the *prison* house of hell, you will spend eternity in the *palace* home of heaven.

Jesus said: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." A. J. P.

A GOSPEL STORY.

GOD so loved the world, that He gave His
ONLY begotten [not
SON, that whosoever believeth in Him should
PERISH, but have
EVERLASTING
LIFE.

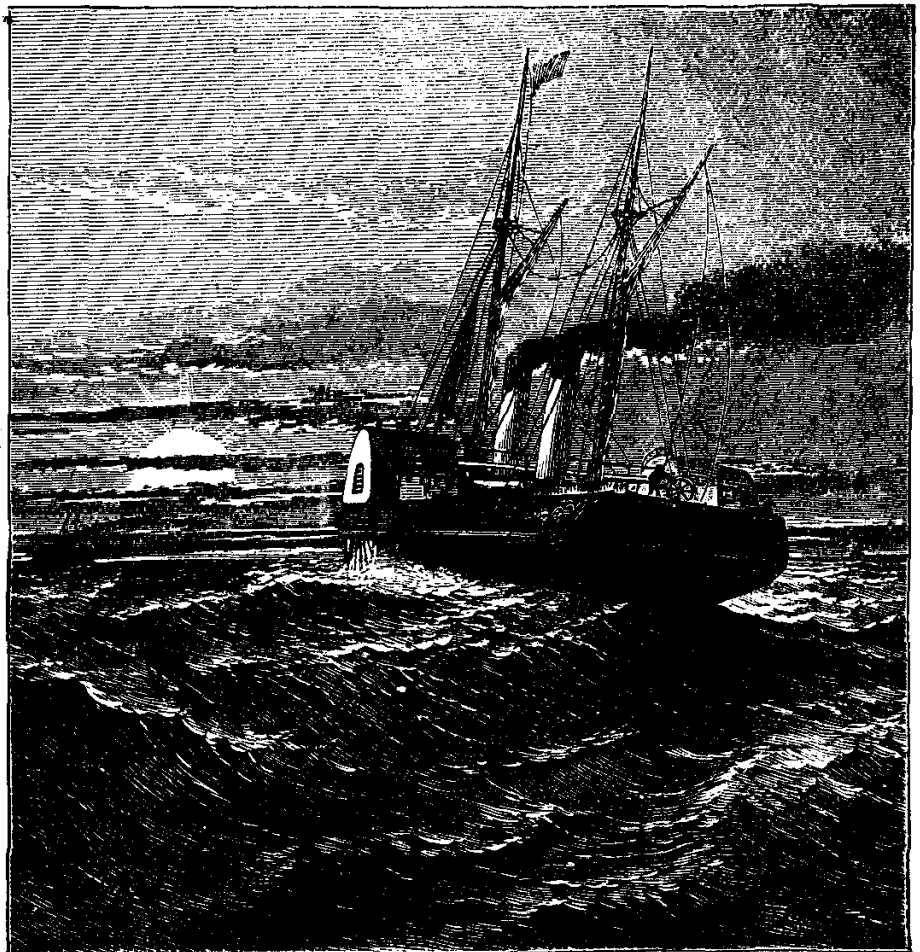
SIGNALLING.

I REMEMBER, some time ago, when on board a steamer in the South Atlantic ocean, just off Rio de Janeiro, (you can find it on your map), we passed very close to a large sailing vessel. Perhaps my young friends have heard that when ships are at sea, they have a funny looking instrument with green and red glass in it, through which they look at the sun, and by scientific calculation they can tell exactly where they are (longitude and latitude).

The weather had been very foggy and great clouds were covering the sun, so that they could not tell where they were. A steamer you know, goes much faster than a sailing vessel, so that only a few hours

before we were in quite bright weather. Well, all at once, we saw the sailors run up a little flag, by which the captain knew they wanted to talk. No doubt some of you think that is a very funny way to talk. Yes, it is; but each little flag means something, and by this means they can talk for ever such a long way.

We waited a few minutes, and then they ran up more flags. I asked what they meant, and was told they signalled—"Where are we?" The captain gladly told them just where they were. How glad they were to know, for they were lost. I expect you say, "What a kind captain." I wonder if you, dear children, will think me as kind, if I tell you where you are! Do you remember the first question in the Bible? I imagine I hear some boy or girl answer, "Where art thou?" Quite right, my dear. That question brought out the solemn truth that Adam had sinned, and by his sin put himself at a distance from God. And does my reader know, that what was true of Adam is true of every little



boy and girl in this world. Born in sin, and at a distance from God, exactly describes where every one who has not yet trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour, is. If you, dear child, have not yet trusted Him, do not let another day pass away without doing so. Just trust in Him as your Saviour NOW. So that instead of spending your eternity in hell, being in outer darkness for ever; you will spend your eternity in that bright home above, where Jesus is, and enjoy His loving company for ever and ever. [EDITOR.]

A LIVING PICTURE.

A POOR deaf and dumb lad, who had learned from an old sailor of God's love to him in Christ Jesus, of the sorrows and pains He endured through the cross and of the crown He now wears, was so possessed with the desire to tell others of the joy he had found, that he got his old friend the sailor to tattoo upon the palm of one hand the figure of a cross, and upon the other the form of a crown. He then conceived the idea of going among the strange sailors in the harbour, and shewing the cross on his palm, he would then point to the sky, and by various eloquent gestures convey the impression he wished to make, of sin, a Saviour, and happiness.

Then he would open the palm of his other hand, and display—with glad smiles—the

representation of the crown. He preached Christ in this way with such success that the sailors, with true respect for his efforts and their result, called him "The Dumb Preacher."

He was asked one day why he had had the cross and the crown imprinted upon his palms, and he wrote the answer: "I forget so soon; God never forgets. I saw in His book that I was graven on the palms of His hands (Isa. xlix. 16), and so I thought that, though I could not speak

His name, it would help me to tell others of Him by bearing His mark on my palm." The thought was a beautiful one, because it was the free expression of a loving heart. But we have no need to bear the marks on our palms if we carry them into our daily lives. It is the privilege of all those whose hearts have been attracted to Jesus, to follow and serve Him, so that others may be attracted to the Saviour.

—Extracted.



“I love them that love me;
and those that seek me early
shall find me.”

Proverbs viii. 17.



JESUS' LAMBS.

“**W**HERE does Jesus carry His lambs?” asked a little girl of her mother after a tent preaching the other day. “In His bosom, dear” said the mother. How precious, dear little believer on the Lord Jesus Christ, to know that you are one of His lambs; and to be carried in His bosom, so close to His heart, that you may learn how much He loves you.

ACROSTIC .

[The following was written by a friend who did not know about the alteration of the Magazine title. Thinking it may interest our readers we insert it.—ED.]

My little friend, my little friend,
You need a Saviour's grace.

Listen, oh listen, and attend,
If you would see His face.

'Tis Jesus calls you in His love,

'Tis Jesus who can give

Life, and with Him in heaven above

Each little one shall live.

For God sent Jesus from on high,

Rich in His mercy, He

Into this world came once to die,

Even for you and me.

Now, little friend, this is quite true,

Decide for Jesus, will not you?

ENIGMA.

THE name of one who waited patiently,
That he might God's prepared salvation see.

Another in the temple stayed both day and night,

Looking for Him who would be Israel's light.

One who refused her husband to obey,

Was from the palace driven that very day.

Who was by God's command on altar bound,

But in his stead a substitute was found.

Whose threshing floor was to king David sold,

The price, six hundred shekel weight in gold.

The name of one who was in battle slain,

That David might his wicked purpose gain.

A woman who her son trained to deceit,

And for her husband made some savoury meat.

“Find out these names and put them all together; and you will spell a wondrous name with each first letter.”

The most correct and neatly written answer, in verse or otherwise, will be published if sent before 20th of January, with name, age and address to the editor.

We shall hope to publish an enigma each month, prizes will be given for the best answers to twelve enigmas from readers under 14.

[EDITOR.]

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

In whose day does scripture say the earth was divided?

Who was the great grandfather of Eber?

Who was Chedorlaomer?

Where was Sarah buried?

What place was called Jegar-sahadutha and who named it?

Who was Duke Teman?

Prizes will be given (to readers under 14) at end of year for best answers to scripture questions. Must be done without the help of Concordance and signed by parent or guardian.

Address your replies to the Editor.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

IT is very interesting to notice how many boys are spoken of in the Bible. If God permits, I should like to write you a little each month about them, and I think we shall see that God has some wonderful lessons to teach us by them.

No doubt the youngest reader can tell me the name of the first little boy spoken of in the Bible. "Cain," some one replies. Quite right, dear reader.

If you turn up your Bibles to Genesis i. 27, you will find Adam, the father of Cain created—a grown up man, scripture says—in the image of God. Placed in the garden of Eden, with all that the goodness of God provided him, he listened to the voice of Satan, disobeyed God, and was

driven out of Eden,

a sinner; God cursing the ground for his sake, and placing a flaming sword forbidding access to the "tree of life." Outside Eden, at a distance from God, Cain was born of fallen parents. His, too, was a sad history. Of his early days God tells us nothing, but doubtless Eve, his mother, had often told him of the lovely garden they lived in before he was born, and the reason of their being driven out, not forgetting to tell him that God cursed the ground, and that the only way to approach God now was on the ground of a substitute's death.

Cain did not heed this instruction. Alas! how much sorrow we often bring upon ourselves by our self-will, refusing instruction from those who seek our present and eternal welfare!

Cain grew up, and when a lad chose the
occupation of a gardener;

he then seems seriously to have thought of his responsibility toward God. If you turn to Genesis iv. 3 you will find these words: "In process of time it came to pass . . . Cain brought of the fruit of the ground an offering unto the Lord." Now I want you to notice those words "OF THE GROUND," and compare them with the words in Genesis iii. 17, "CURSED BE THE GROUND."

Alas! he had taken his own way and instead of bringing a spotless lamb as an offering, that which God could alone accept, he had toiled hard, and at last brought the fruits of his own toil to the Lord. No doubt the fruits were very beautiful, the finest that could be produced; but since man's failure his only approach to God was through death. God looked down, saw his offering, but has in righteousness to refuse it, at which we are told he was very wroth, and his countenance fell. How much better would it have been had he listened to instruction. We shall see, if the Lord will, next month into what his self-will led him.

"Working will not save me,
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Could not form my soul anew,
Working will not save me."

E.D.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XIII.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

HOW late the postman was this morning!" some one is saying, forgetting, I think, for the moment, that this is New Year's Day and a very busy time, not only at the General Post Office, London, but in every branch and district office, I was just going to write, in Great Britain; but perhaps some of my girls whose letters must travel thousands of miles before I can have the pleasure of reading them, may remind me by the next mail that if the first of January, 1896, is such a busy season at home, it cannot be called a holiday in the post offices of India or Australia, so many letters and parcels have to be delivered. It is pleasant to think of the thousands of kind greetings and loving wishes that are passing from friend to friend this morning. Some of the New Year letters will, I know, bring a glad light into pale painworn faces as they find their way into sick-rooms and whisper their own sweet message of cheer and comfort to lonely and suffering ones.

I should very much enjoy writing a real New Year letter to every one of my girls, and of course I would not forget the boys who have joined our Bible Class, and the number of these is increasing so fast, that I hardly think I shall be

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

7

able to call our monthly chat, "Talks with my *Girls*," much longer. But as quite sixty letters would need to be written, I must not even make the attempt, but content myself by meeting you all in the corner of *Gospel Stories for the Young* our editor has been kind enough to say we may have for "our very own," and wishing each one "A very happy New Year," bright with blessing and crowned with the loving-kindness of the Lord.

But there are just a few even of my own dear girls that I cannot help thinking rather sadly about, for I am not sure that they have really trusted the Lord Jesus for salvation, and so of course they are not rejoicing in Him. They really do mean to be Christians some day, but they have not decided for Christ. Why not decide at once, and then this first day of the year will be to you a very glad and happy one? "This month shall be unto you the beginning of months: it shall be the first month of the year to you" (Exo. xii. 2.), will be just as true for *you*, as it was for GOD'S people Israel, when long, long ago He brought them out of Egypt under the shelter of BLOOD. Ah! you know the sweet Bible story, how the passover lamb must be *slain* and its blood *sprinkled* on the sideposts and above the door; and then—what then? Why every one who took shelter within was safe from the judgment so soon to be poured out upon the guilty land, for God had said, "when I see the blood, I will pass over you." (Ver. 13.) The blood of the lamb pointed to the precious blood of Christ, and *all* who really and truly trust in Him are safe, quite safe. If your eyes were only opened by the Holy Spirit to see what a dangerous place you are in, I know you would not stay there. Shall I tell you of something I saw on the line only the other day?

I was on the platform, waiting for the down train for R—, when my attention was attracted to a party of men who were at work on the rails. The station was a busy one, trains were passing every few minutes, and as I looked at the navvies, I thought their work must be very dangerous. But after looking for a minute or two, I saw one man who seemed to be a foreman, was watching the line, and every time the approach of a train was signalled, he called in a clear loud voice, "All off, all off." There was no need to repeat the warning, for almost before the echo of the words died away, every man had caught up his spade and pickaxe and stepped off the track of the nearing engine into a place of safety. To linger would not have been safe, would it?

Of course when the danger was past the men had to begin work again in the old place, and go on till once more the warning voice rang

out the well known cry. But those who trust themselves to Christ do not belong to the world any more. They belong to the One who so loved them that He died and rose again for them. They share a new place and are a new kind of people altogether. But our "Talk" this time has been such a long one that I must stop and begin to answer letters.

Queenie H., Dayshia, India. I was really very glad to get another letter from my little friend Queenie, and wonder if she would like to write again and tell me anything about the children of India she thinks might interest our girls? Yes, dear, it was the Lord Jesus, the good great Shepherd, who took your little sister to His own bright home. But He is coming again, it may be very soon, and when He comes—"them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (1 Thess. iv. 14.) Then we shall see Him the precious Saviour, whom having not seen we love. The lines you send have some lovely thoughts in them. I am not sure about being able to get them printed, but even in writing they may be a comfort to someone. Will you please thank W. D. for them?

Nellie H., Romford. It is just a year since Nellie joined our "Talks," so we are quite old friends. We both love flowers and birds and many other beautiful and wonderful things. But I do not think we should be such real friends, as I hope we are, if we did not each know and trust the Lord Jesus as our very own Saviour. We may only have seen a very little of His beauty yet, but that little has made us long to know Him better, and so we want to go on learning a little more every day of the grace and love of the One who has saved us, till we see Him where He now is.

Harold H., Romford. Thank you so much, Harold, for your interesting letter and nicely printed text—"We trust in the living God." The colours are very good, and it will, as you say, "help to brighten a page in one of our text albums." Your account of the Bible Class you attend is clear and to the point; as you are willing to join one on paper, you may be sure of a welcome. I am so glad to learn from your own letter that you have really begun to love and follow Christ. May His grace make and keep you true to Himself.

Hugo E. A., Carnarvon, North Wales. Your text, "Looking unto Jesus," will do nicely, though it would have looked better if you had left a little more space between the words. Still I was glad to get it, also your kind note. I hope your visit to H— was a very happy one, and that on your return you found all your pets had been taken good care of. I should like to have you join our Bible Class. When you write again would you mind telling me it

you are "Looking unto Jesus"—trusting Him, I mean?

Four letters from Guildford were, owing to want of room, obliged to stand over last month. I hope the girls who wrote did not feel very much disappointed. It is their turn now.

Daisy B. You have answered all the questions, and I am always glad to get your letters. Thank you for giving me your mother's kind message. It is indeed sweet to know that, as children of God, we can look up to our Father in heaven, and that it is to our Father's house we are going, to be for ever with the Lord Jesus, who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.

May B. Thank you for writing, dear May; you are one of the youngest of my girls, but I am very glad to have you. I do hope that you can say that you are one of the Good Shepherd's lambs, so dear to His heart, because every one was bought at no less a price than His own precious blood. (See 1 Peter i. 18, 19.)

Mary W. Thank you, dear, for your nice note. I think you know just a little of how really God does take care of the fatherless—"in thee the fatherless findeth mercy." (Hos. xiv. 3.) Do you know that Bethlehem means 'House of Bread'? It may have been so called from the many corn-fields in its neighbourhood; but it is a joy to us to remember that the Lord Jesus, the One who said "I am that bread of life" (John vi. 48), was once a Babe in Bethlehem's manger.

Thirza B. Your letter, dear Thirza, is encouraging. I am thankful to hear that our "Talks" are in any way a help to you. Do not forget who it is we are to trust—a living, loving Saviour; not ourselves, or our joy, or our feelings, or anything that is ours—none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

Violet C., Tunbridge Wells. Your letters are always very welcome ones. I am glad you join our "Talks" now and then. "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price" is true of every one who has really trusted Christ for salvation, and we do not want to forget that even in what we call little things—just common every-day bits of work—we may serve the One to whom we belong, only we must be careful not to let our work come between our souls and Christ. "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" (Acts ix. 6) is a question that comes with power to my heart much oftener now, I think, than it used to do when I was first converted. Accept very real thanks for cards, verses, &c., sent for text albums by your sisters and yourself. Please tell Lilian and Nellie I hope to write to them shortly.

Nellie W., Taunton. Do you know, dear Nellie, that C. J. L. quite missed your letter

last month, and is so glad you did not say, "I do not know how to print texts, so, of course, I cannot do anything for the scrap album," and then run off to your lessons or your play without thinking any more of our sick girls. The hymn you have chosen is one I know quite well and like very much. It was written by the late Miss Havergal. I wonder, dear little friend, if you can say,

"'I know it is true, true for me,' because I really do trust in the precious Saviour"? You have copied some of its verses very neatly, and it will give me real pleasure to have some of your work in the album. Please tell Arthur his text and hymn will do nicely, and almost fill a page. I hope he will join our Bible Class and write to C. J. L. himself.

Florence T., Collumpton, Devon. Thank you, dear, for telling me why you chose the Master's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," as your text, because you know that the voice which once spoke on earth is speaking from the glory now—the voice of a risen, living Saviour still calling the children every time they read or hear of His love. He calls them to Himself, just because He loves them and wants them to be safe and happy.

Nellie S., Chelmsford. Thank you, dear, for your simple, truthful letter. I shall be glad to hear from you often, and I am going to give you a very short text, one that has often been a great help and comfort to me—"ye serve the Lord Christ." (Col. iii. 24.) Will you think about it, and pray that the Holy Spirit may teach you what it really means? then I know it will be to you a ray of sunshine, shining brightly on dark, dark days, and making bits of hard work seem almost easy.

BIBLE QUESTIONS:

I. Give in your own words a short account of the Passover.

II. How often was it to be observed, and of what would its return always remind God's earthly people, the Jews?

III. Of what greater event was the Passover a type or shadow-picture?

IV. What animal were the Jews to offer to God on the feast of the Passover? In which gospel is the Lord Jesus called "the Lamb of God"?

The last question only need be answered by those under ten years of age, and may be left out by all who answer the first three.

Get your letters posted in good time for the 21st.

Address:—C. J. L.,
Office of *Gospel Stories for the Young*,
20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Published at the Office of "Gospel Stories for the Young," 20, Paternoster Square, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

LITTLE FREDDIE.

“WELL, Freddie, how are you to-day?”
 “Bit better, thank you.” Freddie,
 I must tell you, was a small boy,
 only four years old, lying in the hospital.
 Poor little chap, I fancy I can see him now,
 in his bright scarlet jacket; his thin pale face
 and his large blue eyes which told us so
 plainly that he would not spend another
 birthday here. But with all his weakness
 and suffering little Freddie was happy!

I wonder how many of my readers would
 be always ready with a bright cheery answer
 like the above, if they were in Freddie's
 circumstances. I think some of them get
 very cross and discontented who do not have
 to go through half as much as little Freddie
 did. For he always lay on his back and
 never moved except when Nurse lifted him
 up. He had a few toys to play with on his
 bed, but that was not like running about and
 playing with other boys. And yet, when
 any one came to see him and asked him how
 he was, he always had a smile, and “Bit
 better, thank you.” “Now Freddie, have
 you got a text for me to-day?” is the next
 question I ask him. “Yes,” comes the
 answer in a thin piping voice, “God is love.”
 “That's a very short text, Freddie, but a
 very good one; do you know any more?”
 “Yes!” is the ready smiling reply, Jesus
 said, “Suffer little children to come unto
 me.” We could never get Freddie to learn
 any more texts, but there was quite enough
 in those two to make him happy. To think
 that God was *love* to a poor little thing
 like him! And how had God shewn His
 love? Because He sent Jesus to this world,
 the gentle loving Jesus, who said, “Suffer
 little children to come unto me.” And now,



LITTLE FREDDIE IN HOSPITAL.

boys and girls, He wants *you* to come unto
 Him. Do not wait till you grow up, you
 may never grow up. Do not wait till you
 die, because you may not have time then.
 If you will just let Freddie's texts sink into
 your hearts, and believe them because they
 are GOD'S words, they will bring you salva-
 tion. Shortly after Freddie went to sleep one
 night and never woke up again in this world.
 But for all eternity he will be proving that
 God is love.

For ever and ever and ever he will be
 in glory with that blessed Jesus who died for
 him and who said, “Suffer little children
 to come unto me.”

C. P.

FAITHFUL TO DEATH.

IF any of my young readers have visited Hadleigh, in Suffolk, they have doubtless seen in the middle of a field, a tall pillar or obelisk; and if curiosity has ever prompted them to go near it, they have noticed a rude stone beside it, with the quaint inscription given below.

But who was Dr. Tayler? and why was he persecuted?

He was a Protestant minister of Hadleigh, and was arrested because he would not believe and preach the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. After two years' imprisonment in London, and a mock trial, he was sentenced to death.

The night before his weary journey commenced, the prison keeper allowed his dear

wife to take a last meal in the cell with him, and she, together with her little daughter, waited in the cold February morning to bid him a last farewell.

The company halted while they knelt together, and in broken voice he said, "Farewell, my dear wife, be of good cheer, God shall raise up a father for my dear children." He then kissed his family and bidding them all a farewell passed on.

Can you not imagine that little party, as they pass through the villages toward Hadleigh? The sheriff of the county leads the way, and the captive is surrounded by guards; as he journeys he tells them of his bright prospects and in earnest tones tells them of the sinner's Saviour, until those hard-hearted men weep. At last the place of execution is reached. "Thanked be God, I



1555
 DR. TAYLER IN DE
 FENDING THAT
 WAS GOOD AT
 THIS PLAS LEFT
 HIS BLODE.

DR. TAYLER'S STONE.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

11

am even at home," are the words of this dear servant of God. He alights from his horse, hundreds are gathered to witness this noble martyr's death. Some of the people who love their old pastor weep aloud, and amid their sobs are heard the words: "God save thee, good Dr. Tayler! Jesus Christ strengthen thee! The Holy Ghost comfort thee!" "Good people," he answers, "I have taught you nothing but God's word, and I am come hither this day to seal it with my blood." A stroke from a yeoman on the head reminds him he is not allowed to speak. "Pile the faggots!" cries the sheriff to a butcher near, but the man seems powerless, he is threatened with prison; but the devil always has ready servants, and roughs cast faggots around, one contriving to hurl one at the martyr's face, drawing blood. "Ah! friend, I have hurt enough, what need of this?" The fire is kindled, the smoke ascends, and with the smoke the last prayer of the dear martyr. "Merciful Father, for Jesus Christ my Saviour's sake, receive my soul into Thy hands." Thus Dr. Tayler laid down his life for the truth of God. May God give us to value the freedom and truth bought with such a price.



LITTLE BESSIE'S ANSWER.

LITTLE Bessie had often sat and listened to the preaching, as again and again the sweet story of Jesus' love was told out by the two preachers who were holding some Special Gospel Services in the town

where she lived. Bessie's father and mother loved the Lord Jesus, and while the services were being held the preachers made their home with them. As she attended the meetings, night after night, Bessie became very anxious about her soul, and her sins began to trouble her; suspecting this, one of the gentlemen on going away, to return in a few days, took up a piece of blotting paper which was covered with spots of ink, and wrote across it,—

"Bessie's sins are like these blots,
They cannot be removed. The precious
Blood of Christ can remove every one,
When is she going to trust it?"

When he returned after a few days' absence, there was a little note awaiting him from Bessie, and on opening it, he found a little card, on which was written:—

"Dear Mr. —
I am going to trust Him now.
From your loving friend,
B—."

Bessie did trust in Jesus, that precious Saviour who died for her sins on Calvary's cross, and though she has grown a big girl now, she is not ashamed to own that Jesus' precious blood has put away all her sins.

What of yourself, dear young friend? Have *you*, like little Bessie, trusted in Him? if not, be like her and trust Him **now**. Do not wait until to-morrow, God says nothing in His word about to-morrow, except to warn us not to boast of to-morrow, but He does say, "*Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2)

Your sins may be but few, but whether few or many, they need to be forgiven, or they must shut you out for ever from heaven, and the company of the Lord Jesus Christ. Nothing can put them away but the precious blood of Christ. Won't you trust in Him now? and then you will be able to say—

"Once my sins were red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow;
Jesus' precious blood has made them,
White as snow."

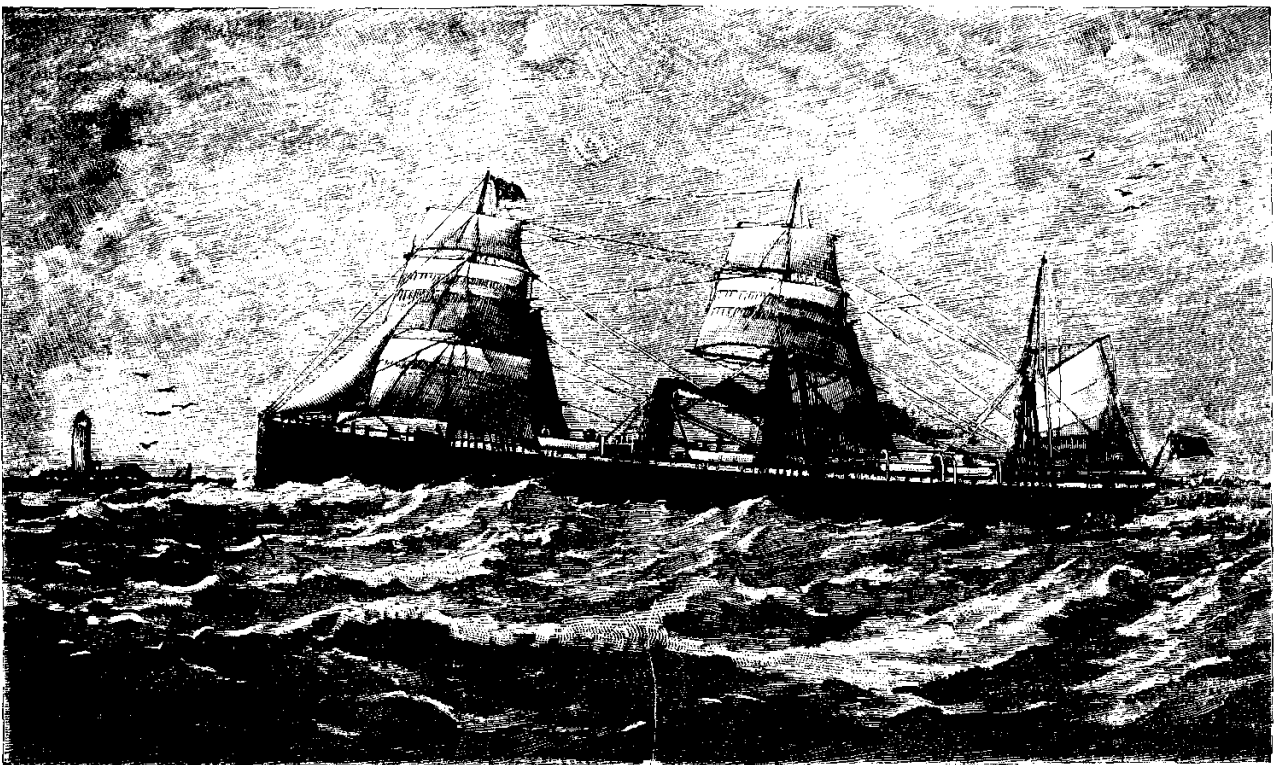
"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"Without shedding of blood is no remission." You can be quite sure of it, since God says so. E. E. N.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

SITTING one day on the deck of the vessel enjoying the cool breeze, underneath the canvas awning, we watched the sailors overhauling one of the life-boats. There lay the water cask ready for use in case of need; oars and everything were there to make her efficient to save the lives of any poor shipwrecked passengers. But how differently we gazed upon her to what we should had we been in distress. Now that

What is God's salvation to you, dear reader? Is it so lightly esteemed that you have never availed yourself of it? Remember, to believe is to be saved. To believe not is to be lost! Are the terms too easy? Do you refuse it because it is of grace, through faith; and nothing of yourself? Rather take God's free gift, and with heartfelt gratitude turn round and thank the gracious Giver. Then you can begin to do, and with a life devoted to His service, shew out to others what God's grace, which



life-boat to us was just what salvation is to many.

They hear about it, it is shewn to them from God's word, but they will not avail themselves of it. Some go so far as to admire its simplicity, but indifferent to their own need blindly turn away from it.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Though offered freely to all, the cost of it none can measure. "*God so loved . . . He gave!*" This is the cost, who can count it? and since it cost so much, how highly it should be prized and valued by those to whom it is so freely offered.

bringeth salvation, has done for you. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

E. E. N.

FOR OUR BOYS.

NOT far from my home there is an institution where a blind boy was sent to school. There he was taught as much as possible to fit him for the battle of life, and more important than that—the fear of the Lord. At sixteen he started out to earn his own living.

I expect many boys who read this have

fathers who love and fear the Lord and want to please Him in everything they do, so, among other things, teach you to pay for what you buy, and "owe no man anything." Now this boy, of whom I am telling you, had not an upright father, for he allowed his son to leave school with a debt owing of £2 for clothes.

Three years passed by, and a few days ago our young friend called at the institution on purpose to pay the debt. He had been doing well in life, and felt grateful to those who had been the means of his success. He knew his father still owed the money, so came and paid it out of his own earnings.

Now God teaches us that as we sow we shall reap, and it is so with our young blind friend. A gentleman, who heard of his generous conduct, suggested that he should be helped in some very generous way; so in the near future, perhaps before you read this, a van will be heard rolling up to the home of the blind youth, and greatly to his surprise, he will find a beautiful piano, or something equally good, which he will be able to use for the rest of his life.

E. H. R.

"BRIGHT IN THE MORNING."

BRENDA Turfray was the daughter of Christian parents, and at a very early age the Lord manifested that she was one of His lambs. When very young she delighted to hear her parents talk of Jesus and His love for little children. She loved her parents dearly, and did all in her loving way to please them. She was taken ill with bronchitis in October, her suffering was very great, at times her breathing was distressing, but God gave her patience, and between her pains she prayed earnestly to Jesus for grace to bear them, and longed to depart to be with Him whom she loved. The day before she died she told her parents she should leave them, saying, "I know you would like me to stay with you, but I cannot, I must go." She embraced them saying: "Don't cry, Daddy; don't cry, Mother, I shall be bright in the morning."

Cease here longer to detain me, fondest Mother drowned in woe;
Now thy kind caresses pain me, "Morn advances"—let me go.
There, my mother, pleasures centre—weeping, parting, care or
woe
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter, "Morn advances"—let me
[go.]

ENIGMA.

THE father of a man whom God called friend,
With God for Sodom and Gomorrah pled.

A youth who was both beautiful and fair,
Was in an oak tree caught by his long hair.
A mighty warrior, who was brave and bold,
Killed a huge lion, though snowing and cold.

A priest of God who in the temple stayed,
Reproved a woman who to her God prayed.
A daughter who, unto her mother did cleave,
And would not, in spite of entreaty leave.
A man who Paul's girdle around himself wound,

And said that its owner by Jews should be bound.

One who, though olive fail, and herdless stall,
Would trust in his God and joy amidst all.
If the first letter of each name you tell,
You will name a place where fiery judgment fell!

Answers in verse or otherwise, if for publication, should be sent before the 20th of the current month.

Prizes will be given for best answers to 12 enigmas from readers under 14. [EDITOR.]

Answer to Enigma for January.

Old Simeon in the temple stood,
Whilst Anna in her widowhood,
To see the Saviour God would send,
Waited for Him who could redeem.

Queen Vashti in an ancient day,
Was driven from her palace gay,
While Isaac on the altar bound,
Was glad a substitute was found.

Ornan's the name of him who sold,
His threshing floor for earthly gold;
Uriah at Rabbah was slain,
That David might his wife obtain.

Rebecca told her favoured son,
To supplant his brother with venison.
Now the first letter of each name take,
The wondrous word of Saviour make.

T. C. (Age 12.)



BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

MANY years had passed by since God uttered those words, "Cursed is the ground for thy sake." Changes had taken place, the home of Adam had been brightened by the presence of two boys which God had given him. Of the first little boy we were talking together last month and now I want you to turn up your Bibles to Genesis iv., where you will find the name of the little brother whom God gave Cain. Years rolled by, Abel like Cain grew up, but instead of choosing like his brother to till the ground, he chose

the occupation of a shepherd.

Like Cain, it would seem the claims of God began to press upon him, but profiting by instruction, and knowing that, God having cursed the ground, it could produce nothing which He could accept, he straightway went to his flock, and choosing a spotless lamb brought his offering to the Lord.

God accepted the offering of Abel,

then it was Cain's countenance fell and he was very wroth." His jealousy was seen by God, and He in mercy, willing to give Cain one more opportunity, said: "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? . . . And unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him." (Gen. iv. 7.)

But alas, in his self-will he would not even listen to the voice of God, his anger was so great that he rose up and slew his brother. The penalty of his sin he had to bear, whilst Abel, who had been accepted on the ground of the sacrifice offered,

entered into rest,

God testifying of his gifts: and by it he being dead yet speaketh. Have you, dear little reader, ever listened to His voice? I do not for one moment suppose that you lived at the time Abel did—why it is over 5,000 years since Abel offered his sacrifice—but have you profited by the lesson God has

given us in His word? and instead of presenting to Him anything you have done for your soul's salvation, trusted alone to that precious blood which cleanseth from all sin?

"Faith in Christ will save me,
I will trust Thy blessed Son!
Trust the work that He has done,
To Thy arms, O Lord, I run,
Faith in Christ has saved *me*."

Ed.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST.

AWAY in one of the Islands of the West Indies a little boy lay dying. During his illness it had often been his delight to sing that sweet hymn which he had learned at the Sunday School:—

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for *ME*."

As he lay dying, with mother and brothers gathered around his bedside, he requested them to sing to him; and they sang of the blessed Saviour whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin. If I remember rightly he was but seven or eight years old, but not too young to die; and many of my little readers may be about that age too, while others may be older, while some are younger, but remember that there is a time coming when

You will have to die.

It may be in a few years, it may be in a few days, or even minutes; but die you must as a sinner, for "the wages of sin is death."

Have you ever walked through a graveyard or cemetery, and noticed the little graves there? Some are very short, telling the tale that the body that lies there was once inhabited by a little boy or girl; but they have passed away, never more to be known on earth again. Do you think they will always lie there? No, there is a time coming when all will be raised again, some to reign on high with Christ for ever, while others will never enter heaven, because they died with their sins upon them, and no sin can ever enter that holy place; but with the devil in hell must be their place for ever.

None of my little readers, I am sure,

would like to go to that dreadful place; then listen while I tell you of what Jesus did that you might never go there. In God's word it is written, "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (of sins—Heb. ix. 22). Therefore, unless blood is shed God cannot put away our sins. You remember what took place after Jesus had died on the cross: a soldier took a spear and pierced His side, and therefrom flowed blood and water. The precious shed blood tells us that His life has been given for sinners, therefore each little boy or girl who really trusts in Him, believing He died for them, can sing:—

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Jesus, God's own Son,
Telling that the work is finished,
All is done."

Then we can tell others that "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." (Eph. i. 7.)

E. E. N.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

What was the name of the man, who scripture says died before his father?

Who met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the kings?

At what price did Esau sell his birthright?

What did Jacob call the name of the place where he had stones for a pillow?

Who was Adah?

Where was Joseph sent to find his brethren? and where did he find them?

Prizes will be given (to readers under 14) at end of year for best answers to scripture questions. Must be done without help of concordance and signed by parent or guardian. Address your replies to the Editor.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XIV.

OUR OPPORTUNITIES.

SOME years ago, a christian girl, whose name, I think, was Grace, had a very long illness. Pain and weakness are, we all know, hard to bear, but what Grace found still more trying was, that she was away from her home and obliged to live among strangers. She would often have felt sad and lonely had it not been for the care of the housekeeper, who herself loved the Lord Jesus, and for His sake never seemed to get tired of doing kind things to cheer and help the sufferer. And so

Grace's illness became to Mrs. M. an opportunity of loving service to the Lord.

But I should be sorry for any of my girls to think that all the opportunities of helping others belong to the grown-up people. God in His grace and love puts them within the reach even of the youngest and weakest of Christ's little ones; only we must watch for them, and not let them slip past us because we think such little deeds of kindness as we can do, hardly worth doing at all. Very small things, if done or given from love to Christ, are precious in His sight.

The Bible has something to say about our opportunities: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men." (Gal. vi. 10.)

Nellie M., Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has had a golden opportunity and used it, an opportunity of shewing kindness to one of our sick girls. C. J. L. is glad Nellie wrote her address on the very neatly printed paper of texts and hymns she sent, as it will, she hopes, give fresh interest to the lovely words to know that they were written out by a young believer who lives in far-off Africa, though it does not seem quite so far off to C. J. L. now that she has a little friend there, who writes nearly every month, as it used to do when a little girl herself she learnt about it in her geography, as the country from which great quantities of ivory and gold dust are brought.

Mary G. W., Wellington, New Zealand. Thank you so much, dear Mary, for writing me such an interesting letter, and telling me about your Sunday school. I know it must seem a long time to wait for an answer to your letters, but you are not the only one of my correspondents who "has need of patience" as to this. How blessed it is to know that when the Lord Jesus comes to meet His own in the air, all who have trusted Him as their own precious Saviour, will be with Him, where death can never enter and distance never divide. Your answers to Bible questions are correct, and your paper one of the best I have received.

Sarah B., Audubon Tower, United States. Your letter was a very welcome one. Your choice of texts for our album is very good. They all, I notice, speak of the sympathy of the Lord Jesus, and this is, I am sure, the only way in which we can really comfort those who are in sorrow by leading them up and on to think more of the grace and tenderness of Christ, who is, as one of your texts reminds us, not only His people's Saviour but their High Priest. I shall be glad to have you join our Bible Class.

Quite a nice large packet of texts, &c., from the girls who attend Miss W.'s Class, Guildford, has been received; but, as several of the senders did not write their names on their texts, I cannot write to each one, only tell them how much pleasure their loving service has already given. All the texts sent will, I hope, soon find places in our albums. Teacher and class must, we think, have worked in happy fellowship, some of the texts are so beautifully done.

Adeline T., Altrincham. My dear little friend, who is only seven and a half, will, I think, like

to know that the text has been sent by post to a sick girl C. J. L. knows, as the ribbon made it more suitable for hanging on the wall than pasting into a scrap book. Did you choose the text, dear? The printing is very neatly done.

Mary V., Clayhidon, Wellington, Somerset. Yes, dear, I shall be very pleased to have you join our Bible Class, and will always look out for your letters. Thank you for telling me your favourite text is John iii. 16. I think you have begun to love and want to please the Lord Jesus, the good Shepherd who gave His life for the sheep. Do not you think John x. is a lovely chapter? I never seem to get tired of reading it.

Eveline B., Farnlingham. It has not surprised me at all, dear Eveline, to hear that you quite enjoyed choosing and writing out the hymns you send. Do you know why? Because you worked from love, and love makes any service easy. May you and I seek to know more of the constraining power of the love of Christ, then our everyday lives will be more for His praise and His glory. Your writing is very neat, and the forget-me-not paper you have used will give your work a pretty effect in our album.

Ruth J., Farnham, Surrey. Your letters, dear Ruth, are always encouraging, and I am glad you write so often. The hymns you have printed with such loving care are very neatly done, and I am sure you must have worked hard to find time for so much, for what with going to school and helping mother, your life is quite a busy one. But I think you remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, "how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35), and so gave up some of your playtime.

Isaac N. J., who is, I find, Ruth's brother, wrote a bright, sensible letter. He will soon be fourteen, so helps his father by taking his share of work on the farm; but I am glad he is not too busy to think of and help others. The hymn, I am almost sure he copied (though there is no name on the paper), will almost fill a page in one of our albums. Please write again, Isaac.

Edith and Herbert N., Newton-le-Willows, have proved themselves willing helpers, and are thanked for a nice packet of texts and hymns; but, as there was no letter to be answered, C. J. L. hopes they will not feel disappointed at her not writing to each this time.

Fanny A., Mear End. Thank you so much, dear, for your kind letter and paper of nicely-chosen texts. The answer to the question you send is found in 1 Samuel vi. 10-14. But Bible puzzles never seem quite on the same lines as pictures and questions. The Bible, unlike any other book, is the word of God, and we need to come to its sacred pages with reverent spirits and teachable hearts, remembering that what we want most is blessing for our souls. Will you read 2 Timothy iii. 16, 17?

Walter J. and Edith C., Tunbridge Wells. Accept very real thanks, dear young friends, for the beautiful colour-printed texts you sent. Now what shall I say about the very kind letters you wrote?

To keep all the letters I get from those who take part in our "Talks" would be impossible, but it would never do to consign the pretty water-colour drawings, with which yours are adorned, to the waste-paper basket. They, too, must go into an album.

Edgar B., Rawdon. Thank you, dear Edgar, for the pleasure your letter has given me. Your texts are very nicely done, and the reasons you give for your choice of them shew that you thought of and tried to understand their meanings. You are right in saying that man's work, however strong, must in time crumble to dust and pass away. But the Rock of Ages never moves, never changes. Shall I give you a verse I am very fond of? "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks." (Prov. xxx. 26.) You and I are, I think, very much like the conies.

Nellie B., Peckham. Yes, dear Nellie, your first attempt at printing a text shall find a place in our album, and I am sure the love from which you worked is precious in the Master's sight. How sweet it would be for Him to be able to say of you and me, "She hath done what she could." I shall be pleased for you to ask any of the girls you know to join our Bible Class. Do not forget to pray that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon our band of young Bible searchers.

Frank A. P., Cambridge, sends a neatly printed text for the album, saying, in a loving little note, it is the first work of that kind he has done. Do not be discouraged, dear Frank, because, as you say, "you are backward with your lessons." Perhaps you did not go to school so early as some boys, or you may not have been able to attend so regularly. Make the most of the opportunities you have now, and keep in mind—"the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job xxviii. 28.)

Annie W., Oswestry. I was pleased to hear from you again, and think the interest you express in our "Talks" is very encouraging. The Lord in His grace seems to be really blessing them to the readers of our magazine. I can only bow and thank Him for the cheering letters that come in almost every packet. I hope you will write often. Thank you for telling me about your nice long holidays.

BIBLE QUESTIONS:

- I. Who slew a lion on a snowy day?
- II. When was rain in harvest a token of divine displeasure?
- III. What references to snow and rain are there in the Book of Job?
- IV. What do you think was the meaning of the words used by David in Psalm li—"wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"?
- V. Where are we told that "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin"?

Get your letters posted by the 21st.

Address:—

C. J. L.,
c/o Editor,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

LITTLE DICKIE.

LITTLE Dickie was the son of loving parents who lived in a small court, where they had just a peep of blue sky and the tops of some tall trees. He was the youngest child and though scarce four years old when the incident of which I want to tell you occurred, he was very intelligent, bright, and happy; doubtless far happier than some of my little readers who have much more naturally to make them happy. His dear father suffered greatly, but having found the only true source of happiness himself, he was most anxious that little Dickie (though so young) should know Jesus too. Often he took the dear boy in his arms and prayed



that Jesus would bless him and make him wholly His.

One day, whilst sitting with his mother, he said: "This Christmas day, Ma?" "Yes," she replied, "this is Christmas day, Dickie!" "Why this called Christmas day, Ma?" "Because Jesus was born into this world once, as a little baby like you, and then grew up to be a man, so people keep Christmas to remember about this." "Jesus a man, Ma?" "Yes, He was a man once, but before He was a man He was a little baby boy." "Oh Ma, I'm so glad Jesus was a man; I thought Jesus was the sky." "Is Jesus a man now, Ma?" "Yes, He is a man in heaven now." "Jesus a man in heaven and walks with Polly now (referring to an infant sister he had never seen, but who, he was told, had gone to heaven). Oh! I'm so glad Jesus is a man, He died for *me*," and all through the day he seemed to be thinking of what he had learnt.

He always loved to hear the name of Jesus, but somehow he had thought it meant the sky, but now for the first time he knew there was One in heaven who still bears that precious Name, JESUS.

* * * *

JESUS CHRIST.

"**W**HO came down from heaven above?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"Came a child of lowly birth?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"Who was lifted on the tree?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"There to ransom you and me?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"Who hath promised to forgive?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

"Who hath said, 'Believe and live'?"
Jesus Christ our Saviour!

A LITTLE HERO.

A FEW years ago, near Tolua in Mexico, lived a little boy, the son of a converted Indian. When only eight years old, he was walking in the street one day when he met a popish procession of images, etc. Every one knelt on the ground and uncovered their heads except the little boy, who remained standing.

"Kneel down, child!" exclaimed some one at his side.

"Indeed, I shall not," said the boy.

"Kneel down, I tell you; don't you see God is passing by?"

"That is not God, that is only an idol," replied the little fellow; "my God is not made of wood: He is a Spirit, and tells us to worship Him in spirit and in truth."

The procession passed by, the man turned to the little boy and said, "Child, who taught you such ideas?"

"God's word did," said he.

"I should like to read it," said the man.

"Meet me next week, and I will give you a book."

Happily an English gentleman had only a few days previously given the boy's father several copies of the gospels. True to promise, on the appointed day he met the man and gave him a copy of the gospels, which God used in blessing to his soul. Who can tell how much blessing resulted from that one little act of faithfulness to the Lord Jesus?

* * * *

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A righteous man, for love of worldly gain,
Who just escaped with sinners being slain.

Who hid one hundred men within a cave,
And for their need he bread and water gave?
A widow lone, but with devoted heart
Still clung to one who urged her to depart.
A young man, whom his father sent one day
To seek his brethren—tell me, where were they?

The name of one who, by a woman's hand,
Was slain; the means her own device had planned.

A banished son, who sought by stealth to take
His father's throne, that he might mischief make.

What shall we add to knowledge, faith, and love,

That we may barren nor unfruitful prove?
Upon whose head did Jacob lay his hand,
Though one stood by his purpose to withstand?

One who, when young, made lame on both his feet;

But for his father's sake king's food did eat.
A stone set up by God's own people when
He gave them help from hands of wicked men.

When sick of sin, by guilt opprest,
The sinner finds no place of rest,
The letters form an earnest cry,
Which never yet the Lord pass'd by.

Send your answers if possible before the 20th of the current month, with name, age and address, to the Editor.

Prizes will be given for best answers to twelve enigmas from readers under 14.



ACROSTIC.

Justice, mercy, peace, and love,
Ever flowing from above,
Shewing us that we should live
Unto Him, who died to give
Salvation free to all.

“My word shall not pass away.”

THERE never was a book in this world half so much opposed as the Bible, and which so many persons have tried hard to destroy, and yet in spite of all (through God’s goodness) we are still privileged to have it, and able to read it without fear. This was not always so. During the first three hundred years after Jesus was here on earth, the emperors of Rome tried all they could to destroy it, and keep people from becoming Christians. They got up ten

then built a huge theatre, holding over twenty thousand people. It was built in, the form of a circle, with seats, like a gallery all round, rising to the top of the high walls. In the centre was a large open space, with iron railings all round. Sometimes the cruel emperor would have a number of Christians put into that big sort of cage, and then would let fierce, hungry lions and tigers tear them to pieces and eat them alive, twenty thousand people sitting round and looking on as though it were sport. And so Christians by the thousand



THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE.

long, dreadful persecutions against the Bible and those who read it; some of those persecutions lasted for ten years at a time, and during that fearful period all the power of the Roman government was directed against the Bible. During one of these persecutions in one single country one hundred and fifty thousand Christians were put to death.

Sometimes a house was filled with Christians, faggots piled all round the outside, and set fire to, all being burnt alive. Sometimes companies of fifty were bound together and driven into the sea. The Roman emperor

“Were butcher’d to make a Roman holiday.

One day a christian man was being led to this dreadful place. The soldier who had charge of him said: “My friend, how easily you can save your life! Give up reading that book, and you need not be food for the lions.”

“I cannot give up my Bible,” said he, “because I am a Christian. Eternal life is in that book; and lions or no lions, I cannot give it up,” and thus he went to a martyr’s death.

The Roman emperors tried every way to

destroy it. One of them, Diocletian, thought he had done it. He had killed so many Christians, and destroyed so many Bibles, that because the Bible-lovers were quiet for a while and hid themselves, he proudly had a medal struck off, with this on it, as a motto: "The christian religion is destroyed, and the worship of the gods restored." Suppose that Diocletian could come back to earth now, and see the Bible going through all the nations of the world, I wonder what he would think of his famous medal!

Then hundreds of years afterwards, when the Roman Catholic Church got possession of the city of Rome, the pope and priests took up the old quarrel against the Bible. How strange that people calling themselves Christians should want to get rid of the Bible. Yet this is what the Roman Catholic Church did for hundreds of years in Europe, and would do again.

There was an honest man, a Roman Catholic, who had never read the Bible. Some one gave him a copy. He began to read it. After a while he said: "Wife, if this book is true, we are wrong." It shewed him he was a great sinner, and he became alarmed. "Wife," he said, "if this book is true, we are lost." Still he continued to read, and after a time he saw the wondrous salvation God had to offer, and at last he exclaimed: "Wife, if this is true, we are safe!"

What a blessed discovery to make! Have you, my reader, done likewise?

Answer to Enigma for February.

Terah, an idolater, was father of him

To whom God His own mind could reveal;
And Absalom's heart was the mark for the
dart

Of the one who no pity could feel.

Benaiah was the son of a valiant man,

And was mighty indeed with the sword;
And old Eli, the priest, bid her go in peace
Who obtain'd what she ask'd of the Lord.

How beautiful Ruth her devotedness proved

By fast cleaving to one in distress;
While Agabus bound hands and feet fast
around,

And the will of the Lord was the best.

Like Habakkuk, we may rejoice in the Lord,
Though the fig, vine, and olive should fail;
The joy of the Lord, and His own blessed
word,

Is our strength, is our hope, is our all.

So Taberah's the place where those who
complain'd

Were destroy'd by the Lord in His ire;
But God's beloved Son, by the work He has
done,

Has secured those He loves from the fire.

K. A. (Age 13.)

Our readers will understand that space will only permit us to print one answer to each enigma. Many received compare favourably with the above; but this being the first received, we insert.—[ED.]

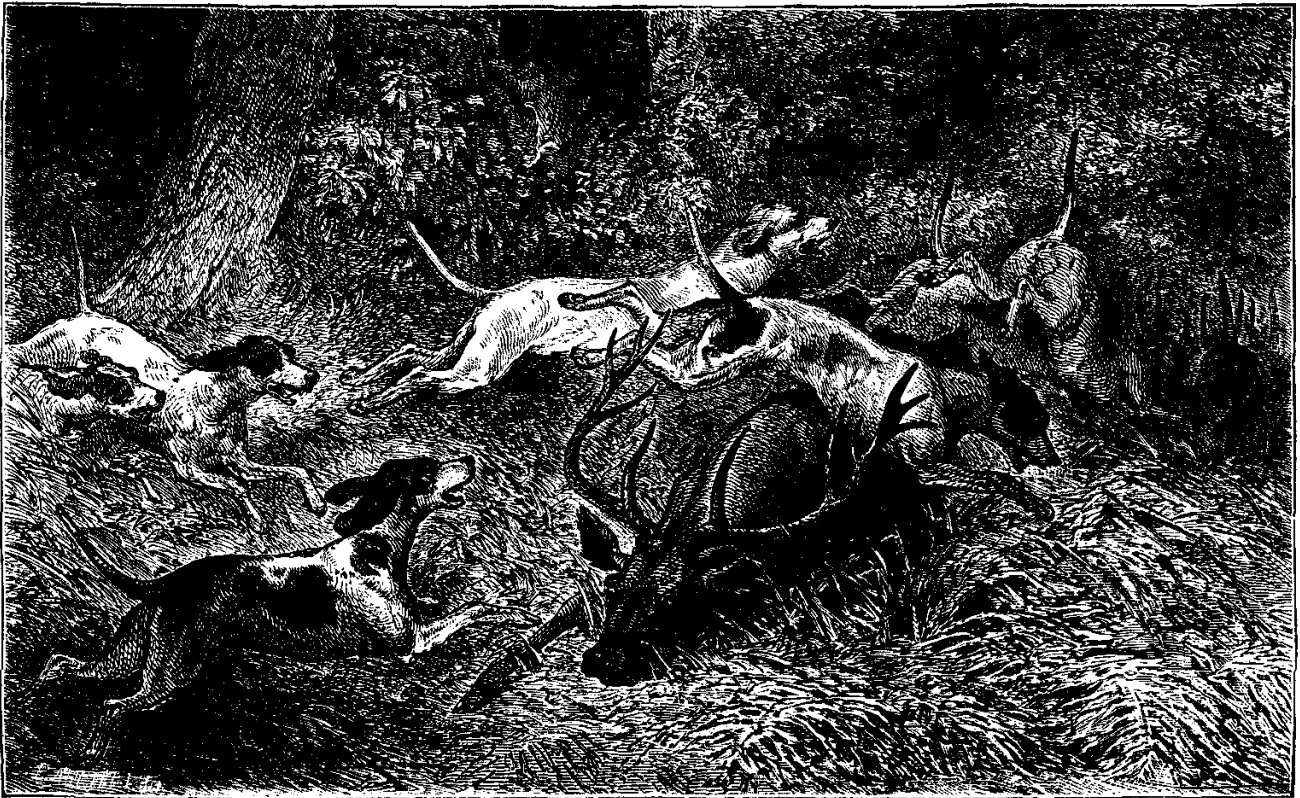
In answer to many inquirers, the Editor will be glad to receive answers to enigmas and Bible questions given in back numbers from those who are just commencing to take in the magazine.

STAGHOUNDS AND SHEEP.

WE will tell you something about some staghounds and sheep. Last autumn we visited a remote rustic village in Somersetshire. Our friends had previously engaged our lodgings at a villa adjoining what is called "The Kennels," where the district huntsman resides, and where he keeps a pack of about forty couples of fine staghounds. The people were most kind and nice, but the hounds were sometimes quite uproarious. Their noises were usually of two distinct kinds—one being called "*singing*," and the other "*crying*." One half of the pack goes out hunting one day, and the other half another day.

Those going out have no breakfast before starting, and make the "*singing*" noise in prospect of going out, spite of *no* breakfast. Those staying at home, and knowing it, set up a most doleful "*crying*," although they *have* breakfast. These sounds last for a considerable time, till one of the older dogs gives a particular bark which stops them.

One morning the good huntsman called to invite us to see these animals feed, which we thought it only neighbourly to accept, especially as he considered it a privilege to strangers. When the hounds were called singly by name from their sleeping-places to their feeding-



STAGHOUNDS IN THE FIELD.

court we were much struck with at least two things, namely, their good knowledge of their own names, and their very cheerful obedience to their master's voice. As each dog's name was shouted out, it at once came out of bed and passed quickly through the doorway to the good breakfast awaiting it. Stag-hunting, let us clearly say, is nothing whatever in our line, but this *knowledge of names* and *prompt obedience* forcibly reminded us of what we read about the sheep mentioned in John x. Some people there we see were owned by Jesus as *His* sheep, while some were not. Some knew His voice and followed Him, but others did not. Now what made the difference? Jesus Himself says, "he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. . . . I am the good shepherd: *the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep* . . . know my sheep, and am known of mine. . . . But ye BELIEVE NOT, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." So you see what made the difference was that some BELIEVED on Him, and others did not.

Dear one, are you one of Christ's sheep or lambs? for He has both.

You certainly *are* if you have believed on Him as your Saviour and as the One who found you when lost. The Good Shepherd has all His sheep and lambs upon His shoulders, and puts three marks upon each one.

Some believers have doubts and fears and do not seem to know they really have these marks upon them—marks which speak for themselves, and which no enemy can ever efface for all eternity. What marks are they? Hear the Good Shepherd's own true and abiding words: first mark, "*I give unto them eternal life*;" second mark, "*they shall never perish*;" third mark, "*neither shall any pluck them out of my hand*." Be encouraged, dear one, if a believer, soon you and all His blood-washed ones will dwell in the undisturbed and all-satisfying joy of His own blessed presence for ever. Till then may we be ever ready with willing and obedient hearts for any little service it may please the Good Shepherd to call us to, for His own glory and ever-worthy name's sake. J. N.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

WONDER whether any of my readers can tell me the name of the first person mentioned in the Bible who laughed? I fancy one of those who searched their Bibles to find the answers to last month's "Scripture Questions" replies "Abraham"! Quite right. His heart was so overwhelmed by the greatness of God's goodness and the magnitude of God's promise, that in his joy he laughed, not as Sarah, a laugh of unbelief, but he believed God and it was counted unto him for righteousness. It was a glad day in Abraham's house when God's promise was fulfilled and a little baby boy was born. There was no need to find a name for him, already God had given him the name of

Isaac, which means laughter.

When only eight days old Abraham set him apart to God and this little boy was destined to be the one through whom all nations of the world should be blessed. I need hardly tell you what a lovely type Isaac is of the Lord Jesus Christ; this I trust you have long learned and I want to point out (in his boyhood days) one or two instances where this is very marked. He was quite young—a lad, scripture tells us—when one day he saw preparations being made for a long journey and soon learned that he was to accompany his father to a place three days distant from home. Little did Isaac think that God had told his father to offer him up as a burnt offering in the land of Moriah, and yet this was the purpose of their journey. Think, dear reader, how sad Abraham must have been as they travelled along, yet—dearly as he loved Isaac—God's will must be done. Who can tell what God the Father felt as His dear Son (of whom Isaac is a type) journeyed through this

world to Calvary?

Abraham and Isaac reached the spot of which God had spoken, the altar is reared and the fire is laid, the obedience of Isaac is tested, he becomes a willing sacrifice and Abraham who loved him more dearly than aught beside, binds him and lifts his hand to slay his son.

The Lord Jesus (unlike Isaac) knew before He commenced His journey what the close

would be. He came to do the will of God and in obedience to that will and out of love to you and me He was "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." For Him **no substitute was found.**

Isaac was spared, and a ram died in his stead, but for the Lord Jesus there was no deliverance if we were to be saved. You remember the words of those wicked men who watched His dying agonies, "Himself he cannot save." (Matt. xxvii. 42.) I like to alter those words and say:—

"Himself He would not save,
Love's stream too deeply flowed;
Himself in love He gave,
To pay the debt we owed;
Obedience to His Father's will,
And love to Him did all fulfil."

Think, dear young one, what the Lord Jesus had to suffer, ere you could be saved. Not only did He suffer the pain of crucifixion, but more than all—He had to endure the **judgment of God against sin,** and God in His holiness forsook Jesus when He was made sin for us. Oh! what boundless love! what unfathomable grace! Dear little reader has it ever touched your young heart and led you to the Saviour saying—

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

[ED.]

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Bezaleel?
2. What did God say should never be lacking in the offerings?
3. Where is the scape goat spoken of, and what is it a type of?
4. How many men does scripture say of Israel were able to go to war the second year after they came out of Egypt?
5. Who were Nadab and Abihu, and why did they die?
6. Who were the Kohathites?

Answers to these questions should be sent to the Editor (address on cover), if possible before the 20th of the current month. Prizes will be given at the end of the year, to readers under 14, for the most correct and neatly written papers.

God's Care.

POOR and needy though I be,
 God, my Father, cares for me ;
 Gives me clothing, shelter, food,
 Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,
 He is with me night and day,
 When I sleep and when I wake,
 For the Lord, my Saviour's sake.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XV.

OUR HELPERS.

QUITE a large and loving band of young helpers have sent texts, verses, &c., for the sick members of our Bible Class. Indeed, so many have been received, that Annie wonders "If I can get an album large enough to hold them all?" I hardly think I can, but then we shall be able to fill more than one and so pass on the sweet gospel message to others with an earnest prayer that their hearts may be gladdened by hearing of a Saviour's love, and their lives brightened (if only for a little while) by the loving service of my girls and boys.

Perhaps the very youngest of our helpers is a little boy only five years old, who sent a text, "We love him because he first loved us," nicely pricked in Kinder-garten work. I am quite sorry my little friend did not send his name and address, but I hope he has begun to love the precious Saviour.

Several letters from the colonies ought, I think, to have good places in our talk this month. The first opened is from

Alice W. S., Nelson, New Zealand, who sends quite a large text card, which she will be pleased to hear came without getting at all crushed in the post, and writes such a loving little note. Alice prints very neatly and C. J. L. hopes she will join our Bible Class.

Mabel N., Ottawa, Canada. Thank you so much, dear Mabel, for your nice letter. It is always encouraging to read of our little magazine being known and loved by children of other lands and it is with real pleasure we welcome you to our Bible Class. The New Testament questions are all correctly answered, but the key to our Bible Picture is found in 2 Samuel xv., not in 1 Samuel xxii. Please write again as soon as you can.

Mary Ella N., Parna, Illinois, U. S. A. Your letter, dear Mary, made me feel that I must stop writing just for a minute and look up to the Lord, asking Him to give me a message for you. I wondered why you did not write again, but now I know you have been passing through a great sorrow. The Lord has taken your dear mother to

be with Himself and sometimes you feel, you say, "a very lonely little girl," and yet I feel sure that the Lord Jesus is attracting your heart to Himself, leading you to think more of His love. The Saviour, we know, is just as able to comfort, as He is "mighty to save." Our God says, "I, even I, am he that comforteth you." (Isa. li. 12.) Perhaps one way the comfort will flow into your heart, will be by His grace enabling you to think of and help to cheer others.

Annie and Susie M., Parna, Illinois, U. S. A. Welcome, dear girls, to our band of young Bible searchers. Your letters were interesting, not only because they had been great travellers, but because they tell of other hearts having been won for Christ, other lives yielded to His free, happy service. It is quite a cheer to know that both Annie and Susie can say of the Lord Jesus "Who loved me, and gave himself for me." (Gal. ii. 20.) They will, I think, hardly need asking "to write again."

Esther C., Stratford. Your letter, dear young sister in Christ, is one of the most encouraging I have received this month. Shall I tell you why? Because yours is, I know, a busy life, so busy that your opportunities for Bible study are anything but large, so I am very glad you have joined our Bible Class, for you will be a gainer by it. The Scriptures shew us the precious things that are ours in Christ, but it is to Himself a living Saviour we must go to make them good to our souls by the power of the Holy Spirit.

Ethel B. B., Weston-super-Mare. Your long silence, dear Ethel, is explained now, and I am very glad indeed to hear that your holidays were such happy ones. You have, I think, been learning something from a wonderful and beautiful lesson book, the goodness of God in creation; but even while we enjoy these things they are not really ours, for sooner or later they must change and pass away. It is the unseen things that are eternal. Yes, I like your choice of a verse for our album very much. You knew I should, did you?

Adeline T., Altrincham. Few, only very few, of the letters in my monthly packet come so regularly as yours, dear little friend, so that I know your postmark and writing quite well. Your key opens our Bible picture and you have answered all the questions very nicely.

Dora W. and her friends, who are, I think, her schoolfellows, are thanked for a packet of six cards for the album, some printed, others in spray work. All the texts chosen are suitable and the work very neatly and carefully done.

Faith S. G., Croydon. Thank you, dear little girl, for writing, I shall quite like to have you belong to our Bible Class. Your paper of answers is very good, but you must take a little more pains with your writing. I am so glad you can say, "I love the Lord Jesus because I know He died for me."

Fanny A., Mere End, is another of our most regular correspondents. For more than a year it has been a real pleasure to receive her nicely written letters and I am glad and thankful to hear that our Talks are a help and blessing to any who

are dear to Christ. You are a good seeker, dear Fanny, and "every one that seeketh findeth," should encourage us to seek earnestly the best things.

Florence T., Collumpton. There was, if I remember rightly, a letter from you in the very first packet I received, and I am glad to see you have improved both in writing and composition. Your answers to the questions are correct, but the key you send does not fit, and so will not open our Bible picture. If you read the answer to Mabel N. carefully, you will see where your mistake was. "Try, try again," dear little friend.

George N., near Keighley. What a lovely text you have chosen, and the printing is very nicely done for a boy eight years of age. The cardboard is, as you say, rather too thick to paste into our album, so shall be sent in the way your letter suggests. May the Lord bless and keep you, dear George.

Irene B. and Kathleen A., Newport. There are so many letters waiting to be answered this month, that I have only room to thank you for your nice letters, which I was very glad to get. The printing is beautifully done, and I am so glad that the texts you chose tell of the tender love and shepherd care of the Lord. What wonderful stories many of His afflicted suffering ones can tell of how their God has been to them a present help in the hour of trouble.

Kate H., Annie J., Mary J., Jessie C., Annie W., Lily C., Jessie B., Ethel C., Louie B., Polly F., M. P., and Rose C., who all live in or near Peterborough, are thanked for sending text cards. Some of the printed cards in this packet are beautifully done, and I am glad to notice that the girls who have not begun to print yet chose and wrote out lovely messages from God's own word. "Let us not be weary in well doing" is a word we all need daily grace to remember.

Annie S. C., near Evesham. Thank you, dear, for writing again, and telling me you have begun to trust the precious Saviour. Try and answer some, if you cannot quite all, the questions given every month. I am glad you enjoy reading our magazine.

Maud Mary S., Rotherham, who writes quite an interesting letter, telling in a bright, pleasant way of the home just far enough away from a busy town for her to enjoy country sights and sounds, has answered all the questions correctly, and will, I hope, write again soon.

Annie J., Peterborough. Your letter, dear Annie, was very welcome; it is indeed a joy to hear that you are now rejoicing in the Lord Jesus as your known and trusted Saviour. You cannot stand still, you must either go on to know more of His love, or back to the world from which His precious blood has redeemed you. Which shall it be?

E. A. D., Edinburgh. Your postcard, dear, is very neatly written for your age (seven and a half), and contains answers to all the November questions. Please write your name in full next month, then C. J. L. will seem to know you better. Your

initials E. A. might stand either for Edward Albert or Emma Alice.

Katie S., Fallowfield. Thank you, dear Katie, for sending such a kind letter. All the questions were correctly answered, and, though your name was not among the prize winners in the *Scripture Searcher's Almanack* competition you name, and I think I know just a little how disappointed you felt, you were a gainer, for none of us can really study the word of God, if we set about it in a humble, prayerful spirit, without getting help and blessing for our own souls.

Eveline B., Farnlingham. You have answered all the questions very nicely, dear Eveline, but C. J. L. quite missed not finding a letter, or even a tiny little note, sent with your answers.

Ada F. R., Plumstead. I am so glad you wrote, dear little friend. One line in your letter has interested me greatly. It comes just at the end, as if you could not say good-bye without telling me a sweet, glad secret, so you write: "I am now resting in Christ." May the Lord in His grace make and keep you true and bright for Himself—a happy, helpful, christian girl.

Ruth W., Calne, Wilts. Thank you, dear, for telling me about your holidays, which I am glad to hear were such pleasant ones. I am sure you enjoyed them all the more because you gave up some time to Bible study and loving work for others. Your text, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me," is very nicely done. The colours are so well chosen, and the printing clear and distinct.

Mary D., Aldeburgh-on-Sea. Your letter, dear Mary, was so loving and warm-hearted that I feel just as if we were quite old friends, and a very real bond of affection has been formed between us by the Holy Spirit, we have been led to know the Lord Jesus as our own precious Saviour. We love Him, for He first loved us, and we really do want to serve and please Him, do we not? Your scripture paper gives proof of steady, careful work, and the texts sent by yourself and schoolfellows are among the best I have received.

My old friends, the boys of Miss A.'s Class, Peterborough, are thanked for such a nice packet of text cards; and though a few unanswered letters must from want of space stand over till next time, none of my correspondents will, I hope, feel greatly disappointed.

As our Editor is giving Bible questions this year, it may prevent confusion if we take a subject for our letters next month, and write about our books. We are all, I hope, Bible readers and Bible lovers, so our list of books we enjoy reading will, of course, begin with the Bible. Write about the books you have read, giving the names of a few of those you liked best. Do not put your letters into the same envelopes as those for the Editor.

Address:—

C. J. L.,

Office of *Gospel Stories*,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.



TRUSTING JESUS.

"MAMMA dear, will you please open my Bible and read to me my favourite text?" These were the words of dear little Willie S. He was lying in his little cot, very ill, and his dear mother was sitting by his side. He was only a little boy of seven years old, but we shall see how even little boys can know the Saviour's love.

"What is your favourite text, Willie?" asked his mother.

"You will find it in my Bible in Psalm xx. 7."

His mother then opened his Bible, and slowly read: "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."

"Is not that a beautiful verse, Mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child, it is."

"I suppose, Mamma, why some trusted in chariots and horses is, because they thought they would save them?"

"Yes, Willie, that is just it."

"But, Mamma, they cannot save them, can they?"

"No, my dear boy, they cannot."

"I do not trust in them for salvation, Mamma. I trust in Jesus—only in Jesus. It is only Jesus that can save, is it not, Mamma?"

"Yes, Willie, it is only Jesus that can save. That is why David, who is the writer of the Psalm, said: 'We will remember the name of the Lord our God.' David trusted in the Lord, and He delivered him from the lion, and the bear, and the great giant."

Now I wonder how many of my little readers can say, like little Willie, I trust only in Jesus? I expect some boys and girls say, "I do not trust in chariots and horses, I know that they cannot save me." What do you trust in? Do you hope, that if you pray, and be a good boy or girl, that that will save you? Perhaps you say, "No; I am sure that even my prayers and goodness cannot save me." Then what do you trust in? Whom do you trust in? Is it Jesus? Perhaps you say, "I cannot quite say I do trust him. If I did trust him, I should be able to say I was saved, and I cannot quite say that."

Why cannot you trust Jesus? You can trust your mother and father, why not Jesus? Jesus will make you happy, and fill your heart with peace and joy, if you come to Him as a poor sinner. It says in Proverbs iii. 5, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."

If you wanted to go a long journey into the country, and could not go by train, you would be glad to trust in horses to take you there. But horses cannot take us to the better land where Jesus is. A swift horse

may carry its rider safe out of the reach of its pursuer; but a swift horse cannot carry us away from the judgment of God. Jesus only can do this.

A few days ago, I went and saw little Willie. I just drew him to my side, and spoke to him about the Saviour. I said, "Do you love Jesus, Willie?"

"Yes, I do," was his quick reply.

"Why do you love Jesus, Willie?"

"Because He first loved me, and died for me."

"Then you do trust Jesus, Willie?"

"Yes, I do."

"What has Jesus done with your sins?"

"He has washed them all away in His own precious blood," he quickly answered.

How happy must be the dear child that can say this. You, my little reader, might be able to say this too, if you trust in Jesus. The same Jesus that little Willie trusts in, and that washed away his sins, can wash away yours, and save your soul. I do pray to Jesus to bless you little ones, and lead you to His tender arms of love, to trust in Jesus the Saviour.

"Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him now!
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now!"

Then when you can say, "He has washed away my sins," you can pray for other boys and girls. I hope the little readers of this book, who love Jesus, pray much for other boys and girls, that their young feet may be early led to His blessed footstool.

The Lord Jesus
bless you all, for
His name's sake.

J. H. L.

JESUS FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

THE Christmas holidays were over and we boys returned to school, glad to meet one another again, and soon we were recounting all our various adventures. But one of our school-mates was missing. Where's Jimmy? we asked of his brother, but the tears started to his eye and he could not answer. At last we learnt the cause. Jimmy had been to the pond and while skating fearlessly about the ice had broken, and before help could reach him poor little Jim was drowned.

It made a great impression on us all because it reminded us that any moment we might be called into eternity, and I am afraid many of us were not ready. But we loved Jimmy and every one of us really hoped that he had gone to heaven. One little fellow said, "I am sure he has, because he always went to church and was a good boy." Then I remember some one else saying, "But that is not the way to heaven—Jesus is the *only* way."

And so we talked together, but after a little while we forgot all about it and were soon as careless as ever.

Since those school-days of mine I have found out that I was a long way from the Saviour and going to hell, but I also found



that Jesus had loved me and was longing to save me, and at last I trusted Him, and His precious blood has washed away my scarlet sins and made me fit to dwell with Him in His bright home above the sky. And since I was saved I have often thought of Jimmy and wondered if he was really saved; if he was, how happy he is now, at home with Jesus; but if not, how sad, indeed, it is to think of it, he is lost for ever.

But it is not much use us wondering whether Jimmy was saved or not. The point is, are we saved? If God had to call you away, dear young reader, would your eternity be a happy one? Now think of it, you must go to heaven or hell, and if you cannot say that you are saved, do trust in Jesus at once. He is so ready to bless you, and never turns one sinner away that trusts in Him, then if you were called away like Jimmy, you would be safe, and if you lived you would be truly happy. But you say, we are not going to die just yet, we hope; and I hope the same for you, but we do long to know that you are rejoicing in Jesus. There is none but Him can shed real sunshine on

your path. He alone can save and give you real joy, and what a privilege it is for those who know Him to live for Him and to serve Him now. I do trust every reader of *Gospel Stories* will be amongst the happy company.

J. T. M.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. What was the name of the mother of Moses?
2. Who was it that became leprous for speaking against her brother?
3. Who was Zelophehad, and how many daughters had he?
4. What request did they make unto the priest?
5. "Zebulun shall be an haven for ships." By whom was this prophecy uttered?
6. What was the name of Othniel's father and who was his brother, and what was his occupation?

Prizes will be given for best answers to Bible questions from readers under 14. Address your letters to the Editor.



Will ye not tremble at My presence, saith the Lord, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea, . . . that it cannot pass it? Jer. v. 22.

A PRAYER.

THROUGH the day Thy love hast
spared us,
Wearied we lie down to rest ;
Through the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace molest,
Saviour ! Thou our guardian be,
Sweet it is to trust to Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers
Dwelling in the midst of foes ;
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In Thine arms may we repose ;
And when life's short day is past
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

Answer to Enigma for March.

Lot. (Gen. xix. 12-14.)

Obadiah. (1 Kings xviii. 13.)

Ruth. (Ruth i. 14-18.)

Dothan. (Gen. xxxvii. 17.)

Sisera. (Judges iv. 18-22.)

Absalom. (2 Sam. xv. 1-12.)

Virtue. (2 Pet. i. 5.)

Ephraim. (Gen. xlvi. 17.)

Mephibosheth. (2 Sam. ix. 6, 7.)

Ebenezer. (1 Sam. vii. 12.)

Lord, save me ! (Matt. xiv. 30.)

M.W., age 13.

[Space will not permit our publishing one of the many answers sent in verse this month, we therefore insert the above neatly written paper.—ED.]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

OF whom did Israel prophesy one day,
He should be as a serpent by the
way.

A man whose bed nine cubits was in length,
Made out of iron to ensure great strength.
A woman who to spies a shelter gave ;
They promised in return her house to save.
Some one, who soldiers to God's servant sent,
He thro' a previous vision gladly went.
Whose sacrifice was once by God accepted,
While his own brother's was by Him rejected.
A servant who both prayed and praised with
Paul—

God at their feet soon made a jailer fall.
If the first letter of each name you find,
You'll spell the name of one both good and
kind.

Prizes will be given for best answers to 12
enigmas from readers under 14. Address
your replies to the editor if possible before
20th of current month.

JESSIE AND ANNIE.

JESSIE and Annie were two little sisters
who lived far away from either town or
city, in a lonely part of Northumber-
land. Their father and mother were both
converted. You know what that means,
don't you? It means they had got their sins
all forgiven, and knew they were saved and
on their way to heaven.

Now Jessie and Annie had often heard
them speaking about this, and it made them
wish they had their sins forgiven too. Jessie,
who was oldest, thought most about these
things, and became very, very sad about her
sins. For though she was not yet seven
years of age, she knew she had sinned against
God; and that her sins, if they were not
forgiven, would take her to hell.

One day she came to her father with a
very unhappy face, and asked him if he
would pray for her, as she would so like to
be saved at once. Did he do it, think you?
Ah! he was only too glad to. So would your
father, if you asked him, if he is saved. Just
ask him, and you will see how pleased he
will be to do it. Well, Jessie's father had
not a big house, but as they had a cow, they
had also a little "milk house" close to the
kitchen.

Now, as many of my little readers live in
towns and cities, perhaps they will not know
what a milk house is, so I will tell you. A
milk house is a place with broad stone or
wooden shelves all round the walls, to place
the large basins of milk upon, until the
cream gathers on it, when it is taken care-
fully off the top of the milk, and made into
butter. Now it was into this place that
Jessie and her father went to pray; taking
care to fasten the door, so that no one would
disturb them.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

29

They both went on their knees, and her dear father cried earnestly to God to help his darling girl to trust Jesus even *now*. On rising to their feet again, he at once turned to her, and asked if she could come to Jesus yet? and sobbing, she said, "*Will He TAKE me as I AM?*" The father answered her question with those sweet words of Jesus in John vi. 37, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in NO WISE cast out." Now, what do you think Jessie said, and did? She said, Oh, then, father I will just come to Him now; and she did come, and Jesus gladly received her, and forgave all her sins and made her His own little lamb.

The door was soon opened, and into the kitchen she sprang, and told mother with a beaming face the Lord had saved her.

Now before I close I shall tell you another thing about Jessie, and that wonderful milk house.

One day—a good while after—she came home from school with a very sad face, and without saying a word, went straight into the milk house and shut herself in. In about five minutes she came out again, with her face perfectly peaceful. Now what do you think Jessie had been doing there? I will tell you. In coming home from school, there was a piper and dancers performing before some houses, and all the scholars stood to see the grand fun, and Jessie among them. But she had not stood long before she began to feel unhappy, for she thought, if Jesus had been there He would not have stood to see such fun, and this made her think she must have grieved Him. So when she got home she shut herself up in the milk house, and went down on her knees and told Him how sorry she was for it; then she knew she had His forgiveness, and when she came out she told her mother all about it, and said she felt quite happy again.

Now it is a good many years since then but I saw Jessie and her christian husband the other week—she is married now—and she finds the precious Saviour she first trusted in the milk house more precious still, and it is the delight of both her and her husband to speak of him to others.

Now as I have said so much about Jessie



ONE DAY JESSIE CAME TO HER FATHER.

I will keep what I am going to say about her sister Annie till next month, when, if the Lord will, you will learn how Jessie's blessed Saviour became hers. Now do not forget to look out for it and read it.

J. M.

JESUS SAID

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Matt. xix. 14.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

I EXPECT you all know what "twins" mean. Perhaps you have some little friends, brother and sister, or two brothers or two sisters, exactly the same age and therefore called "twins." Such were the two little boys I want to write you a little about this month. Their names were Esau and Jacob. If you turn up your Bible to Genesis xxv. 27 you will find these words, "And the boys grew." Abraham their grandfather had died and Isaac their father had become very rich. Can you picture them in their

lovely Eastern home,

every heart's wish gratified, loved by their fond parents, and instructed, doubtless, in the things of God? "the boys grew," and as they grew we strangely learn that their tastes and habits were entirely different. Esau found delight in chasing the wild deer, roaming through the fields and forests, and becoming in his manhood

"a cunning hunter."

All this seems to have been distasteful to Jacob: he was a lover of home, and whilst Esau was the favourite son of Isaac, Jacob came in for a larger share of his mother's love and perhaps was found more often in her company. He cared nought for chase or field but was a

dweller in tents.

At this stage of their history a very solemn incident happened, which we, dear young reader, shall do well to ponder and seek to learn the lesson God would teach us. Jacob, who was always fond of making bargains, had, one day, been busily engaged preparing a pottage of lentils, whilst Esau, the lover of sport, was far away in the chase; it had been a long hunt, and, at last, weary and faint (for even in pleasure there is weariness) he returned hungry and thirsty, and seeing Jacob seething his pottage he immediately desired to be fed with it. Jacob ready to do business replied

"Sell me thy birthright."

It was a great thing to ask, especially with such a rich father, and once forfeited it

could never be regained. What passed through Esau's mind at this moment none can tell; he had to make a choice between present advantage and future blessing, on the one hand a mess of pottage, and on the other the untold blessings that attached to the birthright. He thinks of the present and, alas, makes the fatal choice, despising the blessing,

sold his birthright

for a mess of pottage; the die is cast, the transaction could never be altered, and from that day Esau had no blessing in prospect. The day came however when Esau would fain have reversed that fatal choice, but, alas, to no purpose; tears unnumbered may flow, he may cry with an exceeding bitter cry. (Gen. xxvii. 34.) Remorse and anguish may fill his soul, but the blessing has passed away for ever.

Dear young reader, God speaks to you and through this. Our choice must be made; present advantage or future blessing are the two things before us; not a mess of pottage, but the world and its allurements or Jesus and eternal glory. Which wilt thou choose? Think of the eternal remorse of the soul who having rejected the blessing "dies without mercy." May God give you wisdom to decide for Christ NOW.

ED.

"TO-MORROW MAY BE TOO LATE."

WE had been speaking to a small company of children of the love of God, expressed in the gift of Jesus, and pressing the all importance of the present moment, as to decision for Christ, and had touched upon the verse in Isaiah i. 18, "*Come now*, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." And on putting the question to them, Why does God say, "*Come now*"? One of the dear girls answered, "Because, to-morrow may be *too late*." How true, and how solemn is the answer given by our little friend; and how many have proved it to be *too late*. And to be "*too late*," means to die in your sins, and to spend eternity in the lake

of fire. The foolish virgins in Matthew xxv. give us an illustration of what it means to be "*too late*;" they were shut out, and shut out for ever, and so will the boy or girl be who refuses to listen to God's invitation of love, while it is called *to-day*. "*To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." (Heb. iv. 7.) Again He says, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Be wise, dear children, and turn to God, while you have time and opportunity, for He is calling tenderly, saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." (Acts xvi. 31.)

Remember the words of our little friend, "To-morrow may be *too late*."

Have you any time for Jesus,
As in grace He calls again?
Oh, "*to-day*" is "time accepted,"
You "*to-morrow*" call in vain.

H. B. F.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XVI.

KINDLY GREETINGS.

IT may seem almost out of place to talk or write about New Year wishes, now that we are saying—"the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come." (Song of Sol. ii. 11, 12.) But I have only just opened your January letters, and I want my girls and boys too, to know how really and truly I thank them for all the kind wishes and pretty cards, that have seemed just like messages from old friends.

Many of the cards, of which I notice that by far the largest number are hand-painted, were of course sent for the text albums, but now and then I came upon one marked "C. J. L.," and laying these on one side found I had quite a nice little packet of mottoes, &c. Nellie asks, "Am I going to keep them in a box and look them over now and then?" No, Nellie, for I have thought of another and I quite think you will say a better way of using them.

I know quite a number of sick people and some who are very lonely. I heard only this morning of a little boy whose home is a cottage on the edge of a bleak moor, quite a long way from any other house. Don't you think that a few of the pretty things we have in such plenty would help to make dark evenings pass more pleasantly in his home? Shall the mottoes be passed on to cheer and strengthen the faith of our sick friends by reminding them of the loving kindness of the Lord? Ah! I almost seem to hear what "*my girls*" are saying and their answer is an echo of the Master's words,

"Freely ye have received, freely give." (Matt. x. 8.)

Mary W., Guildford. Your letter, dear Mary, is one I am very glad to get. Accept real thanks for your loving wishes. Your list of the birds of the Bible, though not quite so full as some I have received, shews that you worked well and is very good indeed for your age. A few words at the end of your letter lead me to think that you have begun to understand just a little about the bright hope of Christians, "The coming of the Lord."

Mary and Annie J., Walton-by-Clevedon. Both send remarkably good lists of birds, so good that I felt glad I had not offered prizes to those who join our "Talks," as it is sometimes anything but easy to decide whose work is the best, and while giving pleasure to a few, one is obliged to disappoint a great many. Mary and Annie are new friends, but I hope they will write again and so grow into old ones. But please, dear girls, don't begin your letters "Dear Mr. Editor" when you are writing to C. J. L. Thanks for very pretty cards.

Adeline T., Altrincham, writes such an interesting note, she must be quite a busy little girl, as she belongs, she says, to two Bible Classes, one on paper and one taught by her own dear mother. I trust *my youngest girl will be early taught by the Holy Spirit, the beauty and the glory of the One who says, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart."* (Matt. xi. 29.) Your list of birds is very neatly written.

Three letters from Peterboro' have interested me greatly. The writers, Annie J., Harold and Ethel C., all tell the same sweet story, of how they have been sought and found by a loving, seeking Saviour. But I wonder how it is that the same mistake occurs in all their lists of birds. A bat is not a bird, that it has wings and can fly is quite true, but it does not build a nest or lay eggs. Its young are born alive and it feeds them in the same way that pussy does her kittens. It has a place of its own in books of Natural History, among what are called Wing-handed Animals.

Florence P., Stratford. Your paper, dear, is thoughtful and neatly written, and I am quite glad to find that you have not grown tired of our "Talks," but that, on the contrary, your interest in them grows and deepens. Give the Word of God a large place in your reading. Let your Bible be "a lamp to your feet," then with the Holy Spirit for your guide and teacher you need not, will not, lose your way, or even walk in darkness.

Annie S., Canning Town. Thank you so much for one of the most interesting letters in this month's packet. Your list of birds is very good and though, of course, I was obliged to cross out the bat, which I have already said is not a bird, though you are quite right in saying that it flies, and seeks its food by night, you have no reason to feel discouraged, as the 37 names of birds remaining on your list shew that you have worked well and patiently. C. J. L. hopes you will write again shortly.

Grace and Ethel M., Croydon, are thanked for a list of the Birds of the Bible really very nicely done for girls whose ages are eight and nine. I am glad

they enjoy our monthly "Talk" and take pains to answer the questions.

Nellie B., Peckham. Your loving letter and kind wishes, dear Nellie, were very welcome, and I am sure you would, as you say, have been sorry if our "Talks" had been given up on account of the change in the title of our Magazine. Your list of birds is very neat, but hardly as full as I should have expected from you. You forgot the dove, and I am sure we both love the gentle bird. The peacock, too, is more than once named in the Bible.

Nellie W., Taunton, who signs herself "your loving little friend," must be quite a busy little girl. Doing lessons, and minding baby to help mother. I am glad she enjoys our "Talks" on paper. Her letters have led me to hope that she is one of the Good Shepherd's lambs. One who can say of the Lord Jesus, He "loved me, and gave himself for me." Her list of birds is a nice long one.

Florence T., Cullompton, Devon. Your work of looking up the names of Bible birds must, I think, have been a pleasant one. How kind it was of your father to share it with you. I should have been surprised if your list had not been a good one. There is no need that I should write much to you this month, as he would, I have no doubt, point out to you many precious lessons of the goodness and wisdom of God in His care for the creatures He has made.

Ethel B. B., Weston-super-Mare. I wish you could know, dear Ethel, how much pleasure the lovely motto card you so kindly sent has given me. The words are very beautiful. It is indeed a wondrous thought that the God of all grace has chosen us to be conformed to the image of His Son. What a deep thrill of gladness fills the heart just to know that one can look up to the Lord and say, "Yes, I was a poor lost sheep, but I have been sought and found by Jesus, and now I am on the Shepherd's shoulders, and He will not lose me, or put me down till I am with Him where He is." Your list of birds is very good, though I must own I was a little surprised at finding the error I have already pointed out, of calling a bat a bird, in your paper.

Annie K., Stratford. Your first letter to C. J. L. was so nicely written that she quite hopes to hear from you again. Your list of birds is very full and neatly arranged. You did not think so many birds were mentioned in the Bible till you began to look for and write down their names. did you?

And now I am going to take quite a number of letters and try to answer them just as if the boys and girls who wrote them were sitting round me in a class. The writers are:—Nellie B., Mansfield; Ruth J., Farnham; M. J., Farnham; David J., same address; William C., Croydon; Agnes S., South Croydon; Addie S., Chelmsford; Katie S., Fallowfield; Fanny A., Meer End; Arthur S., Surbiton; Katie H., Peterborough; Lily O., Thirza B., and E. B., Guildford, and Beatrice E., Newton Heath.

I am afraid you are all feeling just a little disappointed, and perhaps one or two of you are

saying, just in a whisper you know, that you think C. J. L. very unkind this month. Well, dear ones, I am sorry, but if you could only see how many letters have been received this month you would know it could not be helped, and so getting vexed about it would not be of any use. All your letters have been read and have interested me greatly. Many of the answers are so good and shew so much painstaking, that I am quite grieved to pass them over with so little notice. Among these I must mention those of Ruth, David and M. J. and Arthur S., as very good. Do you know that you all are or may be gainers by your Bible study? Why? Because the Bible is such a wonderful book that we cannot even read it in a right spirit without getting light for our feet. Only our eyes must be open. You know that a light, however bright, would not help a blind man to find his way along a road he did not know. One of the blessed, beautiful things the Holy Spirit does for those who are trusting in Christ is to give them "seeing hearts." But perhaps a question it may be good for each of us to answer honestly is, Do we really want to see? If we can say "Yes," we shall be willing to go as poor lost sinners to Jesus, and then, but not till then, we shall be able to say with one who lived many years ago, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." (John ix. 25.)

Very kind and encouraging letters have also been received from Irene B. A., Newport. Your list came rather late but is very neat and quite correct. S. B., Kingston-on-Thames. I am so glad you can say, "Now I have found a Friend, Jesus is mine." Please write again.

Edith M. T., Altrincham. Accept very real thanks, dear, for your kind letter and the pretty cards; they have been sent as you wished.

Andrew S., Lanarkshire. It is nice to have a few Scotch boys among my correspondents. I shall be pleased to hear from you again.

William H., Reading. All the questions are correctly answered and the writing and composition very good for your age.

F. A. P., Cambridge. C. J. L. was so glad to get your letter. Your writing has improved greatly and it was pleasant to hear that you are a real mother's help. "Ye serve the Lord Christ." And we may even run errands in a way that will please and honour Him.

And now, dear young friends, we must say good-bye for another month. May the blessing of the Lord still rest on our "Talks" and may His grace make them a blessing not only to those who take part in them, but to the still larger number who read them.

Our subject this month is "Trees." Give a list of the trees named in the Bible, writing the letter (F) opposite the names of those bearing fruit or berries used for food.

Get your letters posted by the 21st.

Address:—

C. J. L.,

Office of Gospel Stories,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

JESSIE AND ANNIE.

ANNIE.

I NOW seek to fulfil the promise I made last month to my young readers, by telling them how the Lord saved Jessie's sister, and some precious things about her, after she was saved.

I hope you will not be too disappointed when I tell you that none of dear little Annie's friends have seen her for a good many years. When she was about to leave her mother's home, however, she was very happy: and when her dear Christian friends meet her the next time, they expect to find her happier still. I shall not, just now, tell you where she went, nor where they expect to meet her; but I will not forget to let you know, before I finish. Now, Annie did not *know* she was saved, till she was more than a year older than Jessie. Jessie, you remember, got saved in her mother's milk house, when she was under seven. But Annie, though she did not know she was saved till she was eight, had many serious thoughts about her soul for a few years before. She also loved to speak about Jesus to her father, mother, and others; and always said, if any one asked her, that *she loved* the Lord Jesus. Yet, she was not happy, because she was not *sure* that *Jesus loved her*.

Now a dear servant of God came to preach in the district, and though he did not stay in Annie's home all the time, he was very often there, and took a great interest in Annie; she also got very fond of him.

Whenever he spoke about Jesus, she always drew very close to him, for there was nothing pleased her so well as hearing people speak about the Saviour. Mr. G——, the

preacher, noticing this, drew her in between his large knees (he was a very tall, strong man) and looking down kindly into her face, said, "Tell me, now, Do you love the Lord Jesus?" At once she exclaimed, "Yes, I do!"

"You are quite sure you love Him?"

"Yes, I am!" she again said.

"Then, my dear, you must be one of Christ's lambs, as none love the Lord but His own." With a look of real sadness in her face, she told him she was not sure.

"How can that be, Annie, my dear, when you tell me you really love Him?"

"I don't know, Sir; but I am quite sure I love Him; and what makes me so sad is, that I am not sure He can LOVE ME."

Though she was quite sure she loved Him, she could not think she was half good



enough for such a great, and wonderful Person, as Jesus the Son of God, to *love her*.

Now, how do you think she got all her wrong thoughts about Jesus put right?

"By the Bible!" I think I hear some little voice exclaim. Quite right, my dear, that was exactly the way, as we shall soon see.

Mr. G——, who still had her between his knees, took out his Bible, and read that sweet little verse in 1 John iv. 19, "We love Him, *because He first loved us.*" Then he asked her again, if she was sure she loved the Lord? Her answer was the same as before.

"Why do you love Him, then?" he said.

"I cannot tell, but I am SURE I love Him."

"Now, I can tell you, how it is that you and I love Him." Then he read very slowly and distinctly (pointing out each word as he did so) the verse over again. "We-love-Him-BECAUSE-He-FIRST *loved-us.*"

All at once her face beamed with joy, and she sprang out from between his knees to her mother, saying, "I see it now, mother, I am so glad to know that Jesus *loves me*; and even before I loved Him at all."

You can quite understand what a happy pair of sisters Jessie and Annie were, now that they both knew that they were saved and loved by Jesus.

Annie, I am sorry to say, though always bright and happy in her soul after this, was not at all strong in body; and about two years after she took ill, and got worse and worse, until she had to remain constantly in bed.

I think I hear some one say, "I would not like to lie ill in bed always." Well, I dare say you would not. But Annie did not fret about it, for it was the happiest time she ever had.

She spent most of her time in singing and speaking about her precious Saviour, who had loved her and died for her. She was so happy that people for miles around were talking about her. Many Christians came a long way to see her, and instead of them comforting her, they went away saying, they had got a blessing to their own souls from her.

A minister, who also loved the Lord, came a few miles to see her, as he had such a desire to see one so young quite happy in the view of death. When he left he was much affected to see her so happy. She was not only not afraid of death but she longed for it to take her into the presence of Jesus. She said she did not want to get well again. She would rather be absent from the body, and present with the Lord. (2 Cor. v. 8.)

She kept in this happy state till she was eleven, when the Lord took her home to Himself. Since then, as I said, none of her dear Christian friends have seen her; but they are looking for the moment when they will meet her again, when Jesus comes into the air, and calls us up to meet Him; and if she was happy when she left them, she will be happier, by far, when they meet her again. (1 Thess. iv.)

Now, dear children, you see what Jesus has done for Jessie and Annie. How He has not only saved them when young, but kept them happy after; Annie for three years, then took her home rejoicing; Jessie is now a woman, still here, but finding all her joy in Him.

Will you not this very moment trust Him as your Saviour too, and be made happy for ever?

J. M.

A WORD IN SEASON.

DRIVING along a country road a few days ago with two lads, some time elapsed during which each of us was silent, at last I said to one of them, "What are you trusting to for the salvation of your soul?" He quickly replied, "To the blood of Christ." I put the same question to the other, whose answer was the same. I said, "Rest your soul upon that and you will be safe for time and eternity." I could not help thinking how different it would be with many if instead of trusting to their self-righteousness, they would simply trust in the Saviour and His precious blood.

Trust in Him, walk with Him, work for Him.

G. J.



BIRD CATCHERS.

SEVERAL times lately on going to a village by train, I have crossed a beautiful common, covered with furze bushes, ferns and nice long grass—just the sort of place that birds like. One morning I noticed several men crouched down behind some bushes, and on looking round, saw a lot of little wire cages with some birds in (I think they were larks), and spread all over the ground was small netting. You see the little birds in the cages were decoy birds, put there to entice others to fly down; if they did so their feet would immediately be so entangled in the netting that they would be quite unable to fly away. The men who were watching would of course catch and imprison them in cages. I could not help thinking of that little verse, “My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.” Satan’s great object is to entangle our feet, he has plenty of little decoy birds, boys and girls who are very willing to do his work, and by their words entice others to do that which is wrong. He is diligently watching to see them ensnared and caught in his net. How necessary, therefore, is the exhortation, “if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.”

I.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

TELL me of the love of Jesus,
Sweeter story ne’er was heard;
Tell it softly and distinctly,
That I may not miss a word:
Tell it when the golden sunlight
Brightens all my earthly way;
Tell it when dark clouds hang o’er me,
It will turn my night to day.

Tell me of the love of Jesus,
I would hear the story sweet;
Tell me of the Babe in Bethlehem,
Once again the tale repeat:
Tell me of His life of sorrow,
Of His ways so full of grace,
Tell me gently how He suffered
On the cross, and took my place.

Tell me of the love of Jesus,
I would hear it yet again;
Tell me of His blood most precious,
Which can cleanse from every stain:
Tell the story to me often,
When earth’s objects draw my heart;
Tell again the sweet, sweet story,
Bidding all from me depart.

Tell me of the love of Jesus,
To my soul it breathes sweet peace;
Tell it often, tell it always,
Let its music never cease.
When earth’s day is closing o’er me,
While He tarries should I die,
Tell me of the love of Jesus
As in sleep I close mine eye.

E. E.

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

FAR away from home and much-loved friends, in a hospital in Constantinople, a young sailor lay dying. It was to him like entering the dark valley where all was black. He had attended the mission services when in health, and had trusted the Lord Jesus as His Saviour; but in the hour of suffering his faith for the moment had wavered. One of the nurses, who was a Christian, seeing his distress, to quiet him said, “Lo, I am with you alway.” To which he made answer, “I only wanted to hear it, if He is with me it is all right.”

On another occasion he said, “*I am not afraid to die, I do trust Jesus.*”

What of yourself, dear young friend? If you knew that you had to die before

to-morrow morning dawns, could you say, like the dear sailor, "I am not afraid to die"?

The secret of this was that he had trusted Jesus. How many there are, boys and girls, as well as men and women, who fear to die; and that is because they know they are not prepared. The Lord Jesus said to the unbelieving Jews, "If ye believe not that I am he, ye shall die in your sins."

How solemn! Have you ever thought of this, that if you have never trusted in the Lord Jesus, and die as you are, you would

Die in your sins!

And remember, there is something to follow after death, and that is *judgment*. (Heb. ix. 27.) But then God tells us that we can



have "boldness in the day of judgment," and this is the happy portion of all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for it says, "as it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment: so *Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many.*" (Vers. 27, 28.) And the believer can say, "He was offered to bear my sins." Therefore, since He has borne my sins, and suffered judgment in our stead, there is none left for us to bear; and He has told us in John v. 24 that we "shall not come into judgment;" so that, with this assurance, like

the sailor in the prospect of death, we can say, "*I am not afraid to die.*" "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. vi. 23.) E. E. N.

Answer to Enigma for April.

'Twas prophesied of Dan that he
A serpent by the way should be. (Gen. xlix.
16, 17.)

And Bashan's king, the giant Og,
Received his just desert from God. (Deut. iii.
1-11.)

Rahab displayed the scarlet cord,
And proved the blessing of the Lord. (Josh.
ii. 21.)

Made rich indeed; while Peter went
With words of life to Cornelius sent. (Acts x.
22.)

Abel approached God through another,
Which raised the wrath of Cain, his brother.
(Gen. iv. 4.)

Silas to the jail was taken (Acts xvi. 25),
But was not by the Lord forsaken.

Dorcas—the answer is, it rightly read,
Raised by an apostle from the dead. (Acts
ix. 36-39.)

K.A., age 13.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

WITH what did God refresh this earth
of ours,
Before He sent in mercy rainy
showers?

A river mentioned by a leprous man,
With it Pharpar through Damascus ran.
Something which fastened on an apostle's
arm,

He shook it on the fire and felt no harm.
When Israel lost the Ark in Samuel's day,
A woman named her son, What did she say?
A maiden's servant with her mistress went,
When journeying back with one whom Abra-
ham sent.

With the first letter of each name,
Tell me a king of ancient fame.

Send your answers to the editor if possible
before the 20th of current month. Extension
of time is given to foreign readers. Prizes
will be given at the end of year for best
answers from readers under 14. [ED.]

A STRANGE CLOCK.

IN Japan a strange clock may be seen, its height is five feet, and it is three feet wide. A landscape is represented upon it with trees and gardens, and in the rear may be seen a hill, with a beautiful stream wending its way into the valley below. The sun is seen to rise and set, and each hour is marked by a creeping tortoise.

Now we can learn a lesson from that quaint clock. The beautiful scenes of earth will not last for ever, like the slow creeping tortoise time creeps onward; slowly, but surely, it is carrying each one with it, on, on to eternity!

Let us not neglect the moments which God gives to us; each hour has sixty minutes to be redeemed or lost for ever. Each minute has sixty golden seconds which their rapid wings soon fly away. Such on minutes, hours, are all working together to carry us onward; we cannot stay their progress, no more than we can stop the sun in his march through the heavens; then consider, dear young reader, where time is carrying you. Does each moment bear you nearer to that bright home where the Lord Jesus is, or does it carry you on to the judgment, where all who believe not on Him must appear?

Perhaps you are saying in your young heart, "Plenty of time yet." Do not let Satan deceive you, for this is what he whispers in your ear that you might put off the salvation of your soul until it is too late.

You have doubtless read of the cruel wreckers who used to put out false lights along the coast to deceive the poor sailors; who, thinking they were lights to guide them into port, used to steer for them, only to find themselves wrecked upon the rocks, while their ship was plundered by those wicked men.

God is calling to you now, but He will not always be calling. To-

morrow may be too late. Oh, won't you come to Him now?

Jesus too is calling, very soon He will rise up and close the door, then think of what it will be to be outside. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all taken inside, and you left out. How awful!

We, too, once more beseech you to come, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," trust in Him now, and then throughout eternity you shall be with Him to sing His worthy praise. E. E. N.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

2 Cor. vi. 2.



BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

YOU will remember that Jacob fled from the face of his brother and dwelt with Laban his uncle, for twenty long years, God abundantly blessing him. When journeying back to his father's house God met him at Peniel and changed his name to Israel. Amongst his large family of boys one seems to have been specially cared for and loved; that which caused the breach between Esau and Jacob now caused hatred in his family, for we read in Genesis xxxvii. 4 that Joseph's brethren hated him and this doubtless was increased when his father made a coat of many colours, thus shewing his

great love for Joseph.

Then you remember the dreams he had and how angry it made his brethren to think they should ever bow before him, yet God fulfilled his dreams as we shall presently see.

The sons of Jacob had been many days from home, busily engaged looking after the cattle, until their father grew anxious to know how they were, finally deciding to send Joseph to them, so after much preparation he left home laded with good things from their father. Some of you who answer the enigmas will remember that when he reached Shechem he met a man who told him his brethren were at Dothan, whither he journeyed. Ought not his brethren to have been glad when they saw their young brother? they were not, for when they saw him they

conspired to slay him.

Does not this remind you, dear young reader, of the treatment the Lord Jesus Christ received when He travelled all the way from heaven to earth? In the parable of the vineyard they said, "come, let us kill him."

After much consultation it was decided to cast poor Joseph into a dry pit after taking the lovely coat. They had scarce done so when they espied a company of people coming, who they soon discovered were Ishmaelites journeying to Egypt with spices. Judah immediately proposed to sell their brother, which they did for twenty pieces of silver. Does it not make you feel sad to think of such treatment? How much more should

it when you think of the blessed Lord Jesus betrayed and sold by Judas

for thirty pieces of silver,

the price of a slave? We shall now see how wonderfully God fulfilled Joseph's dream, passing by for a moment the subtilty of his brethren and the deep grief of his father. On the arrival of the Ishmaelites at Egypt we find Joseph resold to Potiphar, who exalted Joseph, God blessing the household for Joseph's sake. In God's own wonderful way, in spite of all that hatred could do, He exalted Joseph, for he passed from Potiphar's house through the prison to the

palace and favour of Pharaoh.

You can read for yourself how innocent Joseph was imprisoned, but afterwards not only set at liberty, but *made ruler over Egypt*, the king giving everything into his hands. Then God, overruling all that his brethren did, fulfilled his dreams, for a famine took place, so grievous that they were obliged to leave home and seek food for their families. Hearing that there was corn in Egypt, thither they journeyed, and on seeking the presence of the Governor, we find they

bowed themselves to the earth

and though they knew not their brother (not thinking of his exaltation), he knew them; and after much testing made himself known, weeping in their presence. How much in spirit was Joseph like the Lord Jesus; he forgave his enemies and became the deliverer of those who sought to slay him; thus Jesus in His great love to poor sinners, and in spite of all their hatred, prayed for and blessed His enemies as we so often sing:

"Thy love, by man so sorely tried,
Proved stronger than the grave;
The very spear that pierced Thy side,
Drew forth the blood to save."

JESUS.

JESUS, Saviour, precious name,
Of the Babe of Bethlehem;
Came to earth to shed Thy blood,
Son of Man, yet Son of God.

E ARNESTLY from day to day,
(Seeking sinners all the way),

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

39

Thou did'st tread earth's thorny road ;
Here for man—blest Son of God.

SEEKS THEE sinner ! still in grace !
Wilt THOU not then SEEK His face ?
He will welcome, pardon, bless,
Give thee everlasting rest.

US—though sinners such as we,
Nailed Thee, Saviour, to the tree ;—
Thou dost seek, and find, and bless,
Soon to share eternal bliss.

SINNERS, Jesus seeks you still,
Seeks to break your stubborn will,
Seeks to bring you home to God ;
This is why He shed His blood.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. What place is called "the city of palm trees" ?
2. Who was Aholiab ?
3. Who was Keren-happuch ?
4. What act of Moses kept him from bringing the people into the promised land ?
5. What was the name of Saul's father ?
6. Where was Abel-mizraim ?

Send your answers early to the Editor.

Prizes will be given for best answers to Scripture Questions at end of year.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XVII.

OUR DIFFICULTIES.

THE number of letters received this month has been so large that I cannot help wondering how I am to get them answered in two pages of our magazine ; so you see, dear girls, I am in a little difficulty myself, and the only way out of it seems to be to divide my correspondents into two classes : those who have written letters, and those who have only answered questions. To the letter writers I hope to write a few words by way of answer to their letters, while those who only answered questions will, I know, forgive me for not writing to them this time, if I acknowledge their papers as nearly as possible in order of merit.

Mary A. W., Wellington, New Zealand. Your letters, dear Mary, are always very welcome ones. I was much pleased with your packet of neatly printed texts for our sick girls. Love, when it is real, is always on the look out for opportunities of serving the One the heart loves. And, though Christ is in heaven, many sick ones dear to Him are among us, and it is a great cheer to remember that His grace takes notice of little deeds of kindness done for His sake to any of His poor or afflicted people, and counts them as service to Himself.

Mary Ella N., Pana, Ills., U.S.A. You do not

know how sorry I am, dear, that you should have been kept so long waiting for answers to your very welcome and interesting letters ; but you see we live so far from each other that it takes a long time to get letters. Yours made me feel as if I wanted to put my arms round you, and whisper, "Do not be discouraged, dear, He careth for you." I can and do pray for you. Your dear mother has gone to be with the Lord, and you have to keep house for father and look after the younger children, and you are only twelve years of age. May you know much of the tender love and shepherd care of the Lord Jesus. I am so glad to find you answered all the Bible questions. Please write again soon. Two of your letters came by the same mail.

Mabel A., Iowa, U.S.A. This is the first time you have written to C. J. L., you say, dear Mabel. Yours is such a nice letter that she hopes it will not be the last. It is pleasant to find you know the sweet Bible story about which so many young friends have written so well ; but better still to be able to say that, as a lost and sinful child, you have trusted in the precious blood of Christ, and know that you are saved, because God says so in His word.

John S. P., Indianapolis, U.S.A. Your account of the Passover is clearly written, and shews great thoughtfulness and painstaking in a boy who is not quite nine years of age.

Vigo W. P., Richmond. Thank you, dear Vigo, for your nice letter and paper. It is, as you suggest, a great privilege to have a Bible of your very own. I am glad you have begun to love and value that blessed book, and pray that it may be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.

Nellie W., Taunton. Yours, dear Nellie, has been a service of love. Your letter is interesting and your account of the Passover very clearly given. I am glad you noticed one or two points left out by some of our girls. One is, that it was to be eaten in haste by a people who were ready at any moment to set out on a journey. And so we, as Christians, wait for the Lord from heaven. This world is not the home of the children of God. They are to be with Christ and to be like Him, their own precious Saviour.

Grace D., Horsham. Your letter was cheering, and I am really glad that the doctor holds out some hope that at no very distant day you will be able to walk again. I am sure from the account you gave of the Passover you have thought a good deal about its meaning ; still you are, I think, making the very same mistake I very often used to do. You write, "I think it was very blessed for the Jews to have a lamb, they must have felt so safe, sheltered by its blood." The blood was for the eye of God. It was He who said, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you." (Ex. xii. 13.) We know that we are saved through the precious blood of Christ, not by our own feelings, but because God has said in His word, "By him [Christ] all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), and we believe Him.

David P. J., Farnham. Only a few of the

boys I know are good at letter-writing, but David is one of the few. His letters are always interesting. I was quite glad to get such a good account of "Prize Giving" at the Sunday school he attends. The books carried home by himself and brother were all such as it is good to *have*, better still to *know* and *love*.

M. J., Farnham. Thank you so much, dear, for telling me that not only is our magazine a welcome visitor at your home, but that our "Talks" on paper have been a real help and blessing to you. It is very gracious of the Lord to give so much to encourage. I hope you will write often, and that even if our Bible Class should take another form, we shall remain firm friends and correspondents. Please sign your name in full.

Maud Mary, and Sarah Jessie S., Rotherham. Thank you, dear girls, for all the loving wishes contained in your nice letters. I was glad to hear from you, and hope you are not going to be only holiday friends; I mean girls who write to C. J. L. in the holidays, and never think of doing so again for quite a year. All the questions were correctly answered by both.

Lily and Winnie H., Sleaford, send such thoughtful, neatly written letters, that I cannot help being pleased with them. This is not the first time they have written, so they are almost old friends. I notice in how many ways Winnie, who is the youngest, copies her sister; and I hope dear Lily will remember that our influence over others is a talent entrusted to each of us by God, and pray for grace to use hers for His glory.

Katie S., Croydon. What an old, old story your letter tells, and yet it is always new and sweet, for it is the story of every sinner saved by grace. You saw yourself (for the Holy Spirit had opened your eyes) a lost and sinful child, and then—why, then you just trusted the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour. May He make and keep you true and bright for Himself, so that your whole life may be for His glory and His praise.

Ruth W., Calne, Wilts. The address you sent last month has in some way been mislaid, and as there is none to your letter received this month, you will see that the only way in which I can answer it is in print. You give a nice account of the Passover, and your letter encourages me to hope that you really understand something of its meaning.

William R., Cleethorpes. I am glad you like our "Talks." Thank you for telling me your favourite verse is John iii. 16.

Katie S., Fallowfield. I was pleased to get your letter, and am glad you enjoyed your holiday so much, though I was, I must own, a little surprised at hearing you were almost scrry to return to school, for your letters lead me to think of you as a thoughtful and industrious girl. Do not forget, dear, that "Ye serve the Lord Christ" (Col. iii. 24), so you may learn your lessons or practise your music in a way that will honour and please Him.

Edgar A. P., Stratford. Your letter gave me

quite a pleasant little surprise. I am glad to find you have thought about the Passover, and put your thoughts into writing, as the habit of doing so will help you to remember and understand your Bible lessons.

Frank P., Cambridge. Thank you, dear Frank, for your very kind letter. You have answered the questions nicely, and I am sure you are beginning to find out what a wonderful book the Bible is.

May W. and Lily O., Guildford. Do you know, dear girls, that C. J. L. would have felt a little disappointed if her old friends, the girls of Miss W.'s class, had dropped out of the ranks of her correspondents. But they did not, two letters having been received from them. It was nice to hear of the whole school having such a good time on New Year's day, and the address will, she hopes, long be remembered by those who heard it. The words of Christ about the care of God for birds and flowers should encourage us to trust His love.

Answers to Bible questions (without letters) have been received from:—Edith B., North Malvern (age 14), whose paper is marked by more than usual care and neatness. The papers of Alice F. H. D., Blackheath; Maggie H., High Wycombe; Lilian M. P., Southampton; Emma L. S., Folkestone; Minnie C., Croydon; Hugo E. A., Huddersfield; Florence T., Cullompton, Devon; May H., Slough; Elvina M., Stapleway, U.S.A.; Rosabella H., Southampton; Mabel A. L., Fair Oak; Christopher R. T., Twickenham; Edith N., Newton-le-Willows; Lily D. (age 7), St. Albans; Gracie H., Halifax; Maggie T., Watford; Daisy and Frederick C., Ware; Jessie O., no address; and Lily Z., Portslade, near Brighton—all shew that the writers have worked willingly and well, and C. J. L. hopes they will accept thanks for their papers, though owing to want of space she is unable to write to each this time.

No Bible questions will be given as the subject of our next "Talk," and yet I hope to receive quite a number of letters, which I shall, as far as I can, answer in the usual way by giving each of my correspondents a few lines in our own corner of *Gospel Stories for the Young*. But so many of my girls will ask "Why do you not give us some questions?" that I may as well tell you at once. The Editor of *Gospel Stories* began himself in the January number giving Bible questions, enigmas, &c., and so many of the answers that ought to have been posted direct to his address were sent to C. J. L., that as every letter had to be opened and read, much valuable time (to say nothing of the trouble and expense) had to be wasted in sending wrongly addressed letters backwards and forwards. To prevent further confusion, replies to questions, &c., must be addressed to the Editor; but letters (no rules as to age) from any of her readers will be welcomed by

C. J. L.,
c/o Publisher,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

All letters should be posted by the 21st.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

SEVEN STEPS TO HEAVEN.

A POOR woman lay dying, and her troubled soul trembled as she stood on the border-land of eternity with her lifetime of sins to be answered for before a holy and righteous God.

The clergyman was called in, and instead of ministering words of comfort to her troubled soul, he filled her with the greatest dismay by telling her that there were *seven steps to heaven*.

Seven steps to heaven! He had better have said *ten*. For had there been a law which could have given life then righteousness would have come by the law. But that holy law can only bear to the sinner the truth of his hopeless condemnation, since its righteous demands have not been fulfilled or maintained. "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them who are under the law: that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world may become guilty before God."

Guilty, condemned! is the sentence passed upon all mankind. And the only means whereby the sinner can escape the terrible judgment which his sins deserve, is by fleeing to the One who once bore the judgment in the sinner's stead. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is that alone which can place the condemned sinner beyond the reach of judgment. So that there is but

one step to heaven,

and that is out of condemnation into no condemnation. Out of your sins into salvation. Out of self into Christ! "He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already."

If you have not taken the step of simple



faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, do so this moment; and hear Him declare that, "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.)

No doing of yours can ever save your soul, but the work which the Lord Jesus did on Calvary's cross, if trusted in, will place you in safety beyond the reach of judgment for ever. Will you trust His finished work?

N. E. E.

JESUS, who lived above the sky,
 Came down to be a man and die,
 And in the Bible we may see
 How very good He used to be.

SAVED OR LOST—WHICH?

I WONDER if any of you, dear children, have ever, when all alone, asked yourself the solemn question—"Am I saved or am I lost?"

A short time ago, a dear friend of mine, one of the Lord's servants, told me the following story about three little girls:

little Maggie, aged seven years, turned to her sister, and in a serious, thoughtful tone asked: "Jeanie, are *you* saved, or are *you* lost?"

Jeanie's face went crimson, and she could not speak. Alas! she could not say that she was saved, and she knew for certainty that she was lost. It was rather a strange guess, but God's hand was in it.

Again silence reigned for some time, then



A mother went away to a prayer-meeting, leaving in the house her two little daughters, Jeanie, aged nine years, and Maggie, aged seven years, also her little niece, Nellie, aged eleven years.

After her departure, the little girls wondered how they would pass the time until mother's return. In a few moments they fixed on having a game of guesses—a game which all children delight in, and I have no doubt that most of my young readers often enjoy. After sitting for some time in dead silence, as if they did not know how to begin,

Jeanie broke the silence—turning to her cousin, she asked: "Nellie, are *you* saved, or are *you* lost?"

Nellie could not speak, her face reddened, like her cousin, she could not say that she was saved.

Again dead silence—but God had begun to work. He had sent little Maggie's question home in living power to each of their young hearts. After some time, all at once the three of them burst into tears, and each of them took a corner in the house, and cried earnestly to God to save them. It was a

solemn moment for each of the dear little girls, but God answered their prayers.

When the mother came home little Maggie ran and told her mother that she was saved now, that she knew Jesus as *her* Saviour. Jeanie told her mother that she was saved also; but poor Nellie could not say that she was saved, but she could say that she was *anxious to be saved*, and in a short time Nellie was brought to know Jesus as *her* Saviour also—as the One who died on Calvary's tree to save her.

“From the highest height in glory,
To the deepest depth of woe!
There He died, oh, wondrous story!
That salvation she might know.”

And now through grace the three girls can rejoice and say, “Jesus is mine!”

Now, my dear young friends, in closing I ask, “Are *you* saved, or are *you* lost? Is Jesus thine?” If not, may you be led in early years to know Jesus as your own personal Saviour.

J. D.

“Catching the Sunbeams.”

ONE day I was sweeping what I call “my front passage,” I cannot possibly dignify it with the name of hall. “Well,” I fancy I hear some one say, in rather a scornful tone, “there’s certainly nothing grand about sweeping up.” No, there is not, I admit; but sometimes, while our hands are performing the numerous menial duties of common everyday life, our thoughts are soaring to something higher; so it was with mine on this particular occasion.

It was a lovely day, the sun was shining brightly, and, throwing its rays through the two panes above the door, flooded the place with light. My little two-year-old, who generally follows “to help mudder”—for, like all other little boys, I believe he thinks his assistance indispensable—came dancing into the passage. Suddenly he halted; I looked up to see what had taken his attention, and I could not help smiling when I saw him. What do you think he was doing, my dears? Why, trying to catch the sun-

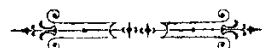
beams, that lay across the canvas, in his wee chubby hands. Now he endeavoured to grasp them in his fingers, then he would laugh merrily as he discovered they had fled, tiring of that he bathed his open hands in the glorious light and heat of the beams.

As I stood gazing at the child, I thought how much happier all grown-up children would be if, in passing through this life, they would, instead of looking at the dark side of things, consider all the blessings that are showered across their path day by day. Think of them—have you ever tried to count them? If you have, I am certain you will have failed in the attempt, for they are “more in number than the hairs of your heads.” Your homes, for instance, your own firesides, around which all your loved ones gather, how happy you ought to feel, what smiling faces you ought to have; but alas! instead of smiles, one often sees frowns, because mother refuses to allow you to have all your own way, because she knows it would do you harm.

Then have you ever thought, as you step out on a sunny morning, and look across the country, viewing it in all its beauty, what your feelings would be if you were suddenly deprived of your sight—all things shut out—black darkness? Ah! I fancy some of you will shudder at the bare idea, yet I dare venture to say, you are never thankful for the gift of sight; instead of lifting up your hearts in thankfulness to God, some of you, no doubt, are grumbling, because you have to go to school and cannot have a holiday this fine day.

Nay, my children, come out from the shadows and bask in the sunbeams; let your lives be sunshiny, and you will prove a comfort to all who come in contact with you; best of all, take Jesus, the greatest gift that God ever bestowed on Man, into your young hearts, and your lives will be sunny indeed, even until the moment you join the shining host, who sing that glad song: “Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.”

E. B.



SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

AN aged man, who did provision bring,
To feed a hungry people with their king.
A man, who prayed that God should with-
hold rain,
And then his prayer *for rain* prevailed again.
The name of one who was at Joppa found,
And who in works of good did much abound.
Who turned his face, when sick, towards the
wall,
And in his grief upon the Lord did call?
Who "oft refreshed" God's servant, and in
vain
Was made to be ashamed of him in chain?
The home of one who was for patience rare,
And, though his God should slay, would
trust His care.
One told by God to change his home, just
name
The land to which he and his people came.
The uncle of a man, who, sent by fear
From home and friends, was watched by God
with care.
Who occupied a bedroom on a wall,
And to a little boy did life recall.
A king, though in affliction great indeed,
Sought not the Lord, but doctors, in his
need.
A city spared, because its people turned
Unto the Lord while yet His anger burned.

Have you to Jesus come,
And own'd your ruin'd state?
Avoid the lost one's doom,
Before it be too late.
In faith look up, confess your sin,
And He will make you clean within.

Send your replies to the Editor if possible
before the 20th of the current month. Prizes
will be given at the end of the year for best
answers from readers under 14.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Zeresh?
2. Who was Uzziah, and why did God smite him with leprosy?

3. What was manna like?
4. How much is an omer?
5. What was the occupation of the sons of Gershon and Merari?
6. Who was Shimei, and what did he do?

Prizes will be given to readers under 14 for the most correct and neatly written answers.

Answer to Enigma for May.

A Dewy mist refreshed the ground
Ere sin defiled the scene, (Gen. ii. 6.)
But Abana's water lacked the power,
To wash the leper clean. (2 Kings v. 12.)

The Viper's sting was powerless,
To harm the man of God; (Acts xxviii. 3.)
From Israel is the glory gone,
As shown by Ichabod. (1 Sam. iv. 21.)

The one who lies beneath an oak,
Is Deborah by name; (Gen. xxxv. 8.)
The letters then read properly,
King David will proclaim. (2 Sam. ii. 4.)

KATE A., age 13.

ABOUT SHEEP.

WHILE down in the island of Arran some time ago with a companion, walking between two townships, we came upon a sheep farm, where every one was busy giving a helping hand in the process of "sheep-dipping," which is necessary to destroy any vermin that may be harbouring in their fleeces.

The sheep had first to be brought in from the high hills around, and to bring this about the shepherds and their wise collie dogs were brought into use. Far up on the hillsides the sheep looked like little white specks, but very soon the dogs, obedient to the signs and cries of their masters, brought them trooping down the slopes into a large sheep-fold prepared for them in the valley.

But we noticed that one of them did not follow the flock, and cared not for shepherds or dogs; but instead ran farther and farther away until we lost sight of it altogether.

Now, my little friend, if unsaved, you are just like that wilful sheep. You do not heed your Sunday-school teacher's or, it may be, your parents' entreaties to come to Jesus the "Friend of sinners." The Good Shepherd's own voice is, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

But to return to the fold. The sheep were bleating piteously, nevertheless, one by one, they were caught by sturdy men by the feet, and plunged into a tub of sheep-dip, only allowing their heads above water, and kept there until their fleeces were thoroughly saturated. After their dip, they ran along a gangway to an adjoining enclosure, and on their way they were marked with a bright yellow colour to distinguish them from others: and then they were set at liberty once more.

All this reminded us of our Saviour's love

in coming to this world to die in our stead, that we may be "washed from our sins in his own blood," and made "whiter than snow;" that God puts His mark or seal upon us.

Oh, come to the Saviour while you are young. *To-day* He is in the attitude of Saviour, *to-morrow* it may be as your Judge. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.) Trust Him *now*, and you, too, will be amongst the cleansed ones; and you will form part of the one fold, or flock. (John x. 16.) "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 27, 28.)

R. W.



A SHEEP FARM.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

MANY years had passed away since Joseph entered Egypt as a little slave. The descendants of Jacob (his father) had become numerous, God had multiplied them greatly and scripture says they had waxed exceeding mighty, Exodus i. 7; so that on the ascension of another king (who knew not Joseph), we find that the Egyptians were afraid of them and planned to keep them in subjection. First, they put taskmasters over them whose cruelty

made their lives bitter,

yet the more they were afflicted the mightier they grew. At last Pharaoh very wickedly ordered that all the little baby boys were to be killed. Are you not glad you did not live in Egypt in those days? Think of cruel people coming to your house and killing your baby brother! You can think how very sad Jochebed must have been to think that her little baby boy was

doomed to death.

In her love for her little son she planned to save his life, and after hiding him three months, made a little ark of bulrushes, and making it quite watertight with pitch, took it to the water, and placed it amongst the flags at the river's brink. I think she must have prayed very earnestly to God for his life to be spared; perhaps after telling her little daughter to watch and see what became of the little boat and its occupant, she returned home and prayed,

Oh! God preserve my child.

One thing we do know is that God's tender care was in exercise. He loves the little ones and would not allow a mother's faith to go unanswered. Perhaps you and I would have thought, that to place a little helpless babe in a boat on the river was the most unlikely way to preserve its life, yet we see how God acts in harmony with those words, "according to your faith be it unto you."

Pharaoh's daughter (led doubtless by God), reached the spot where the babe lay, saw the funny little boat, and being curious to know what it contained, sent her maid to fetch it, and when she opened it, she saw the child, and

the babe wept.

Now God would have it cared for by one who really loved it, so he gave little Miriam courage to ask the king's daughter if she may call an Hebrew nurse, and getting permission to do so, whom do you think she fetched? the little child's own mother! Pharaoh's daughter promises to pay her wages, if she will nurse it. I do not think she cared much about that, for she loved her little son, and, like your mother, her greatest pleasure was to care for him, and I am sure her heart was filled with gratitude to God for

His wonderful goodness.

In course of time she carried it to the palace, and we find Pharaoh's daughter took him for her own little son and called his name Moses, which means "drawn out." Does not all this prove God's interest and care for us? How sad, that we should ever distrust Him or think of Him as One opposed to us. How many boys and girls have the idea that God hates them, whereas, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

May you, dear little reader, be able to say:—

Oh! the love of God is boundless,
Perfect, causeless, full and free;
Doubts have vanished, fears are groundless,
Now I know that love to me.

Love, the source of all my blessing,
Love that set itself on me;
Love that gave the spotless victim,
Love told out at Calvary.

Perhaps next month we shall see God's purpose in preserving this little boy. ED.

LITTLE MARY.

MARY L— was eleven years old when the following incident occurred which will perhaps interest you little people. It was near Christmas, and Mary for some years had always given her parents and sisters a little present each, she therefore made a list and on adding it up the sum total was one shilling. Her sister intended going into town and asked Mary if she could buy her anything, but alas, poor Mary could only find fivepence halfpenny. What should she do? A

happy thought struck her: tell God about it. So down on her knees she went asking God to send what she needed.

Next morning on going down stairs her father called her, and put into her hand, how much do you think?—a two-shilling piece!—was not God good? After thanking her father she went upstairs and thanked God for the answer to her prayer. Dear little reader, have you ever thanked God for all His mercies to you, though you have never asked for them? More than all, have you ever thanked Him for the greatest of all gifts, the Lord Jesus Christ? Often have you read those words, "God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Have you ever thanked Him? If not, do not close your eyes again without doing so.

G. O.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XVIII.

THE STORY OF A SUNBEAM.

THE ray of light we are going to talk about to-day did not come from its bright home in the sun, bounding and leaping along so very quickly, that its wonderful journey of ninety-five millions of miles took little more than eight minutes.

And yet, perhaps I shall not be wrong in saying that the sweet Bible text that shone so brightly that for a little while one of our sick girls almost forgot her pain and weakness, had a still more wonderful journey. It came from the very heart of God, telling that "The Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." (Nahum i. 7.)

Written for us in His holy word and copied with loving care by one who had, I trust, been himself taught by the Holy Spirit something of its sweetness, it came to me as an offering for our text album; but so much really good work had been done on both sides of the card, that it seemed almost a pity to waste one by pasting it into a scrap book, so it went with a cheering letter to a young girl who knows what it means to be unable to walk for months together and who is very often too ill even to sit up in bed. She might not like me to tell you her name, but I am sure she won't mind if I copy just one or two lines from a letter she sent me not very long ago. She wrote:—"The texts you sent have been a great comfort, I read them over and over again, and I am sure they have

helped to make some hours bright and happy that might without them have been dark and lonely ones."

So you see the sunbeams I am thinking of are God's own messages. May you and I, dear young friends, know for ourselves the light and warmth and joy that even one short verse can sometimes give, and so loving and walking in the light, may we pass on to others what the Holy Spirit has made a help and blessing to our own souls.

Adeline T., Altrincham. Your paper of texts, dear little girl, is a very good one. You know the sweet old story quite well. How long, long ago God brought His own people out of a place that could never be their *home*, the land of Egypt, under the shelter of the blood of the passover lamb, and that blood, as you say, pointed to the precious blood of Christ, "God's spotless holy Lamb."

Lillie S., Romford. Thank you so much for writing such a nice little letter and telling me about your Sunday school. The text you send, so very short, only three words, "Feed my lambs," means a great deal. If you have begun to trust the precious Saviour you are one of His blood-bought lambs and your soul needs to be fed, so you must love and listen to His word every time you read the Bible or hear it read.

Mary V., Wellington, Somerset. Accept very loving thanks, dear Mary, for the box of snowdrops and the little poem you so kindly sent me. I enjoyed the verses, but though our kind editor sent the flowers on at once they were a good deal faded before they could reach me. Still they seemed to whisper a Bible verse. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 24, 25.) A letter from you will always be welcome.

Helen F. W., Aberdeen. You don't know, dear, how much pleasure you have given by writing. How could any one, who through grace loves the precious name of the Lord Jesus, help being interested in hearing of such a blessed work of God among the girls in your school. You only mention the girls, but I do hope the boys are not letting the good things pass by them, and that each dear young believer may be kept near to Christ; not only saved by Him, but *here* for Him, for His glory and His praise.

Harry K., Hull. I was so pleased to have you join our "Talks" and like your simple, straightforward letter very much. You have, you say, "left school," but don't forget that now you are converted, you are to be a learner in the school of Christ, a school none of His own need ever leave, for perhaps, when we are with Him in the glory where He now is, He, our own beloved Master, may still have many things to say to us.

Fanny B., Great Malvern. You have sent correct answers to all the Bible questions, but if you write a letter, however short, to C. J. L., she will try to answer it.

Edith B., Malvern. Your paper is one of the best received this month and gives proof of great neatness and care. It may encourage you to know

that your answers to questions on the Passover did not go into the waste paper basket, but were posted to a sick girl C. J. L. writes to now and then. Accept thanks for your interesting letter.

Nellie M., Port Elizabeth, South Africa. Dear disappointed little friend, yours has been a long waiting time, but your very welcome letter was received and answered. I know books are a long time in getting out to Africa, but I do hope you will have received and read *Gospel Stories* for January some months before this can reach you. I am always very glad to get your letters, but have not received one from Anna F., however, it is just possible that it may come in by the next mail.

Mabel W., Ranna, U.S.A., who sends a very good paper of answers to scripture questions is thanked for writing, but C. J. L. quite hopes to get a letter from Mabel soon.

Lilian B., Kingston-on-Thames. Your letter, dear Lilian, gave more real pleasure than if you had answered all the questions. It was a real cheer to hear how, in a new and perhaps trying path, you are finding "The daily strength to none who ask denied," learning too, I trust, more of the grace and beauty of the One whom some time ago you began to trust as your very own Saviour. Don't be ashamed of being a servant. A Christian servant has so many opportunities of serving the Lord Christ in her daily work by faithful, willing service to her employers.

Lulie L., Kilkeel, county Down, Ireland. Your letter, dear, has been such a welcome one that you will, C. J. L. hopes, write again soon. Yours must be a pleasant home within sight and sound of the sea, and it is interesting to read of the good times you have playing on the sands or chasing the wavelets as they come and go. Thanks too, for the nice account you give of your lessons, but your letter would have lost much of its interest if you had only written of the things the eyes can see, or our hands touch. These must change and pass away, but those who can say of the Lord Jesus, "Who loved me and gave himself for me," have treasure in heaven, a treasure time and death can never touch.

Ruth W., Quemerford. I quite hoped and intended sending you my long promised letter by post this month, but on reading yours I find you have again forgotten to send your address, so the only way in which I can write to you is in *Gospel Stories for the Young*. Your letters come very regularly and the nice thoughtful way in which you answer Bible Questions leads me to hope that you are not only a Bible reader, but that you have begun to taste for yourself the sweetness and preciousness of God's word.

Arthur W., Taunton. Your letter, dear Arthur, is very well written and composed for a boy only seven years old. C. J. L. would quite enjoy joining her little friends in the pretty summer house your letter tells of. As you are so fond of drawing ships, suppose you draw one for the next album we fill. You could print or write a text underneath it.

Rosabella H., near Southampton, sends a neatly written, thoughtful paper of answers to last month's

questions, but I hope she will join our "Talks" by writing a letter.

Edith C., Romford. Thank you, dear, for writing such a nice little letter. I am glad you are able to attend the Sunday school at R—, and am sure you enjoy going. The text you send is a lovely one. "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) Have you come to the Lord Jesus yet? Are you trusting Him as your own precious Saviour.

Florence and Bessie T., Cullompton, Devon. Accept real thanks, my dear girls, for your loving letters. I am glad Bessie has joined our "Talks" on paper, as I think her doing so will help both herself and Florrie to understand what influence is, and how it may be used in leading others to take an interest in the things we enjoy. Only we need to be very careful that we use it in the right direction, in helping others to please and follow Christ.

Edith N., Newton-le Willows. Your paper is so neatly done, with so much really good work put into its pretty bordering, that I felt almost sorry you had written on both sides of the paper or it might have gone into one of our albums. Still, I shall hope to find a use for it, and am glad to find you take pains with your work, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccl. ix. 10.)

Katie S., Fallowfield. I quite begin to look for your letters and am glad they come so often. You have answered the Bible Questions nicely, but the books you name are a great help to Bible study, and I think you are highly favoured in being allowed to use them so freely.

Jessie F., near Newtown, North Wales. Another very neatly written letter gives me the idea that the writer is a thoughtful, painstaking girl. Jessie is quite a new friend, as I do not remember her having written before, but now she has joined our "Talks," and will, I hope, write often. Try to send a real letter next month, dear.

And now, dear young friends, I am face to face with the old trouble, "want of room," and can only look quite sadly at several unanswered letters which must stand over till next month. I am sorry, but then it is really of no use saying so, for you will see for yourselves how impossible it is to answer nearly sixty letters in two pages of our magazine.

So many of our girls have asked me to go on giving them subjects for their letters that I am going to try what can be done in this way. Shall we take as the subject of our next month's "Talk," The Master's Touch? Look in the gospels for persons or things we are told the Lord Jesus touched. State, where you can, when healing and blessing followed His touch.

Get your letters posted by the 21st.

Address, C. J. I.,
Office of *Gospel Stories*,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.



THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD.

THE Lord Jesus is not only the good Shepherd, but the faithful Shepherd.

If He has died for His sheep, and purchased them by shedding His own precious blood, He also lives to keep them right through to the end.

Each sheep is the object of His most tender care, and in His hand He securely holds each one, so that no one can ever pluck them out. "I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand."

How often, alas, the faithful Shepherd is mistrusted, and some who own themselves to

be His sheep are always doubting lest they should be lost after all. If He has really saved them, how can they be lost? Has He not said "*they shall never perish,*" and no one shall pluck them out of His hand? Then to doubt is to mistrust Him, and how grieved He must be to be treated thus!

One day we asked a black girl in the West Indies, who had trusted the Lord Jesus while coming to the meetings, if she ever doubted whether she would reach the end?

"No," she sweetly replied; "Jesus has me, and He will carry me safely through."

Has He you, dear young friend? Have you been sought and found by Him? If so, He bears you upon His strong shoulders, and He will carry you safely through. Never will He put down His sheep until He has brought them *home*—rejoicing. Thither He is carrying each one, and heaven shall yet ring with joy over those He has redeemed.

Confide in Him, and rest in His faithfulness. Then your concern need not be as to whether or not you will reach heaven at last; but may it be to know the sweetness of His company along the way.

E. E. N.

MADAGASCAR MARTYRS.

IN the island of Madagascar, not very many years ago, some devoted servants of God translated the Bible into the language of the island, the result being that many of the poor dark heathen were brought into light through the gospel. This made their queen so angry that she drove all the missionaries from the island, and tried to destroy the Bible.

Great numbers of the Christians were put



in prison, others were killed, and some punished in various ways, to turn them back to heathenism.

One of the ways in which some Christians were put to death was very strange. In a certain part of the island there is a very high mountain. At one part of the top there is a steep precipice of several hundred feet. At the foot of the precipice are huge masses of broken and jagged rocks. To the top of this precipice numbers were taken, a rope fastened to their hands, and then one by one they were lowered over the precipice. As they hung there, an officer of the queen comes to them: in one hand he holds a very sharp knife, in the other an offer of pardon and liberty.

"Will you give up the Bible, and live?" he asks.

"Never!" says the faithful follower of the Lord Jesus.

Then the keen edge of that terrible knife is drawn across the tightly stretched cord, and in a moment the lover of the Bible is plunged down that dreadful chasm and dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

They would give up their lives, but they would not give up that priceless treasure, the word of God.

R. N.

Answer to Enigma for June.

B arzillai	2 Sam. xvii. 27, 28.
E lias	James v. 17, 18.
T abitha	Acts ix. 36.
H ezekiah	2 Kings xx. 1, 2.
O nesiphorus	2 Tim. i. 16.
U z	Job xiii. 15.
C anaan	Gen. xii. 1-6.
L aban	Gen. xxviii.
E lisha	2 Kings iv. 8.
A sa	2 Chron. xvi. 12.
N ineveh	Jonah iii. 5-10.

BE THOU CLEAN.

B. B. (age, 12.)

Space will not permit us to print one of the answers sent in verse this month, we therefore insert the above neatly written answer.

[ED.]

"EVEN FOR THEE."

JUST pause awhile and wondering list
To a message of tender love;
That in infinite grace is proclaiming that
peace
That was made by the Saviour's blood.

Down even to thee, from highest heavens,
From the throne of the majesty there,
Shining from God through His own precious
word,
Rays of a glory light fair.

The gospel concerning His well-beloved Son,
Who wrought for His glory on earth;
'Tis blessed indeed, for to sinners in need
There's welcome through Him and His
worth.

The deepest of need but gives thee a claim,
To a share of His wonderful love;
If thou'lt only believe, and Jesus receive,
The Man in the glory above.

AMY'S HALF-A-CROWN.

"SEE, mother, see what dear granny has sent me! a whole bright half-a-crown to do what I like with; and oh! there is so much, I do not know where to begin. First of all, I want a big print Bible for granny, then something nice for you, dear mother, a pencil-case for father, a silver thimble for Eva, a great, big humming-top for Bertie, a collar with a pretty bell for pussy, and heaps and heaps of other things."

"Your half-a-crown will indeed be a wonderful one, Amy, if it does all that," laughed mother, looking fondly at her eager child.

"Well, yes, dear mother, so it is; and as father is going out, may I go with him and buy something?"

"Not at present, darling," answered father himself; "I have more important work to attend to just now than even the disposal of your half-a-crown. Have you heard that, if all's well, a great preacher is coming to tell poor sinners about the Saviour whom you love? If my little girl likes to go with me, and sit very quietly at a meeting that is to be held this afternoon, I will see what I can do for her afterwards."

"Oh, yes! that *will* be nice. I shall like to go very much," said Amy, as she ran off to put on her hat.

The meeting was so very interesting that

Amy found it quite an easy matter to sit still and listen to her father's stirring words, as he impressed upon the earnest company present the importance of the message to be delivered on the morrow; how it must be a savour of "death unto death," or of "life unto life," and might even be the last opportunity given to some of hearing the glorious gospel of the grace of God; urging *all* to carry invitations far and wide, and do their utmost to bring lost ones in.

Fervent prayer was made, leaflets and invitation cards for distribution given, and then the little gathering scattered.

By this time Amy, wholly forgetful of her half-a-crown, was only anxious to know whether a little girl could take any part in this wonderful work. Her father, seeing the earnestness of his child, and aware that she had given her heart to the Lord, permitted her to have a few cards.



THE FINDING OF MOSES. See page 54.



Anxious to begin at once, Amy looked round to see where to commence. Close by was a cab-stand, where a man was putting some finishing touches to his cab. Going up to him, she said: "Will you accept this card?"

"What's it for, Missie?" queried he.

"It is an invitation to go and hear about the Lord Jesus Christ, to-morrow at three o'clock."

"Oh, I haven't time for that sort of thing," said he carelessly, turning away to polish the brass handles of his cab, already shining so brightly that you could see yourself reflected in them.

"It won't take long," pleaded Amy; "the meeting is only for an hour or so."

"Well, that might mean the loss of half-a-crown to me, and half-crowns aren't easy to pick up, I can tell you."

A thought flashed across Amy's mind; looking eagerly up, "Would you go if I gave you half-a-crown?" she brightly asked.

"Well, that certainly would make a difference," said the cabman.

"Then I will," cried Amy.

The man looked as though he did not believe her, but Amy told him that she *really* had one that she might do what she liked with, and that it would please her better than anything else to hire the cab from three to four o'clock on the following day, adding, if he would be ready, she would go with him to the meeting.

Touched by the child's earnestness, the man somewhat reluctantly consented, thinking it, at the same time, very queer.

Amy, all eagerness, was true to her appointment on the morrow; and the cabman, who had brushed himself up instead of his cab, was ready too.

Many noticed the strange pair as they wended their way to a quiet corner.

At first the cabman felt very uncomfortable in his strange surroundings, but gradually, as the sweet, old story was unfolded, he forgot himself and everything else, as the conviction pressed upon him that the Lord Jesus Christ *was* the Son of God, and that *he* was the sinner whom Jesus came to save.

Meanwhile, Amy, finding him so quiet, feared he was not interested and had gone to sleep, timidly raised her eyes to his face, and was surprised to see a tear roll down his cheek. Falling on his knees and burying his face in his hands, he remained so until the meeting was over, when the preacher himself came to him, and soon those lingering behind had the happiness of knowing that there was "joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 10.)

"Ah! my child," said Amy's mother, "your half-a-crown *was* a wonderful one after all, and you certainly made the best use of it."

Ask what a little child may do
To make this dark world bright,
Where many a soul in shadow sits
That longs to see the light?

A. W.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

IT was a great change for little Moses to be taken from the humble cottage of his parents to the grand and luxurious palace of Pharaoh, there to be honoured by all as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, but thus was God fitting him for his future service. As Moses grew to boyhood he was no dull scholar, he paid such attention to his studies, using the opportunities given him, that on growing to manhood he was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. But the grandeur of Pharaoh's court no longer satisfied Moses, for he discovered he was not of proud Egyptian parentage, but the son of despised and oppressed Israelites, and in spite of his position and prospects (for he might have become king of Egypt), he

chose to suffer affliction

with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. It was no light thing for Moses to make this decision, but the reproach of Christ was esteemed far greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. What a lesson God would teach us by all this. Dear young reader, is your choice made? Shall it be part with Christ or the pleasures of sin. May God grant that this very moment you may be able to say,

Christ for me.

Having once taken his place with the despised Israelites the reality of his purpose is tested, do you know how? God led him one day to the spot where an Egyptian was smiting an Israelite, it now became a question whether Moses would uphold the Egyptian oppressors or the Israelitish slaves: he true to his choice stood by the Israelite and slew his opponent, burying him in the sand. This daring deed soon became noised abroad and Moses was forced to flee from Egypt and found a home in the land of Midian. Many years passed away, the poor Israelites groaned beneath their bondage and their groans and cries ascended to the throne of God and He came down to deliver. Appearing to Moses in the burning bush He sent him back to Egypt, commissioned to bring out the down-trodden people and lead them into the land of promise. As you may have read, God

shewed Pharaoh many wonderful signs and at last plague after plague fell upon the land, but

Pharaoh hardened his heart

and would not let the people go. At last God sent the saddest plague of all. He must break the stubborn will of Pharaoh and teach him who the Lord is, for he had said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey His voice . . . neither will I let Israel go." It was a moment unequalled in the history of Egypt when the last stroke of God's judgment fell upon the land, the dread angel of death came down to do his deadly work and removed the first-born of every Egyptian, from Pharaoh on his throne, down to the prisoner in the dungeon, and all the firstborn of cattle. But what about the Israelites, did the same thing befall them? Oh! no, God had told of a perfect shelter, the blood of a slain lamb sprinkled upon the lintel and the sidepost secured from judgment, God saying,

When I see the blood I will pass over you.

It mattered not how they felt about the blood, it was for the eye of God, and an Israelite could say, the blood makes us safe and God's unerring word makes us sure. Dear young reader, are you under shelter of the blood? A judgment far more terrible is about to take place in this world. You cannot make a shelter, and alas, if found unsheltered in that day, the terrible blast of God's judgment will sweep you from His presence for ever. The blood of Christ is the only shelter; you and I can trust it with perfect safety for God says, "When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

Sheltered by blood, I stand secure,
Beyond the judgment tide,
The wrath of God Christ did endure,
My soul is satisfied.

[Ed.]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

ONE who against God's servant Moses
spake,
Was killed upon the spot by an earth-
quake.

A priest of God who sat beside a gate,
Fell backward and his neck did break.

Who as a beast once fed on grass,
Till seven long weary years had past.
A certain king, to whom Paul made a speech,
God by His Spirit did his conscience reach.
A little man who could not Jesus see,
And therefore climbed into a spreading tree.
Now place the first letters after each other,
And spell me the name of a famous man's
brother.

Send your replies to the Editor, if possible,
before 20th of current month. Prizes will be
given for the best answers from readers under
14. Time is extended to readers abroad.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XIX.

OUR BOOKS.

"**W**HATSOEVER things are true . . . whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely . . . think on these things" (Phil. iv. 8) shall be our motto text for this month's talk, because it is always a great help to get even a gleam of light for our daily path from our wonderful lamp, the Bible; and if you, my dear girls, will look again at our verse, you will notice that we are left without even the shadow of an excuse for saying, "we cannot help our thoughts," and so letting our minds run on thinking of all sorts of foolish or untrue things, and perhaps few things have more to do in the way of forming our thoughts than the books we read. Some of the girls who have joined our monthly chat are, I know, fond of reading. They have their favourite books, books that seem just like old friends, and well they may, for they have been the companions alike of bright and dark days, they have been carried by their owners into some shady nook in field or garden, or read with growing interest by the winter fire.

Do you wonder how it is that I know all this, and ask has any one been telling me about you. No; in almost every case your own letters have betrayed the secret. Many of them are so well expressed and thoughtful that I cannot read them without knowing how largely the minds of their writers have been formed by reading.

And it is for you, dear ones, that even as I write my heart is turning to the Lord, with a longing that seems almost too deep for words, and yet I feel sure He understands, He knows how really and truly I want to warn and help you.

Many if not quite all your letters have told me that you have been sought and found by the Lord Jesus, the good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep. You love Him, because He first loved you, so I can write to you as my young sisters in Christ, and I would say, Be very careful about the books you read, for the tastes and habits of reading you are forming now may help or hinder

you all through life. "Whatsoever things are true," and I know something of what a crowd of books that are *not* true will come to tempt you to waste, or it may be worse than waste, time that really belongs to your Lord in reading them.

Quite a number of these books will have bright bindings, pretty pictures, and oh such attractive titles. I know only too well, because I have gone through it all myself, and have very often been tempted to take up a book that I knew all the time was not true, just to see what it was like, and then reading on, lured by the interest of the story, till it was finished, and then finding to my sorrow that I was thinking more of the book I had been reading than about the precious things that were mine in Christ. Books that would, I knew, feed my soul seemed to have lost their interest, and even my Bible did not seem to speak to me as it used to do, till I had been to my Lord, owning how unfaithful I had been, and asking Him so to fill my heart with Himself and His love that I might only care for what would please and honour Him.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely." I should so much have liked to write a little about the latter part of our verse, and try to guide you to books that will help to fill your minds with pure, lovely thoughts; but I know some of you have already waited a long time for answers to your letters, and it would be unkind to put you off for another month, so perhaps we may talk about "Our Books" again another time.

Mabel H. B., Caulfield, Melbourne. Thank you so much, dear Mabel, for your very welcome and interesting letter. C. J. L. was glad to hear of your success in passing a difficult examination. The account you give of your home and school life is brightly written, and shews you have some talent for composition. What a place of privilege and opportunity the Lord has in His grace put you in as the eldest of a large family, your brothers and sisters are sure more or less to copy your example. So you have the trust of influence in your home circle, and then among school friends and companions, and you long to use it for the glory of the One whom you know as your own precious Saviour, do you not, dear? Seek of Him the beautiful adorning "of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Peter iii. 4.) Your list of birds is very good.

Mary Ella N., Pana, Illinois, U.S.A. Your writing, dear Mary, begins to look to me quite like that of an old friend, and I am always pleased to get a letter from you. It was cheering to read of the little meeting at Pana, where a few, gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus, remember His death in the simple way He values. Yes, dear, we, whose earthly homes are so far from each other that we can hardly expect to meet here, share the same bright hope—we are looking for the Lord from heaven, and we want this hope to be a real power in our daily lives, so that even the little things we have to do may be done in a way that will please and honour the One who has said, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." (John xiv. 3.)

Mercy W., Wellington, New Zealand. Yes, dear, you have waited a long time for an answer to your letters, so long that I can only ask you to believe me that they are always very welcome ones. Your answers to the questions are so good that I should be quite sorry if you got discouraged and gave up writing. I hardly think you would if you could see what a large packet of letters C. J. L. gets every month. It is a great cheer to find that the interest shewn by my young friends in our "Talks" has not fallen off at all. But oh, dear Mercy, you do not know how often I have to stop writing, and pray that I may give the right answer to each of my correspondents, so that souls may really get help and blessing through the pages of our little magazine, something that will help us each to "walk as children of light." (Eph. v. 8.)

Two letters from Nellie S., Chelmsford, have been received; also one from Kate L. S., same address. Both Nellie and Kate give a very interesting account of the nice time they enjoyed at the Sunday-school treat. They will, I hope, always remember the address that followed. Yes, dear ones, there is only one way of getting into blessing, by new birth—"Ye must be born again." (John iii. 7.) But just as a little baby needs the food suited to it, a soul that has been converted needs to be fed that it may grow. Christ is the food of the new life that is ours as children of God. But I must say a word or two about Nellie's list of her favourite books. Do you know, dear, that with one exception I have read every book named in your list. I am glad to find you love reading, and still more so that you only care for true stories. Many useful and interesting books about Bible lands have been written, and I hope as you grow older you will be able to add a few of these to your list.

Nellie W., Taunton. On looking over last month's letters I find one from Nellie had escaped notice, so I have two of hers to answer. Her paper of answers to Bible Questions is very good. I am glad she has learnt to know and love the story of Israel's shepherd king, David, who was in more ways than I can point out now, a type of the Lord Jesus Christ. Her list of books shews she is quite a reader. Her favourite book, "Twilight and Dawn," is one that I read for the first time not very long ago, and enjoyed greatly.

Edna C., who sends no address, but writes a very kind and encouraging letter, is lovingly welcomed to the circle of my girls, and I shall be glad to hear from her often. Her list of books leads me to think that her taste in reading is already in some degree formed, as I find that true stories of God's servants occupy by far the largest place among the books she has read, so she has, I hope, already made the motto text with which this month's talk begins, "Whatsoever things are true," her very own. We are at work now on a text album intended for a deaf and dumb girl, and shall be glad of Edna's help.

Irene B. A., co. Down, Ireland. It was pleasant to find, dear Irene, that the busy time that always comes with the removal to a new home has not

made you forget old friends. Many who are converted young begin by loving the Gospel of John (I am quite sure I did), and go on to learn what wonderful truths are hidden in its pages, hidden till lighted up with new beauty and meaning by the Holy Spirit, who loves to take of the precious things of God and shew them to those who belong to Christ, because they believe on Him and have received His Spirit. Thank you for the Irish moss, it is very pretty and so neatly arranged.

Eveline B., Framlingham. Thank you so much, dear Eveline, for your very interesting letter. I was sorry to hear you have been so ill, but the time of weakness has, I trust, proved one of blessing. How could it be otherwise when you have, as you say, "been learning more of the love and goodness of the Lord." I was glad, too, to hear of your pleasant visit to L.—, and of the interest it has led you to take in those not favoured like ourselves with the great blessing of sight, our blind friends, and those who are seeking to help them by giving them books in raised or dotted type. Will you pray sometimes that those engaged in this happy service for the Lord may each be so near to Christ as to know what will please Him?

Ruth W., Calne, Wilts. Your list of books you have read is quite a long one, but I was really much pleased with it. Your Bible stands first, and will, I hope, as you grow older, be read with ever deepening interest and affection, and all the books that follow are such as will speak right home to your heart, helping you to understand the sweet, holy teachings of God's word better. It must have been a great privilege to have been present at the funeral of that honoured, aged servant of the Lord of whom you write—"them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." (1 Thess. iv. 14.)

Jessie F., near Newtown, North Wales, I wish you could know, dear Jessie, how very often the neatly-printed text you send, "Do all things without murmurings and disputings," helps me when I have to leave my writing or my books to do some common, homely bit of work. If we are Christians we serve the Lord Christ, and it is a joy to know that we may serve Him just as really and faithfully in our home or school lives as if we were called to do some great thing that others perhaps would see and talk about. "He sees, He knows, He cares." And this, if we have tasted His love, should be enough to keep us quiet and happy. Thank you for the violets.

There will be no letter subject this month, as the number of letters received last month was so large that to answer them all in two pages of our magazine was quite out of the question, so by continuing our talk about books another month and giving up all, or nearly all, the space at my disposal to answers, I hope to clear off some long-standing arrears of correspondence. I am really sorry, my dear girls and boys, to have kept your letters nearly three months, when I know quite well how anxiously you are looking for your answers in every number of *Gospel Stories*; but as it cannot be helped, it is not of much use saying so, is it?

C. J. L.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

APPROPRIATION.

PERHAPS some of our little readers wonder whatever can be the meaning of that long word which heads this paper.

Suppose mother goes out shopping, and when she returns she lays down a parcel on the table, and says to you, "That is for you, my dear." What do you do? Take it to yourself, and claim it as your own, of course. Well, that is appropriation. And God would have us appropriate that which He has so graciously provided for us.

He has given His Son to die for sinners. He has procured salvation for us at a cost which no man can measure, and He holds out a free forgiveness to all who will receive it; and waits to give eternal life to all who believe on His Son. What a giving God He is! and all we have to do is to put in our claim, and appropriate the finished work of Christ to ourselves.

If a letter came by the post to-morrow morning, addressed to you, what would you do? I think you would immediately say, "It is for me." And having possessed yourself of it you would then be able to say, "It is mine."

Now listen to what God says, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." Now won't you put your name in, and say, "That was for me"? just as though it said, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save William, or Mary, or Ernest, or whatever your name may be." If you are a sinner, and feel and own your need before God, then it is true He came to save you.

But you must appropriate it to yourself, or you will never get the good of what He has done for sinners. Like a little girl we met

with the other day, she had been to the Children's Meetings in the tent, and they were asking her to repeat the text the gentleman had been teaching the children; so she began,—*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth ME from all sin."* They instantly sought to correct her. "No, no," said they, as she uttered that little *ME*; but we thought it a fine illustration of that simple and childlike faith which takes hold of that which God has declared in His word.

Have you done this yet? If not, will you not put yourself in that verse to-day? Then having appropriated it you will be able to say,—*"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth ME from all sin."*

* * *



MOTHER SHOPPING.

HAVE YOU BELIEVED IT?

AT one of the children's meetings the other day, the children were taught two texts from God's holy word, and were asked to write them out and bring them with them to the next meeting; and those who had really trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ were told to write it down on the paper. Many were the papers given in at the next meeting, and some bore a bright confession of trust in the precious Saviour.

If you take your Bible and open it at Romans v. 12 you will read the first text the children were taught, "Wherefore, as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." These are some solemn words. Have you believed them? Just think for one moment what Adam did, for this verse refers to him. He committed only one sin, and yet that one sin, which was disobedience to God, brought death into the world,

and you have sinned.

You may be only a little boy or girl, but yet it is true of you, for God says "ALL have sinned," and unless your sins are all washed away, you can never be in that bright heaven where Jesus is.

The second verse is found in 1 John i. 7, and this tells us the grand secret of how those sins of ours can be put away, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." Have you believed this? You may have committed ever so many sins, so that they cannot be numbered; but the precious blood cleanseth from every sin. Won't you trust it?

On one of the papers was written, "I believe it." On another, "I am trusting in the precious blood." Another wrote, "I have trusted in the finished work of Christ." While another wrote, "I am trusting, fully trusting." Now what can you say? Will you write down these two verses, and write honestly at the bottom of the paper what is true of you?

Some one wrote on the bottom of their paper, "I am not saved yet;" and another wrote, "I cannot say I am saved." If you are like this, you have only to take God at

His word and then you will be able to say, "I am saved—saved through the blood of Jesus."

One little boy who had trusted in the Lord Jesus at the first children's meeting, wrote as follows—"Feb. 14th, 1896. Reginald Robert truly has trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ." Can you say this, and sing what a little girl wrote at the bottom of the paper?

"I have a home above,
From sin and sorrow free;
A mansion which eternal love
Designed and formed for me."

E. E. N.

"NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD."

WHEN in the North of Ireland a short time ago, I entered the workshop of an old hand-loom weaver, as he was busy at his work. As I watched the grey-headed old man sending the shuttle to and fro at such a speed, the words of Job came forcibly into my mind—"My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle, and are spent without hope." (Job vii. 6.)

Handing the old man a small gospel book entitled, "Going, Where?" I remarked how that the speed of his shuttle reminded me of Job's words.

"Ah!" said he, "how true! how true!"

"And do you know where you are going?" I asked.

"That I do," he said emphatically.

"Are you *hoping* to get to heaven at last?" I continued.

"Oh, no! oh, no! I'm sure I'm going there," he said, with emphasis.

"Then what is your *title* to glory?" I asked again.

"Nothing but the blood, the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ," he said, as his eyes filled with tears, and his face lit up with heavenly brightness. He then told me how for twenty-five years he thought he was all right for eternity, as he went regularly to church, read his Bible, and always did the best he could. "But," said he, "one morning a few weeks ago, as I was sitting reading my Bible, God opened my eyes to see that all my righteousnesses were as filthy rags, and that all my works were of no avail—that

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

59

Christ *His* blessed Son had finished all the work, and satisfied *Him* fully, and now I am resting on a finished work, knowing that my sins are for ever washed away by His precious blood, as that little hymn says, which I delight to sing—

“Oh, precious is the flow,
That washes white as snow;
No other fount I know,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.”

Happy old man! bound for the courts of eternal glory, with no title but the “precious blood of Christ.” No other is required, and no other would do. Now, my young friends, what about you? You may be strong and healthy *to-day*, but soon, oh, how soon that little body of *yours* may be laid beneath the grassy sod—*your* days also are swifter than a weaver’s shuttle, they are already *all numbered* by the living God, and what about your precious soul, where will *it* spend eternity? Are all *your sins* washed away by the ever precious blood of Jesus? Can you say, as is to be seen on a tombstone in a country churchyard, “I have my title to glory stamped and sealed by the precious blood of Christ.” If not, *you* may have all your sins washed away *now*.

“For Jesus shed His precious blood,
Rich blessings to bestow;
Oh, trust that precious crimson flood,
That washes white as snow.”

Come *now*! This is salvation’s day.
J. D.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA FOR JULY.

Korah—’twas he who rebelled against God,
And met with a terrible fate (Numb. xvi.
1-35);

Eli was the priest who fell back and died
From his seat by the wayside gate. (1 Sam.
iv. 18.)

Nebuchadnezzar—a voice to him said,
“The kingdom’s departed from thee”
(Dan. iv. 31);

Agrippa’s own words were, “Almost thou
dost
Persuade me a Christian to be.” (Acts
xxvi. 28.)

Zacchæus, obeying the voice of the Lord,
Came joyfully down from the tree (Luke
xix. 1-9);

The letters thus placed in proper array,
Shew “Kenaz” the answer to be.

K. A. (age 13).

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was Athaliah?
2. Give another name for Gideon?
3. How did Eli die?
4. What was placed inside the ark of the covenant?
5. Who was the first king of Israel and how long did he reign?
6. Who was Doeg?

Send your answers to the Editor, if possible, before 20th of current month. Prizes will be given at close of year for best answers from readers under 14.

[ED.]

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

A faithful servant, faithful e’en to death,
Prayed for his enemies with dying breath.
Who craved a blessing from her father’s
hand,
Although he had already given a good south
land?

Bitter indeed the waters of a well,
The name God’s people called it can you tell?
The son of one that dwelt at Kirjath-jearim
Fled from a king who sought to kill him.

One who, while listening to God’s servant
Paul,

From the third story of a house did fall.
A lonely woman who to her God prayed,
And in her house both Paul and Silas stayed.

“He early called to serve his God,
The paths of righteousness he trod;
Wisdom and mercy ruled his breast,
And Israel taught by him was blessed.”

Prizes will be given for best answers to 12 enigmas from readers under 14. Try and post your letters before 20th of current month to the Editor. Extension of time is allowed to readers abroad.

[ED.]



The Value of the Bible.

"Search the scriptures." (John v. 39.)

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

The word "search" here means "to search diligently." When we lose anything we value, we search until we find it. The miner, when he digs in the earth where gold is known to abound, digs up the precious metal which repays him for all his toil and labour. So when we want to dive down into God's mine of truth—the Bible—we must dig—that is, study, meditate, and pray over the sacred page, then God will illumine our understanding of the precious truth, and we shall be enabled to discover some of the rare gold of this inexhaustible mine. You will see how all the scriptures point to Jesus, the sinners' Friend; the prophets all point to Him who should come into the world; from Genesis to Revelation all speak of Him, the Alpha and Omega, the First and the Last.

This is the Saviour for you, there is none other. Will you believe in Him now?

When Maimbana, a black prince, arrived in England from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, the gentleman to whose care he was entrusted took great pains to convince him that the Bible was the word of God, and he received it as such with great reverence and simplicity. When asked what it was that satisfied him on this subject he replied: "When I found all good men minding the Bible, and calling it the word of God, and all bad men disregarding it, I then was sure that the Bible must be what you call it, 'the word of God.'"

This is a very good testimony from this

foreign visitor. May we hope it was his future guide.

The poor soldier, who, when dying on the battle-field, hears the verse in John xiv.—"Peace I leave with you," says that is enough for him, he dies happy.

Dear young friends, I hope you will make the Bible your best

companion during your life upon earth. Search the scriptures, for they testify of Jesus. May you seek Jesus, and may He be the Saviour and Guide through life. He will not forsake you.

T. H.

JESUS.

To Him let little children come,
For He has said they may;
His presence then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

FROM TWO TO NINETEEN.

MOST boys know the meaning of the word "grumble." Things do not go just as you like. You have plenty to eat and drink and many people to take care of your health and comfort, but you cannot always have your own way; you cannot play at football during school time, and when it is the time for your home lessons, you would like to take up your new story-book, and loud are your complaints. To tell you the truth, I am very sorry to hear any one grumble, especially you boys who have nothing to grumble about. I am afraid that some real trouble will be sent you, so that you may learn how forgetful you have been of God, and all His goodness. Perhaps you have not thought how different your lot is to that of many boys your own age: they have to walk the streets selling newspapers, or hold gentlemen's horses to earn a few coppers to keep even the poorest shelter over their heads, or have the plainest food.

I want to tell you about some one who is grown up now, but of course was a boy first. He was the child of poor parents, and they were not very careful about him, so that when he was two years old, he lost his sight. Just picture to yourselves how you would feel if you could not see; half your pleasure would be taken from you directly. Little ——'s loss of sight was looked upon as a curse from God, and his parents made many loud complaints, forgetting that they were to blame.

A lady used to call and see them from time to time and she said they must be careful how they brought the child up, and then the curse might prove to be a blessing.

Not very far from the place where our little friend lived, there were some people in whose hearts God had put the thought of caring for the blind. These friends of the blind have a school, where such children can learn to read and write and be taught a trade. When our little *friend* was old enough he was taken to this school, and he turned out to be a sharp lad, and got on very well. In the course of time he left and began work for himself. He went on Sunday afternoons to a Bible Class held by two friends of mine, where, no doubt, he learned it he did not know it already, how Christ had not only loved men well enough to come and give them sight, but that He was so anxious to save them from their sins, and the terrible hell that must be the punishment of sinners, that He died for them upon the cross; and God has taken pains to tell us that He did not leave His Son in the grave, but raised Him from the dead, and gave Him a seat at His right hand in heaven; and now we are called upon to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ so that we may be saved. One afternoon, my friends had to give out in the class that one of their number had died and that money was needed for the widow and children; our blind friend was present, now aged nineteen, and at the end of the class, he came up to Mr. R— and offered

half-a-crown for the relief of this widow. Mr. R— thought this young man was offering what he could not spare, and as he tried to persuade him to keep it, it then came out that already he had saved fifty pounds, and was earning more than both his father and elder brother put together. It is for *you* to decide whether this young man turned out a curse or a blessing. You and I have the full use of our sight most likely, do we remember it is a talent for which we shall have to give account?

E. H. R.



BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

WE could scarcely find a more beautiful history in God's word than that which we have before us this month. The story of little Samuel is, I am sure, full of interest to us all and there are many important lessons God would teach us as we read it. Little Samuel (whose name means "Asked of the Lord") was the child of humble parents, given in answer to the prayers of his devoted mother, Hannah. He was born at a time when Israel had sunk into great sin and, sad to say, the sons of Eli (taking the place of serving God) were the servants of Satan and knew not the Lord. (1 Sam. ii. 12.) Sadder still,

Eli restrained them not.

God was much displeased with Eli and his house and determined to judge them, telling Eli that his two sons should die in one day as a sign of His displeasure. Into the midst of this little Samuel came, for immediately he was weaned, his mother brought him to the temple and gave him to the Lord. Think of a little baby boy away from father and mother in the temple of God, clothed with a linen ephod. Now I want you to notice what the Bible says about Samuel. In chapter ii. 26 we read: "And the child Samuel grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord, and also with men." What a precious testimony and how like that spoken of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now a most blessed moment came for little Samuel. As yet he knew not the Lord (1 Sam. iii. 7), but the Lord knew little Samuel and was about to reveal Himself to the dear lad.

It was evening, the lamp of God near the ark still burnt and Samuel had lain down to sleep; in the midst of his slumber he was awakened by a voice to which he answered,

"Here am I,"

and thinking it was Eli, quickly went to him, saying, "thou calledst me." This occurred the second and third time, until Eli perceived that the Lord spake to him. Samuel returned to his bed and again the Lord called; he did not now return to Eli but said

"Speak; for thy servant heareth."

How blessed to have one's ears opened to God's voice. Has my reader lent an ear to the word of God and profited thereby?

Now Samuel receives secrets that were kept from the greatest men of Israel. Think of the great God graciously communicating to a little boy His thoughts and purposes and telling him of all that would happen to Eli's house. How true are those words, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Now I would take you back for a moment to chapter iii. 7 and ask you if that short sentence

"He knew not the Lord"

is true of you, and if so, let me beg my dear young reader not to rest until you can say like Paul of old, "I know whom I have believed." How blessed to be like little Samuel, early brought to know Him and then in the secret of His blessed presence to learn His mind.

"Oh, give me Samuel's ear—the open ear,
O Lord!

Alive and quick to hear each whisper of thy
word;

Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all."

[ED.]

NEWS.

(LUKE XV. 22-24.)

TINKLE, tinkle, little bell,
How I wonder what you tell;
Up and down Clovelly Road,
Tinkling, tinkling, with your load.

"Evening Herald," now I hear,
In a voice both shrill and clear;
After ten o'clock at night!
Seeking where to give delight.

Much I wonder that you find
Folk at *such* an hour to mind
What the news you have to bring—
Glad, or sad, with foreign ring.

But you find it worth your while,
Or you surely would not toil
Up and down in rain and dry,
Oft beneath a starless sky.

Would that *I* as urgent were,
News of *higher* realms to bear;
News of HIM whom men despised,
Seated now above the skies.

Brought unto a Saviour dear,
Death and judgment ne'er to fear!

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

63

Great *His* joy a soul to find,
Round whose heart *His* love to bind.

News of priceless worth is this !
News of endless, heav'nly bliss !
News of JESUS ! Sinners' Friend !
News of joys that never end !

Wilt thou heed it, guilty one ?
Wilt thou take it, needy one ?
Hungry, thirsty, sad or low,
Unto Jesus, you may go.

He is willing to receive,
All who will in Him believe ;
He will wash you in His blood,
Save, and bring you home to God.

Oh ! that this faint sound might reach
Ears and hearts whom *God* shall teach
News of His beloved Son ;
Who His perfect will hath done.

Such the news *we* have to tell,
Of that love we've proved so well—
News of *heaven*, unlike to earth,
Sin and sadness—*our true mirth* !

A. M. N.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XX.

OUR BOOKS. (*Continued.*)

Frank A. P., Cambridge. Your letters, dear Frank, are always welcome ones ; you write regularly. Your writing has improved greatly and your answers to questions show that you are learning more about your Bible. Learning too, I trust, to love it more as you know it better. You have, you say, trusted the precious blood of Christ for your own salvation ; but do not forget we are to "grow in grace," and if our souls are to be strong and healthy they must be fed. We need not only to read, but to study and pray over our Bibles. The holy Spirit, "our guide into all truth," will often light up some verse we may have read over and over again with so much new beauty and meaning that we shall feel how little we really know of the precious things God has given us in His beloved Son.

Fanny A., Meer End. Fanny was one of the very first girls who joined our "Talks," and for nearly two years hardly a month has passed without her writing ; but our Talk about Books will, I think, make us still firmer friends, for on looking over our book lists I notice that we have read the same books, though my list would, I think, be longer than hers. I was pleased, too, with the way in which she writes of the Bible as "The Book of Books." Always give the Word of God a large place in your reading, dear Fanny. It "is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." (Acts xx. 32.)

Lilian M. P., Bishopstoke, near Southampton. You have answered all the questions correctly, dear

Lilian and C. J. L. will be pleased to hear from you again. Try and send a letter next time.

Maud Mary S., Rotherham. Two very interesting letters from Maud ought to have been acknowledged last month, but owing to want of room were obliged to stand over. Her answers to Bible Questions shew that she has not only read, but thought of and wished to understand the most precious of Books, our own dear English Bible. Her list of her favourite books, though short, is a very good one ; as she not only gives the titles, but a brief account of the contents of several she has read with more than usual interest. May the Lord in His grace keep her unspotted from the world, and crown her life with His loving kindness. "His tender mercies are over all his works."

Adeline T., Altrincham. I was quite pleased, dear little friend, on looking over your book list to find the books you have read and enjoyed so much are all true ones. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was one of the favourites of my own childhood, and though it is a long time since I read it, I shall, I believe, always think of it as one of the books that led me to read my Bible, and in that dear old book I read of a Saviour who had loved me and given Himself for me. Perhaps some day we may have a talk about John Bunyan, the writer of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Hugo E. A., Huddersfield. I was glad to get another letter from you. It is pleasant to find that you are so interested in reading Bible Stories. If we could have a real talk, you would, I expect, be able to tell me those of Joseph, Moses, Daniel and perhaps many others ; but I wonder if the story of a Saviour's love has won your heart yet ? The story of how love to God and love to sinners led Him to the cross. Man gave Him thorns for a crown. But the One who died on the cross, the thorn-crowned King, is a living Saviour now at the right hand of God, ever ready to save and bless any little boy or girl who comes to God through Him.

Edith B., North Malvern. Thank you so much, dear Edith, for your thoughtful and interesting letter, also for several hand-painted texts ; they will be a welcome addition to one of our albums. Although I have not read the book you refer to, "Wee Davie," you tell the touching story of the afflicted child so clearly and simply that I seem almost to know it. I thought as I was reading your letter of something I once heard said by one of the Lord's servants. I am afraid I cannot give you the exact words, but the meaning was : That sick people, even when they are too weak and helpless to do any kind of work, are really of very great use by the way in which they call forth the sympathy and love of those around them, who in this way are really helped to think less of themselves and more of others and their needs.

Isaac R. J., Batt's Corner, near Farnham. Your life, dear young friend, must indeed be a busy one. Helping your father on the farm or going the daily rounds, and yet finding time to write a nice long letter to C. J. L. nearly every month. You are, I am sure, a happy boy. Happy in knowing, as you say, "That sunshine and shower alike tell of the

wisdom and goodness of God." Yes, and we are learning a little, though we often feel sorry it is such a very little we really know of His grace and love revealed in His Son. Your list of books is thoughtful, and the account you give of several proves you have taken some pains to understand their contents. Will you please send Ruth's address the next time you write?

David P. J. I am sorry you were so disappointed at not getting an answer last month, but your letter was not overlooked or forgotten. The number of young friends who have joined our "Talks" the last few months has been so large that very often, after answering every letter our editor can possibly spare room for, I have to lay aside quite a large number to be answered the month following. This of course keeps my correspondence sadly in arrear, but just at present there does not seem any way out of it. Your answers to Bible Questions are very good and your letter as usual an interesting one. "Let us not be weary in well doing." (Gal. vi. 9.)

Kate H., Peterborough. Thank you, dear, for your nice letter. Your account of the Passover is clearly given. Have you sheltered under the precious blood of Christ? Or to put the same question in other words, Have you owned to God that you were lost, and trusted in what He says in His Word about the work of Christ for salvation?

Lily B., Kingston-on-Thames. I wish you could know, dear Lily, how much pleasure your simple letter has given. It gives joy to the heart of the Lord Jesus when any who through grace have trusted Him as a Saviour learn to know Him as Lord, and so begin to see how they may serve and please Him in their daily work. Do not get discouraged. You remember, don't you, the sweet Bible story of how a poor slave who had been stolen from her home and country, as a prisoner of war—the little maid who waited on Naaman's wife—was used by God as the means of blessing to her master, and perhaps through him to the entire household.

Mary W., Guildford. C. J. L. was pleased to find that her old friends, the girls of Miss W.'s class, have not forgotten to write. Mary's answers to Bible Questions are correct and very neatly done. She is a good Bible searcher, so I am going to give her such a lovely text from the Book of Proverbs, leaving her to find the chapter and verse. "The fear of the Lord is strong confidence, and his children shall have a place of refuge."

Lily O. Two letters from Lily are in this month's packet, one might have been rather late in going to post and so just missed being sent on with the letters for the current month. Her answers to Bible Questions on snow and rain are among the best I have received, and her list of favourite books, though it might have been more neatly arranged, shews she is fond of reading. Do not forget, dear, that you and I may shine for Jesus by being so gentle and loving in our words and ways that ours may be the joy of bringing others to Him our Saviour and Lord.

Daisy and May B., Guildford. Thanks, dear little girls, for your nice letters. The books you

have read are such as you will, I hope, always remember with pleasure. I think I have read all the books named in your lists, and to me some of them seem almost like old friends. I am going to give you a Bible hunt in the Book of Proverbs. Where are the words, "Even a child is known by his doings?"

Annie J., Peterborough. Your letter, dear Annie, was a welcome one. I am really glad to hear that you know the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour. May you and I really be found among those who are waiting for their Lord's return. Your list of books is rather a long one, but they are healthy, helpful reading, and you can hardly have too much of that as long as you do not neglect lessons or work to indulge your love for it.

Nellie B., Peckham. Your answers, dear Nellie, are all correct, but I hope you will write me a real letter next month. I quite miss not having one from you this time. "Snow water" cannot, as we read in Job, wash away one dark stain, but "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin."

Jane P., Brixham, Devon. Thank you, dear, for telling me that you enjoy our monthly "Talk" on paper. You say you think it is a very interesting way of telling the girls and boys about the Lord Jesus and His love. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

Christopher T., Twickenham. The Bible Questions are correctly answered. Your letter is not dated, but I am afraid you have been kept a long time waiting for an answer. Do not give up writing, please.

Fanny B., Great Malvern. Your letter, dear, is an interesting one, though I should like to see a little more pains taken with your writing. I notice that in your list of your favourite books "Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment" has a place of honour, standing next to the Bible. It is indeed a precious little book and has been made a blessing and help to many anxious souls. It has been translated into French, German, Dutch and several other languages and also copied into Braille or dotted writing for the blind, who read it by passing their fingers over the dots, and so learn for themselves the gospel truths that can alone give comfort to a soul that has felt the burden of sin.

"Please give us some more Bible Questions or a letter subject," more than one of my girls has written, giving as a reason that it seems so much easier to write a letter when one has something to write about. Well, I am quite willing; suppose we take a subject this time and write about the gardens mentioned in scripture, Old and New Testaments. Please say in your letters if you used a Concordance, or looked them out without help in your Bibles. You may use a Concordance or any such book, only as quite a number of our girls do not own and could not borrow any "Helps to Bible Study," it is only fair to say when such books are used.

Get your letters posted by the 21st.

Address C. J. L.,
Office of *Gospel Stories*,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.



WEE HARRY'S WARNING DREAM.

HARRY was only six years of age when he had a most remarkable dream, which he never forgot. It was the custom of his parents, who had been saved for many years, to read the word of God with their children every night before they retired to rest.

One night they were reading about the Lord Jesus coming to take all *His* people,—dead and living, *all at once*—home to Himself for ever, when all who had refused to accept Him as their Saviour would be left behind for judgment. (1 Thess. iv. 15-17; Matt. xxvi. 1-13.)

This was not the first time Harry had

heard them read and speak about the coming of the Lord. Young as he was, he knew he had sinned, and he was not sure that his sins were forgiven. In fact he was almost sure if the Lord came he would be left behind, and this made him very unhappy whenever he thought of that event.

You see, Harry was not like many boys and girls, who very foolishly think that because their parents are converted they will be *sure* to go to heaven too, whether they have taken Jesus as their *own* Saviour or not. Well Harry had not been long asleep that night when he dreamt he saw the Lord come down from heaven into the air, giving a great shout, and in a moment he saw the Christians begin to rise from the earth to meet Him. His mother was at his side at the time, and as she was going he made a desperate effort to get hold of her dress but *missed* it, and oh! to his awful sorrow he saw both father and her go up—pass out of sight above the clouds with all the saints and the Lord, leaving poor Harry behind.

He got such a fright, he awoke out of sleep, sighing and trembling all over. "Oh! are they away," he said to himself. He was afraid it might be only too true. What could he do? Well, summoning up all the courage he had, he went trembling to his mother's bed room: but no mother or father were there. Oh! how true it did look now, that it was not a dream, but a fact that they were gone. His fear and grief were now so great that he could almost have screamed in his desperation, however he went down the dark stairs to see if they were in the kitchen. He listened behind the door for their voices, but all was in dead silence, except the dull sound from the pendulum of the large eight-day clock. His *last* hopes of finding them

seemed now gone, so shaking from head to foot he slowly opened the door expecting to find the kitchen deserted. But oh, to his glad surprise there they were still reading to themselves in silence the word of God.

What a start they got when he popped in his little head. "What's the matter with you, Harry dear?" said his mother. Now what do you think he said? Would you not have thought that he would have been only too glad to get such a chance to tell them all about his dream so that they might tell him how to get saved? But little as he was, he had what we all have by nature—a wicked, sinful heart, and Satan, who is always watching for a chance to get us to do evil, got little Harry to tell a lie at that solemn moment, by saying to his mother that he was thirsty *and had come down for a drink of water.*

For the falsehood he then told he had to spend about five years before he got saved; during these years he spent many a terrible hour of fear lest the Lord should come in *reality*, and find him still unsaved.

Now my little friends, what about you? Are you ready for the Lord's coming? Would you be "caught up to meet him in the air" if His voice were to be heard while you are reading this story? Only those who have really trusted Him and got their sins washed away in His all cleansing blood, are **READY**; Matt. xxv. 1-13.

J. M.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

WHAT beautiful words these are we have just read, what beautiful meaning there is in them for us. What does the text mean? Let us see and pick out word by word of the text. "God"—can we have a greater authority to give heed to when He speaks?—"so loved the world,"—what does this mean? why, the people whom He has made, His creatures; we are the work of His hands; surely He knows more about us than any other. Now what

more does the text say?—"that he gave his only begotten Son,"—ah, dear young friends, what more could He give? He had sent prophets and angelic messengers from time to time, but all fall infinitely inferior to Jesus, His only begotten Son, He who died on the cross and gave Himself for our sins. Now the concluding part of the text—"that whosoever believeth in him"—do you believe in Him? I do not merely ask you to give your assent that you believe there was a Jesus Christ upon earth, like you believe when you are learning your history at school of such men as Constantine and Julius Cæsar and the queens of England, Elizabeth and Mary. What I want is that you may have a heart-felt knowledge of Jesus. Now the final conclusion of the verse—"should not perish, but have everlasting life." What glorious news—"not perish," "have everlasting life."

I am sure you would not like to perish, that is, never to see Jesus when you die, and live with Him in heaven. No, I am sure you would rather have everlasting life. Who can give you life? Jesus only. He only can save you from eternal punishment. "There is life for a look at the crucified One."

T. H.

"A RECEIVING SAVIOUR."

SPEAKING to a company of children a short time ago, I took up the word Saviour! "Unto *you* is born *this day* in the city of David a *Saviour*, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 11.) After finding out something for each of the first six letters, I came to the last one—the letter R. I asked what word we would get for the letter R, telling us what kind of a Saviour Jesus is.

"A receiving Saviour" shouted a little lad. What a grand answer! How blessed to know Jesus as a "receiving Saviour." While here in this world the Scribes and Pharisees murmured against Him, saying, "This man receiveth sinners and eateth with them." (Luke xv. 2). Yes! my dear young friends, "He receiveth sinners." Now let me ask, Have *you* come to Him? Do *you* know Him as a "receiving Saviour?" If so, how blessed to know that He is a returning

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

67

Saviour—returning to receive *you* unto Himself (John xiv. 3), to be with Him for all eternity; but how sad on the other hand, that if you do not know Him as *your* Saviour, when He comes to receive His own unto Himself, *you* will be left to hear those awful heart rending words—"Depart from me, I never knew you." He'll not be a "receiving Saviour" then; no, salvation's day will be past and gone for ever. May each of you dear boys and girls be led to know Jesus as a receiving Saviour, for His name's sake.

Trust Him now! Trust Him now!
There's a Saviour in glory for thee
Trust Him now! Trust Him now!
A Saviour! A Saviour for thee.

J. D.

Answer to Enigma for August.

S tephen	Acts vii. 60.
A chsah	Joshua xv. 19.
M arah	Exodus xv. 23.
U rijah	Jer xxvi. 20, 21.
E utychus	Acts xx. 9.
L Lydia	Acts xvi. 14, 15.

Answer—Samuel.

B. B., age 12.

DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL.

HAPPY Addie's gone to heaven,
All her sins, through Christ, forgiven.
Happy Addie lives above,
In a heaven of joy and love.

Addie's song will ever last;
All her conflicts now are past!
Landed safe on yonder shore,
Happy Addie evermore!

Little children, be like her,
Seek the Lord with earnest prayer!
Little children, learn to be,
Clothed with sweet humility.

May we meet you all above,
In that heaven of joy and love.
Think how high our notes will rise,
When we meet you in the skies.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. In what way did God go before the children of Israel by day and night in their journey from Egypt?
2. How long were the children of Israel in Egypt?
3. How was the Red Sea divided?
4. What was Miriam's song?
5. How was the firstling of an ass to be redeemed?
6. Why did God command this and what did it bring to remembrance?

Answers to Questions should be posted (if possible, before 20th of current month) to the editor. Prizes will be given for most correct and neatly written papers from readers under 14.

ENIGMA.

A river parted till its bed was dry,
And Israel's mighty host had all past by.
Father of one, in whose most evil reign
The walls of Jericho were built again.
Where did the people hear an old man say:
"Twixt God and idols make your choice
to-day"?

Who set up gates and thus God's word defied
(His first-born son and then the younger
died)?

The cakes the people ate on Gilgal's plain,
When they once more kept passover again.
A city which God's people could not smite
Until the accursed thing was brought to light.
Initials give a faithful servant's name,
Whom God led forth to mighty deeds of
fame.

Prizes will be given (if the Lord will) at end of year for best answers to enigmas from readers under 14. Address your replies to the Editor if possible before 20th of current month. Extension of time is allowed to readers abroad.

THAT NIGHT IN THE TENT.

ALITTLE Elma had been attending the
gospel services in the large tent which
had been erected in the town where
she lived. God had been blessing His word
to many, and a number of dear children too

had been brought to the Saviour at the special meetings for children which were held in the afternoons. It was a pleasing sight to see six or seven hundred children gathered together to hear of Jesus; some had white faces and others brown, while many of the little boys and girls were black. But whether white or black all alike were sinners, and needed the precious blood of Christ to put their sins away. What of yourself, dear little friend, have you been washed "*white as snow*" in that precious blood?

Little Elma got very troubled about her sins through coming to the meetings, and one night after the preaching was over, we found her crying through distress of soul. We were glad to see it, for tears of repentance always go before joy of heart, and the knowledge of forgiveness. Have your sins ever troubled you? they must some day, either in time or eternity. How terrible it will be to feel their burden for ever and for ever in the lake of fire! Do come now to the Lord Jesus, if you have not yet done so. He will receive you, and your sins though as scarlet shall be as white as snow, and though like crimson they shall be as wool. (Isa. i. 18.)

Opening God's word at Hebrews x. 17 we read to dear little Elma, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more." It was joyful news to her, and dried up all her tears; there it was, God had said it, so it must be true, "*I will remember no more.*" She believed it, and away went her sorrow, like the darkness when morning breaks, and the sun arises.

The meetings came to an end, like all things on earth, but not the sweet assurance God's word gave to her; for heaven and earth shall pass away, but God's word shall not pass away; and that made her quite sure.

Many weeks after the preachers had left the island where she was living, she wrote to one of them, and said, "Tell Mr. — I have not forgotten that night in the tent."

Never can those of us who have trusted the Lord Jesus forget that happy day. For ever and for ever we shall sing His praise, who "has redeemed us to God by his blood." Do not lay down this paper till you have trusted Him, and as you do so, owning Him as your Lord and Saviour, listen to what God says in His own precious word, "*Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more.*" (Heb. x. 17.)

E. E. N.

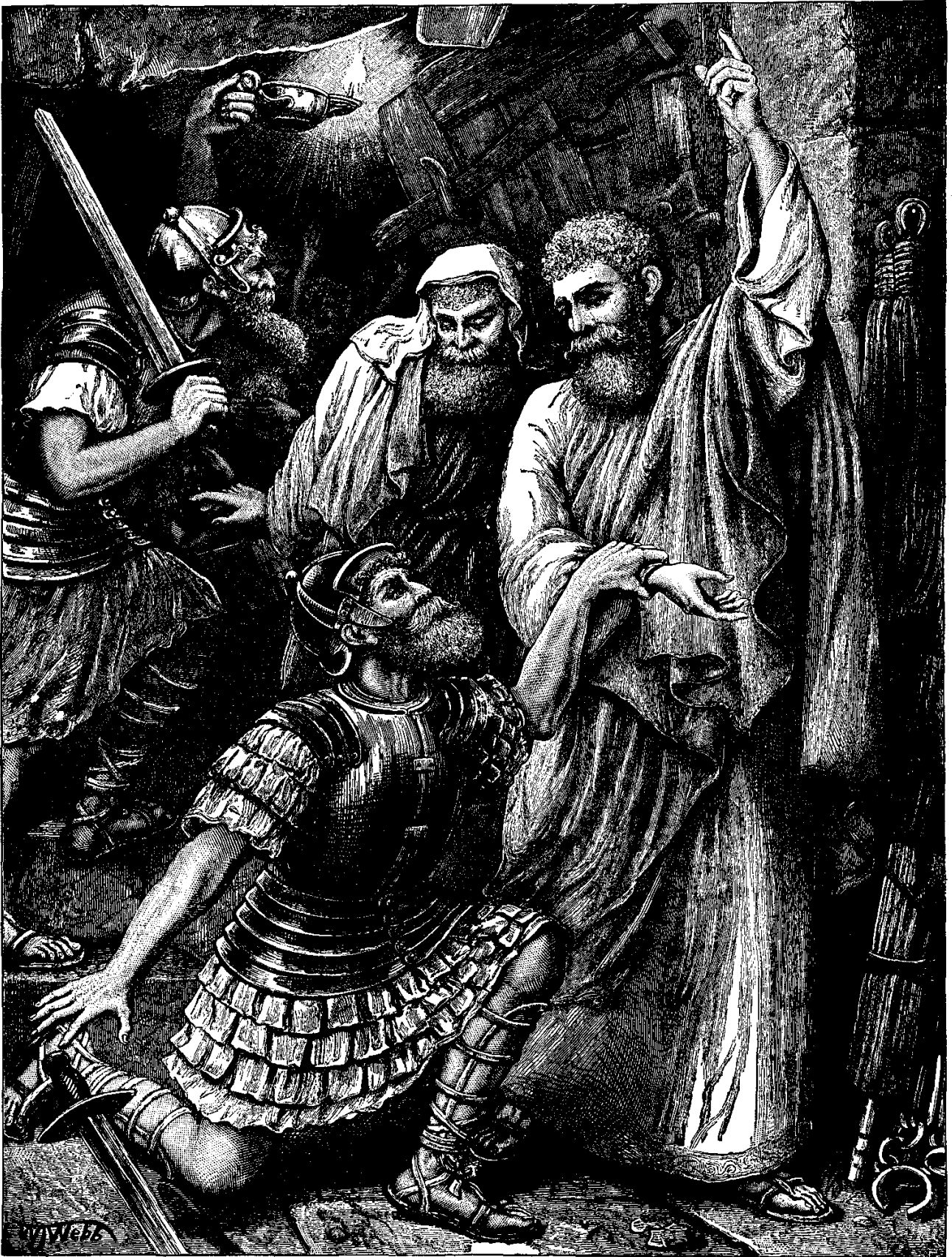


TEARS OF REPENTANCE BEFORE JOY OF HEART.

"BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED ME."

JESSIE, upon being asked by her superintendent in the Sunday school, "Why do you love Jesus?" replied beautifully in the language of the scripture, "Because he first loved me." Can you, my dear young friend, say like Jessie, that you love Jesus? Well, if you can, it is because you have first of all tasted something of the sweetness of His love.

C. P. C.



A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE. (See p. 70.)

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

IF I asked my little readers the name of Israel's first king, doubtless most of you would immediately answer, "Saul." Samuel (of whom we were speaking last month) had grown an old man, and in his declining years the people come with the desire (1 Sam. viii. 6)

Give us a King!

They were no longer satisfied that God should fight their battles, but longed to be as other nations. God was greatly displeased with their desire, telling Samuel they had rejected Him, nevertheless he gave them a king, at the same time telling them what the result would be. Saul was their chosen monarch, and after reigning a very short time, they proved the truth of God's word. Through his disobedience God soon rejected him and chose another (then only a boy), to reign in his stead. God still imparted to Samuel His secrets and telling of Saul's downfall bade him journey to Bethlehem to anoint the one chosen to take the throne. Is it not wonderful, dear children, that in that very city (namely, Bethlehem), the Lord Jesus Christ was born, the one of whom David is such a lovely type? In obedience to the Lord's command, Samuel took the horn of anointing oil, and journeyed to Bethlehem, where the father of David lived. Every one in the city was surprised to see the prophet, and I think Jesse and his sons were doubly so when he sanctified them and called them to the sacrifice. The sons of Jesse are now made to pass before Samuel, and as he looks upon the firstborn, noticing his height and beauty, the prophet says,

"Surely the Lord's anointed is before him;"

but immediately he gets the answer from God, "I have refused him, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (1 Sam. xvi. 7.) Remember that verse, dear young readers, for it matters not how good we may be outwardly, we may even deceive those who are dearest to us, but we cannot deceive God, "He looketh on the heart." One by one the sons of Jesse are made to pass before Samuel, but of each

he says, "The Lord hath not chosen these." The prophet now asks, "are these all thy sons?" when Jesse tells him that the youngest, little David, is out in the fields with the sheep; to the natural mind he seemed of little consequence, useful perhaps to see that the sheep did not get into mischief; however, Samuel puts him in his right place, for he says, "call him, for we will not sit down until he comes hither." I think all this must have puzzled Jesse and his sons, and they may have wondered what the prophet could want the boy for; but their curiosity was soon satisfied, for on David's coming, Samuel receives the message,

"Arise, anoint him."

And taking the horn of oil, he anointed him, in the midst of his brethren, king over Israel; and from that moment the Spirit of the Lord came upon David and departed from Saul. Thus the little shepherd lad was taken from the sheepfold and exalted to the position of king. It is said of him, "he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to;" how true (though in a greater measure) of the Lord Jesus, the greater David. We who know Him can say: "He is the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely." Dear reader, can you say this? or do you say of Him, "He hath no form or comeliness . . . there is no beauty that we should desire him." If this is the language of your heart, Oh! may God open your blind eyes to see beauty in Jesus.

I must now leave my readers to trace for themselves in the Bible how God's purposes were fulfilled, in the meantime praying that each one may be able to say:—

"Now, none but Christ can satisfy,
None other Name for me;
There's love and light and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

[ED.]

A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE.

THERE is something startling in being woke up in the night at any time, but when it is by an earthquake, as in the jailor's case, no wonder he was upset, and then to find the prison doors open; but, ah! it was all to turn to his own blessing. God sent the earthquake and God sent the message

of peace that followed it. The jailor thought he was going to be lost, but when his prisoners told him to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ that he might be saved, he accepted the words and trusted in Jesus.

Oh! the change that took place in that man, every one could see it, the prisoners especially felt its power, for he took them the same hour of the night and tenderly washed their stripes and made them comfortable, setting food before them.

In this way the love of God shines out from those who have tasted its sweetness.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XXI.

A CHAT BY THE SEA.

“**Y**OUR talk with your girls ought to be a very bright one this month,” was the remark made by a friend, as I took out some of your letters and said I really must begin at once to write answers. And so I think it ought to be bright, cheery, and interesting, for I am spending a short holiday at the seaside. “The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.” (Psa. xcv. 5.) I seem to hear the sweet Bible text singing itself over and over again in the low murmur of the waves, as they roll over each other, almost as if they were at play, on the smooth yellow sands.

Sometimes I find myself wishing that I could gather up a few of the salt sea breezes that find their way in at the open window quite close to my writing-table, and send them to some of our girls whose homes are in large towns, or to one or two of the sick people I know, who must, I am afraid, find these bright days of almost cloudless sunshine rather trying.

But Mabel and Fanny, and perhaps half-a-dozen more of my girls, will ask me to tell them the name of the place where I am staying. Perhaps the best way of answering all the questions they are sure to ask will be by giving them some description of the place, a very short one, or I shall quite fill the two pages of *Gospel Stories*, which is every line of room our kind Editor says he can spare for our monthly talk; and if any of my correspondents should discover the name of the place I am writing from I shall be pleased for them to tell me in the very next letter they write.

On the coast of Essex, not very large and not at all overcrowded by holiday-makers, but with a quaint, old-world beauty of its own, is the place of which I write. Some parts of it are very old, I am sure of this, for though I cannot tell you exactly the year in which its wooden houses with their pointed roofs, or the old-fashioned cottages, half hidden by climbing roses, and looking very pretty with their warm, rich tints of brown and red, were built, it must have been a long time ago. The

very name of the place, or part of it at least, reminds one of the far-away times when William the Conqueror tried to make Norman French the language of England.

Not more than ten or twelve years ago, some men, who were digging for marl or gravel in the cliffs near the sea front, came upon such a strange find. “What was it?” did you say, Frank? Perhaps you or I might have said, “Only a few small stones, and not very pretty ones either.” But as they bore marks of having been cut by rough tools they were looked at closely and found to be stone knives, arrow heads, and several other curious things, and so we know that long before our history books began to be written or any one in our island home had ever thought of making steel or iron knives, some poor fishermen may have built their huts here.

The Romans, too, had a camp at some distance; but I must not write any more about sea or shore or I shall have to leave a very large number of letters unanswered.

Alex. M. P., Edinburgh, who sends a remarkably good and very neatly written paper on the “Trees of the Bible,” is thanked for writing. I get a letter now and then from a boy or girl who lives in bonny Scotland, and such letters are always welcome ones. It is a real pleasure to find how well many of my young friends know their Bibles. But we must not forget that the real aim of all Bible study is to lead us to know more of the Lord Jesus as a living, loving Saviour, and as we know Him better we shall, I think, love and seek to please Him more. Please write again, I shall always be pleased to get your letters, and will try not to keep you so long waiting for a reply next time.

Fanny B., North Malvern. Your letter, dear Fanny, has interested me greatly. I find you have read one of my favourite books, “God’s Wonderful Trees,” and when you had finished the book you thought about it, till you almost seemed to hear the voices of the trees as the wind sighed through their branches. I am glad and thankful you can write: “I love the Lord Jesus, because I know He first loved me.” Ah, dear Fanny, you and I have begun to taste just a little of the sweetness of knowing that “the Lord is gracious,” have we not? But we are to go on learning more of the grace and glory of the Person by whom we have been saved—saved at such a cost with the precious blood of Christ, as of a “lamb without blemish and without spot.” (1 Peter i. 19.)

Ruth W., Calne, Wilts. Your letters come so regularly that I begin to feel as if we were almost old friends. And I think we are friends, for though we have not seen each others’ faces, the same Holy Spirit given to all true believers has shined into our hearts, shewing us first that as sinners we needed a Saviour, and then giving us to see that the Lord Jesus was just the Saviour we needed; and now He is known and trusted as our own precious Saviour, and what we want is to know Him in the new place where He now is. Your list of trees is nicely arranged.

Mary Ella N., Parna, Illinois, U.S.A. Thank

you, dear, for your interesting letter, and for telling me of those whom the Lord has just been taking to be with Himself. Your dear aged grandmother, I am so glad you know that for her all fear of death had been taken away by the Saviour in whom she trusted. You can think of her now where she is—"present with the Lord;" and we know, too, from the simple teaching of God's own word, that the dear baby, whose removal must have been a real sorrow to you all, is safe with the Good Shepherd, who "gathers the lambs with his arm, and carries them in his bosom." Your list of trees is a very full one. I will try to do what you ask, if you will send me your postal address the next time you write.

John S. B., Indianapolis, Indiana, U.S.A. Your letter, dear young friend, is really a paper on the beautiful story of Ruth. I, too, love to read and linger over the sweet Bible history. To me it always seems a wonderful unfolding of the grace of God. Ruth was not, as I am sure you know, one of God's chosen people. She was a Gentile, a stranger; her home, too, had been in the land of Moab, where, as we know, the people prayed to idols; yet God cared for and blessed her and we may learn in her story something of the way in which a sinner is brought into blessing, getting not only the forgiveness of sins, but a new place "accepted in the beloved," (Eph. i. 6), and finding out some of the precious things that are ours as children of God, ours because they are Christ's and we belong to Him, who was David's Son and David's Lord.

Mercy W., Wellington, New Zealand. It was quite a pleasure to get another letter from Mercy, who not only tells me about the wild flowers of New Zealand, but sends a nice paper of answers to questions on "The Passover." I am so glad she has begun to think of the types as shadow pictures, for the habit of doing so will be a help to Bible study. But we must never forget that all the shadows pointed one way and to one Person, the Lord Jesus Christ; and as we think of Him how could we help loving such a Saviour?

Anna and Sarah M., Parna, Illinois, U.S.A. Thank you, dear girls, for sending answers to our questions on "Trees." Your lists are good and would have been very full ones had you not both forgotten in marking those of which the fruit or berries are used as food, that the oil and berries of the olive are largely used as food in Bible lands. Dates are the fruit of the palm, and the pomegranate bears a sweet refreshing fruit about the size of an apple. Write again, please, as soon as you can. I am always very glad to get your letters.

Nellie L. C., Tunbridge Wells. I am glad you found our subject an interesting one. Your letters have not been very regular for some time, but I quite understand your reason for not writing sooner. "You have had so many lessons to do." Ah, dear Nellie, I wonder if you have begun yet to learn what a precious Saviour the Lord Jesus is? You know a great many things about Him, but do not be content without knowing Him as the One who has saved you. Your list of trees is a good one, but

you should have written (F) opposite the vine. Did you forget that grapes are good to eat?

David J. P., Farnham, Surrey. Thank you so much for your account of the fellowship meeting at F—. I am sure you miss your brother very much, but don't you think that all the changes here should only make us more thankful that there are some things that can never change or be taken from us? Unseen, eternal things, and they are our very own because they are Christ's and we belong to Him. The sycamore is a fruit-bearing tree. Its figs, though small and rather tasteless, are used as food by the poor in the countries where it grows.

Edith B., North Malvern. Your loving letters have often cheered and encouraged me. I am sorry you should have been kept so long waiting for an answer, but if you could only see what a pile of unanswered letters are waiting their turn I am sure you would forgive me. So the rose is your favourite flower, is it? I have quite a number of blind friends, and if I were to say to them, "What flower do you like best?" I am sure nearly if not quite all of them would say, "the rose," for though they cannot see its beauty, they *can* and *do* enjoy its sweet perfume. How thankful you and I should be for the gift of sight, that we can look on so many wonderful and beautiful things. But while seeing eyes are a great mercy, a seeing heart is a still greater blessing—"we see Jesus." (Heb. ii. 9.) Your list of trees is very good and will be sent to one of our sick girls.

Kittie S., Annan, N.B. Welcome to our corner of "*Gospel Stories*," dear Kittie. I am glad you have begun to love Bible study. It is not the number of chapters we read or verses we can repeat that really make us wise unto salvation; it is the sweet Bible truths we think over and pray about—pray for the teaching of the Holy Spirit that we may understand them—that help us in a way no mere head knowledge can. Still we must read our Bibles or we shall not be able to say with David, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth." (Psa. cxix. 104.) Please write again.

Lists of trees named in the Bible have been received from Kate H., Peterborough; Daisy B., Lily O. and Mary W., Guildford; N. G., Leeds; Jessie F., Newtown, North Wales; John R. H., Glasgow; Mary J., Clevedon; Fanny A., Meer End; Laura W., Bath; Maud Mary S., Rotherham; Florence T., Cullompton, Devon; Edna C., Hornsey; M. J. Farnham, and Philip G. B., Farnham.

Accept real thanks, dear young friends, for your papers, many of which are very good; and believe that only want of space prevents C. J. L. from writing to each of you this month.

Our subject for next month's talk is "Wells." Look up Bible references to "Wells," and write to

C. J. L.,
Office of *Gospel Stories*,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

Get your letters posted by the 21st.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

“THE MAN WITH THE BOARD.”

IF you know how good and kind the Lord has been to you, you will feel it to be a great privilege if you can serve Him in any way, will you not?

Ah, yes, you say, but I am only a little child and cannot do much.

That is true, and great things are not expected from you, but if you have given your heart to the Lord, that is one thing you *can* give (Prov. xxiii. 26), He will shew you how you can be of service to Him in many little ways; it may be only by keeping baby quiet when mother has a headache, playing with and amusing your brothers and sisters instead of reading a pretty story for your own entertainment, or going to mother the moment she calls you, when perhaps you want to have another game first, speaking a kind word, checking a cross one, or a thousand other things which if done or left undone for the Lord's sake will be owned of Him.

Young or old can all do or suffer something, so I think you will all like to hear what an old man did who had given *his* heart to the Lord. He was a poor gardener, ignorant about most things and unlettered, but there was *one* book he loved to read (can you tell me which it was?) and *one* thing he knew well, and that was that he had a Saviour who loved him and had given Himself for him, and this old gardener longed to tell others the good news that had made him so happy.

He thought a great deal how he could best do this, and being unable to say much himself it was put into his heart to let the word of God speak for him.

This was the way he carried out his thought. He fastened a board to a pole and painted

upon the board two texts; on one side a warning one, like “Flee from the wrath to come” (Matt. iii. 7), and on the other a loving invitation, such as “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Matt. xi. 28.) With these he would walk into some busy part of London, very often staying a while on the road wherever he saw a group of men to exchange greetings with and give them time to read his board.

Sometimes he was not well received and had to endure unkindness and even hardship, but this did not daunt him and was always patiently borne, and he went bravely and rejoicingly on his way, knowing that what he did was for the Lord's sake.

Now and again he was encouraged, one and another asking when he would be that



way again, and at last perhaps even coming eagerly to meet "the man with the board," searching the Scriptures for themselves like the Bereans of old, to see "whether those things were so," what they should mean, and talk them over with him.

So he became a sower for God, dropping the seed wherever he went; the Lord Himself only knowing how much good this one poor, feeble old man accomplished. But whether much or little it will be owned in that day when the Lord maketh up His jewels.

At one busy corner the old gardener became so well known and was so welcome that a man and his wife who lived close by, and who through his means had received the truth, shewed their thankfulness by wanting in their turn to do something for the Lord's servant. This they did in a very practical way by preparing a jug of tea and some nice thick slices of bread and butter to refresh the old gardener after his long weary trudges.

Wet or fine every leisure minute saw the dear old man at his work as long as he had the strength to carry the board which spoke so well for the Master, and when that failed and he became too weak he still bore a bright testimony to the very end, for "the path of the just is like a shining light that shineth more and more until the perfect day."

Now a board is very heavy to carry, and we are not all called upon to do the *same* thing, so I must leave it to you to find out what *you* can do, feeling sure that you would, as I said at the beginning of this paper, think it a great privilege to be allowed to do something, would you not?

A. W.

"JESUS BIDS ME SHINE."

JESUS bids me shine,
With a pure, clear light;
Like a little candle,
Burning in the night.
In this world of darkness
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids me shine,
First of all for Him;
Well, He sees and knows it,
If our light grows dim.

He looks down from heaven,
To see us shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

Jesus bids me shine,
Then for all around;
For many kinds of darkness
In this world are found.
There's sin, and want, and sorrow,
So we must shine;
You in your small corner,
And I in mine.

SALVATION NEGLECTED.

HOW shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation? God's salvation has come within the reach of all. It is often said it is easy to get salvation, and so it is, blessed be God! if any are anxious to possess it; but easy as it is to gain it, it is easier still to miss it. Only go on as you are going, putting it off till a more convenient season, and you will wake up one day to find that the summer of God's grace has passed, the harvest of souls is ended, and you are not saved. Oh, the awakenings that must be, when the day of grace has passed!

A solemn instance of salvation neglected came under our notice lately. A young lady was about leaving her home for D—, in South America. About a fortnight before she sailed, she called to see a friend who was sick, and during the conversation they had together, he asked her if she ever thought of the future, and of her soul. For it was quite time that she accepted the salvation which God was offering to her. Her reply was: "I am quite young, I have many years before me, I must enjoy the pleasures of this world, and then I shall give a thought as to my soul's future."

The time came for her departure; as she said "Good-bye" to a young man of her acquaintance, she added, "perhaps we shall never meet again." The words were lightly spoken, but many a true word is spoken in jest, and three days after the schooner had sailed news came that she had been run into by an outward bound steamer, and sunk immediately after she was struck. A few of the passengers were saved, but others went down in the ill-fated vessel, and among the

drowned was the young lady, who, as she thought, had many years to live, and whose soul's welfare was trusted to that uncertain future. She has passed from time into eternity. There, salvation is never preached, when once the boundary of time is passed, salvation is left behind for ever. Salvation neglected in time, means damnation received in eternity. Dear unsaved reader, why will you still refuse God's gracious offer? Be not deceived by the devil. Those promises of long life and good days come only from him who is a liar from the beginning. This present moment is the only one you can call your own. *Now*, salvation is within your reach, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." To-morrow, it may have gone like a shadow, for ever from within your reach, then what of that long eternity which lies ahead? Dare you enter it as you are — unfit for God, and unprepared?

Which will you have,

God's now! or Satan's to-morrow?

"Now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."

E. E. N.

THE "TOWER OF REPENTANCE."

SOME months ago a party of Christians, including the writer, were on their way to a conference in Carlisle, by rail, and among other interesting places pointed out by one of our number, *en route*, was that which heads this paper, and from which a better view of the English side of the border could not be obtained anywhere.

Now this is how the "tower" is said to have got its name. In the time of the feuds between England and Scotland, a certain Scottish chief with his clan invaded the English border, and getting ousted, fled for their lives across the Solway Firth. In these days it was quite a common thing to cross the firth when the tide was out. In this case, the chief being mounted, left his followers rather cowardly, and the tide coming in at the time, they were either slain by the English or perished in the sea. The chief was so sorry and troubled at what he had done in leaving his faithful clan, that he

built this "tower" on a hill, and named it the "Tower of Repentance."

And now, my unconverted reader, young or old, we see from the foregoing what the chief in his deep sorrow did—in token of his unfaithfulness. What have you done for your sins committed against God? Have you not repented yet? High time you did, for "God *now* commandeth all men everywhere to repent." (Acts xvii. 30.)

You have a holy God to meet, who hates sin, and who cannot have you with your sins in His presence. And yet possibly you expect to get to heaven when you die, on the ground of your so called good works and prayers. You are deluded. Good works are all right in their right place and time—after salvation. But since God hath declared that "all have *sinned*, all to be *unprofitable*, and *none good*," how can *good* come from you? Say from your heart in the language of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner," then like the latter you shall be justified. (Luke xviii. 13, 14.)

It was God's "*grace*" in giving His Son, whose "*blood*" was shed on Calvary's cross to atone for sin; and the sinner who has "*faith*" in the now ascended Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, shall be saved. (See Rom. v. 15; Acts xvi. 31.)

"Thousands of souls in heaven will be,
Through the blood,
Praising the Lamb, who on the tree
Shed His blood.

All white and pure, all glorious fair,
They praise the Lamb, whose joy they share;
O happy throng! will you be there?
Through the blood."

R. W.

PLEASURES.

WHILE crossing the mountains one day in the sunny island of Jamaica I found a remarkably pretty flower growing close to the road, and stooped to pick and began to examine it. It was a very attractive one, the colour was very bright, the shape perfect; but I had not carried it very far when I found that it gave forth a very dreadful odour, and I was heartily glad to throw it down. As I did so, the thought



struck me, how like the pleasures of the world, that is, they look so attractive and lie so close to the path, that very often many turn aside to enjoy them, only to be bitterly disappointed.

Now the devil is the god of this world, and his desire is to hinder every young reader of *Gospel Stories* from coming to Jesus, and he has no surer way of doing it than by filling their hearts with the world. But let me tell you, dear young reader, that no true joy can be found here. The flower of which I have told you is called "the dead horse" by the people of Jamaica, because of its dreadful smell, and it is a good name for it. And in like manner there is nothing but death in this world. Those who have the most of its pleasures have to die, and if they do not find out how unsatisfying they all are here, what a terrible disappointment it will be to them when death takes them away from all their pleasure into hell fire where none are to be found.

Now, if you want to be truly happy you must get the pleasure and the treasure which death cannot take from you, and these are within your reach.

A gentleman once called to see two little boys, and found them busily engaged with their toys. He said, "I suppose these are your treasures?"

"No," they replied, "these are our toys, sir, our treasure is in heaven."

I wonder if you can say this? If not, I hope you will make heaven's treasures yours *at once*, because your heart, young as it is, needs something to fill it, and if you do not get Jesus, then you will want what you see all around you, and it is not always an easy matter to get away from the pleasures of the world.

There grows in Jamaica a little bush which people call "wait a bit." This is a very strange name to give it, but I will tell you

why it is so called. All over the branches there are sharp hooked thorns, and if your clothes get caught by them you cannot get away so easily, for while you are releasing yourself from one of these strong thorns you are very likely to be caught by another. Now, all the pleasures of the world say, "Wait a bit, enjoy us a little while, and then become a Christian." And many try this, until it is too late.

Believe in Jesus just now, dear reader, He and He alone can save you, His blood will wash away your sins, and you can be made perfectly happy; do not think that you will have to pull a long face if you trust in Jesus, it will be just the opposite. You will be like a boy of fifteen who came to Jesus in one of our gospel meetings the other day, and he says now he is so happy that he cannot express it. That is what Jesus will do for you if you will only take Him as your Saviour.

J. T. M.



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

77

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

IF my young readers have ever read in their Bibles the life of David, they may remember that God promised (2 Sam. vii. 16) to establish his throne and house for ever. This promise was fulfilled; though at one time it seemed as though there was no king to sit upon the throne, but God had preserved a little baby boy, and when only six years old he was proclaimed

rightful heir to the throne.

Little Joash (for such was the little boy's name), was the youngest of a large family, and upon the death of his father Ahaziah, his grandmother (a very ambitious and wicked woman), contrived to kill all her son's children except little Joash, and he escaped through his aunt Jehosheba hiding the nurse and babe within the house of the Lord. Here he stayed six years while Athaliah, the wicked murderess, reigned over Judah. But God kept His promise to David, for at the end of that time it was made known that the rightful heir to the throne still lived.

It was a grand day in Israel when the high priest brought out little Joash to crown him king. The priests in their white robes, and the armed men of Israel with their weapons, stood by ready to uphold the cause of the little king. The high priest approaches, and anointing him, places the crown upon his head, and into his hand delivers the testimony, when priests, princes and people shouted with one accord,

God save the king.

The streets of the city rang with the shouts of the people and reached the palace; upon which Athaliah hurries to the temple to find Joash standing by the pillar with the crown upon his head; she meets with a murderess's doom.

Now little Joash feared the Lord, being instructed by the high priest, and sought in every way to turn the people's hearts from Baal to the living God. He repaired the temple and destroyed the house of Baal, breaking down the altars and images and slaying the priest. God blessed Joash for all this and made his reign prosperous. His zeal for the Lord was a bright contrast to his father's wicked reign, and during the life of Jehoiada the priest (his instructor), he walked in the way of the Lord, but alas, when the



JOASH BEING CROWNED.

priest died his ardour cooled, he listened to the voice of those whose hearts were set upon evil and

turned from God to idols.

The son also of his greatest friend (Jehoiada), who ventured to reprove his wickedness, he ordered to be stoned, remembering not the kindness of the one who had set the crown upon his head. For this wickedness God turned prosperity from him, and suffered a small Syrian army to conquer a vast host of Israelites, and carry away much spoil; and at last poor Joash was slain by his servants upon his bed. What a sad end for such a bright beginning; how solemnly this should speak to us. Many have in childhood's days professed to love and serve the Lord and afterwards turned to the paths of sin. How necessary is the exhortation of the apostle, "*With purpose of heart . . . cleave to the Lord.*"

And now I cannot please Him,
In aught I say or do;
Unless He daily helps me
His glory to pursue.
Still helpless and still feeble,
On His strong arm I fall;
My strength in pressing onward,
Yes, Christ must do it all.

[ED.]

LIGHT.

HAVE you ever noticed how every mark on a window shews up in the brilliancy of the sunlight? It may look very well on a dark dreary day, but it is in the sunshine that all the scratches and blemishes are seen. Now, dear children, that is just like our hearts before we know Jesus as our Saviour. Our hearts are full of sin. We read in God's word, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and again, "all have sinned." (Rom. iii. 23.) "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all." Every spot and blemish is known to Him, and nothing is hid from His eye. But God is also love. He so loved us that He sent His only begotten Son to die for us. (Read John iii. 16.) Our sins were borne by Jesus, God's own Son, and now the worst

may turn to Him and be cleansed from their sins. Will you be made clean, dear little reader?

F. J. F.

Answer to Enigma for September.

Jordan's fair stream was parted
To let the people o'er. Josh. iii. 14-17.
Omri the king wrought evil
Excelling all before. 1 Kings xvi. 25.
Shechem proclaims the warning,
"Whom will ye serve this day?"
Josh. xxiv. 1-15.
Hiel proved the curse once uttered
Demanded still its prey. 1 Kings xvi. 34.
Unleavened cakes were eaten
On the passover day. Josh. v. 10-11.
Ai could not be taken
Till sin was put away. Josh. vii. 2-13.
At last we have the answer,
Joshua it is you see;
May we delight to follow
A mightier One than he.

K. A.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. What is said of Nimrod?
2. What did Noah's sons do in Shinar?
3. Who was Phichol?
4. Something was sold by Ephron, what was it, and for how much?
5. Who was Nebajoth?
6. What present did Jacob send to Esau?

Send your answers to the Editor, if possible, before 20th of current month. Prizes will be given, to readers under 14, for best answers at close of year.

ENIGMA.

TO whom did John in his epistle write,
Because they him o'ercame who hated
light?
The house in which the ark of God remained,
And by its presence there much blessing
gained.
One who, by putting forth his hand, he tried
To hold the ark, God smote him that he died.
What does our Lord promise to give to all
those

Who come to Him weary and laden with woes?
The well on which the Man of sorrows sat,
And spake of water far surpassing that?
A prophet who, when seen in God's own
light,

Declared himself quite loathsome in His sight.
The name of one in whom "no guile" was
found,

When told where Jesus dwelt, was thither
bound.

The mount on which the law of Moses given,
When God came down and talked with him
from heaven.

My reader, have you ever thought
About the load of guilt
That rests upon you while you spurn
The precious blood once spilt
On Calvary's cross, where Jesus died
That death of agony?
God's justice there was satisfied,
Your pardon now is free.

Send your answers, if possible, before 20th
of current month to the Editor. Prizes will
be given at end of year for most correct and
neatly-written papers from readers under 14.
Extension of time is allowed to readers abroad.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XXII.

UNANSWERED LETTERS.

IF you, my dear girls, could have a peep at
C. J. L. just now you would all, I think, agree
in saying she was looking quite sad, and perhaps
one or two might say, "It is because she is sorry to
keep us waiting so long for answers to our letters."
Ah, dear ones, you have guessed rightly, and though
your old friend would greatly enjoy having a pen-
and-ink talk with you about some things that will
not fade and die like the flowers, a few letters
written in the early spring are on her writing table,
and autumn with its falling leaves and shortening
days will be upon us before their writers can know
that their letters have not been overlooked or
forgotten, so nearly all the room we can have in
Gospel Stories must this month be given up to
answers.

Irene B., County Down, Ireland, writes:—"I
have enjoyed doing the questions this month very
much. I had no idea so many trees were men-
tioned in the Bible till I began to look for their
names." Ah, dear Irene, you do not know how glad
I am that you are just beginning to find out what a
wonderful book the Bible is. I say "just beginning"
for the Bible is so unlike any other book that those
who have studied its precious pages longest and

loved them best often feel how little they really
know of the precious things it contains. No
power of our own minds can rightly understand
the word of God, but the Holy Spirit is not only
our guide into all truth, but a friend who is always
willing to shew us more and more of the beauty
and grace of Christ. But we must be careful not
to grieve Him by wilful or careless ways. Your
list of trees is one of the best I have received.

Two letters from Frederick T., Fishponds, near
Bristol, have been received and were very welcome
ones. I should so like to give you one short text
that has been a comfort to me. Would you care to
read it for yourself in your own large type Bible?
Turn to Hosea xiv., and at the end of verse 3 you
will find the words, "In thee, the fatherless findeth
mercy." You are an orphan, you say. But from
your letter you have, I think, begun to know some-
thing of the tender love and care of God, who is
"a father of the fatherless." (Psa. lxxviii. 5.)

Do not be discouraged because on account of
your weak eyes you may not have been able to
attend school quite so well as some of our boys.
Your writing is very easy to read, and C. J. L. will
always be pleased to get a letter from you.

Lilian B., Kingston-on-Thames. It was pleasant
to get another letter from one of my girls who
really has not much time for writing. You have a
great deal to do and get tired sometimes, don't you?
The Lord Jesus understands when we are tired,
better, I often think, than any one else can. Have
you ever noticed that we are told in the Gospel of
John that the Lord Himself when a Man on earth
was weary? (See John iv. 6.) He had come a
long way along a very hot, sandy road, and was no
doubt glad to rest a little by the well side. But
He did not rest long, for very soon we know He
was telling a poor sinful woman of the living waters
He loves to give to thirsty souls.

Edith C., Tunbridge Wells. Thank you, dear,
for your very kind letter and the lovely verse you
send. "There is a path which no fowl knoweth,
and which the vulture's eye hath not seen." (Job
xxviii. 7.) Shall I tell you why I think the vulture
is the bird named? Because its sight is very strong,
it can see its food at a great distance and pounce
down upon it. But the longest, strongest sight
of nature cannot find the path of faith. But it is
a pleasant path, and one in which the Lord loves
to lead His lowly little ones. The Lord Jesus said,
"If ye continue in my word, then are ye my
disciples indeed." (John viii. 31.)

Arthur S., Surbiton, sends a nice long list of trees
and a loving little letter. He has heard that soon,
it may be very soon, the Lord Jesus is coming to
take His own dear people to His home and theirs,
and better still, he has begun to look for His return,
and this our bright hope should make us very
careful about our words and ways, that when He
comes He may not find us doing anything He
would not like. Please tell Nellie, C. J. L. would
like a letter from her.

Nellie W., Taunton, who always signs herself
"your loving little friend," is, she writes, going to
school instead of doing lessons at home. Do you

remember, dear Nellie, how the Lord Jesus when speaking of Himself as our Shepherd said, "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice"? (John x. 4.) So if you are one of His lambs your Shepherd will be near you in the new path, and if you keep looking to Him He will give you day by day the grace you will need to please and honour Him. Do not be ashamed of your Bible lamp. Your list of trees is a good one, though like most of my girls you seem to have forgotten that the vine bears *fruit*.

Mercy G. W., Wellington, New Zealand. It is always pleasant to get a letter from Mercy. She is, I think I may say, one of my best correspondents. Her letters come every month, and though her life must be quite a busy one she finds time to look up answers to Bible questions. I was glad to hear of your happy holidays at A—. Did you notice how small everything looked when after your long climb you stood on the top of Newtown Peak and saw the streets and houses of the busy town looking hardly larger than toys? And just so, dear, the worries and trials of our daily path that seem sometimes very large as long as we are looking up at them, seem to grow smaller when we are near enough to our Lord and Saviour to look down on "things seen." Read 2 Corinthians iv. 18.

Hugo E. A., Huddersfield. Thank you, dear Hugo, for your kind letter and hand-painted text. Yours has indeed been a sick house, but I was glad to hear you were all getting strong again. Your letter leads me to think you have been reading your Bible a good deal lately, and even a little boy may be made wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. (2 Tim. iii. 15.)

Minnie P., Surbiton. I am sorry, dear, you should have to wait so long for an answer to your first letter. I rejoice with you that you have been sought and found by a loving, seeking Saviour. You are quite right in saying that the monthly "Talk with my Girls" must be interesting work. It is, and very important work too, giving me a deep sense of my own weakness; many who write to me are, I trust, the Lord's little ones, dear to His heart, and He would, I know, have me to send his own sweet messages of cheer and encouragement to those who love Him. The pretty card enclosed in your letter shall be used as you wish.

Minnie C., Ontario, Canada. Though Minnie is quite a new friend her letter was a welcome one; it was so pleasant to find one so far away has taken so much interest in our "Talks" and wants to know how our text albums are made. By pasting texts, hymns, etc., which may be either printed or written, into an ordinary scrap book. As soon as one is filled it is sent away and we begin another. One has gone to a young girl who is nearly always ill, another is greatly valued by one of our deaf and dumb girls, and the one we are at work on now will, we hope, cheer and gladden a life-long sufferer in a workhouse infirmary. C. J. L. goes to see sometimes.

Very pretty cards came from Melbourne with a text written on each and a dried flower or fern attached by a little gum.

Susie and Anna M., Panna, Illinois, U.S.A. Just a loving word of sympathy, dear girls, with you in the anxious time you are having. Keeping house, taking care of baby, and doing all you can to cheer and comfort your dear sick mother, you cannot have much time for writing letters. Do not forget you have a Saviour who loves you. One who knows when any of His blood-bought lambs or sheep are sad or lonely. How glad we should be to remember we may always go to Jesus. He is a friend that loveth at all times. (Prov. xvii. 17.)

Dora W., Guildford. Thank you, dear, for your interesting letter, and for telling me that you can talk on your fingers, and so take the Bible and read to the deaf and dumb. It is a great privilege for any of us to be allowed to help and comfort others, and if we really want to serve the Lord Christ He will be sure to give us opportunities of doing so. Only we must not forget that learning our lessons well, or helping mother to sweep and dust or sew are just so many little bits of the work He gives us, and we may do even little things like these from love to Him who first loved us.

Daisy S., Guildford. C. J. L. was quite pleased to get a little note from Daisy, and hopes she will write often. It is nice to be able to go to Sunday school again after being away such a long time. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. x. 17.) But we must not be content to say "I often hear about the Lord Jesus and His love to sinners." We must listen to and *believe* the message.

Mary W., Guildford. Mary seems quite an old friend, and I am always glad to get one of her letters. How gracious the Lord has been to you, dear Mary, in allowing you to hear "the sweet story of old" from your day as well as your Sunday school teacher. The daily Bible reading at your school must, I am sure, often help and encourage you.

Daisy B. and Edith B., Guildford, will, I am afraid, be just a little disappointed at finding their letters answered together, but it is the only way in which I can avoid keeping them waiting another month. Both girls can, I trust, say of the Lord Jesus, "He is my own precious Saviour," and though they have begun to find that things here change and pass away. Edith had to leave home for a time, and Daisy to say good-bye to two of her sisters who have gone to service, but what a rest it is to know that our best things are eternal. They are ours now by faith, and we may go about our daily work as those whose treasure is in heaven.

BIBLE SUBJECT.

Our subject this month:—Give a list of the animals named in the Bible, Old and New Testaments, arranging them as far as you can in alphabetical order.

C. J. L.,
Office of *Gospel Stories*,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

Get your letters posted by the 21st.



GOSPEL STORIES

 FOR

THE YOUNG.

TOO LATE.

A SHORT time since, I had occasion to break my journey on the railway for the purpose of calling upon a friend in that locality. On returning to the station, my attention was drawn to several persons who came upon the platform hastily, evidently intending to catch the train; but as they crossed over on to the other side, to their great disappointment and displeasure, the train heedlessly steamed out of the station, and the official shouted, "Too late! too late! the train is gone."

They were all too late, not because they were indifferent about it, or because they did not want to go; but simply because they thought there was plenty of time.

Reader, does this speak to you? How much like the virgins in Matthew xxv., there were ten, all of them desirous of being ready for the bridegroom's coming; but, alas! as in the little incident mentioned above, some of them were not prepared—anxious they were indeed, but anxiety will not make up for delay, it did not in their case, neither will it, little reader, in yours. Scripture says, "Now is the accepted time," to-morrow may be too late. Be in time. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

W. W.



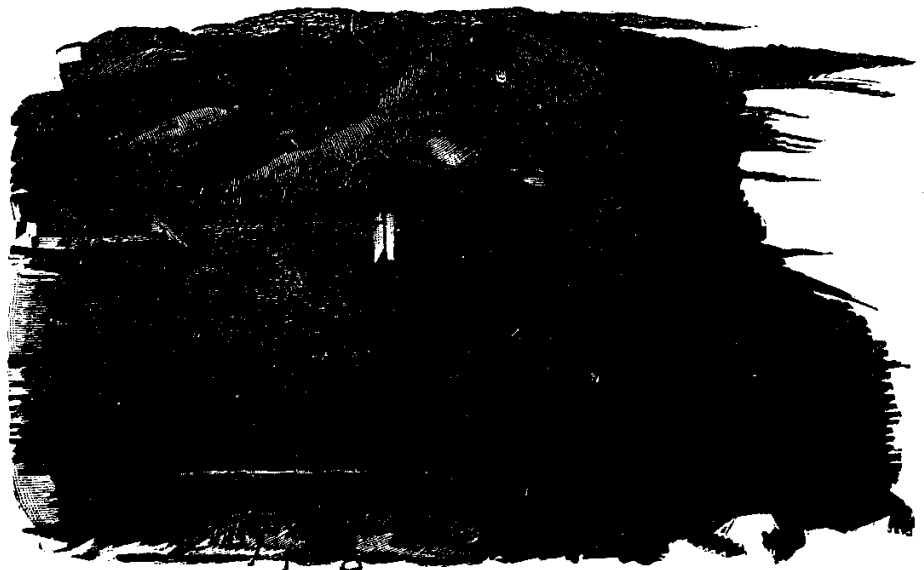
SAVED.

THERE was a dreadful explosion in one of the coal pits of Derbyshire. One boy, of about twelve years of age, was missing for some time; several men were injured for life, others were burned to death, few escaped unhurt.

Search was made for the boy, and his name was called along the roads in the pit. At length they came to the place where he was last seen: the ass which he had been driving lay dead, and the boy was alive and well in a hole. He said, "I was driving the ass, when I saw a blue blaze coming along the road, and thinking all was not right I crept into this hole, and here I am quite safe."

Have my readers ever sought shelter from the judgment that is soon to sweep over this guilty world?

"A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished." * * * *



IN A COAL MINE.

WHAT YOU POSSESS.

[We found the following lines written inside a New Testament, so we copied them out for the little readers of *Gospel Stories*, that they might learn them, and get to know what their possessions are and what they are to do with them. —E. E.]

Two little hands to work for Jesus,
One little tongue His praise to tell;
Two little ears to hear His counsel,
One little voice a song to swell.

Two little feet to tread the pathway
Up to heavenly courts above;
Two little eyes to read the Bible,
Telling of God's wondrous love.

One little heart to beat for Jesus,
One little soul for Him to save,
One little life for His dear service,
One little self that He would have.

LOST! A LITTLE BOY.

TEDDY stood at his mother's parlour window, drumming his chubby fingers on the glass, and whistling softly to himself.

Mother had gone out for a few minutes to make some purchases, and had told Teddy he might stand at the window to watch for her return.

The sounds of distant music made the little lad prick up his ears and listen. If there was one thing Teddy loved it was a brass band, and his heart began to beat as the strains sounded nearer and nearer.

The next moment a crowd of noisy boys and girls turned the corner of the street, and a red-coated regiment of soldiers came into full view, with a brass band at their head; this was too much for Teddy. Quite forgetting his mother's injunctions to remain where he was until her return, he seized his hat and ran out at the front door.

Oh! how lovely it was, and how splendid the red coats looked as they quickly marched down the town. Soon Teddy was being jostled and hustled about by the crowd of noisy, hooting children, and big people, too, for whom a brass band has peculiar charms.

The little fellow was thoroughly enjoying himself; he had forgotten everything, even poor mother at home.

On and on they went until they reached the red brick barracks where the regiment, band and all, turned in, leaving the motley throng of followers outside.

With a great start Teddy came to himself, and looked all round. The crowd was now rapidly dispersing, and no one took any notice of the little lad, lonely and forlorn. Dazed and bewildered he looked up and down, not knowing where he was; he had never been out alone before, and now came the longing for mother and home.

Oh! what a stupid little boy he had been! However, he must get back somehow, so he turned down the next street, and walked steadily on: but to start with, he had taken a wrong turning, and was getting further away from where his mother lodged every step he took. On he went until the streets became less crowded, and Teddy found himself getting in sight of green fields. This could not be the way, he thought, and with weary feet he turned round and retraced his steps. A woman hurrying past caught sight of the woe-begone little figure, and stopped to inquire what ailed him.

"I've lost my way," said Teddy, with a sob.

"Where do you live?" asked the woman.

But Teddy didn't know the name of the street; he was a very little boy, you see, and had never been allowed to venture out alone.

The kind hearted woman took the trembling little hand in hers, "Come along with me, and I'll see what I can do," she said.

In a short time they reached the more crowded thoroughfares. At the corner of a street stood a man with a bell in his hand. "Lost—a little boy—l-o-s-t—a—little boy," and then followed a description of Teddy himself. The woman stopped to listen. "Here you are!" she said with a smile to the good-natured looking town crier, "here's the identical party." So Teddy was handed over to the man with the bell, who, taking him up in his arms, set off for mother's.

* * * *

You may be sure Teddy never followed a brass band again. This little boy is only an

instance of many other ones, who, led on and on, know not whither they are going.

Dear children, Satan has cleverly designed many a snare to lead you away from God. He presents his allurements in the very brightest colours, but the Lord Jesus to-day is still following you. He is crying, "Lost—a little boy—Lost—a little girl," and if you will stop a moment and listen, you will hear that He is giving a description of yourself. Stop and listen, and as you do so, His gentle pleading voice will fall upon your ear.

"Come unto me. I will freely forgive." And oh! when you flee into His bosom for refuge and safety He will say, "This is my little one who was lost and is found," and if you will let Him He will hold you so fast that you shall not wander from Him again.

May you never reject His loving call. The day is not far distant when you will have to stand in His presence and hear either His "Well done," or "Depart from me." I pray that the sad wail of "Lost—a little boy—eternally lost," may not be true of you.

❖ "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."

2 Cor. viii. 9.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. What was Achan's sin?
2. What was the number of Kohathites who ministered in the tabernacle?
3. What was the year of Jubilee?
4. Who made the ark of shittim wood?
5. Who was Ocran?
6. How many spies were sent to search the land of Canaan?

Send your answers if possible before 20th of current month to the Editor. Prizes will be given at end of year for most correct and neatly written papers from readers under 14.

ENIGMA.

Who for his marvellous power was renowned,
Yet, before woman, was the weakest found?
A king, who once desired his neighbour's
ground?

His wicked wife a way to get it found.

Who would not, but by sight and sense,
believe

The joyous news the apostle had to give?

Who, as a prophet, warned the apostle Paul
That bonds and many woes would him be-
fall?

Where was the widow's grief turned into joy,
When Christ restored to life her only boy?

One who, as roaring lion, seeks his prey,
His name by these initials can you say?

Prizes will be given for best answers to enigmas from readers under 14. Try and post to the Editor before 20th of current month.

Answer to Enigma for October.

Y	oung men.	1	John ii. 13, 14.
O	bed-edom.	2	Sam. vi. 9-12.
U	zzah.	2	Sam. vi. 8.
R	est.		Matt. ii. 28-30.
S	ychar.		John iv. 4-30.
I	saiah.		Isa. vi. 1-7.
N	athanael.		John i. 45-51.
S	inai.		Ex. xix. 1-25.

Spurn not the love of God,
The blessing that it brings,
Or (awful thought) ye surely must
Die in your sins.

Bow to the Saviour's word,
Let it thy thoughts control,
And rest assured His precious blood
Will save thy soul.



LITTLE ISAAC.

DEAR little Isaac Guthrie was making his way with hurried steps out of the world, in which he had been a stranger, into the bright regions beyond, where he had lately found his home to be. A terrible disease, Pneumonia, was doing its deadly work in his once plump body. He was such a patient little sufferer, and so grateful for the kindnesses he received from the hands of loving attendants at his bedside.

Isaac was only eight years of age, yet he knew more than the whole world put together. He knew the Lord Jesus personally as his own Saviour, and that was more than the whole world knew, for "He [the Lord Jesus Christ] was in the world, and the world was made by him, and *the world knew him not.*"

About a year before this illness came on, Isaac was converted to God. So bright was he, that a little while after his conversion he went out and told some of the neighbours what the Lord had done for him.

When called in to see him, I spoke to him about his soul. He replied that it was all right, the Lord had saved him.

"But what about your sins?" I said.

Promptly came the reply from his lips, "*He suffered for them.*"

I sat down beside him, and although almost a complete stranger to him, having

only met him once before, he threw his two little wasted arms around my neck. The winning sweetness of Christ was manifested in the dear boy.

At last the end came, and calmly and peacefully he fell asleep in Jesus. His spirit had no sooner fled than we knelt around his bed, and returned thanks for the little candle lit by the Lord, which shone so brightly for about a year, and we prayed that his simple testimony might yet be blessed by many.

Now, my dear young reader, does not this little boy's simple testimony speak to your own heart? You, too, must go. Your time is always ready. God gives you time for one thing on earth, and that is, to be saved. It may be your turn to go next, and if unsaved, who shall picture your terror at the thought of approaching death and judgment. Oh, let me beseech you, turn to the Lord Jesus Christ now! G. C. M.

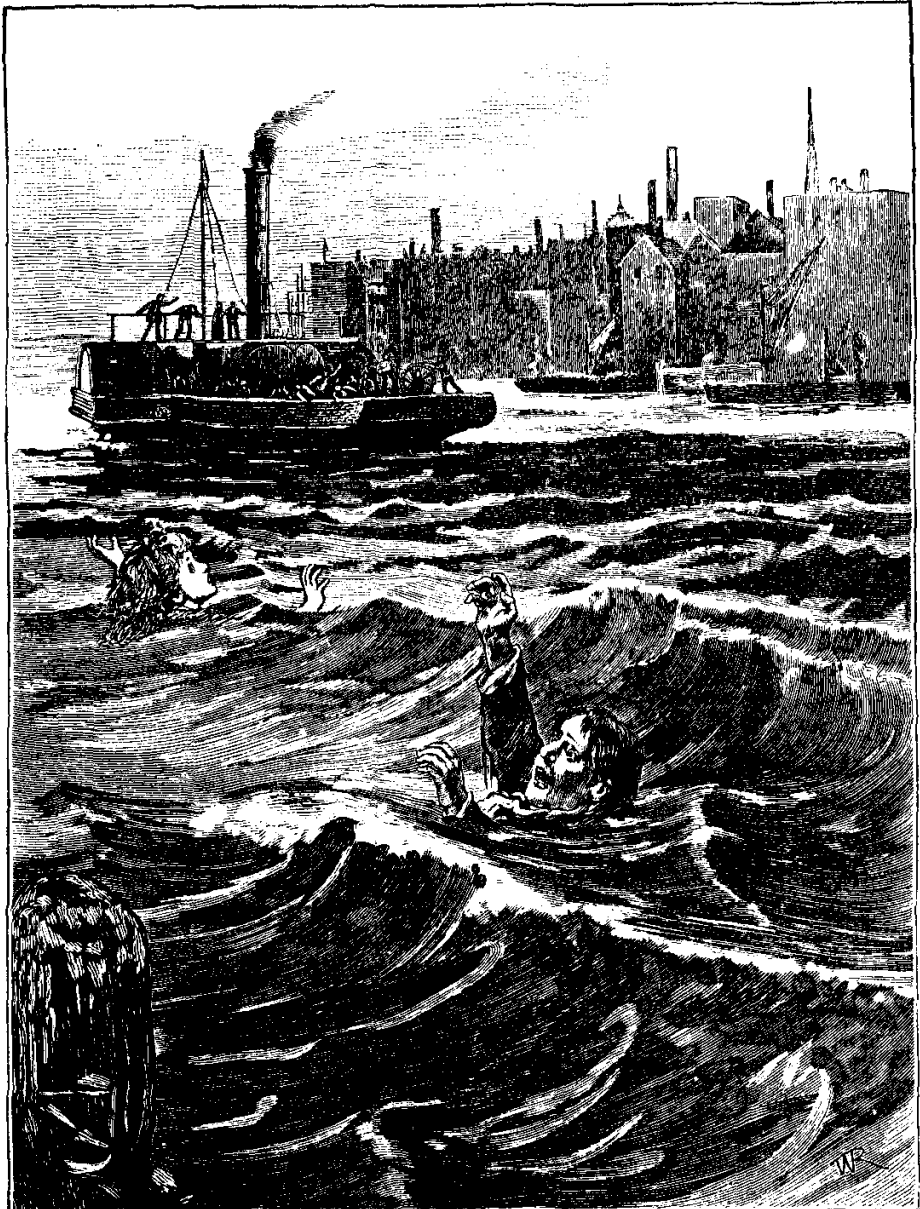


“I was willing to Save you, but I was not able.”

THE 24th of May, 1881, will long be remembered by the inhabitants of the city of London, Canada. The steamer “Victoria,” with excursionists variously estimated at from 600 to 800, left Springfield about five o’clock in the evening for the city. The upper and lower decks of the vessel were packed with people arrayed in holiday attire, and every portion of standing and sitting room was fully occupied. Attracted by passing steamers or rowing boats, the crowd every now and again rushed from one side to the other, and on doing so whilst nearing a point a short distance from the city, the water came in, filling the lower deck to the depth of six or eight inches. The passengers, observing this, became excited and terrified; and rushing to the other side, the steamer reeled and toppled over. At the same time the supports of the upper deck gave way, crushing numbers beneath it, and burying them in a watery tomb.

Hundreds were tumbled into the river; and the scene that followed baffles description. Shrieks, screams, groans, and cries for help, were heard in every direction. The fair-haired child, and the aged matron; the chubby boy, and the grey-haired man—were seen wildly struggling to save themselves.

A lady, well known to the writer, was dragged to the bottom, but the grasp relaxed and she was saved. One of the saddest cases of those who perished was



the daughter of a well-known city merchant. The young lady, accompanied by her brother, was on board the ill-fated steamer at the time of the accident. When they were pitched into the water, the young man grasped his sister and swam with her to one of the boats which were put out to rescue them, when some poor drowning person seized hold of her and dragged her beneath the water, and she perished before his eyes. Great was the distress and anguish of the brave fellow when he discovered that he was utterly powerless to help; and at the funeral a very impressive incident took place, which will not be easily forgotten by those who were present. As the body was

being lowered into the grave, the poor brother completely broke down, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "O Lily, Lily, GOD KNOWS I WAS WILLING TO SAVE YOU, BUT I WAS NOT ABLE!"

My friend, think on the solemn and sadly suggestive words, "Willing, but not able to save." The young man had the *desire* but not the *power* to save his sister. If he *could* he *would* have done so.

Have you ever discovered that you needed salvation? Have you ever seen yourself in God's sight a *lost* sinner, exposed to the fierce judgment of divine wrath against sin? Have you learned from God's holy word that you *deserve* to be punished eternally? Do you say, "I have known this, but I am anxious to be saved"? If this be so, there is One standing with open and outstretched arms willing to save you. Not only is He WILLING, He is able; He is "mighty to save."

You are sinking—fast sinking in the ocean of sin and guilt. Tarry no longer. Give up trying to "do the best you can" to save yourself. At this moment you are hopelessly and helplessly ruined, and soon you will be irretrievably lost, if you do not "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ" (Acts xvi. 31), and be saved for eternity.

A. M.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

WE pass over in silence many, many years between the reign of Joash and the birth of the little boy we shall talk of this month. Israel's history had grown darker and darker, each page becoming more blotted, until God was almost forgotten. But amid all the darkness there was a certain priest and his wife, who shone brightly for God, and of whom scripture says (Luke i. 6) they were righteous and blameless. According to his office, he was one day in the temple burning incense, when all at once an angel appeared by the altar. You can imagine how frightened he was, but the angel immediately said,

"Fear not,"

and then gave his message, how God had sent him to tell Zacharias He was going to

give him a son who should be the forerunner of Jesus, that he should grow up and be great in the sight of the Lord, turning many poor Israelites from darkness to light. Zacharias doubted the truth of this, and required a proof; when God made him suffer for his unbelief, making him dumb until the birth of the little boy.

You see, dear little reader, what a solemn thing it is to doubt God's word: when He speaks it is for us to listen and believe what He says because He says it.

God, true to His promise, gave the little boy, and upon his birth all the relatives and friends came to rejoice with them. Now came the question of his name; all but his father and mother wanted him called Zacharias; but his father said,

his name is John,

when immediately his tongue was loosed, and he spake and praised God. His name was chosen by God, doubtless for its lovely meaning, so that it was not left to their choice.

Years passed away, the little boy grew to manhood, and was found in the desert so strangely clad with camels' hair and a leathern girdle round his loins. This strange preacher drew thousands of people by his preaching, whom he exhorted to

flee from the wrath to come,

telling them of the coming One, whose shoe latchet, said he, "I am not worthy to unloose."

His faithful preaching was not liked, especially by Herod the tetrarch, whose sin he had reprov'd. In his wickedness he seized God's servant and cast him into prison. Here the beloved servant ended his days, for, to gratify the wish of a wicked woman, Herod sent an executioner and beheaded him.

What a privilege to lay down his life for the truth, and thus seal his testimony with his blood.

[ED.]

LOST.

YEARS ago there was a little girl who was lost in a large town. She looked up and down, but could not see her

friends; she wandered on, and at last overtook them. God used it in blessing to her soul. She knew what it was to be lost in a town, but now she knew what it was to be a lost sinner on the broad road which leadeth to destruction. Jesus died on the cross and shed His precious blood to put away sins; she came and trusted Him, as a poor lost sinner. Now she can say, "I know Jesus as my Saviour."

Dear reader, have you ever owned yourself lost? If not, take that place to-day, and let the blessed Saviour, who came to seek and save the lost, save you.

ANON.

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XXIII.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

I WONDER if any of my girls have a blind friend? Those who have will hardly need to be told how much the sense of touch does to make up for the precious gift of sight, a gift that with the blind has either been lost or never enjoyed at all. It was quite interesting to watch the faces of the girls who attend my Sunday afternoon Bible Class, they were so full of surprise and delight when a sightless friend, who was with us not very long ago, read some passages of scripture by passing her fingers lightly over what seemed to them only a sheet of pricked or dotted paper. I looked on very quietly, feeling all the time that the Lord was giving me an opportunity, much too good to be wasted, of attracting their attention to Himself, and seeking to turn their thoughts to mighty works that long ago followed the touch of the Lord Jesus. Perhaps in answering your letters this month we may look at the same subject, not, I trust, without profit and blessing.

Edith S., Surbiton. I do not know how you felt, dear Edith, as you looked through the gospels for passages that tell us of persons or things the Lord touched; but as I read your list over I seemed almost to see the Sight Giver looking, as we may be sure He looked, with pity and tenderness on the poor blind man, who cried out to Him: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." "Ah! but He is not here," are you saying? Quite true; but I want to tell you something you will, I hope, never forget. The One who is not here is at the right hand of God, and it is in that *new* place that Christians taught by the Holy Spirit know Him their Saviour and Lord. Will you please tell Nellie, C. J. L. was glad to get her nice paper of texts, and hopes to write to her another time?

Mabel H. B., Caulfield, Melbourne, Australia. Many thanks, dear, for your kind and encouraging letter. It is always pleasant to get letters from

abroad. Your list of books read shews that you have a taste for solid reading. Like yourself, I was fond, when quite a little girl, of history; that of Rome is one of the first books I remember reading. But we can, I trust, each say of our Bibles what king David said of his Hebrew Rolls, "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Psa. xix. 7.) The verse you send, "weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning" (Psa. xxx. 5), is indeed a lovely one, for though the children of God have their sorrows and trials, they can smile even through tears, for here and now they know the comfort of His love, and look forward to a day when their tears will all be dried, and they shall join in singing the glad new song of praise unto Him who loveth them, and washed them from their sins in His own blood.

Henry B., who writes from the same address as Mabel, seems just a little bit troubled about our title. He writes, "You call your chats in *Gospel Stories* 'Talks with my Girls;' but as boys do not like to be called girls, I think it would be much better to call them 'Talks with my Girls and Boys.' I am glad Henry is a polite boy. I know he is by his being willing to give the first place to the girls. Our kind Editor must, of course, be consulted before any change in our title can be made; but if he says yes, C. J. L. is quite willing to alter it as Henry suggests. Perhaps some others of her boy correspondents will tell her if they, too, would like the change? Meanwhile it would be nice for Henry to find a verse in the New Testament, in which we are told that Enoch, who lived before the flood, spoke of the coming of the Lord?

Addie S. B. Your list of books, dear Addie, is not a long one, but the remarks you make as to the contents of one or two of your favourites shew that you are a thoughtful reader. Your Bible stands, as it should, first in your list; but do not be content with a mere head knowledge of that blessed book; what we each need is a deeper heart love to Christ the precious Saviour, who loved and gave Himself for us.

Arthur S., Surbiton. Arthur has worked well, and sends a list of 46 passages in which we are told of persons or things touched by the Lord. You never thought there were so many until you began to look for them, did you, Arthur? And I think you were learning another lesson in having to stop writing very often to run up and down stairs "to get things for mother," a lesson in giving up your own wishes to serve and help others, doing it, I hope, brightly and cheerfully, without looking cross or even thinking "I don't want to." "For even Christ pleased not himself." (Rom. xv. 3.)

Bessie and Florence T., Cullompton, Devon. Many thanks, my dear girls, for your nice papers on "The Master's Touch." How sweet it is to remember that the One who, when He was on earth touched the leper and gave sight to the blind, is a living Saviour in the glory now, and if our hearts have really answered to His loving call, we have heard His voice, though we have read His words in our Bibles or heard them in a Bible Class or gospel preaching.

Mabel A. L., Fair Oak, Bishopstoke. Thank you, dear, for writing to tell us of your illness, though you will, we hope, be strong and well again before you can read this. The Lord Jesus, the precious Saviour you have begun to trust, often draws very near to His own when they are sick or suffering, speaking to their hearts and teaching them by His Holy Spirit more of His grace and love. He says, "I, even I, am he that comforteth you." (Isa. li. 12.)

Fanny B., Malvern. You have a sweet story to tell, dear Fanny, the story of every sinner saved by grace. Light from God shone into your soul, and you saw that you were lost, and then you say, the Lord found you, saved you, and now your desire is to please and follow Him. Do not forget that all the grace you need must come from Himself. We are to walk as children of light. (Eph. v. 8.) Thanks for the hymn you copied.

Very good papers on "The Master's Touch" have been received from Mary D. M. and Margaret M. W., Aldeburgh-on-Sea. Your papers, dear girls, are thoughtful and neatly arranged. Your search through the gospels was, I feel sure, a labour of love; but I must own to feeling a little disappointed at not getting even a tiny note with your lists of scripture passages.

Fanny A., Mere End. Thank you, dear, for the nice account of a walk through the woods. It must have been a pleasant one, and I expect you got your basket quite full of wild flowers. They are very lovely, but I am glad you sent me a text instead of some of your bluebells and lilies of the valley. They fade so quickly, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. Your paper for our Bible Class is a very good one.

Mercy W., Wellington, New Zealand. Yes, dear, the explosion in the coal mine of which you write was indeed a terrible one, and one cannot think of so many widows and fatherless children without being touched with their sorrow and praying that many among them may be led to trust in the compassion and tender love of God. While you were kept indoors by heavy rains, we in England were having quite a dry season; but whether here or in New Zealand, believers know that God will not forget His promise, that "While the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." (Gen. viii. 22.)

Mary Ella N., Pana, Ill., U.S.A. The letters which come from your far-away home are always welcome ones, and I am thankful to the Lord for allowing me to have a Bible Class on paper. It would be worth all the time it takes were it only for the cheer it is to a few, who, like yourself, live in lonely, out-of-the-way places, and so very seldom, if ever, get an opportunity of attending a Sunday school. Do not forget that any real blessing to souls must come from the Lord Himself. May you and I each be found "Looking unto Jesus," looking for Him, too; the precious Saviour, who said: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself." (John xiv. 3.)

Grace D. Horsham. It is, as you say, quite a

long time since we wrote to each other; but I am glad to find that after another long illness, you are again able to join in our "Talks." "The Lord is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works." (Psa. cxlv. 9.) But if we are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit will lead us on to know something more than the goodness of His hand—the love of His heart. I am sure you enjoyed going out into the sunshine in your Bath chair for a little while.

Winnie H., Sleaford. You write quite a nice letter, dear little friend, and I am glad you enjoyed your book so much. You are quite right in saying that the trouble taken by bird-catchers to get the poor little birds into their traps and cages reminds us that we, too, have an enemy, Satan, who lays snares for us, hoping we may be caught in them and so kept from following and seeking to please the Lord. Our only safe path is in "Looking unto Jesus." (Heb. xii. 2)

Edna A. C., Hornsey, London, N. It was pleasant to see your handwriting again, dear Edna, and I am glad you give promise of being a regular correspondent. I expect while I am writing you are having a good time at S—. If you through grace know the Lord Jesus as your own precious Saviour, do not forget that you are "not your own," so your life is to be for Him, for His praise and His glory. You may serve Him just where you are, in the schoolroom or among your brothers and sisters.

Maud Mary S., Rotherham. Thank you, dear, for your encouraging letters; you have waited patiently for an answer. Perhaps if we are allowed to continue our talks on paper next year, I may be able to think of some way of managing our correspondence by which my young friends need not be kept longer than *one*, or at most *two*, months waiting for answers to their letters. But we need to keep in loving memory that we who are Christians serve an absent Lord, One who has said: "I will come again, and receive you unto myself" (John xiv. 3); and this our bright hope—His return—should make us very careful not to do anything that would grieve Him.

Olive W., Forest Gate. Do not be discouraged, dear little girl, because you cannot write a nice long letter yet. "Try, try, try again." You are, I am sure, fond of reading, and your list of books shews that wise, loving friends have taken care that those which you have read should be such as will, I hope, prove a blessing and help to you. Write again soon.

And now, dear ones, I must stop writing, though I cannot help looking rather sadly at about thirty letters still needing answers. I hope the writers will not feel very badly about having to wait as patiently as they can till next month.

Our letter subject is—"A Search for Seven Precious Things" named in the Epistles of Peter.

Address:—

C. J. L.,
Office of Gospel Stories,
20, Paternoster Square,
London, E.C.

GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

THE YOUNG.

"PATCHED UP."

A TIRED mother sat patching, her head was weary, and her eyes ached, still she stitched on patch after patch, until one had to look very closely at the garment, in order to discern the original material.

"Yes, I know a bit about patching," I fancy I hear some of you dear girls say, you who are fond of helping mother; but you boys, I guess, will turn away rather indignantly from this page, exclaiming that you take no interest in patching; you wouldn't be seen with a needle and cotton in your fingers; but wait, boys; you do patch. "Patch!" Yes, some of you, I daresay, are patching every day.

Have any of you ever told a lie, and then been troubled afterwards by that still small voice whispering continually that you had done wrong? Yes! Then you have made a resolution in your own strength, that you would always in the future speak the truth. You never asked God to forgive you, and help you; nay, you thought you needed no assistance.

Then again, you have sometimes been tempted to quarrel with your school-fellows, and have given way to the temptation, instead of doing as Jesus did when on earth, "When he was reviled, he reviled not again." You have turned to your opponent, raised your hand, and struck him.

When you have reached home, you have stolen to your own room, feeling thoroughly ashamed, and there and then you have resolved that you would never fight again; yet the next time you meet your adversary, you feel as much like quarrelling as ever, and why? Because you have not asked for help,

and have not been changed by the grace of God.

Then you girls, for you, too, patch in this way sometimes. Do you remember that day mother was so poorly, completely worn out in fact with care and anxiety? You fully intended helping her, but something went wrong and you spoke very roughly to her, and brought the tears to her eyes, and as they chased each other down the sad pale face, you fled from the room disgusted with your conduct, and rushing to your own tiny apartment, you burst into tears, and vowed you would never, never, treat her again in such a manner; but next day, you found yourself doing the self-same thing. Why? Because you were acting in your own strength.

My dear children, it is no use patching, be your resolutions ever so noble, they will avail nothing; trust to your own abilities and your most virtuous intentions will be continually overthrown. Come to Jesus, boys. Come to Jesus, girls. Behold Him standing with outstretched arms ready to receive you. Oh, how He loves you little folk; did He not



say, "Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of heaven"? Then come to the blessed Jesus, just as you are; it is needless to patch here, and to patch there, as the poor mother did her garment, for God will, for His dear Son's sake, forgive your sins and give grace for every time of need.

"Is Jesus now your Friend,
Is Jesus thine?
His love shall never end,
Is Jesus thine?
Earth's pleasures may decrease,
All human friendship cease,
Would'st thou have lasting peace,
Take Him as thine.

"Say, is your soul at rest,
Is Jesus thine?
Jesus alone can bless,
Is Jesus thine?
Would'st thou in glory dwell,
With saints in rapture tell,
He has done all things well,
Take Him as thine."

E. B.

ENIGMA.

What was the name of Jacob's youngest son?
Who made pure water through a city run?
Who shewed when Jesus rose great unbelief?
Who to the Lord poured out her secret grief?
Who, but for grace, with sinners would have died?
Who was made queen when one was set aside?
What was his name who John the Baptist slew?
Who to a desert in his fear withdrew?
And who at length beyond his fellows knew?

The initials of these names will shew the place
Where He was born, who died for us in grace.

Answers to enigma this month must be posted by the 10th to the Editor. Extension will be allowed to readers abroad.

BEN SYRA.

BEN Syra, when a child, begged his preceptor to instruct him in the word of God; but he declined, saying he was

yet too young to be taught these sacred truths.

"But, master," said the boy, "I have been in the burial ground and measured the graves, and there are some of them shorter than myself. Now, if I should die before I have learned to read the word of God, what will become of me then, master?"

Ben Syra's discovery should have been made by each dear boy and girl who reads these pages. Death carries off both young and old. How important then to be ready; to have a clear title to glory through the blood of Jesus. * *

Answer to Enigma for November.

Samson the great could not refuse to say
To a weak woman wherein his strength did lay. (Judges xvi. 17.)

Ahab by means of his most wicked wife,
To gain his neighbour's vineyard, took his life. (1 Kings xxi. i. 17.)

Thomas so faithless would not believe
That Jesus Christ had risen indeed. (John xx. 24, 25.)

Agabus did Paul's girdle round him wind,
And warned him of dangers of ev'ry kind. (Acts xxi. 10, 11.)

Nain was the city where Jesus raised to life
The widow's only son, her stay in life. (Luke vii. 11-15.)

Now these initials, if you read them right,
Will SATAN make, the one who hateth light.

B. B. (age 13.)

JANE'S ANSWER TO THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S BOY.

JANE was the youngest of nine. She had four brothers and four sisters.

Her parents had been saved for many long years, and though they had often spoken seriously to their family about the salvation of their souls, not one of them had confessed the Lord; though some had grown up to men and women. This made them very unhappy; for they knew the Lord might come at any moment to take His own to Himself, and then their family, whom they so loved, would be left for judgment if they were stil

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

91

unsaved. The more they thought of it, the more miserable it made them, till at length they both agreed that they must cry more **EARNESTLY** to God in prayer for them. They had not cried long before God gave them to see He was going to give them the desire of their hearts. A strong desire was put into the heart for one of the Lord's servants, whom they knew, to go and have some gospel meetings in a room not far from their house. He had not had more than two or three meetings, when the Lord saved two of the big daughters. Then, at another meeting or two He saved the youngest son and the second youngest daughter. The mother told me that, shortly before the first one was saved, she had such an indescribable longing for the Lord to save **ONE** of her family. She thought, if she just had even **ONE** saved, she would be the happiest mother on earth. But no sooner did she get the first saved, than the desire deepened ten-fold, to have every one of them brought to the Lord.

Jane, at this time, was only nine years of age; and I dare say they were not thinking

so much about her soul, just because she was so young, as about her big brothers, who were still unsaved, and would not go to the meetings. However, she soon surprised them by the hearty way she joined the others in singing the precious hymns that were now

filling that house with heavenly music from morning till night. To all appearance, she was as happy as any of them; and the secret of it all came out when she frankly told her mother she was saved too. Her mother was so overjoyed at the news, that she went and told her neighbours all about it.

Then little Jane's school-mates got to know about it; and there was such a talk among them about little Jane being converted. I dare say most of them, and their fathers and mothers as well, thought it was impossible for one so young to be **SURE** about these things.

Now, who do you think was the first scholar

to speak to Jane about what he had heard? It was the schoolmaster's own boy, about her own age. This is what he said, "Is it true, Jane, you have found the Saviour?" Now I wonder if any of my little



readers could guess her answer? I think I hear a score of little voices crying out, "She said, Yes." Well now, for all you were so sure, you are all wrong. "What!" you say, "was she afraid to confess the Lord?" No. But instead of saying "Yes," when asked if *she had found* the Saviour; she said, "No; but *Jesus has found ME.*"

Now; was not that very nice? I have been saved for 25 years, and I am sure I could not have given a more scriptural answer myself. I cannot tell you how delighted I was when she told me about it.

You see, little Jane must have been thinking about the "good shepherd" seeking for the lost sheep; or God having to seek for Adam, who went and hid himself behind the trees of the garden after he sinned; or perhaps that sweet verse that says, "the Son of man is come to *seek* and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) It is quite true though, that, when He is seeking us by His spirit, it makes us feel anxious to be saved, and looks as if we were *seeking Him*. But Jane was quite right; the Lord is the *seeker* and the *finder*, or none of us would be saved; for in Romans iii. 2 it says, "*there is none that seeketh after God.*" But the sad thing is, that so many children, and the big people too, though they know the Lord is seeking them, try to keep as far away from Him as they can, in case He should find them and save them.

Now, little as Jane was, she used to speak to her two big brothers, who were above twenty, about their souls; and when they would laugh at the idea of a little thing like her speaking to them about these things, she would warn them of their danger. The whole family are now saved but one son, who is in a situation away many miles from home.

Oh! how unhappy he must be at times, when he thinks of his position; for the Spirit must often strive with him in answer to the many prayers of his friends.



HER FATHER WAS DUMB WITH ASTONISHMENT.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

93

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

1. What was the brazen serpent a type of, where is it mentioned in the New Testament?
2. Who prophesied in the camp when Moses said, "would God that all the Lord's people were prophets"?
3. What was brought from the brook of Eshcol and why?
4. What was done to the Sabbath breaker?
5. What did God say of Caleb when he gave a good report of the land?
6. Where was mount Hor?

Send your answers to the Editor without fail by the 10th of current month. Prizes will be given for most correct and neatly-written answers from readers under 14.

THE YOUNG JEWESS.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

PERHAPS there are some of my readers who go to school with Jewish children; if so, you will know that they are not taught the whole of the Bible. They only learn the Old Testament. You may have thought this strange, and then other things came into your minds, and you forgot that Jewish children, as well as all others, are *lost*, until they are *found* by the Good Shepherd, of whom the New Testament is full.

The girl of whom I am going to tell you was a Jewess; she lost her mother when very young, and this was such a great trouble to her father that he left his own country, and with his little girl settled in O——. They had everything that could be wished for to make them happy, and it was Mr. ——'s only object in life to love and care for his child.

One of you will say, perhaps, but what was she like? She was very lovely, and better than that, very lovable; she had most winning manners, and was unusually clever. She was everything her father could wish. That is all sunshine, is it not? But when this girl was seventeen, the dark clouds gathered thick and heavy. It was found that she was suffering from a fatal disease, and no matter how much her father spent on doctors,

nothing could be done. Mr. —— was too full of distress for any comfort, he watched at his daughter's bedside, powerless to keep the darling of his heart, and without any support from his religion that could shed light upon what was beyond death.

Often when Mr. —— hung over the bedside in great trouble, and with his heart feeling as if it would burst, his daughter would try to speak, but it was generally the language of tears.

The father was taking a walk near the house, when he was sent for to speak to his dying child. With a heavy heart he entered the door of the room, fearing the near approach of death. It was to take the last farewell, and his religion gave but feeble hope of meeting her in another life. The girl grasped her father's hand, and said: "My father, do you love me?"

"My child, you know I love you, and that you are dearer to me than the whole world beside."

"But, father, *do you love me?*"

"Why, my child, will you give me such great pain? Have I never given you any proofs of my love?"

She continued, "But, my dearest father, do you love me?"

The father could not answer.

The girl added: "I know, my dearest father, you have ever loved me, and I have tenderly loved you. Will you grant me one request? Oh, my father! it is the dying request of your daughter, will you grant it?"

The poor father replied, "My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property, whatever it may be, it shall be granted you. I will grant it."

"My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!"

Her father was dumb with astonishment.

"I know," continued the dying girl, "but little of this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that He is a Saviour, for He has manifested Himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul, and I believe He will save me, although I never before loved Him. I feel that I am going to Him, that I shall ever be with Him. And now, my dear father, do not forget me . . . never again speak against Jesus of Nazareth!"

I entreat you to obtain a Testament that tells of Him, and when I am no more, you may bestow on Him that love which was formerly mine."

The effort of speaking was too great for her feeble body, and she stopped; but her father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great anguish, and before he could return, the spirit of his beloved daughter had gone to be with Christ—the Saviour whom she loved and for whom she laboured, though she had never seen Him.

Mr. — was true to his promise. He bought a New Testament, and as he read it the light of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ shone into his soul, and he became a humble follower of his Lord and Saviour.

E. H. R.

BOYS OF THE BIBLE.

WE were speaking a little last month of John the Baptist and his announcement of One mightier than he, whose shoe's latchet he was unworthy to unloose. I need hardly ask if you know who it was. I fancy many little voices exclaim,

Jesus.

Yes, such was the Name given by God the Father to that little babe born in Bethlehem's cattle stall. The advent of that little one was of small importance to the world (though now they profess to set apart Christmas day to commemorate it), a manger was the best they would give for His birth, but earth manifested so little interest all heaven wondered and was amazed. Angels gazed in wonder and worshipped that blessed babe, seeing in Him "God manifest in flesh." (1 Tim. iii. 16.) Well might they herald His birth in those wonderful words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good will toward man." Never had such a day dawned for this poor world, for the advent of that blessed One (though unknown by them) meant eternal blessing to man. Of the early life of the Lord Jesus we get very little account in the Bible, but one important thing is stated, He was subject to His parents. (Luke ii. 51.) Think, dear children, of the Lord Jesus,

"God over all, blessed for ever,"

(as a child) subject to His reputed parents. What a lesson for us! Do you follow in His footsteps? One thing that marks the day in which we live is "insubjection." Oh! how unlike the Lord Jesus; may God make us more like Him.

At the age of twelve we find an account of that journey to Jerusalem, where the Lord Jesus confounded all the learned men by His questions and answers. It was on this occasion He gave that wonderful answer, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" (Luke ii. 49.) That tiny sentence tells why Jesus came into this world. He came to do the Father's will and

from the cradle to the cross

He manifested what was in the heart of God toward man. His every act was full of grace toward man, yet in spite of all His love and goodness the world hated Him without a cause and clamoured for His blood. Led on by Satan (their god) in the malice and hatred of their hearts they crucified the Lord of glory, heaping upon that blessed Head all the ignominy and shame of a malefactor's death. Yet even in the cross we see the love of God, for though man placed Jesus there God had His purpose in it all, the work of the cross being the foundation upon which God would bless man.

Obedience to the will of God and love to us brought Jesus there. In devotedness to the Father's will and in deep eternal love to us He became obedient unto death even the death of the cross. None can tell the bitterness of that hour or fathom the depths of His sorrow. He looked for some to take pity, and there was none, and for comforters, but found none. Not only was He forsaken by those who professed to love Him, but oh, think, dear young reader,

He was forsaken of God.

Why did God forsake the One whose whole life was one sweet perfume to Him? Because at that moment He was made sin and in holiness and in righteousness God hid His face. Have you, dear reader, ever furnished an answer to that bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Can you

say, "Thou wast forsaken upon the cross, because Thou didst bear my sins that I may not be forsaken through eternity"? If not, oh, may God touch your heart by the sweet story of the love and death of Jesus, and bring you early to know Him.

[Ed.]

"The tempest's awful voice was heard,
O Christ, it broke on Thee;
Thy open bosom was my ward:
It bore the storm for me.
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred;
Now cloudless peace for me."

TALKS WITH MY GIRLS.

No. XXIV.

SUNFLOWERS.

DECEMBER, with its short, dark days, will be upon us before the dear young friends who have joined our "Talks" can read what I am writing; leafless trees and withered blossoms will remind us that once again it is winter; but to-day the gardens are bright with autumn flowers, and before I begin to answer letters I should very much like to pass on a short message that came to me the other day, when I went into a garden where the sunflowers were very tall indeed. Every bright yellow flower turned in one direction, but stranger still, they turned, though very slowly, in such a way that at noon their golden heads seemed to be looking quite another way from where they had been in the early morning.

Ah! many of you know the secret, do you not? They follow the sun. And as I looked, the message came to me in the words of an old German poet:

"As the sunflower ever turning
To the mighty sun,
With the faithfulness of fealty
Following only one—
So make me, Lord, to Thee."

How much more joy in the Lord there would be in some of our lives. I am writing now only to those who are His saved ones, if we were a little more like sunflowers—we, too, have a sun in the heavens, the Lord Jesus, in the new place where He now is, and if our hearts were turning more to Him, we should not be drawn away and hindered by the things of the world.

Shall our motto text this month be "Looking unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 2)?

Fanny A. H., Whaley Bridge, Derbyshire, is a new correspondent, the thoughtful and interesting letter, which I have read with real pleasure, being the first she has written me; but I quite hope to hear from her again, for though the new year may make some changes in our corner of *Gospel Stories*, I should be sorry, and so I am sure would many of

my boys and girls, if our pleasant "Talks" on paper had to be given up. We all need to be very often reminded that if we are Christians, we are waiting for some One who is not here. Our Lord is absent, and we, like the converted people Paul the apostle wrote to, have not only been "turned to God," but are to wait for "his Son from heaven." (1 Thess. i. 10.)

Daisy S., Hillforts, Guildford. I was so glad to hear that you, dear little friend, had a good time at the school treat. You were quite sorry, you write, and not a bit tired when it was over. Do not forget, dear, that the happiest, longest day *must* come to an end; but if by simply trusting the Lord Jesus we take salvation as the *free* gift of God, we begin a new kind of life; new things, too, belong to us, things that can never grow old or be taken from us—"pleasures for evermore." (Psa. xvi. 11.)

Maud S., who is, I find, Daisy's sister, but does not tell me how old she is, writes a loving little note, and is, I think, one of our youngest girls. I wonder if she is still a little straying lamb, or if she knows the Lord Jesus as her own precious Saviour? Can you, Maudie dear, say: "who loved me, and gave himself for me"?

Dora W., Guildford. Thank you, dear, for your loving little note. Only believers in the Lord Christ can truly say:

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds!"
But if through grace we have begun to find sweetness and music in His name, it is very blessed to remember that through eternity we shall go on learning more of the beauty and glory of the One to whom we belong.

Lilian B., Kingston-on-Thames. You must have had a busy time, dear young friend. It was cheering to hear that our "Talks" have helped and encouraged you; but do not forget that if there is any real blessing to souls, it must come from the Lord Himself. If you were very thirsty and any one gave you a drink of water, you would think more of the cool refreshing water than of the cup from which you drank it. We may be, and often are, allowed to "comfort one another," but He must give the "living water."

Edith S., Doncaster. Your letter, dear, was a welcome one, and I was pleased to hear of the interest you take in the deaf, dumb, and cripple children of whom you write; but if we do not work from love to Christ our work will not be of any real value in His sight, even though others may admire and praise us for it, and if we really love a person we want to please that one, do we not? The Lord Jesus is a real, living Person, He wants our hearts, He values our affection. Have you given Him yours, dear Edith?

Three very good papers on a lovely subject, "The Master's Touch," have been sent in by Lily O. and Edith and Agnes B. These girls all live at Guildford, and some of them I seem to know quite well, they have written every month for nearly two years. Yes, dear ones, I am sure you found it interesting to look through the gospels and find references to persons and things touched by the

Lord. It seemed, you say, almost like following Him as He healed the sick or gave sight to the blind. This same Jesus is in the glory now, and it is in a new way we are to follow Him—we walk by faith, not by sight. (2 Cor. v. 7.)

Minnie P. (no address given). Your letter, dear Minnie, reminded me of such a lovely verse in one of the epistles of Paul. I must copy part of it for you: "Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." (1 Thess. iv. 13.) You would, I know, feel sad and lonely when your brother died; but what a joy and comfort it is to feel sure that he has only gone to be with the Lord. He had, you say, been converted some time before the short, sharp illness that ended in his being taken from his earthly to his heavenly home. When the Lord Jesus comes He will bring His servants with Him. (Read 1 Thess. iv. 13-18 and 1 Cor. xv. 51 to end.) Your paper of texts on subject given is a very full one.

Fanny B., North Malvern. Your letter, dear young friend; accept real thanks for the hymn. It was kind of you to copy so many verses because you thought I should enjoy them too. Do you know how it is that you and I, who have never seen each other, care for the same things? Because we can each say of the Lord Jesus, "We love him, because he first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) We have tasted that the Lord is gracious. But we need to remember that there can be no standing still in divine things. If we are not going on, we are going back to the world from which the precious blood of Christ has redeemed us.

Nellie W., Taunton. Nellie's letter came too late to be sent on with last month's packet. She writes, "Please excuse my being so late, I am sorry, but I had so many lessons to do." "So many lessons to learn," you say. Ah, dear Nellie, so have I. What are you saying as you read this? "Why, I thought 'C. J. L.' was quite grown up, and would not have to do lessons now." There are some lessons, that if we are Christians, we are to go on learning till our school-days on earth are at an end, and we go home to our Father's house. The very best place for learning the lessons I am thinking of is at the feet of Him who said, "Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." (Matt. xi. 29.)

Mabel and Selina B., near Melbourne, Australia. Your letters, dear girls, are always welcome, and I shall be very pleased to hear from your brother. Tell him I shall not mind about the writing, a boy who has to make himself useful on a farm cannot always be spared to attend school. Accept warm thanks for the very pretty text cards. You press flowers so nicely that much of their beauty is retained. I shall often think of you in your busy lives, and pray that you may grow in the knowledge and love of that precious Saviour, "whom having not seen we love."

Mercy W., Wellington, New Zealand. I am sorry, dear, to have kept you so long waiting for an answer, but the number of letters last month was so large, it was impossible to reply to them all, so I tried to give a few new correspondents their turn

Thank you for telling me about your books. I wonder if you have noticed one way in which the Bible is different from all other books? We never exhaust it; what I mean is, we never get quite all there is in it. We may have read a chapter or even a single verse over and over again, and yet if the Holy Spirit is our teacher, we are sure to keep on finding how sweet and fresh it is. "Every word of God is pure."

Adeline T., Altrincham. Yes, dear little girl, your answers are quite right, though your list is not so long as those sent in by some of my girls. Did you forget that the Lord Jesus must have touched the children when "He took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them"? (Mark x. 16.) "C. J. L." was pleased to hear you are quite well again.

Edith N., Newton-le-Willows. Thank you, dear, for your kind letter. The bookmark was nicely worked and has gone as you wished, to one who will, I think, value it. May you and I take its motto text for our very own, and seek daily strength and grace to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing."

Lilian E., Tetbury. I am glad to hear you find our "Talks" so interesting. You have, you say, been reading "*Gospel Stories*" for some time now, and like it very much. Do you know what a lovely meaning the word gospel has? Good news or glad tidings. Has the wonderful story of the love of God to sinners begun to be good news to *you*, dear little friend?

Ruth W., Calne, Wilts. Thank you, dear Ruth, for the loving interest expressed in your letter. "C. J. L." was not at the large meeting you write of, but as she read your letter, her thoughts went on to another and much larger gathering where all who belong to Christ will be with Him where He is. How wonderful it is to know that the Holy Spirit is willing so to guide and teach us about Christ, that we may enjoy heavenly things here and now.

Edith B., North Malvern. Your letter was an interesting one. It is a cheer to know that you are rejoicing in the One who has sought and found you. As you say, It is a great comfort to have such a Friend as the Lord Jesus to go to when we are in any trouble. But I cannot tell you how much joy and blessing we shall lose if we only go to Him when we are in trouble. He is the Friend who loveth at all times. We may and should thank Him for the nice times and pleasant things He gives us, as really and truly as we seek His help and comfort when we are in sorrow. "I will bless the Lord at all times." Psalm xxxiv. 1 is a lovely verse.

There are still a few unanswered letters on my writing table, but I must not add another line, so can only wish all our girls and boys happy holidays and a New Year bright with the blessing of the Lord.

Your loving friend,
C. J. L.

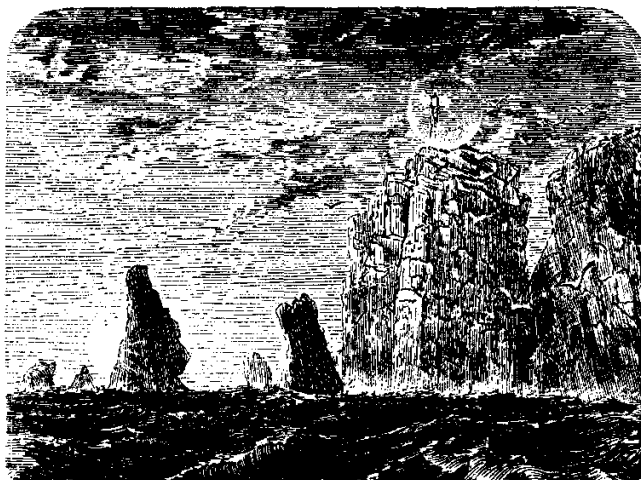
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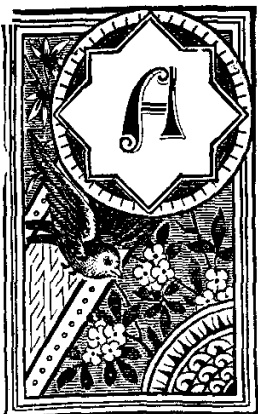
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