

# Gospel Stories for the Young

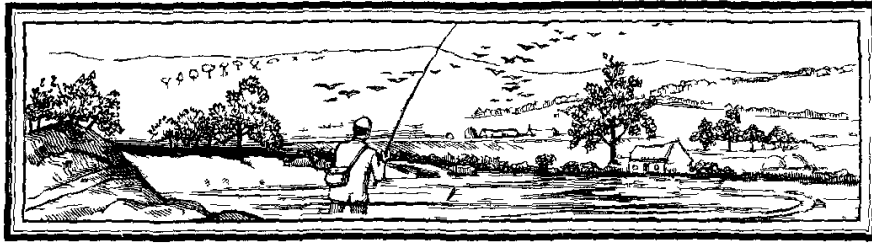
# ANNUAL.



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

BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,  
124 HIGH STREET



# PREFACE.



IN sending forth our seventh volume of "GOSPEL STORIES," it is with earnest desire that its contents may be of interest and blessing to our dear young readers.

To those who have aided in its production by pen and prayer, we give heartfelt thanks and feel sure that this little service to the Lord will not be forgotten in "that day."

It is cheering to hear from time to time how the Lord owns this little effort put forth for His glory, may it encourage

our hearts to greater diligence. Thanks, too, is due to our distributors. The importance of placing sound gospel literature in the hands of the young cannot be easily estimated, when tons of pernicious literature is issued from the press every day, finding its way into the homes of thousands, poisoning the minds and often blasting the lives and destroying the souls of the young ones. Let us, therefore, not be weary in well doing. The day approaches when sower and reaper shall rejoice together.

THE EDITOR.

20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,  
LONDON,

*December, 1902*





# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### Three Children in the Burning House.

**T**HE street was very narrow, and the upper stories were built overhanging the lower, so that the top story nearly met that of the house opposite. The children were in the top room. The staircase was burnt down. There seemed no escape, when suddenly the father appeared in the crowd, and, quick as thought, seeing the danger, rushed up the stairs of the house opposite, and to the horror of the crowd, was seen standing on the window-ledge, and in another moment had thrown himself across, and was holding on to the ledge of the opposite window, his feet resting on the other ledge. "Run! quick!" he said. The children ran across over their father's body, and were saved; but the poor father had no strength to recover himself; he soon dropped, and was killed.

So Christ is the living way, the living bridge, out of the house of death into the glory of God.

#### TRUST HIM

and be saved. Come to God through Christ who died for sinners. Why delay? "How long halt ye between two opinions?" If you stay where you are you must be lost. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Surely I have said enough to help you to make your choice. You have heard what a God of love it is who invites you. What a blessed God to serve! You will never regret having served Him. But serve other gods—sin, Satan, self—and you will never know happiness; nay, more, you will bitterly regret it when you find out too late that you are in a burning house, and that there is no escape. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Begin to-day with Christ as

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your Saviour and God as your Father. Don't put off your salvation, or you may be lost for ever.

My dear mother, who is now "with the Lord," used to tell a story of a poor woman who had often been invited to come and hear the gospel, and to come to Christ, but who only refused, and carelessly put off the salvation of her soul till a more "convenient season." My mother used to relate how, when this woman was dying, she said, to the horror of those around, "Think what it will be to be

10,000 YEARS IN HELL,  
and then 10,000 more, and then burn on for ever, and you'll know the awful place I am going to;" and so she died. Ah! dear children and young people, eternity is like a ring—you can never get to the end of it. Choose you this day where you will spend it—in heaven or in hell—with God in the light, or with the devil and his angels in the blackness of darkness for ever. Remember you cannot come just when you like (Prov. i. 28); you must come when God calls you; you must come now. (Isa. i. 18.) "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Don't put off your salvation like the lady who delayed till the end of the London season.

"I MUST LIVE OUT THIS SEASON," said a lady, "and then I'll turn to God. I do not really care for the world." Later on she said to one who asked if she had turned to God, "I've another month yet, then I'll turn to God, when the season is over." The month was just out. "This is the last ball," she said. "I'm glad the season's over; I'll give up the world to-morrow." That night she was the admiration of the ball, when suddenly there was a heavy fall on the floor. She had fallen down dead. "Be not de-



ceived ; God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Boast not thyself of to-morrow." "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

And now let me say a word, in closing, to those who have come to God through Christ, and who have made their choice, and are seeking to serve the Lord.

Remember, to serve Him we must follow Him. Our Lord Himself says, "If any man serve me, let him follow me." (John xii. 26.) We cannot say or do anything for Him unless we are walking in His path. A great deal of service here will get no credit there.

If you would like to "take honours," as people say who go in for examinations, you have only to serve the Lord Jesus (He will tell you how), and to follow Him. "If any man serve me, him will my Father honour." He offers, too, the best fellowship to such ; for He says, "Where I am, there shall also my servant be." (John xii. 26.) And when we have finished here, we shall serve Him there (Rev. xxii. 3), where we shall gaze for ever on that blessed face, and bear His name upon our foreheads.

To serve Him now may cost you something ; it may mean a fiery furnace or a den of lions ; but God will be with you as He was with Daniel and his three friends, or as He was with those three noble lads who lately suffered martyrdom for Christ's sake by the king of Uganda. You will not regret it when the Lord will make up His jewels.

H. D'A. C.

### THE WORM AT THE ROOT.

**A** YOUNG tree—fair to the eye, perfect and promising—stood in a nursery of peaches by the side of tall, full-grown, fruit-bearing ones, admired by all who saw it. In the summer the owner of the garden visited the nursery with his gardener. Examining all the trees, he presently stopped before the young sapling. "But see here," said he, "this tree does not look healthy ; it is turning yellow. What is the matter?" "Ah. I'm afraid there is a worm at its root," replied the gardener. "It is too late to save it now." "Very well, remove it. We need its room for something else."

Accordingly, before long, the gardener

came with his spade and dug up the young tree ; and, as he had supposed, among the roots was a huge white canker-worm. He then threw it, with some others, into a heap of rubbish, and at length set fire to the bush heap, and of the aspiring young sapling nothing remained but dull grey ashes. You may be a most promising lad, the apple of your father's eye, expecting to hold high places of honour, praise and trust among your fellow men, but the canker-worm is there ! We see a boy—so tender in years, and yet he is travelling along all the winding, dark, underground paths of untruth and deceit. It is the canker-worm of sin at work ! Yes ! each of us have the canker-worm. Boys and girls are all "born in sin and shapen in iniquity ;" we have the canker-worm in our hearts, but we do not say to you, as the gardener said of the tree, "It is a pity, but it is too late to save it now." No, there is a remedy. Do you know what it is ? I will tell you—the blood of Jesus ! "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,  
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb ;  
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean—  
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb !

L. N.

### THEY WERE READY.

**T**HEY were only two little sisters,  
Who entered the Mission Hall,  
And listened with rapt attention,  
Then quickly answered the call  
Of the preacher, who said, "Those willing  
To trust in my Lord to-day,  
Please rise, whilst we altogether  
Just a short prayer to Him say."  
They were only two little sisters,  
Who softly repeated, "Lord !  
We are very poor and ignorant,  
Help us to love Thy word.  
Be Thou our gentle Shepherd,  
Guiding Thy lambs along,  
Till we've ended life's rough journey,  
And join in heaven's glad song."  
They were only two little sisters,  
Who hurriedly ran along ;  
Coming soon to a crowded cross-road,  
Where the current of life flowed strong.  
'Mid horses and cars and carriages,  
One o'erwhelming, ceaseless tide ;  
However could two wee children  
Safely reach the other side ?

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

They started—the two little sisters—  
 First a push, a shout, a fall :  
 A sharp, shrill cry for assistance !  
 Grievous moaning, and that was all !  
 But in heaven the children's Father,  
 Who had heard their piteous sigh,  
 Quickly sent His willing messengers  
 To fetch His lambs on high.

They were only two little sisters,  
 Lately so bright, so strong !  
 Now in the quiet ward—dying,  
 And crying. "Nursie, how long  
 Will it be ere we reach that haven  
 Where He said no pain would be ?  
 For we're very tired and weary.  
 And we would our Shepherd see."

They were only two little sisters,  
 And the matron scarce could speak !  
 Yet she smiled upon the children,  
 And kissed their pallid cheek.  
 Then she answered, in tenderest accents,  
 "My darlings, 'twill soon be bright,  
 For I know that the Lord of glory  
 Will send for you both to-night !"

*Extracted.*

## HE DIED FOR ME.

ONE morning, after a stormy night, a lady was standing on the sea-shore talking to a sailor, when he told her the following story :—

"It was just such a night as last night," said he, "that our vessel was driven on to a rock just off the coast of ——. We hoisted signals of distress, and fired guns ; and by-and-by brave men on shore manned the life-boat and put out. We hardly thought it could live in such a sea, but they tried it, and God helped them to succeed. With difficulty we got our women and children in, and she put back to shore.

"Once more, manned with another crew, she put out, and this time the passengers were got on board. Then we knew some of us must die, for if the life-boat could put out again, she would not hold all that were left, and the vessel must sink ere a fourth journey could be accomplished. So we drew lots who should stay. My lot was to stay in the sinking ship. What a horror of darkness came over me ! 'Doomed to die and be damned,' I muttered to myself, and all the sins of my life came before me. Still I was no coward. I made no outward sign, but,

oh, ma'am, between my soul and God it was awful !

"I had a mate who loved the Lord. Often he had spoken to me of my soul's welfare, and I had laughed and told him I meant to enjoy life. Now, though he stood by my side, I could not even ask him to pray for me, though even then there was a moment's wonder that he did not speak to me of the Saviour. I understood it afterwards. His face, when I once caught a glimpse of it, was calm and peaceful, and lighted up with a strange light. I thought, bitterly, 'It is well for him to smile ; his lot is to go in the life-boat, to be saved.' Dear old Jim, how could I ever have so mistaken you !

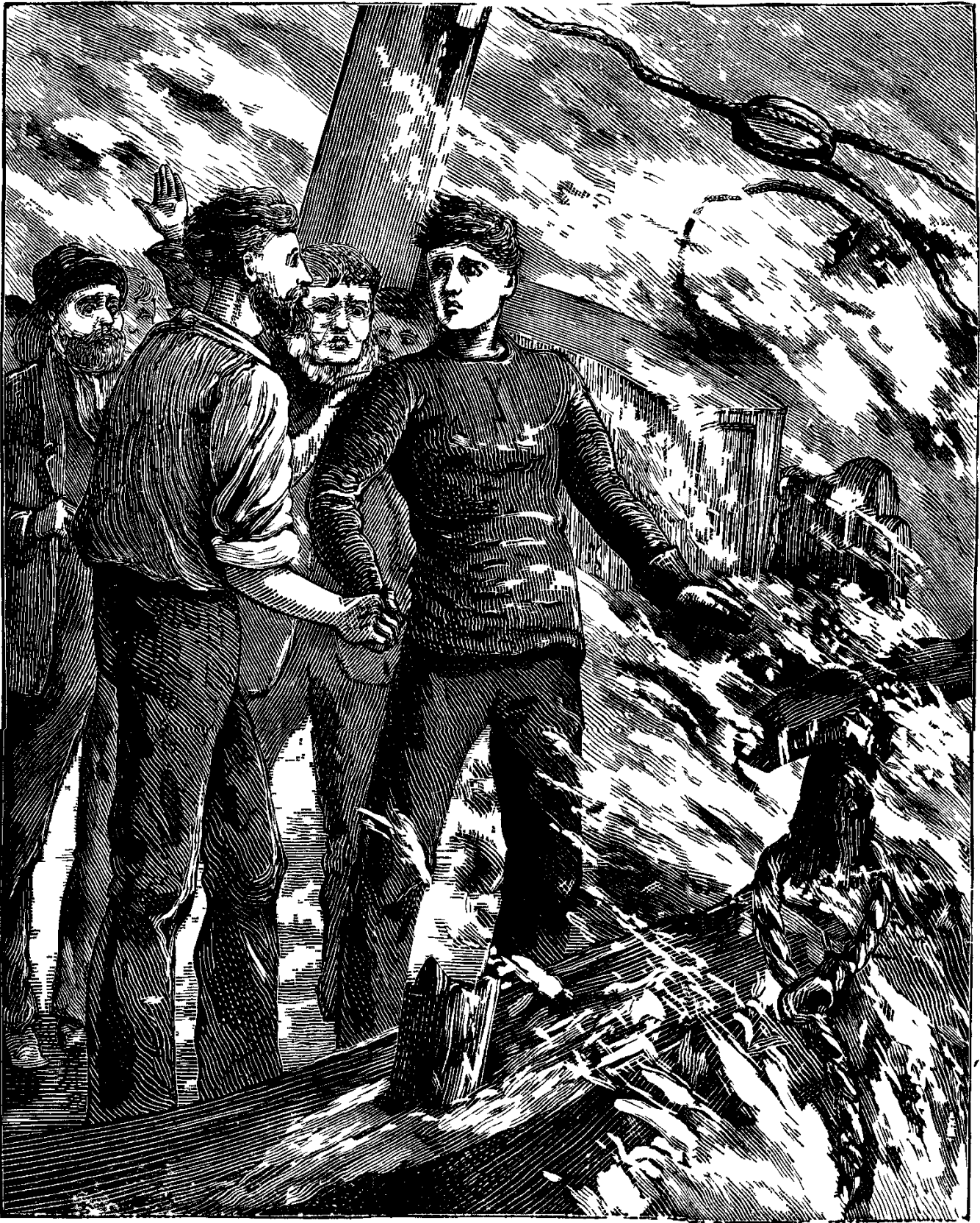
Well, ma'am, the life-boat neared us again : one by one the men, whose lot was to go, got in. It was Jim's turn, but instead of going he pushed me forward. 'Go you in the life-boat in my place, Tom,' he said, 'and meet me in heaven, man. You mustn't die and be damned : it is all right for me.' I would not have let him do it, but I was carried forward. The next one, eager to come, pressed me on. Jim knew it would be like that, so he had never told me what he was going to do. A few seconds, and I was in the life-boat. We had barely cleared the ship when she went down, and Jim, dear Jim ! with her. I know he went to Jesus ; but, ma'am, *he died for me !*—he died for me ! Did I not tell you true, *two died for me ?*"

For a moment he paused, his eyes filled with tears. He did not attempt to disguise them. They were a tribute to the love that had gone into death for him. Presently, when I could speak, I just said "Well?"

"Well, ma'am," he said, "as I saw that ship go down, I said to God in my heart, 'If I get safe to land Jim shall not have died in vain. Please God, I *will meet* him in heaven. Jim's God must be worth knowing, when Jim died for me that I might get another chance of knowing Him.'"

"Was it long ago," I asked, "that you found the Saviour?"

"Ay, ma'am," he answered. "My Saviour died for me 1800 years ago on Calvary's cross, and my mate died for me just five years since, and that brought me to know my Saviour."



HE DIED FOR ME.



### “Turned to God from Idols.”

IT was a lovely morning in the month of June, when I took a stroll adjoining the much-frequented watering-place of R—, with several little children then under my care. Somewhat wearied with my walk, I found a seat under the shade of a noble old tree, there to watch the gambols of the merry little ones in the field. My attention

was arrested by a black Indian woman taking a seat not far from my side. She watched with interest the games of the little ones too. Suddenly, however, a sad change came over her bright face as she gazed on little Howard, the youngest of the group—a bright little boy of about three years. Sorrowfully she fixed her large dark eyes upon him, and then burst into a fit of weeping.

Moved by such an outburst of real sorrow I at once drew near, and, gently placing my hand on her shoulder, sought an explanation of her sudden grief. She raised her large black eyes, filled with tears, and gave me to understand that the sight of the little boy had so reminded her of her own dear child she had left in India, that her feelings had quite overcome her.

Poor lonely one! She felt indeed a stranger in a strange land. A mother's

love was yearning over a far-off child. Alas! how evident, black or white, nominally Christian or heathen, sorrow and distress, and a weary, unsatisfied heart is the portion of all.

I said to this poor troubled stranger, “I am so glad to meet you, for I have a message for you.”

“Indeed,” she replied; “do you say for me?”

"Yes," I said, "and it is from One who has died for you." Filled with surprise, she fixed her large expressive eyes upon me, and said she was quite sure it was a mistake, as nobody cared for her.

I assured her it was the truth, and, taking my Bible from my pocket, I read those precious words, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.) I sought in the simplest words, and chiefly from the word of God, to unfold to her the one true God, and His love to poor sinners. I had to tell her, for the first time, of the person of the Lord Jesus, His coming into the world, His gentleness, His pity, His love, His going about doing good. And especially how He invited the weary and sorrowful and troubled to bring their cares to Him, saying, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

It would be impossible to describe the deep interest with which she listened to all this, to her, entirely new story. Wonder and amazement were on every feature. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "what a dear person He must be; how I wish I could have a look at His face. Have you seen Him? how good He must be! why, all over the world they must talk about Him. Where is He now?"

Oh, what joy it was to tell such an eager listener the old, old story of Jesus and His love; to tell of Him who in the beginning was with God, who was God, by whom all things were made, who became flesh and dwelt amongst us, who was full of grace and truth, who was indeed God manifest in the flesh.

### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**M**AKING BIBLE CLOCKS has, if we may judge by the number received, been much enjoyed by our Gleaners. Many are so beautifully done that we are sorry, really sorry, that it is impossible to send a Book Prize to all who have worked so well, and taken so much loving trouble. What for? Why, that some sick or lonely one may be cheered by the precious words

of scripture copied for them by some young friend, who, though personally unknown, may have been a messenger of "glad tidings."

One packet received from the children who attend Mrs. Banyard's school, Barcelona, Spain, cannot be passed over without a word of commendation. Our Spanish Gleaners will, we are sure, be pleased to know that the clocks they so kindly sent will be valued as New Year cards by many friends.

#### *Prizes have been Awarded to—*

RAMON ORTAS, Pasco de Colon, 27, purl Barcelona, Spain. And  
MARY S. CUTTING, 21, Gee Street, Anlaby Road, Hull.

#### *Special Prizes will also be Sent to—*

ALICE KNIGHT, Co-operative Society, Hook Norton, near Banbury And  
KATHLEEN M. LONG, The Square, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. By whom and in what connection are we told to "CONSIDER the work of GOD?"
2. Where are the words "CONSIDER your ways" to be found? By whom spoken, and to whom addressed?
3. In which gospel are we told that the Lord used birds and flowers as object-lessons and bade His disciples CONSIDER them?
4. Find, without the help of a Concordance, the following passages, all taken from the letters or epistles of the Apostle Paul—
  - (a) "CONSIDER the apostle and high priest of our profession."
  - (b) "CONSIDER HIM that endured such contradiction of sinners," &c.
  - (c) "Let us CONSIDER one another to provoke unto love and good works."
  - (d) "CONSIDER what I say, and the Lord give thee understanding in all things."

Gleaners' papers should be posted not later than the 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

### ENIGMA.

WE hope to begin a new series of Enigmas next month, or something else to take its place.

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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## List of Prize-Winners.

(ENIGMAS FOR HALF-YEAR.)

BOYS UNDER 14:—

First Prize: Alfred Burrows, Indianapolis ;  
 Second Prize: Percy Wallace, Plymouth ;  
 Third Prize: Ramon Ortas, Barcelona ; Fourth  
 Prize: Frederick Martel, Guernsey.

BOYS UNDER 10:—

Howell Long, Isle of Wight.

GIRLS UNDER 14:—

First Prize: Eulalia Espona, Barcelona ;  
 Second Prize: Ivy Simpson, Salcombe ; Third  
 Prize: Agnes Cooper, Ealing.

GIRLS UNDER 10:—Irene Bush.

HIGHLY COMMENDED (a small book sent to  
 the following):—John Offord, Jersey ; Lily  
 Lloyd, Mabel Lloyd, Boscombe ; Grace Jessup,  
 Bats Corner ; Winnie Simpson, Salcombe.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

## CHAPTER I.

## CHILDREN OF JERUSALEM.

**O**UR "RAMBLES IN BABYLAND" were pleasant ones, were they not? And now we are going to have some talks about PLAY-TIME and take a few peeps at PLAY-GROUNDS so far apart, that our minds will have to take long journeys if we want to see how children in many parts of the world amuse themselves. Don't you think we shall make a good beginning by taking as our starting-point the land of PALESTINE? The land about which we have so often read in our Bibles. Where once the Saviour in whom so many of the dear boys and girls whose letters I am always glad to get have trusted was a child; the land in which His wonderful works were done, and in which He gave His life, "a ransom for many." We love to read, do we not? of the last walk He took with His disciples, when, after His resurrection, "He led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." (Luke xxiv. 50-2.)

"Yes," Nellie is saying, you are all ready for a journey to Jerusalem; while Mary thinks it must be very pleasant to live in the country where the Bible was written, and to visit the towns and villages in which the Lord Jesus once lived and taught, and wonders if the land and its people are greatly changed from what they were when He was there.

I think Mary is right in saying that it must be pleasant to live, or even to walk through the land of promise, but we should see much that would sadden as well as interest us. The towns and villages have a poor unhappy look about them, no

longer busy and well-to-do as they were when the Lord moved amongst them. We should often find a cluster of mud huts, built among the ruins of a marble palace; while dirty, half-naked children quarrel or play through narrow streets or crowded bazaars. There are still a great number of people living in or near Jerusalem, many of whom are Jews, hating even the name of the Lord Jesus. Others are followers of the false prophet Mohammed, while others, who are Christians in name, worship pictures and images. But we must not forget that the Lord has His own in the midst of all the darkness and confusion of which I have just told you, and it is a joy to know that a few at least of the children of Jerusalem know and love the Lord Jesus, and are seeking to tell others about His love to sinners.

If we enter Jerusalem by the Jaffa Gate, a pleasant walk (if the day is not too hot and dusty) will bring us to Mount Zion, and if we can speak enough of their language to ask the Arab children we meet to direct us to Bishop Gobat's Boys' School, their faces will brighten, and dusky fingers will point in the direction of a long, low range of buildings, standing upon high ground, and surrounded by a pretty garden in which many kinds of flowers and shrubs, which in England can only be coaxed into bloom in hot-houses, grow and unfold lovely blossoms in the open air.

We want to see the boys in the play-ground, so will choose a half-holiday for our visit. They are all busy and very happy, though nothing in the way of a game seems to be going on. Most of the elder pupils are the happy possessors of pocket-knives, and with these they are cutting out wooden models of native ploughs, mills, musical instruments, and many other things used in common everyday life by the people of Palestine, while boys who are too young to be of much use in cutting-out, wait upon their elders, and fetch and carry with bright faces and willing feet.

Why are they so busy? What can have interested these play-loving boys so greatly that they are willing to give up not only one but many half-holidays to carving and other kinds of work?

Two boys, whose names are Assad Chani and Najib Minii, shall tell their own story. From them we learn that the Head Master, Mr. Ellis, who is very popular with the boys, invites them to his room every Lord's-day evening, when he reads or tells them true stories about the children of other lands. They were greatly interested in hearing of the many ways in which the children of England had helped in sending Bibles to heathen lands; they began to wish they could do something to help in opening a school in which Arab and Moslem children might hear about the Saviour some of them had learned to love; so after talking it over among themselves they agreed to ask leave to give up part of their playtime to cutting out models, making small lamps, and other things which they felt sure would find a ready sale among the English and American visitors who crowd into Jerusalem during the summer months, when travelling is good. Permission being given, the



boys went to work with a will, and succeeded even better than they had hoped.

A time is coming, it may not be far distant, when God will gather His earthly people Israel to the land He so long ago promised to Abraham. Then, and not till then, the Jews will as a nation own the Lord Jesus as their Messiah. Then there will be peace and blessing, "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." (Zech. viii. 5.)

C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

XLIX.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

It is now New Year's morning, and good wishes and kindly greetings are around us on every side. Will it be one too many if C. J. L. wishes all the dear young friends who read *Gospel Stories* a truly Happy New Year. May those who have already trusted the Lord Jesus as their own precious Saviour taste the deep joy of being "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." (Deut. xxxiii. 23.) While for the lingerers, the boys and girls who quite mean to decide for Christ some day, but have not done so yet, the written Word has a message: "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

But I must not forget that my January letter is to be partly an "IN MEMORIAM," or to make what I mean so easy that even our very youngest Gleaners may understand and be interested in reading their *own* page of our magazine, I should like to write a few lines in loving memory of a dear young Gleaner whom hardly three months ago the Lord called from her pleasant work of gleaning in Bible fields to be with HIMSELF, "which is far better." (Phil. i. 23.)

The name of Victoria L., Upper Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, is one that will seem to many of our Gleaners like that of an old friend, as they will remember having often seen it in "C.C." Victoria had been for some time a Gleaner, and only the rule that no Gleaner can take TWO prizes in the same year kept her from being a prize-winner much oftener than she was, her papers always being written with great care and neatness. But the great charm of her work did not lay so much in its arrangement, though that often called forth a word of well-earned praise, as in the thoughtful tone of her answers, giving as it did ground for hope that she not only read but loved and studied her Bible.

One month her paper was missing from the monthly packet of "Gleanings," but the next two were sent with a letter explaining the cause of delay. She had not been well, but wrote brightly, and said she was looking forward to the time when the doctor would allow her to again take the country walks she always enjoyed so much. There was, as far as we remember, only one other break in the regularity with which her papers were sent. One

caused by the illness and death of her fondly-loved mother. But the mourning children of Mrs. L. did not sorrow as those "who had no hope." They knew their beloved one had only gone home. GONE HOME to be with JESUS, One whom she loved, and who loved and had given Himself for her.

Favoured with godly parents, and trained amid the sweet influences of a christian home, perhaps those who knew dear Victoria best, or watched her most closely, would have found it most difficult to say at how early an age the Holy Spirit began His work in her soul, giving her to see herself as a lost and sinful child, and then turning the eye of her soul away from herself to JESUS, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." (John i. 29.)

She had, as she wrote, "not been well for some time," and could not walk far; yet no one, not even the doctor, seemed to think her dangerously ill till about a month before her death.

Though for some time she had suffered from weakened action of the heart, it was not till the afternoon of Saturday, September 29th, 1901, that dear Victoria seemed so much worse that her sister thought it well to send for the doctor, who through the whole of her illness attended her with the greatest care and kindness. Grave symptoms having set in from that time till she fell asleep in Jesus, he visited her twice daily, though she got up for some hours every day till the last week of her life.

When told by her sister that perhaps she might not get well, she did not seem distressed or alarmed, though one day when she felt a little stronger than usual, she said, "Perhaps I shall get better," and added almost directly, "If I am taken I shall go to be with JESUS, the Lord, for I know my sins are all washed away." Bright and blessed testimony, for which all who loved her can and do thank the Lord.

Shortly before her death she expressed herself in almost the same words, and spoke of soon seeing her dear mamma. The last two hours she spent on earth were lovely. She seemed too ill to notice her sisters, or reply to the loving words they addressed to her; but when they asked, "Shall we sing, 'JESUS loves me, this I know?'" her face seemed almost to beam with joy, and though for some days she had been too weak to speak above a whisper, she began to sing and tried to do so to the end of the hymn.

Very gently the Lord Himself put her to sleep, and we love to think of her where she now is

"Gone unto GOD;  
Gone to the Father, in His house to dwell,  
Gone through the shadowed vale that JESUS trod,  
Beloved, it is well!"

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be posted by the 25th. Address—

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

Scrap-books, cards, pin-cushions, &c., should be sent direct to—

C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### FAITH ON THE HOUSETOP.

**I**F you carefully read Luke v. 18, 26 you will learn some wonderful lessons from it. Truly this is one of the most beautiful of the "Gospel Stories" ever recorded. There are seven characters: The Lord, the paralytic, his friends, the disciples, the scribes, the Pharisees, and the people. *The Lord* was present as Teacher, Teacher of hearts, Healer, Pardoner, and Honourer of faith. *The paralytic*—fit type of the sinner without strength (Rom. v. 6)—was without faith, without power, a sinner needing forgiveness; but he was the object of the Saviour's compassion, forgiveness and power. In the obedience of faith he took up his mattress and went to his home, glorifying God. *His friends* are unnamed, but they had firm belief in the power and will of the Messiah, because no obstruction hindered them. Some one has said that "difficulties are food for faith," here it is nobly illustrated. A dense crowd surrounded the door and filled the court, but they hauled up their helpless burden on to the housetop, tore up the awning which covered the roof and by ropes let him down from above, "in the midst before Jesus." Blessed place to be laid. Just search the gospels and see what happened to every one who lay at "the feet of Jesus." Have you yet been there by faith?

"Jesus saw their faith." Ah! well, He knew what they expected, and He never disappointed a longing soul. Nay, He went much deeper with His salvation than ever they dreamed, because He cried, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." What a startling announcement, awakening the consciences of every one who heard, for He probed to the

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very root of all the evil and disease upon earth.

*The Scribes* were touched. These were the great transcribers of the parchment rolls of the law and the prophets and the Psalms (Luke xxiv. 44) and the comments thereupon. They questioned the right of Jesus to forgive, only considering such power to be a divine prerogative—and it is so.

*The Pharisees* were the great legalists of the day, particularly on minute points of doctrine and details of ceremonial, but forsaking mercy and the love of God. (Matt. xxiii. 23, Luke xi. 42.) These men thought little of their need of pardon and justification, being filled with good opinions of their own selves. They cried out against the Christ because He proclaimed forgiveness to the poor, helpless sinner, accusing Him of usurping the place of God. But He soon silenced them by proving that since He could forgive He also could say, "Rise up and walk." His disciples, doubtless, had their faith confirmed by what they heard and witnessed, and as the healed paralytic joyfully walked out glorifying God with a loud voice, they joined the wondering crowd in saying, "We never saw it on this fashion." "We have seen strange things to-day."

May each of our young readers know this blessed pardon and power to live to and for God, which only can be received from Him who became dead and is alive for evermore.

T. R. D.

### LITTLE BELLA.

**H**IGH up on the Bellevue Mountain, which is part of the beautiful Santa Cruz mountains, is a small plantation. There the orange and pimento trees give



forth their sweet perfumes, the banana and palm trees wave in the breeze and the richly-coloured, many-varied hues of the hibiscus add beauty to the scene. In this pretty spot lived a family of pigeons, father and mother, and little brothers and sisters.

One day their kind owner thought he would like to send one of these young pigeons to an English family who had come over the seas to stay in a lonely part of these same mountains. So little "Bella" was carefully put in a basket and taken from her home to her new abode, where she was warmly received and welcomed by her new friends.

The coloured yard-boy took many pains to make her a little house, which, when finished, was hung up on a wall and Bella put inside.

There she was fed by many kind hands, and amused and cheered those who came to see her by flapping her wings and uttering her merry little chirp, chirp.

Go on, little birdie, chirp away and by and by thou shalt coo a sweeter note.

Go on, little child, fulfil thy small mission, cheer the hearts of thine oft way-worn elders by thy sweet songs of Jesus and His love, and by and bye thou shalt in sweeter, holier strains sing the praises of Him who loved thee and gave Himself for thee.

M. H. W.

### The Boy who was Won by Love.

**H**E belonged to a Sunday school of over fifteen hundred scholars, and from which none had been expelled. But he was so bad that the superintendent thought he would be obliged to expel him. He had put him under one teacher and another, but no one could manage him; and so he called the teachers together and told them he should be obliged to expel him. One lady present begged that he might be tried once more and that she might have him in her class. The superintendent consented, and the first Sunday after his being put in the new class the boy was very rude and spat in the lady's face. She asked him, when school was over, to go home with her.

"Not I," said the lad.

Then she told him that if he would call at her house on the following Tuesday, there would be a box for him, but the boy again impertinently refused. Presently he changed his mind and became curious as to what the box might contain. So on the Tuesday he turned up and received it and went away home. On opening it he found a nice tie and also a note from the lady, begging him to come to Jesus. He was overcome and returned to the house to thank his teacher. His heart was broken and he came to Christ and was saved. He was won by love.

And now let me ask you again, "Is your heart so hard that it cannot be won by love?" The love of God in giving His only Son, and the love of that One who pitied every one else but Himself, and suffered on that cross the judgment of God for sinners, and endured the hiding of God's countenance, that all who believe in Him might be in favour for ever.

"He knew how wicked men had been,  
He knew that God must punish sin;  
So, out of pity, Jesus said,  
'I'll bear the punishment instead.'"

Think how He pleads with you from the glory, where He now is, at the right hand of God. Yes, indeed, Christ in glory, the Lamb that was slain, is a witness that God loves sinners, in giving Him to die for the ungodly, and thus throwing the door of heaven wide open. The arms of omnipotent love are stretched out to receive every poor sinner that will come.

Yes; God loves the sinner. He loved him too before Christ died, though it is through His death that God can righteously forgive. The message to every sinner to-day is, "Be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. v. 20.) God on His part never needed to be reconciled. He has always been what He is—love. Many try to reconcile Him by their prayers and good works, but all to no purpose. He is love. Still, it would never have been just of God to save any one if Christ had not died; but in giving His Son to die on the cross, we see how mercy and truth met together; how righteousness and peace kissed each other. (Psa. lxxxv. 10.)

H. D'A. C.

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

11

## YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**L**OOKING out (without the help of a Concordance) passages of scripture from the books indicated, has, if we may judge from the number of papers sent in being rather larger than usual, been much enjoyed by our "Gleaners." It was pleasant, too, to find among their papers two or three from new-comers—boys and girls who were writing for the first time. Very gladly do we welcome them to a Bible Class on paper, and we hope they will prove faithful Gleaners, learning to love their happy work better as they go on with it, and that ALL our old friends have with a New Year made a fresh start and will work as well and willingly in 1902, as they have done since our *Gospel Stories* Bible Class was formed.

*Prize Winners:—*

LAURA CROSSBY, Manor Road, Mere, Wilts.  
FANNY ARCH, Meer End, near Kenilworth,  
Warwickshire.

*Special Prizes have been awarded, and  
will be sent to—*

RUTH SWATT, 75, Totteridge Buildings,  
Enfield Lock.  
ROSE BEALE, Chapel Road, Hook Norton,  
near Banbury, Oxon.

## BIBLE CLASS QUESTIONS.

1. On what different occasions was Mary, the sister of Martha, found at the FEET of the LORD JESUS?
2. By whom, and under what circumstances, was Moses told to put his shoes from off his FEET? When was a similar direction given to Joshua?
3. Give a verse from the New Testament in which a distinct reference is made to one of the passages quoted in your answer to Question 2.
4. A young man, to whom King David showed great kindness, was lame on both feet. Give his name and explain how his lameness was caused.
5. By what prophet are the FEET of the messenger of "good tidings" called "beautiful"?
6. Give a passage from Paul's letter to the Ephesians from which we learn how the FEET of the believer are prepared for his journey.

Post letters, Gleaners' papers, not later than the 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

## LITTLE MARION

**W**AS a reader of *Gospel Stories*, and, though only seven years old, knew and loved the Lord Jesus.

Her life's journey ended on the 16th of September. For some days she suffered greatly, but amidst her sufferings she found great comfort and delight in hearing the Bible read to her.

Now I must tell you how she loved *Jesus*. She told her little brother on the morning of the 7th that she was going to be with *Jesus* in heaven. He said, "No, you are not, Marion." I suppose he did not like the idea of parting with her; but she said—

"I am; I love *Jesus*, and He loves me, and I am going to be with *Jesus*."

I asked her several times if she would not rather stay here with her papa and mamma.

She said, "No, I would rather go and be with *Jesus* because He loves me so, and I love Him; but I would like you and papa to come with me."

I told her I did not think that *Jesus* was going to take us home to be with Him yet, as we had to take care of her little brothers.

She said, "Oh yes. Well, then I would rather go and be with *Jesus*, and I will watch for you and papa."

The day before she passed away I asked her if she had any message for her grandma and grandpa, of whom she was very fond.

She said, "Yes; tell them I will watch for them when they come to *Jesus*."

I then asked her if she would like me to tell her brothers anything.

She said, "Yes; tell them to come to *Jesus*, and I will watch for them in heaven."

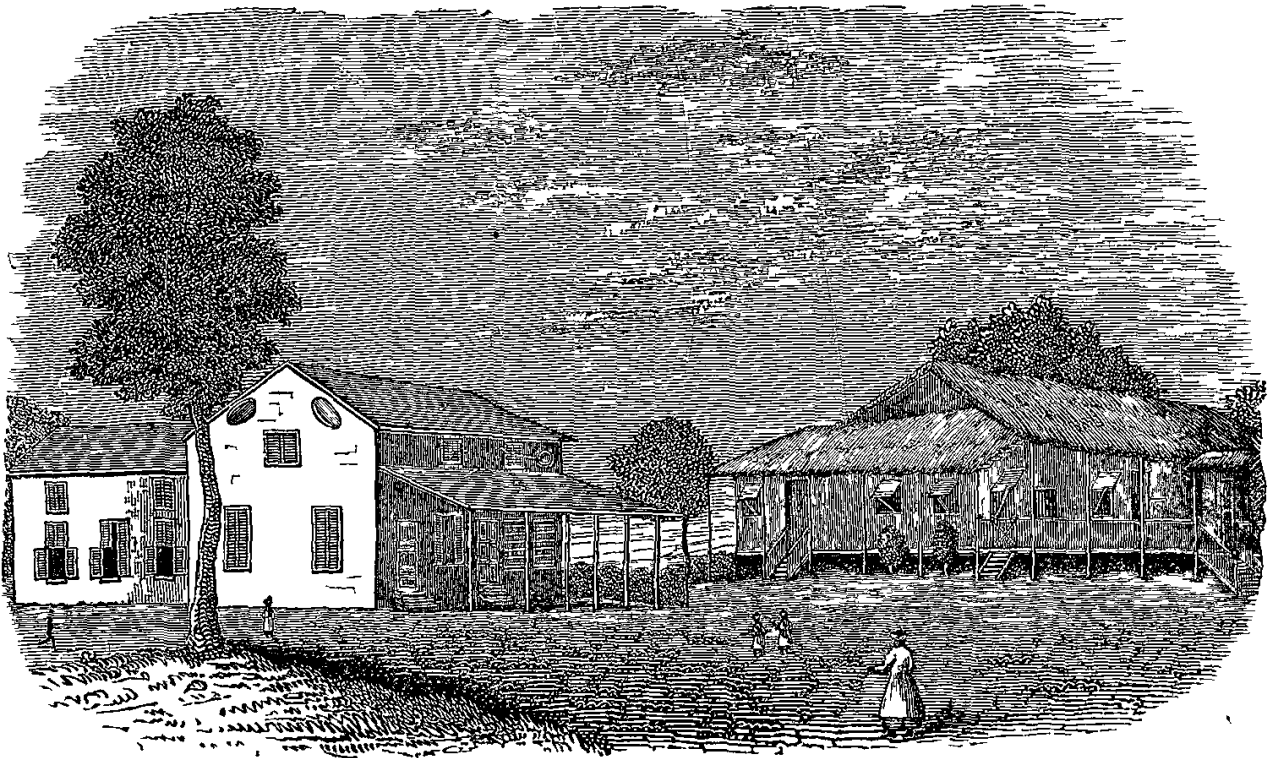
Brightly and peacefully she passed away to be with *Jesus*, the One who loved her and gave Himself for her.

Now, dear children, many of you are much older than Marion, and as life is so uncertain, do you not think it wise to come to *Jesus* NOW? So that whether life or death, it may be well with your soul.

J. G. P.



MR. AND MRS. JUDSON



JUDSON'S HOME IN BURMAH.

### JUDSON'S WORK IN INDIA.

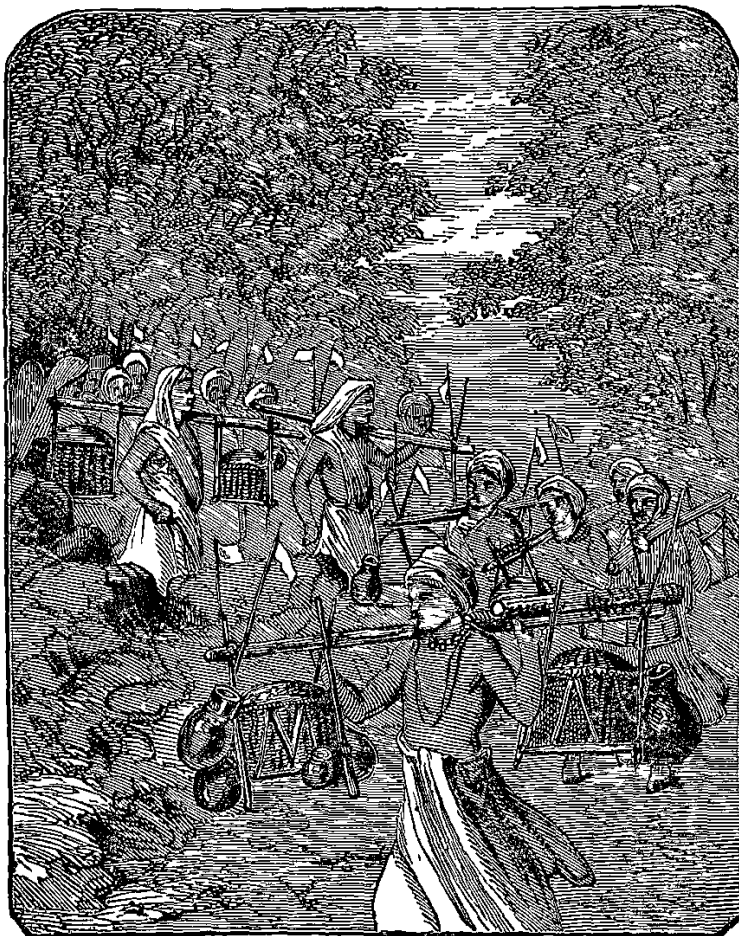
**I**T was on February 6th, in the year 1812, that Mr. and Mrs. Judson, who had at that date been married only a few weeks, sailed for India. Their voyage was a long and trying one, and they had to learn many lessons of patience and simple trust in the love and care of their heavenly Father before they were allowed to begin work among those whom they had travelled so far over land and ocean to seek.

They had been at sea a hundred and twelve days when the ship's captain, calling them on deck, pointed out a far-away coast-line, and said they were within a few days' sail of Calcutta. The Judsons, we may be sure, were much pleased, and looked long and anxiously, but they could not see much, only a range of mountains, those of Golconda, among which some of the largest and most valuable diamonds in the world have been found. Two days later, they cast anchor in the Bay of Bengal, and as the wind was in their favour, were able to begin to sail up the Hoogly, a branch of the great river Ganges, so near land that they were able to see not only groves of palm and cocoa-nut trees growing almost close to the water's edge, but also great numbers of Hindoo huts or cottages.

Mrs. Judson was greatly interested, and wrote to her friends in America: "These native houses are very small, but built so closely together that the people must be very

near neighbours. Indeed, I was reminded of the crowded dwellings in which the very poor live in the back streets of our large towns; only these huts look like haystacks; they have no windows or chimneys. A few natives seem quite busy, some fishing in the river, others working in the rice fields; but by far the greater number are sitting or lying idly in the sunshine.

"We have seen a few pagodas; they are much larger than the houses, and seem to have been built with more care."



CARRIERS AT WORK IN INDIA.

Do you know what a pagoda is? It is the house or temple of some Hindoo idol, and I am sure that the sight would lead our little band of missionaries to pray earnestly that they might soon be able to tell these poor people in their own language about the only true God. A surprise awaited them at Calcutta. They did not know any one in that busy town, and yet almost before they had time to step from the boat on to the landing-stage, they were warmly welcomed to India, and as they listened to the

friendly voice and grasped the outstretched hand of William Carey, they would, I think, forget that the stranger was other than an old and very dear friend.

Thus began Mr. and Mrs. Judson's life-work in India, and the above details are taken from a book just published, at the Office of GOSPEL STORIES, entitled "Among the Lions," by C. J. L., the price of which is 1s. 6d. Ask your parents to present you with a copy.

**A Hundred Thousand Welcomes.**

**I**N an Ayrshire glen there stands by the roadside a beautiful drinking fountain, cut out of a solid block of granite, provided with a cup wherewith the thirsty traveller may refresh himself. A stone behind the fountain bears an inscription in Gaelic, which reads: "*A hundred thousand welcomes.*"

Poor weary traveller on the road to eternity, thirsting with a thirst which none of earth's streams can satisfy, One invites you to Him, calling in tenderest accents, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He has living water to give, having been into death in order to bring life to all those who believe on Him. Come, then, to Him, needy though you be, with nothing but a lifetime of sins to bring with you, and be assured of this, He waits with a hundred thousand welcomes to pardon and to bless.

A hundred thousand welcomes wait  
For thee, poor troubled soul;  
Though dark your guilt, yea, black as night,  
The Lord can make thee whole.  
He waits to welcome and forgive,  
If but you come to Him;  
Grace makes you welcome, even though  
You've nought to bring but sin.

N. E. E.

**BIBLE ENIGMA.**

The first is the portion of all who've believed,  
And second, the dye of sin's cure, if received.  
The third, true of called ones, especially One  
Who, fourth, the Anointed, stood once quite  
alone.

But if you believe Him, the fifth—self must  
go,

Then bear, sixth, your testing, since He bore  
such woe.

No questioning reason is seventh—gift  
divine!

Which feeds on the eighth—for poor, a rich  
mine.

All the words, but the eighth, which in  
Samuel is found,

Are given in Peter's epistles renowned.

Read downwards first letters, spell out what  
is dear,

A word which there doth seven times re-  
appear.

**CHILDREN'S HYMN.**

[TUNE, "Hold the Fort."]

**L**ET us join our happy voices  
In a song of praise,  
Unto Jesus crowned in glory,  
Loud the chorus raise:

Thou art worthy, blessed Jesus,  
All to Thee we owe;  
We Thy love shall never fathom,  
Nor its end shall know.

Thou didst leave those heav'nly mansions,  
With their streets of gold:  
And though Lord of all creation,  
Like a slave wast sold.

On the shameful cross, Lord Jesus,  
Thou didst bleed and die.  
So that we might live for ever  
In Thy home on high.

W. L.

**COMMON MISTAKES.**

**I**T is said that every piece of rope used in the Royal Navy has running through it a thin red thread. It is to prevent it being stolen.

In the same way there is running all through the scriptures the red line of redemption—the record of Jesus and His love. In type, in history, in song, in prophecy, in gospel and in epistle, the Bible tells us of Jesus, the sinner's best friend.

At Cambridge, on an old wall, there is a rough drawing by an old monk.

It represents the brazen serpent in the wilderness surrounded by the bitten and dying Israelites. Moses is pointing to it, but, strange to relate, many of the poor people, instead of looking to the brazen serpent, are looking to and worshipping Moses, but they are not healed; others are binding up their neighbours' wounds, but, alas! they are not healed themselves; others, again, are fighting the serpents, but as soon as they beat off one another takes its place. A few, so few, are looking straight at the brazen serpent, and simply looking at the God-appointed way of healing, are immediately healed.

"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

"That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

"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."

S. F. B.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A GLIMPSE AT GAZA.

**W**HAT a strange old-world city we have come to! If the ruins among which our road to the places where we are likely to find children at play must lie, could only speak, we should seem, as we listened, to be turning the pages of a new and delightful story book.

But as the day is very hot, and we are tired after our ride across the sandy plain that lies just outside the city, if we approach it from Hebron, we may as well rest for a few minutes under the shade of a palm tree. While we rest we can open our Bibles and talk about people who lived in Gaza, or events that happened near the city a very long time ago.

GAZA once claimed the honour of being one of the five royal cities where the kings of the Philistines held their courts. Its gates were often opened to allow their armies to go forth to battle, or to welcome their return as conquerors, laden with spoils and flushed with victory. Gaza is first mentioned in Genesis x. 19, as a border of the Canaanites.

But Mary, who has been turning the pages of her pocket Bible, reminds us that Gaza was the place of Samson's imprisonment. We must not linger over the story of his last victory over the Philistines, a victory which cost him his life (Judges xvi.), but pass on to New Testament times. It was not far from Gaza that the meeting between Philip and the eunuch of which we read in Acts viii. occurred. The city is at the present time under Turkish rule, and though still large and of some importance, being the capital of the province, is little better than a heap of ruins, the walls broken down, and only narrow openings mark the places where gates once stood. It is now about two miles from the sea, though there is ample proof that once it was a seaport town.

"But I am quite forgetting the children," did you say, Laura? No. There are a group of dark-skinned Moorish and Arab children at play round a broken fountain. The marble basin into which its bright waters once fell is filled with sand and rubbish, and though a few flowering plants remind us that the place which now looks only like a dust-heap may have been the garden of a palace, we do not wish to linger, and are glad to get away from the noisy begging of the children, though we are sorry to see how thin and uncared for some of them are looking. How glad we are to remember that even in this dark place there are a few spots of light, that a few who know and love the Lord

Jesus as their own precious Saviour, are seeking to tell the children of Gaza, the sweet true story of His love.

Our donkey boys know the way to the Mission Hospital, several of them having been out-patients, and one bright little fellow, whose red fez, or Turkish cap, is much too large for his head, having been an in-patient he speaks gratefully, though in broken English, of the kindness and good nursing he met with within its walls.

But we are close to the hospital, so near that we can distinguish a group of out-patients, all wanting to see the doctor. They are waiting in the shady veranda of the hospital. Most of the patients are men and boys, but there are a few women, whose faces are covered with veils of blue or white cotton, and quite a number of children. What a number, nearly half of the patients, have one or both eyes bandaged. Eye disease is, we are told by the kind doctor, the great trouble of the country. It does not always take the same form, but there are very few persons who do not suffer from it; while blindness is so very common that in our walks we shall often meet four, five or even six blind men walking together, each resting his hand on the shoulder of his nearest neighbour. The number of blind women is quite as great, but as they do not go out much they are not so often to be seen in the streets. One day a Moslem father and mother, whose home was in a village quite a long way from Gaza, came bringing their little girl. The poor child was suffering frightfully from a very serious kind of eye disease, one eye being so badly inflamed and swollen that it could not be cured, the only hope of saving the sight of the other being, the doctor said, to take out the one he could not cure. The parents, who had never even heard of an operation, were quite frightened when the doctor told them what he wished to do, and said at first they would not leave their little girl. So the doctor took them into the hospital, and calling a young girl who had been through much the same kind of operation, but who was so nearly well that in a few days she would leave the hospital and return to her home, asked her if she thought it would be best to leave the child in his care. She at once turned to the little girl's mother, and said, with a smiling face—

"Do not be afraid. I will tell you what the Sahib did for me. He gave me some medicine; it must have been wonderful medicine, for when I had taken it I went to sleep, and while I was asleep he cured me, and did not hurt me at all."

So the little sufferer was left at the hospital, and a few days later was running about the wards, a bright and happy child, for the pain from which she had suffered so long was gone, and she could see quite well with one eye; and, better still, she was hearing day by day about the Lord Jesus and His death upon the cross for sinners. Learning, too, to repeat Bible texts and sing gospel hymns, so may we not hope that when she went back to her village home it was to bear some tiny ray of the light that had first risen for her during the weeks she spent in the christian hospital at Gaza?

C. J. L.



## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

L.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

Accept very loving thanks, dear girls and boys, for ALL the kind and encouraging letters and good wishes contained in the December packet. I must not (as I am writing for print, and our kind Editor will be wanting to go to press) wait for your January papers, so it is too early to say anything about how our "Gleaners" are beginning the New Year; but they did so well in the last half of 1901, that we are encouraged to hope they will not only make a good beginning, but go on well. We all know something of what getting tired means, but there is no needs-be that weariness and giving up should go hand-in-hand. We need to have our courage rallied and our drooping spirits revived by a word from an apostle: "And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." (Gal. vi. 9.)

Though the number of pin-cushions, scrap-books, etc. has not as yet been large, there are, we believe, "more to follow," and though the senders have been already thanked, and their gifts acknowledged by post, a few words about some of the articles sent may suggest ways of helping to others, who have perhaps little time and less money at their disposal. One or two very pretty scrap-books were made almost entirely from pictures cut out of trade advertisements, Bible verses from last year's "Block Calendar" being neatly pasted over the business portions.

Pin-cushions of all shapes and sizes have been made by our girl friends, and though the distribution to which we and our aged ones, who are spending the evening of their lives in the workhouse, are alike looking forward has not taken place yet, we know that the little gifts will be welcome ones. Shall we all pray that the Bible verses that will in every case be pinned or sewn on to the cushions; or hidden cunningly away in the needle-books, may be a real message to weary hearts, telling of pardon for the sinful, joy for the sorrowful, and love for the lonely?

During the first week of the New Year the shadow of death fell upon "the cottages." One of the inmates has gone, we cannot doubt, to be with the Saviour in whom she had trusted. A few lessons from her life may help us all to understand that—

"Wherever in the world we are  
In whatsoever estate;  
We have a fellowship of hearts  
To keep and cultivate,  
And a work of lowly love to do  
For the Lord, on whom we wait."

But when C. J. L. writes or you read about her dear old people at the "cottages," please don't think of the smaller houses in some pleasant country lane, where rosy-cheeked children play, or busy housewives prepare the evening meal.

Though the cottages we visit are not without some claim alike to comfort and prettiness, they

form part of the workhouse buildings, and are under the care of the W— Board of Guardians.

Mrs. L—, whose sudden removal will, we trust, be used as a living voice to some who, while they own the importance of "unseen things," have not yet really decided for Christ, was a gentle-faced, quiet-voiced woman, 78 years of age. I never heard from her lips the story of her conversion, but the way in which she confessed the Lord Jesus as her own long trusted Saviour was very simple and touching; while those who knew her best bear testimony not only to the unselfish spirit in which she seemed always on the watch for opportunities of doing little kindnesses, but to the earnest way in which she often spoke to them about their souls. "We shall miss her badly," said another inmate of No. 2 cottage. "She used to write all our letters for us, we only had to tell her what we wanted to say, and she would put it together for us, a great deal better than we could."

For about a week before her death she had complained of not feeling well, but when on the night of January 7th she went to bed, did not seem worse than usual. Suddenly, suddenly the Master's call was given, and while most of those around her slept she entered into the joy of her Lord.

J. P., Folkestone. You did not expect a real letter, did you, dear little friend? It was impossible to write to you by post as your address was not given; but then as you always read *Gospel Stories*, you are sure to see your initials (you did not even sign your name to the very kind note you wrote) and will know that the text-cards, which are really very nicely done for your age (11), were received. Thank you for sending them. You ask "If they are the kind wanted?" Yes, dear. ALL kinds of scripture-cards are useful, and very gladly received. Those not quite suitable for the aged find a welcome among the children, of whom C. J. L. knows a great many. Some of the little ones who come to her own class are poor, and would not get many bright or pretty things if our "Young Helpers" left off sending reward-cards, scrap and picture-books, re-dressed dolls, toys of which they or younger brothers and sisters have grown tired, and other things which, though of small value in themselves, give untold pleasure and are gratefully received alike by C. J. L. and those to whom they are passed on. May we each be found remembering the "words of the Lord Jesus," how He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.)

Another packet of hand-painted cards (three in number) has been received. As no name or address was given, and the post-mark was too indistinct to be made out, the sender is asked to accept thanks in this way. Cards very nicely done.

Letters, &c., will (D.V.) be answered again as usual next month.

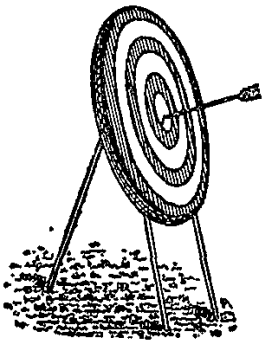
Letters, *Gleaners' Papers*, &c., to be addressed—  
C. J. L., Office of *Gospel Stories*,  
20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### ARROWS.



ARCHERY is a very ancient sport and mode of warfare. Long ago men were very expert with the bow. You may have read of the Spartans, and of the Saxon and English bowmen who could shoot and break a hair. The Eastern nations and the Egyptians were very expert at the bow. It is an art, however, which in warfare has been superseded by the rifle and cannon; but we need not be surprised to find the use of the bow and arrow again revived, as man is constantly reviving what has been before. The Bible abounds in allusions to the use of the arrow in warfare, and in symbol, and in this little article we draw your attention to some of these references. Esau used his arrows and bow to shoot stags. (Gen. xxvii. 3.) There is a beautiful tale of a young lad whom a prince took with him when he was practising, and who was made to run and pick up the arrows. What was that prince's name who shot so as to carry a message to his friend? The man who bears false witness against his neighbour is compared to

"A SHARP ARROW,"

because his words wound and injure. (Prov. xxv. 18.) It is a terrible sin to tell untruths about your playmate, and hateful to God as well as hurtful to others, for God's holy law says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour." False witness was borne against Jesus. (Matt. xxviii. 59-62.)

Poor afflicted Job cried out and said—

"THE ARROWS OF THE ALMIGHTY  
3-1902

are within me, the poison thereof drinketh up my spirit." Arrows were tipped with a most virulent poison, which soon entered the blood of the victim, causing certain death. The psalmist also cries out, "Thine arrows stick fast in me." In both these utterances the conscience was at work, and God was for the moment accounted as an enemy, causing the bitter thoughts. But while the conscience—the inner feeling of what is right or wrong—must be heard, God Himself is never against the soul, but seeking to bring it to repentance. So whenever you hear your conscience blaming you, go and confess all to God, and He will pardon. But those who wilfully and persistently continue in sin and rebellion against the holy One must be in the end treated as the Lord's enemies. All the unrepentant nations, when Christ begins to reign, will learn to their cost the truth of what is said to the Messiah in that lovely song, "Thine arrows are sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, whereby the people fall under thee." (Psa. xlv.) There many will be named—

### THE ARROWS OF JUDGMENT.

They are spoken of thus, "God shall shoot at them with an arrow; suddenly shall they be wounded." "The Lord shall be seen over them, and his arrows shall go forth as the lightning." There is, however, a brighter theme for which the arrow is used as a figure, or symbol, and that is to set forth the Lord Jesus Christ in all His perfection as an instrument in the hand of Jehovah. He is prophetically spoken of as being now "hid" in God's quiver, but to be brought forth at the appointed time. (Isa. xlix. 2.) Made as

"A POLISHED SHAFT."

It was customary for warriors to keep their




arrows well furbished and bright (Jer. li. 11) ready for use. Jesus was ever ready for the service of God. But more than that, when Elisha was upon his death-bed he bade Ithoram, who came to bid him farewell, shoot an arrow toward the rising sun. As the arrow left the bow he cried—

“THE ARROW OF THE LORD’S DELIVERANCE.”

This was evidently a figure, and a pledge of the coming of that Christ who would conquer every force opposed to God, and effect salvation for His people. Blessed be His name! In the day of His manifestation He shall come forth “conquering and to conquer,” and those who shall be with Him are “called, and chosen, and faithful.” (Rev. xvii. 14.) To believe on His blessed name, to suffer for Him, and reign with Him is the will of God for His own. (Phil. i. 29; 2 Tim. ii. 12.) Do you wish to be of this favoured company? Then you must make sure that you really have trusted in the only begotten Son of God. (John iii. 16-18.)

T. R. D.

### WHAT LITTLE ONES CAN DO.

 LITTLE May was only five years old, but had been taught about the Lord Jesus, and that He might come at any moment to take His own to be with Himself for ever.

She frequently went into a neighbour’s house, and prattled to Mrs. Gould as children do of all they hear, telling her that Jesus loved little ones, and wanted them for his bright home beyond the sky!

The Lord graciously used little May’s prattle to arouse in Mrs. Gould’s soul the knowledge that she was a sinner in need of a Saviour. May said to her one day, “Oh, Mrs. Gould, the Lord Jesus is coming to take me and papa and mamma away. Is He coming for you too?”


This question so alarmed the poor woman that she went to see May’s mother, who read to her God’s message to anxious ones: “Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.”

Mrs. Gould found peace in believing, and now she knows that the Lord is coming for her too!

It may be that some of you young readers could tell others of the Saviour’s love as little May did.

H.

### YOUNG GLEANERS’ COLUMN.

 LOOKING over “Young Gleaners’” papers has been no easy task this month, the number sent in being much larger than usual. It is pleasant to welcome so many new-comers. Many really good papers have been received, though there is always a shade of sadness in the feeling that so many will be disappointed at not finding themselves prize-winners. We have, through the kindness of a friend, been able to add a few Special Prizes to those given by the Editor of *Gospel Stories*, and as no Gleaner can take more than ONE during the year, we hope they will not get discouraged, but prove steady, faithful Gleaners, working from real love not only of Bible study, but of the precious Saviour, of whom almost every page of the WRITTEN word has something to say to us, and who is Himself the LIVING WORD. (John i.)

*Prizes for Answers to January Questions have been awarded to—*

HILDA MILLING, Barley Hill, Westport, Ireland; and

EULALIA ESPANA, Passo de Colon, Barcelona, Spain.

*Special Prizes will also be sent to—*

BESSIE SYDNEY, 20, Wortlèy Road, Upton Park, Essex; and

MARY K. MARTIN, “Mertonville,” Newport Road, Ventnor, Isle of Wight.

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

#### CROWNS.

1. The word crown when used in scripture does not always convey the same meaning. Sometimes it is applied to an edge or border; at others it is a mark of office, as in the case of the high priest; it is also used as a symbol of royalty. Give one scripture under each of the three headings just named.

2. On what occasion was the crown of a conquered king placed upon the head of his conquerer?

3. It must have been a moment of no common interest to every loyal heart in Israel

when the crown royal was placed upon the head of a boy only seven years of age. Name the youthful king, and give any details of his infancy you can find or remember.

4. Where are we told that the "hoary head is a crown of glory" to one found walking in the way of righteousness?

5. By which of the writers of the four gospels is the crown of thorns placed upon the head of the Lord mentioned, and by whom omitted?

6. In which of the epistles of Paul are we told that the Lord Jesus is now "crowned with glory and honour?"

The subject of "Crowns" will (D.V.) be continued next month. Gleaners' papers should be posted not later than the 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

### TWO BOYS.

IT is very interesting in visiting through the wards of an infirmary to meet so many different characters and conditions of soul. Let us tell you of two little boys. Boy number one had lost control of his limbs, yet, notwithstanding this serious affliction and loss, he was happy looking and very glad to be spoken to. But he was not a Christian. How sad methought it was. Had he but known the Friend of little children what a difference it would have made. We might say, when one is weak, or ill, one needs a friend most. Yet this little lad had the desire to know Jesus, the best Friend. We hope he will soon have the use of his limbs restored, and to live a bright Christian.

Boy number two was older and in bed. He had started to work to keep himself, but his strength failed him, and he had taken pleurisy in both lungs, but was getting better. He was on the Lord's side, we could see at a glance: he was so full of joy, and his face looked it, and was not afraid to confess the Lord, and to commend Him to others. What a difference from the first boy. He (No. 2) is an orphan, and had been weakly all along; this, no doubt, might cause him to turn to the Lord. Our readers may be in perfect health, and have kind parents to look after them; but do not let these blessings of God keep you from Jesus, the

true Friend and only Saviour, and the One who can fit us for the realms of the blest. There is no grace like His because He was rich, and became poor, that we might be rich through His poverty; and there is, nor could be, no love like His, for "the good Shepherd gave his life for the sheep." Make His acquaintance NOW.

R. W.

### WHERE DO YOU LIVE ?

HOW interested each boy and girl should be when they learn what great interest the blessed Lord has in each one of us. Knowing as He does all about us, not a single thing or thought escapes His notice.

In the first place, He knows each of our names: He calleth His own sheep by name. (John x. 3.) We read, "He loved Mary, and Martha, and Lazarus" (chap. xi.), and after He was risen from the dead He says, "Mary;" when He had ascended to heaven He calls to Saul of Tarsus, "Saul! Saul!" and I am sure you can find many more places in the New Testament where He calls people by name.

He also takes notice where we live. He says to Ananias, "Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one called Saul, of Tarsus: for, behold, he prayeth." (Acts ix. 11.) I suppose if we were giving this address now we should say—

SAUL OF TARSUS,

c/o Judas,

Straight Street,

DAMASCUS.

In chapter x. Cornelius is also given the address of Peter the apostle. He is told to send to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon the tanner, whose house is by the sea-side. So you see He not only knows our names but our full address also. "But if you are away from home?" you ask. Yes, if you are away from home, He knows where you are.

In chapter viii. the eunuch was a long way from home. He had been to Jerusalem to worship, and was returning—perhaps sad at heart for what had taken place there not long before, when they had crucified the Lord

Jesus, the Lord of glory. What an awful thing to do. They had said, "His blood be on us and on our children," not only making themselves guilty but their children also. They little knew what they were doing, or that God would demand that blood at their hand. The blessed Lord had said before they crucified Him, "Believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this moun-

hold, a man of Ethiopia an eunuch, of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had charge of all her treasure;" Philip joins him in the chariot, and preaches Jesus unto him. You will see this was no chance meeting. No; the Lord ordered it in His grace.

There is another thing He knows about us, this is, what we are doing. He says of

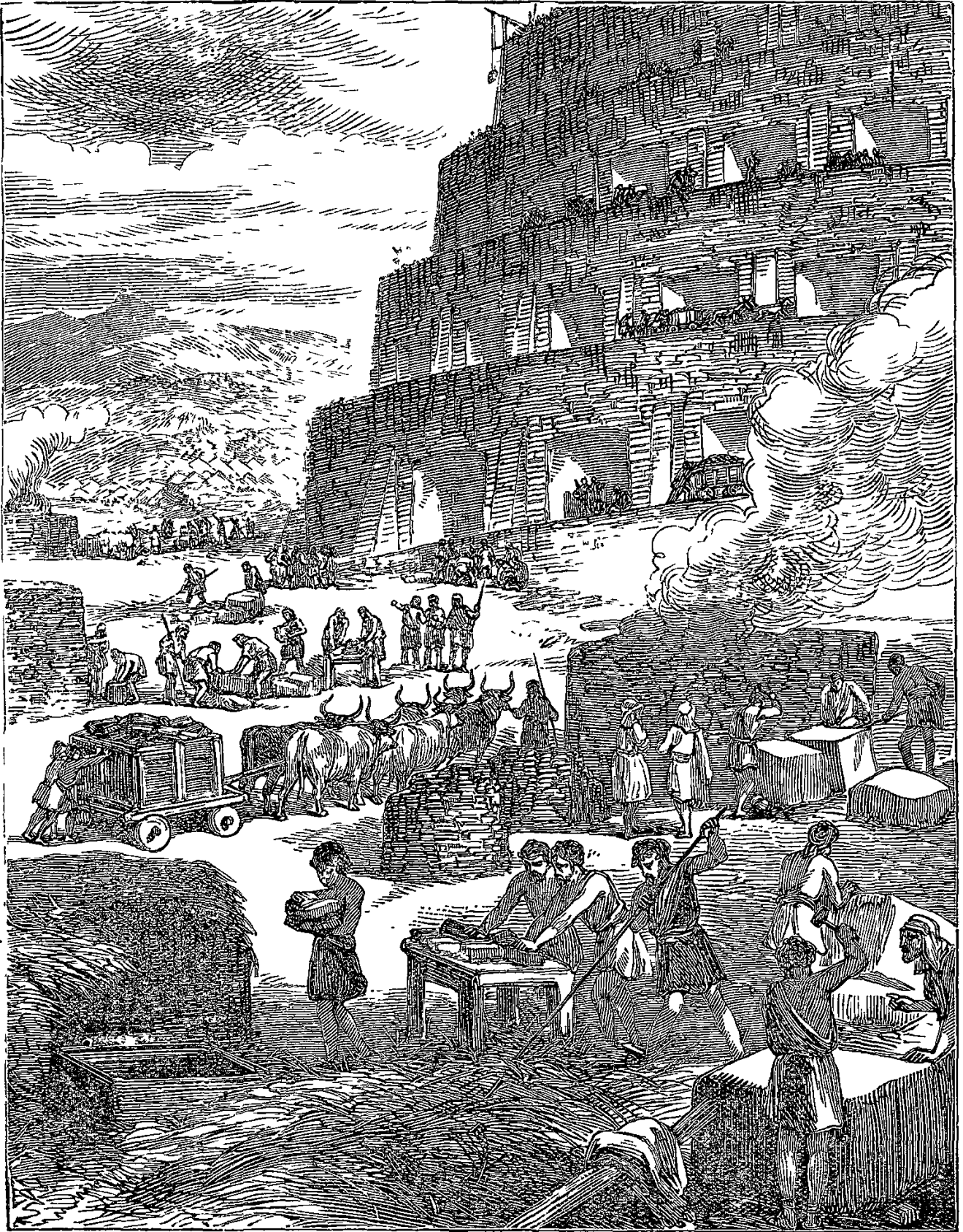


tain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father." (John iv. 21.)

The eunuch had, no doubt, found the truth of this. He was sitting in his chariot reading Esaias the prophet. The Lord was watching him. So He says to Philip, "Arise, and go toward the south unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert. And he arose and went, and, be-

Saul, "Behold, he prayeth." Can He say this of you? I do hope it is so. He saw the eunuch was reading the scriptures. Does He see you reading the scriptures often? Do remember, dear children, the two go together. May they be found together with you is my desire for you.

J. L.



BUILDERS ON EARTH.

**BUILDERS ON EARTH.**

**T**HIS world in which we live is full of builders of various kinds—from the tiny insects, like ants and others, that make their nests, the many kinds of birds that build in bushes, trees and eaves of houses, and so on till we come to man, who is the greatest of all builders on the earth.

But as there are many builders, so there is also the greatest variety in the kind of houses or buildings that are made. In our picture will be seen not a house, or a temple, but a tower. It is called the tower of Babel, and is the oldest structure of which we have any record, except perhaps the city which Cain went out and built.

This tower was built for a special purpose: it was not merely for use or ornament, but it was made that the builders might get a name for themselves.

The earth having been once destroyed by water, it is most likely they thought, that a tower, great and strong, would be a security against any such thing coming upon them again. Especially as they thought of building it up to heaven.

This was like trying to make themselves independent of God and His power, so that they might not be punished again in that way. They had forgotten that God had given a promise that He would not again send a flood, and that He had put His bow in the cloud as a sign of this promise.

But until we learn to know the love of God in our hearts, there seems to be a desire to do without Him, to put Him out of our thoughts: and as He looked down from heaven He saw the men of the earth trying to make a great name for themselves, and do without Him.

So God came down to shew how foolish they were, and how grieved He was that they would try to do without Him. God did not throw down the tower, as He might have done, but He confounded their language; that is to say, He made them speak different tongues, so that they could not understand each other.

No doubt they were greatly surprised at this; but they had to leave off building the tower, and were scattered abroad on the face

of the earth, divided up into companies, each speaking a different language.

Now, will you turn to Hebrews xi. 10, and read a short verse about another builder?

**BIBLE ENIGMA.**

A mother who in anguish prayed to heaven  
A queen to whom the grace of God was given.

She whose three warlike sons to fame were known,

And she whose offspring lived for God alone.

The father of a son whose lengthened reign

Begun in virtue, closed in guilt and pain;

And that king's son by cruel murderers slain.

A holy man of God supremely blest,

The husband of a wife who slew her guest.

Take the first letters of each name and then  
Find one who revered God and governed men.

**THE WANDERING DOVE.**

**S**HE had come from far, had that noble ship, leaving the sunny islands of the south far behind, and ploughing her way through many and many a mile of tossing and heaving ocean. Now the voyage was nearly over, the coast of Ireland was in sight, and the passengers were eagerly looking forward to the morrow, when they expected to reach port, and to see their friends in old England.

Just before sunset a dove, wearied with its flight, took refuge on the ship, and was picked up in an exhausted condition by a kind sailor, who tenderly nursed and cared for the little wanderer. Perhaps the poor thing had missed her way, and had wandered over the waters seeking a refuge, which at length she found in that homeward-bound vessel. How this reminds us of that dove

“From Noah's ark,  
That found no resting place,”

and which returned with an olive leaf—a message of peace—in its mouth.

Like the dove of our story, we too, dear children, need a refuge, a sure resting-place, and this we can find in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are assured of a kind welcome by Him who in the days of old took little



children up in His arms and blessed them, and is waiting even now to welcome and bless little ones like you. He says to each one, "Come." May you respond to His invitation, and say from your heart, "O lamb of God, I come." M. W.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A SNAIL AND A SILK-WORM.

**S**HALL we take a peep into "The Children's Museum," Brooklyn? It is visited every year by thousands of children, of whom numbers live in or near Brooklyn, while others are brought by their teachers or friends from quite long distances, and if the Museum is not exactly a play-ground, there are few, if any, among its numerous visitors who do not look forward to a day spent within its walls as a pleasant holiday.

"Will I tell you about the Museum, and some of the things to be seen there?" Bessie is saying. Some years ago a gentleman who took a great interest in the children of his native city (Brooklyn), gave a large sum of money to be spent in building a Museum in which children of school age might see for themselves many of the wonderful works of God. When Professor W. Goodyear told his friends how much he wished to found a Children's Museum, so many offered their help, that when the building, which is a large and handsome one, was ready, its walls were soon lined with glass cases, in which were displayed collections of curious objects from all parts of the world: wonderful bird-nests from South Africa, native dresses, and lovely pieces of coral from the green islands of the Pacific; rich silks and many-coloured carpets from the looms of Turkey and Persia, and many other things, of which I must not even try to tell you the names.

But perhaps no part of the Museum interests its young visitors more than what is called the model room. We might often find groups of happy children gathered round a table on which the model of a butterfly, snail or silk-worm had been placed. These models are very large, that of the snail being nearly five feet in length; that of the silk-worm measures about six. Why are these models so much larger than the objects they are intended to represent? If the children were only just to look and pass on, we might well wonder, but the great use of these models is that they can be dissected, or taken to pieces. In this way every part becomes, in the hands of a good teacher, a useful and interesting object-lesson. A little girl of not more than five or six years of age had been taken to the Museum, and was so delighted with her visit that she coaxed her grown-up brother till he took her again to see "the big snail and great silk-worm."

Sometimes a Botany class is formed round another dissectable model, perhaps of a rose or lily, petals, stamens, calyx and other parts of the flower being named by the children, whose bright

faces and ready answers seem to say, "We are having a good time."

American children are rich in playthings. Very beautiful and expensive toys, among which are dolls that only need to be wound up to enable them to walk and talk. (Very clever, but not half so interesting as real babies!) Bears that dance, and lions that roar on much the same lines. But we must not forget that if all the pretty things with which the toy-shops of America or England are stored could be owned by one boy or girl, they could not make their possessor really and truly happy. They could not fill and satisfy the heart. Only the love of God can do that. "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." (Psa. cvii. 9)

Before we say good-bye to the children of America, I should like to tell you a true story of one of the Lord's servants—Mr. P. Bliss. He was born in America, and, after his conversion, his life-work was to travel from city to city, or village to village, preaching and singing the gospel. He had been spending some weeks in one of the large towns of the United States, and when arranging for his return home, found he would arrive there on New Year's Eve, and turned into a toy-shop to buy presents for his own little boys, Paul and Georgie. As he came out carrying two quite large parcels, he noticed a very poor-looking child, a girl of ten or eleven years old, standing close to the window of the shop, her ragged frock and her shoeless feet forgotten as she gazed with wistful hungry eyes at a long row of beautifully-dressed wax dolls. Mr. Bliss loved children dearly, and felt so sorry for the child of the slums, as he thought. Poor little thing! I do not expect she ever had a doll in her life. How I should like to buy her one, and then when we have got the doll I'll take her into another shop and buy her a pair of shoes. How cold and wet her feet must be!

He laid his hand gently on the shoulder of the little girl, and said, "Will you shew me out of all those wax babies which you would like to have for your very own? We will go into the shop, and you must let me buy it for you." Was the girl pleased? No! No one had ever spoken to her in such a way before, and she could not believe that the stranger really wanted to buy her a doll. Giving him a look that was half-frightened, half-angry, she struggled for a moment, and, running with all her might down a narrow court, was soon lost to sight in the darkness.

Mr. B. waited for a little while, half hoping she might return, but she did not, and when at last he turned away his heart was strangely filled with sorrowful thoughts. He was sorry for the girl, whose life must, he knew, have been a rough and hard one, and who, perhaps, had so seldom heard kind words, that she could not believe they were really meant for her. Writing to a friend some time after, he said, "I think at that moment when the poor child would not trust me, and ran away, that in some little tiny way I entered into what the Lord Jesus must feel when men and women and boys and girls turn away from Him, will not listen

to the loving voice that once spoke on earth, but speaks from the glory now, saying, "Come unto me . . . and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Are *you*, dear little friend, grieving the Lord Jesus by still keeping away from Him, or have you given joy to His heart by believing His word and accepting His salvation?

C. J. L.

### CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

#### LI.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS,

So many letters are waiting to be answered that I shall not have room to write much about the dear aged ones for whom so many kindly sent gifts of pin-cushions, needle-books and text-cards. It was impossible to ask all who would have liked to be present when the distribution took place to "come and see," but one little girl, Dorothy M—, was their representative. We each carried a string bag filled to overflowing with small parcels, neatly wrapped in paper. You will hardly need to be told what these parcels contained. There was a special parcel for the old man who keeps the lodge, also something for his wife, and for the rest—our reading that day was only a short one, then Dorothy carried the bags round, and never did a group of happy children enjoy any little pleasure provided for them more heartily than our old friends in the workhouse. I do not think that it was exactly the gifts—which, of course, were of small value—that gave so much pleasure as the thought that some to whom they were personally unknown had thought of and worked *for them*. Quite a number of thanks and loving messages were sent, but as I have only room for one, will choose that of a dear old believer, who said, "Give our love and thanks to the dear children who have been so kind to us. It is nice to see the young think of the aged. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon every one of them. Some of them may live to be old and grey-headed. May He remember how they worked for us, and may they find in the Lord Jesus an unfailing Friend."

Cyril H. and Dora W., Guildford. No address was sent, so you did not expect a letter by post, did you, dear ones? But you will be glad to know that your parcel for the "dear old people" came safely, and its contents have been very useful. Have you, I wonder, ever tasted the joy of doing any little thing from love to the Lord Jesus because you really wanted to please Him? It may not be in our power to do or to give much, but if the little is done or given from real love to Christ He will give us the deep joy of knowing that in all our weakness we have really and truly sought to serve and please the Lord.

Harold W., Guildford. Thank you, dear Harold, for the nice packet of cards, &c., you sent. You were, I am sure, very happy in your work; some of the cards are very nicely done. Those most likely to be a cheer and help to the aged were taken to the workhouse, the rest given to poor children, so you see all had some really use-

ful work to do. You do not give your full name, but I feel almost sure I have seen your writing among "Gleaners'" papers.

Agnes S, Shrewsbury. So sorry, dear, that through press of work you have not had even a line by post, but please do not get discouraged. Your gifts came just when most wanted, and helped to make two or three poor people feel that they were not forgotten. It is a great joy to be allowed to give even a kind word, or to bring a bright, restful thought into the life of some sick or lonely one, but we need to remember that only the love of God "shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost" can make any one really and truly happy. I am going to give you a lovely verse from one of the Psalms. There will be no need to tell you which, as I should like you to look it out for yourself: "In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

Three very pretty scrap-books, with which no name or address was enclosed, post-mark Kingsbridge, have just been received. Will the sender please accept very real thanks? One at least will be a welcome gift to a Christian doctor, who is always glad to get a text-album for the waiting-room of his Medical Mission, and who often finds the grown-up people looking at its pictures, or reading texts with as much or even more interest than the children. Old block calendars and motto cards have been turned to good account in these albums. We can always ask the Lord to use His own word in real blessing to souls, and we notice this all the more gladly in the hope that some who have not already done so will begin to collect texts and paste them with all the scraps and pictures they can get into an album.

A parcel containing six articles of clothing (children's), all very warm and useful, post-mark Hull, has also been received. The unknown friend who so kindly thought of the busy mothers and their little ones is warmly thanked. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love." (Heb. vi. 10.)

We have only just time before going to press to acknowledge with thanks a box containing 13 dressed dolls. Great indeed will be the delight of the little girls to whom they will be given. They were so nicely packed that only one seems to have been at all injured by a rather long railway journey—from Kingsbridge.

Eliza E. K., Pana., Ill., U.S.A. So glad to get your paper, dear. You have found all the passages given correctly. Will you please try to write a short letter with your next "Gleaners'" paper. It would seem almost like having a peep into your far-off home, and might guide in writing in such a way as might, with the blessing of the Lord, really help and encourage you.

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be posted not later than the 25th. Address—

C. J. L., Office of *Gospel Stories*,

20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers for the sick and aged, &c., should be posted direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### DANGEROUS.

A WORD TO THE HEEDLESS.



**I**T is quite a usual thing to see notice boards placed upon country roads with this warning:—

TO CYCLISTS.

This Hill is

**DANGEROUS.**

Every wise rider will regard such a caution by either riding very slowly, or by dismounting. But, alas! many a one disregards the warning and suffer thereby, even unto death. We know of several such cases, and seeing such a notice made us think of a more serious result to those who brave God's notices which in mercy He has put up along the highway of time to warn the careless and thoughtless of the sure judgment which lies ahead for every unconverted boy and girl, man and woman. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the *end* thereof are the ways of death." Twice in Proverbs this solemn word is uttered; so if, dear young reader, your way "seemeth right," you had better inquire, lest you find what you think pleasant leads to destruction.

Once a young man, taking a spin on his bicycle, came to a small shed. He saw a little handbill upon it, and read the words—

"PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD."

4-1902

These words disturbed his peace of mind, nor did he get rest until he found that his only and sure preparation was to take Christ—the gift of God. (1 John v. 12.) Now, there are three ways in which the cyclist may regard the danger boards.

HE MAY DISREGARD THEM,

and boldly pass on. Some may skilfully turn the corner, or by good nerves steer clear of a "spill," but some, alas! come to grief. When God's word cries

BECAUSE THERE IS WRATH—BEWARE!

No one, because he disregards the warning, can ever escape the awful day of wrath. (Col. iii. 6.)

The second way is to treat the notice as if it was not there at all. Some never look for it. Others are so taken up with other things as not to be concerned as to whether it is there or not. But there the faithful monitor stands. The storm may rage, or the sun shine: there may be dozens of cyclists pass by it, or only one. The words of mercy stand out in silent, bold relief, "This hill is dangerous." Your Bible speaks, though you care not—fear not or heed it not.

AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT!

What an awful word! Yet mercy speaks it, because mercy would save the careless, Christless soul. Those who do not see the danger signal suffer. "Whoso despiseth the word shall be destroyed." (Prov. xiii. 13.) There is, however, a third effect produced by the danger signal. By many it is thankfully seen, and its warning heeded, and the travellers pass on in peace and safety. Now, dear reader, when God's merciful warnings are believed, and thus received they lead you sincerely to "consider your ways," with the result that you become, by your own confes-



sion, "the sinner" for whom Jesus died, and He will be seen as God's wonderful gift of love, and "the way" not only from certain destruction, but the way to God the Father. Whenever you see a cyclists' board of warning, think of what you have read, and remember the words, "A prudent man foreseeeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on, and are punished."

T. R. D.

### SUDDENLY CALLED.

**T**HOSE eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? (Luke xiii. 4.)

The above words come to my mind as I sit down to write about a sad incident that occurred at this pretty sea-side spot only a few days since, stirring all thoughtful minds, and deeply touching the sympathetic and earnest.

We were down on the beach for our usual bathe, the sun was shining brightly this August morning on the advancing waves, the white tents and the laughing groups of thoughtless bathers, when the news spread from tent to tent and from group to group that a young girl had been found drowned a few hundred yards away. She had gone down in the early morning to bathe, had evidently gone out too far, and been carried into deep water. Her lifeless body was found shortly after, and was carried back to her home on the cliff, from which only an hour before she had gone forth, full of life and health, little thinking that before the sun—then so brightly shining—*set*, death would have *set* his seal upon her. Surely we can look on this as a warning message to all who hear of it. No one for a moment supposes the poor girl was a sinner above others; indeed, were she ready to meet God the call home, though sudden,\* would have been a kind and painless one compared with many others. The whole question of importance lies just in that—Was she ready? Where is she now? She was quite a stranger to us, so we cannot answer; but it is possible to *know*, thank God, and what I long in writing this is, that every one who reads it may say to himself or herself, "If it had been

I who was drowned, where should I be?"—with Christ, "which is far better?" or "in outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth?" Every one who reads this will have heard how they can be saved, now and for ever, many times! But not all will perhaps have faced the necessity for themselves—*really* believed they need this salvation; and now, lest they have not a day longer in which to accept it (*Now* is the day, Christ is the *way*, do not delay. By grace are ye saved—through faith, it is the gift of God), let me entreat any such to go straight to God and ask Him for assurance, that your sins are forgiven, that you are ready to meet Him if called suddenly away. Tell *Him* whether you have really accepted the work of Christ on Calvary for yourself, and have the joy and relief faith always gives. Perhaps you are saying, "How can I be saved? What must I do?" There is nothing that you can do. Leave off doing altogether, get Christ *first*, and then you may do as much as you like. See the blessed work of Him who was nailed to that cruel cross for *you*. Sit still a moment and think—the blood of that perfect, divine Man must be my redemption, and if I would be saved I must put my whole trust in what *He* suffered for me. God says, "When I see the blood I will pass over you." The blood of Christ, nothing but it, can ever save the soul. Come to Him *now*, and say, "Lord, I trust Thee. I have nothing else to trust to; sink or swim, my Saviour I trust *Thee*." And as surely as thou can'st put thy trust in Christ thou art *safe*. Trust in Jesus *now*! in Jesus only.

S. G. G—H.

Swanage, August 28th, 1901.

### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**T**HE children who attend Mrs. Banyard's school, Barcelona, Spain, have again sent quite a large packet of Gleaners' papers, eight in number. These, though written in Spanish, have been translated through the kindness of a friend. Many of their papers are beautifully done, all give proof of really good, painstaking work, and when we remember that these boys and girls have very little home help in the way of Bible searching, some none at all, we do not think

that any of our Gleaners will grudge them their well-earned prizes. It has often been a discouragement to the friend who for many years past has had no greater joy than to gather the children round her and tell them

"The old old story,  
Of Jesus and His love;"

to see those in whose hearts she had good reason for hope that the Lord was working, taken away by their parents and sent to be taught by priests and nuns. But even then it has been a cheer to remember that the Lord could use the little they had learnt to make them wise unto salvation.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

CARMEU GOMEZ, Parso de Colon, Barcelona, Spain; and

SARAH TURNBULL, Clayport Street, Alnwick, Northumberland.

*Special Prizes have been awarded to—*

INA MACKINTOSH, 66, Castle Street, Banff, N.B.; and

JENNY HEDGES, Meer End, near Kenilworth (aged 7 years).

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

##### CROWNS (*continued*).

1. What kind of a crown did Paul expect to receive at the appearing of the Lord?
2. On whom will the Chief Shepherd bestow "a crown of glory that fadeth not away?"
3. By whom was "a crown of life" promised to the overcomer in Smyrna?
4. By whom is "the crown of life" spoken of in connection with personal affection for the Lord?
5. Before whom did the company of whom we read in Revelation iv. cast their crowns?
6. Two crowns are contrasted by Paul in chapter ix. of his first letter to the Corinthians. Name them, and explain as clearly as you can what you understand by each.

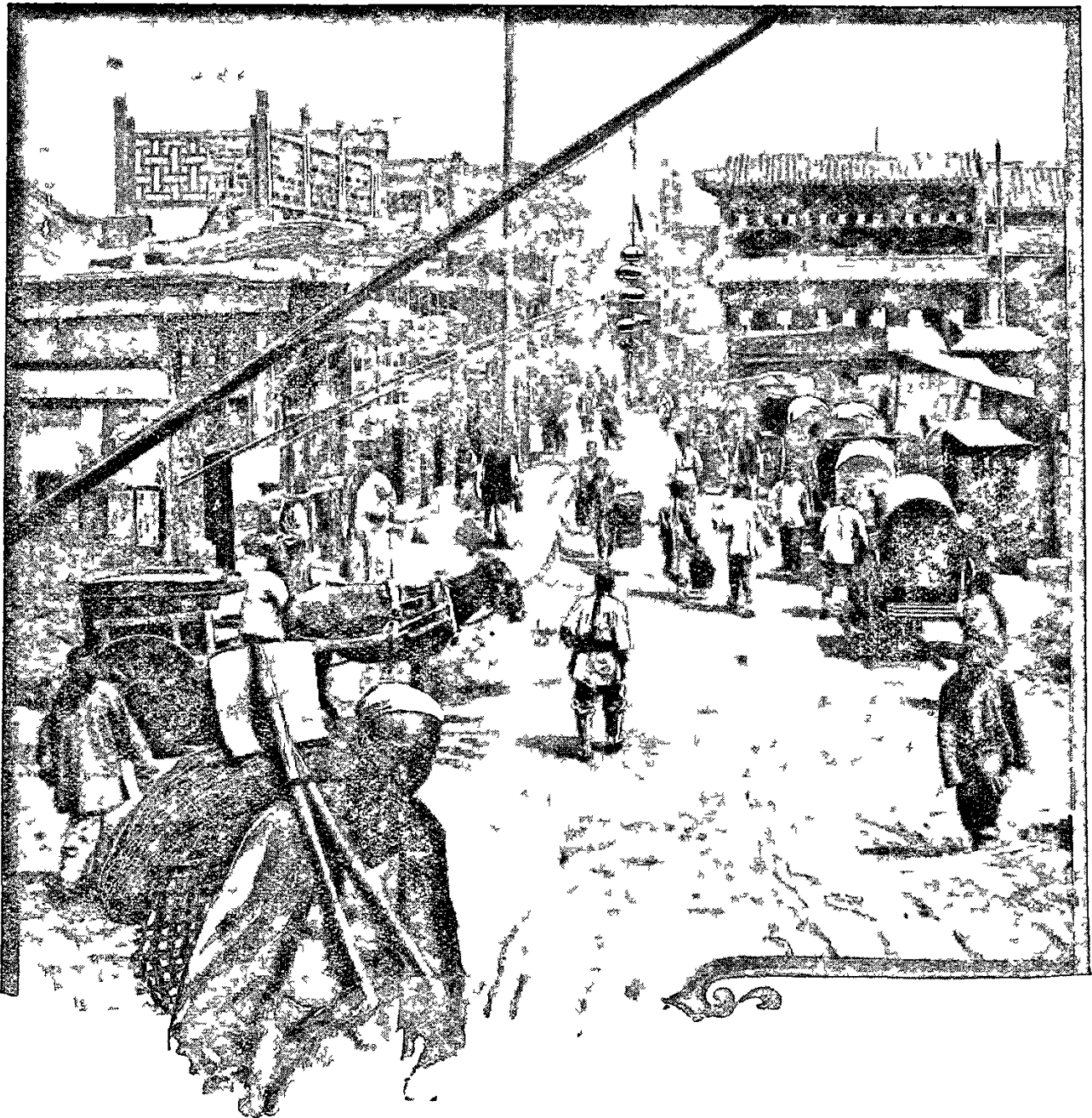
Gleaners papers should be posted not later than the 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.



#### A TYPICAL STREET SCENE IN CHINA.

ONCE while dwelling in a Chinese city we were roused from our beds very early in the morning, and found all the people thoroughly alarmed and flying from the place. Standing at the door of our house, we saw an apparently endless crowd of men, women, and children hurrying along the narrow street. The very young and the very old were there; and all who could were carrying a load of some kind or other. Fathers and mothers were carrying their baby-children. Some were bound on the backs of their mothers, and others were sitting inside large, round baskets, of which every woman carries two hanging from the ends of a short pole borne on the shoulder. Some of the men were carrying rude weapons with which to defend themselves, and some men and women were carrying little bundles of rice, and vessels to cook it in. As they passed, I saw that every face had an earnest look. There was no joking nor laughing among them. Their one desire seemed to be to get away from the city as speedily as possible. All the night before, loads of valuable goods—opium, rice, wine, money, &c.—had been carried into the city, or deposited on boats ready to be borne off to a place of safety, and now the people were seeking the same for themselves and their children. They knew the cruel and greedy hearts of the robbers, from whose threatened invasion they were flying; so much so, that they left all behind, except what they could carry, that they might save their lives.

As I thought on the incident, I remembered another flight from danger that has been accomplished by a great number of people all over the world, in the centuries that are past, as well as in the one that is now just opened. Like a man called Christian, of whom we all have heard, they learned from the Bible that the world they were born in was doomed to destruction; that because they were sinners against the holy God, they were like to be lost for ever. They also heard that salvation had been procured for all who would come and avail themselves of it, and so they fled from the place where



A STREET IN PEKIN

God's wrath was about to overtake them, and sheltered in Christ—in the riven side of the crucified and risen Saviour—there they are perfectly safe for evermore. The One who shelters them says: "He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into judgment; but is passed from death unto life." (John v. 24.) Happy people, once in danger of bearing God's wrath for ever, now eternally secure from it all.

Have you thus fled to Christ for refuge

yet? Why not? Your danger is more real, and your loss if you die as you are will be infinitely greater than that which threatened the poor, fleeing people we have spoken of. Are their lives, and the lives of their children, and their scanty earthly treasure, of more value to them than your eternal weal is to you? Be warned. The "wrath to come" is real, salvation is real, and He who died to save and lives to save still says: "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

T. R. A.

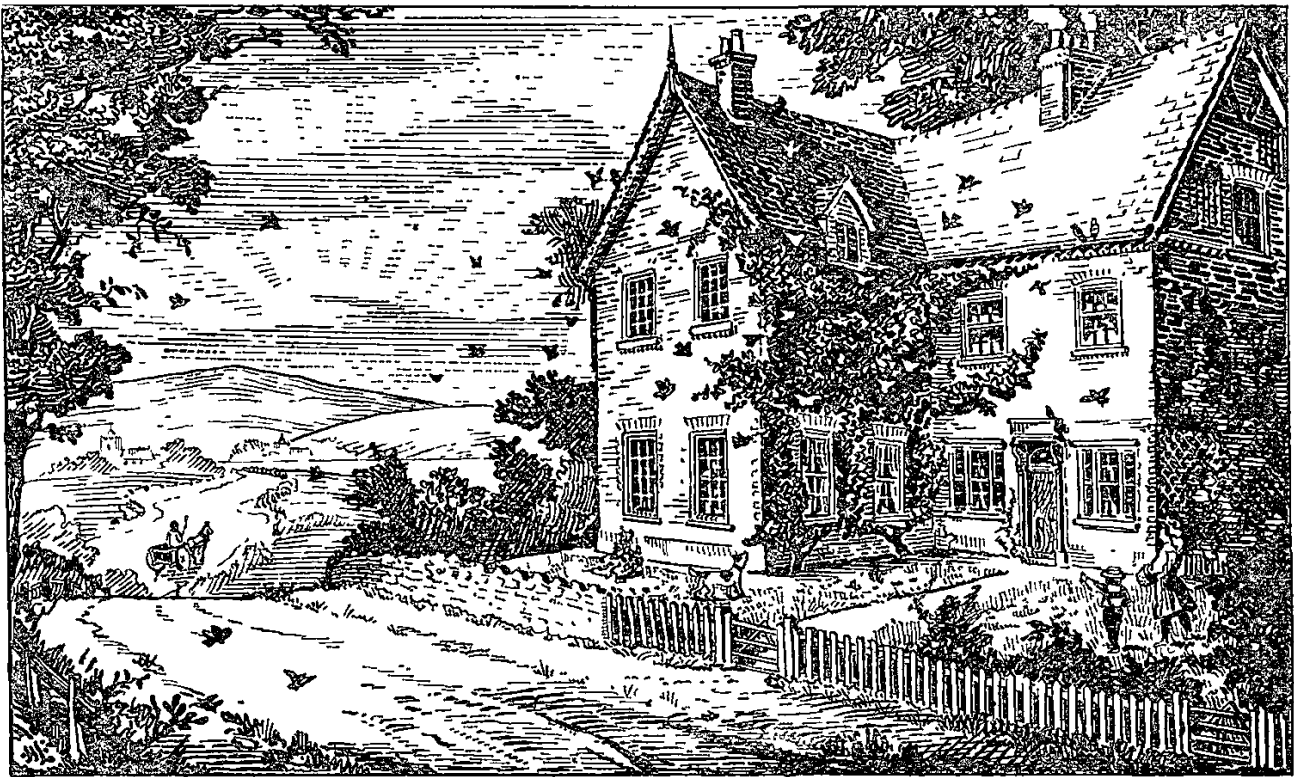
### THE WISE SPARROWS.

**B**EFORE night comes on most creatures wisely make sure that they have a shelter from danger, and where they can have rest and comfort. Birds are not at all behind in this respect. Lately we have watched the habits of some house sparrows, and we will tell you a short story about some of them. Well, one afternoon, when looking out of our window, we noticed, ever such a long time before sunset, about twenty sparrows come, one after another, to some thick

is of more value than many sparrows) really sheltered from the coming long, dark night of judgment? And have you made sure, when the time comes, of a happy home in the Father's house in glory? God, in His mercy, provided for those helpless sparrows, and He has, in love and grace, provided for us, but at what a cost!

"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.)

The Lord Jesus, in His great love and



ivy growing upon the side of a gable wall of the house. They first just peeped about among the leaves for a minute or two, evidently to make sure of a safe place for the night. They then went away to the trees and other places for a time. At dusk they all returned together to occupy their secured places for the night. That night turned out very dark, cold, wet and windy, which made us think of them.

*Wise and happy little birdies were they!*

What a lesson is this for our souls to learn.

Dear child, girl or boy, is your soul (which

grace, has provided the eternal shelter and heavenly home for every one who receives Him. It was written of Him before He came, "I watch and am as a sparrow ALONE upon the housetop." And He Himself said, when here, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

The blessed Saviour meant us to be rich in glory for ever and for ever with and like Himself.

Dear one, have you received Him? If not, oh! do make sure of Him before the long, dark night comes on! Then remember,

Jesus is soon coming, to the joy of His own loving heart, to take all His own blood-bought ones to be His companions, *never to part*.

MAY YOU BE ONE OF THEM!

J. N.

### BIBLE ENIGMA FOR APRIL.

A creature clean, so fit for meat,  
For it can lift from earth its feet,  
A bird\* which flies far from its nest  
That young, not self, it may protect.  
This bird when human strength gives way,  
Can teach believers where's their stay.  
A bird, which having left our shore,  
Has got a brighter clime in store.  
A bird of which the psalmist speaks,  
Though restless, rest it gladly seeks.  
Things on which most birds will sit  
Though one this duty doth neglect.  
A bird with lovely eyes possessed  
Is named, mid thoughts of love expressed.

The first letters of the words put together  
Describe what is true of every believer.  
With it several psalms commence,  
It gives the thought of joy intense.

\* More commonly called peewit or plover.

### HOW JESUS FOUND LITTLE ROSIE.

“OH, I wish I loved Jesus; I wish I was sure of going to heaven, like mamma! If there was only a certain price to be paid to go there, then I could pay it, and thus be quite sure of going there.” So thought a little girl as she stood pressing her face against the window-pane. It was a very troubled little face, and her eyes were filled with tears as she stood there thinking. The Holy Spirit had convinced this dear child of sin. She was all alone in her tiny bedroom, and she had put a chair against the door which led into her mother's room, lest she should come in and find her praying. Then she sat down and read her daily portion. It was the story of a woman who loved her Saviour greatly and wanted to show her love to Him, so she brought a box of very precious ointment, and while Jesus was sitting at meat, she anointed His feet with it, washed them with her tears and wiped them

with the hairs of her head. And then Jesus said those comforting words to her, “Thy sins are forgiven.” Oh! thought little Rosie, I do so long for Jesus to say those words to me.

Then she knelt by her bed and asked Jesus to forgive her all her sins. Suddenly she heard a voice saying “Thy sins are forgiven.” There was a moment's pause. Was it really Jesus saying it to her? Oh, poor little Rosie, why did you not believe it and go on your way rejoicing, instead of giving Satan an opportunity to make you doubt?

The evil one whispered, “It is only because you have just read it; that is why it rings in your ears?” So she listened to the tempter's voice and rose from her knees feeling more miserable than ever. If she had only taken the Saviour's words in simple faith, what sad days it would have saved her. But the tender Shepherd did not leave her.

### BARTIMÆUS.

I MUST make haste now, and choose some place to-day where a lot of people will pass by. So few people paid any regard to me yesterday when I cried, “Please pity the poor blind man.” I do hope I shall get more money to-day.

Oh, dear, it is very hard to be blind. I should so very much like to see the beautiful things around me; I would not mind being ever so poor, if I could only see. It is dreadful to be always in the dark.

Now, boys and girls, do not you pity this poor blind man? He walked along the road and stood waiting for the people passing by to give him money.

Soon he heard a great noise of people walking and talking, and asked, “What is all that noise? Is not there a crowd coming this way?”

“Oh yes, there is,” somebody said; “Jesus of Nazareth is passing this way.”

So he began to call out, “Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon me.”

The people near him said, “Pray leave off making that noise; it is quite a disturbance.”

You see they were not blind, and did not know how sad it was.

He did not leave off calling out, and soon

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

31

the Lord heard him, and *He* did not say "leave off making that noise" to him, but asked him what he wanted. How joyfully the blind man said what it was, and how gladly the kind Saviour said—

"RECEIVE THY SIGHT;"

and I expect the first person the blind man saw was the blessed Lord Jesus. I cannot tell you how pleased the poor man was: he felt he could not leave Jesus, and so followed Him along the road to Jerusalem, telling those about him of his good fortune, and praising God. But how sad he must have felt afterwards, if he went to Jerusalem, to see that same loving Saviour nailed to the cross, and so cruelly treated. Do you know, dear child, why the Lord Jesus allowed those wicked men to put Him to such a shameful death?

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### "GRANNY MOON."

**Y**OU never heard of a game with such a strange name, dear English or Canadian boys and girls, did you? Well, I expect not; and, of course, you do not know how to play it. But as you are all ready for another peep into playgrounds, we will visit the children of Madagascar in their island home, and try if we cannot learn something as we watch a group of dark-skinned native children at their play.

The game I have called "Granny Moon" is a great favourite with the girls, and most of the younger boys, but they call it by a much longer name, one that means in their language "Grandmother Moon, who died and rose again." The play-ground these children will choose is not rich in swings, see-saws, &c. They generally choose some open space, and join hands to form a ring. One of their number is then selected to represent Granny Moon. The girl who has been chosen must then lie down in the centre of the circle, while all the other players take off their *lambas* (a kind of short cloak, worn alike by the children and grown-up people of Madagascar), and cover her up with them in such a way that she is quite hidden from sight.

The great fun of the game then begins. Granny is supposed to be dead, and the children set up a great mourning (all play, you know): they pretend to cry and sob, while some utter cries of distress. They also recite little speeches, of which the following is perhaps as good a translation as can be given: "Granny, dear granny, why did you die and leave so many little orphans? We are very poor, we have no one to dig for us, no one to cook our rice! We shall all die of hunger, we shall

perish from fever or famine. When, oh when, will you rise again?"

This goes on till the children are tired. Then they lie down in a circle, and play that they are asleep. The wailing has ceased, and for a few moments all is quiet. Suddenly, one player springs to her feet, and, calling out loudly to arouse her companions, who are supposed to be still sleeping, says she has had a dream in which she has seen Granny Moon, who bade her tell the others that they must not lose any time in getting ready for her return, as on the first day of the week she will rise again. The children laugh, clap their hands, and seem greatly pleased. Then follows a great bustle of preparation. A simple feast of nuts and berries is spread upon plaintain leaves. When all is in readiness, the girl who has been for so long hidden under the pile of lambas gets up. She is welcomed by her companions with expressions of great delight; they dance round her, pat her hands, and stroke her face, saying, "Granny has risen again; we shall have rice to eat, we shall not die of hunger now she has come back to us."

The elder boys often amuse themselves by a mimic bull hunt. One boy fastens short forked branches upon his head, to represent the horns of the bull; he then, bellowing loudly, runs about on his hands and knees. The other boys, armed with sticks, prepare to attack the bull, whose aim is to keep them at bay with his wooden horns, which they on their part try to break off and destroy. This game often leads to very rough play, and sometimes one or more boys get badly hurt before the bull is caught and his horns cut off.

Though, as we learnt when taking *Rambles in Babyland*, the island of Madagascar is peopled by several distinct tribes, and though one of these tribes—the "Hovis," who live nearly in the centre of the island—have given up their idols, and allow their children to be taught in christian schools, most of the hill tribes are still heathen; and though of late years attempts to carry the gospel to them have been made, they cling to their old ways, and fear, as they *cannot* love, the idols of their country.

We can hardly help wondering, as we read of how the children of Madagascar play, how the thought that the dead will rise again entered the minds of these girls, many of whom are still heathen, and our desire and prayer for them is that the light of the glorious gospel, with its "better hope"—that for which Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles, looked—the believer's hope of resurrection from among the dead (Phil. iii. 11), might, with its purifying power, bring gladdened hearts and changed lives to many of the boys and girls in whose games we have all taken so much interest.

There are at the present time quite a number of schools in the island, those in the towns being well attended, lessons in most of the subjects that make our schooldays such busy ones being given. We should miss one thing, the noise of many feet. As none of the scholars wear shoes or boots, their bare feet, even when marching or going through



drill, do not make much sound on the mud or clay floor of the schoolroom. Though the children of Madagascar love play as much as those of other countries, they are generally quiet and obedient when told to be so. Lessons in honesty and truth-telling being far more difficult to teach.

But we can and do thank God for some who have been brightly converted, their past of sin and selfishness blotted out by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ. In Him they have had a new beginning, and are now seeking in many quiet ways to shew forth the praises of Him "Who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light." (1 Peter ii. 9.)

C. J. L.

### CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

#### LII.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

It is pleasant and encouraging to find in last month's packet so many loving little notes from those who have not written before, and from the interest shewn by most of our Gleaners in their happy work, the outlook is a hopeful one. The great need seems to be for more earnest prayer, that the blessing of the Lord, without which no work can prosper, may again rest upon our attempt to lead our little band of Gleaners, by easy steps and pleasant paths, into the great field of Bible study. May we each have such a true-heart love for our Bibles that we may be able to say with one of old, "By the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." (Psa. xvii. 4.)

Lizzie W., Caledonian Road, King's Cross, N. Your letter, dear young sister in Christ, has been a real cheer. It is always a joy to know that any readers of *Gospel Stories* have received help in the things of the Lord through it's pages. We can unite in giving thanks, can we not? Write as often as you have opportunity, and as freely. Going as you do to business, your time, it is easy to believe, is pretty well filled up. But do not forget that the One whom through grace you have learned to trust and love as your very own Saviour is the One who is ALONE ABLE to keep you from falling. Give the Lord His place. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God . . ."

Yes, gifts such as you propose sending would give a great deal of pleasure to some of the poor little girls C.J.L. knows. Let us each seek to work from real love to Christ that He may be able to say of our tiny bit of service, "She hath done what she could." Your age need not prevent you from being a Gleaner, as we are always glad for those who have left school to send papers.

William T., Walthamstow. Your paper, dear William, is very neatly done, and we hope you will be a regular Gleaner. Quite a number of boys have joined this month. Our desire and prayer for each is that they may, like Timothy of old, be made early "wise unto salvation." No mere head knowledge will do. It must be heart work; but if he Lord has put a real desire for salvation into the

heart of any, be sure He is calling that one, saying, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." (Matt. xi. 28.)

Ernest P., Redlands, Bristol. So glad to get your letter, and to find that as your sister is hardly old enough to write answers to our Bible questions, you have decided to become a Gleaner. Send your own paper; but perhaps if you were to give the little girl some help, she might soon be able to answer easy questions that are given to encourage the younger members of our class to "Try, try again." "Be ye kind one to another" (Eph. iv. 32) is a lovely motto text for home and school life.

Adah M., Bradford, Yorks. You have found all the answers to February questions correctly, and C.J.L. will be glad to have you for one of her little friends. Have you come to the Lord Jesus yet, dear? Can you say He is your Saviour? If you can answer yes, He wants you to go on to know more of His great love to you. He will teach you by His Holy Spirit something about the work He is now doing for those whose sins His precious blood has washed away.

Agnes C. F., Melbourne, Australia. Accept thanks, dear Agnes, for your very neat paper of answers to Gleaners' questions, also "Bible Clock." Both arrived by the same mail. Your selection of texts is very good, and you have taken pains with the floral border. It is not too late to be a cheer to some one, who will value it all the more because it had to travel so many miles before it could be given to one of our sick friends.

George F., Buckingham. Very glad to get your paper, and to welcome you to our *Gospel Stories* Bible class. You have taken pains with your answers. If you and I are to be found walking in wisdom's ways, which really means following Christ, our feet will need to be shod in the way of which the text you quote (Eph. vi. 15) speaks of.

Jessie and Clement J., Batts Corner, Farnham. Thanks, dear ones, for your loving notes, also for answers to Bible questions. I am sorry that I cannot reply by post to more letters, but if you could only see the number that are received every month, you would not wonder that so many have to wait quite a long time before getting even a line in "Correspondence Corner," but we do hope no one is getting discouraged or thinking "I will not write any more." "Ye have need of patience" is a word we all need to remember very often. Your gifts have given great pleasure to the children for whom you worked.

William W., Pudbury, near Buckingham; Chas. Henry H., Birkstone, Dorset; Ruth H., Cheverton Road; Isabella R. M., Norton, Isle of Wight; and Florence T., Birmingham, are asked to accept love and thanks for their letters, as want of space will not allow of a few lines to each.

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be posted not later than the 25th. Address—

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

Flowers for the sick and aged when sent should be posted direct to C. J. L., 106 Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### PANCRATIUS,\*

#### The Boy Martyr of Rome.

##### CHAPTER I.

A ROMAN lady sat, with her distaff in her hand, near the opening of the street leading to her noble and stately home. She was alone. Behind her was the hall, upon the walls of which were inscribed on entablatures of marble the stories of Roman days gone by. There was the tale in deep mosaic work of Romulus and Remus, of Horatius Cocles, and that young Mucius who, in the presence of Porsenna, thrust his hand into the burning coal; and there was the great Camillus striking the balance with his iron sword against the power of Brennus and the Gauls. Such were the pictures exposed to the clear atmosphere of Italy.

In the midst of the marble hall one of those delicious fountains of water for which the Roman houses were famed sprang towards the open sky, and fell with cool sweetness upon the basin which encircled it.

The lady waited—footsteps drew near; they were those of a Roman boy. The youth reached the ostia of the atrium; he was a fine and manly boy, aged sixteen. He stood before his mother; his olive-coloured legs were bare, his long, dark Italian hair fell over his shoulders, his face was swarthy with the colour of a southern clime, and his figure clothed with the dress of a Roman lad. He had a satchel round his breast and shoulder,

\* Most of our young readers have heard of the great parish of St. Pancras, in London, and also of the mighty railway station bearing the same name. Few, however, have read the story of the dear young martyr of Jesus, whose name has thus been perpetuated.

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upon which hung the books with which he had left his school.

"Pancratius, where have you been? You are late from school; but more than that, you look sad and disheartened."

The boy stood before his mother, and dropped upon his knee.

"Tell me, Pancratius, tell me; there is something the matter; what is it?"

"Oh! my mother, they have long suspected me at school of being a Christian; but, as you know, I have never confessed. There is a boy named Fulvius, older than I am by two years. He has always been my rival, and he hates me. To-day we were all in the yard, leaving the school. A little fellow, Caius, was holding my hand. Fulvius struck him on the breast. I raised my arm to protect him, and Fulvius struck me in the face. All the boys drew near. They thought that a fight was going to begin. 'You are a Christian—a vile, abject Christian,' cried Fulvius, and he struck me again. I doubled my fist; but, as I did so, I remembered Him who stood blindfolded before His accusers, stricken on the face, but answering not again. I drew back, and they called me a coward. But, oh! mother, *I am not a coward.*"

"My beloved child, I never can—I never will believe Pancratius to be a coward. No, my noble boy. Your father died a martyr for the cause of Christ, and I will believe that you will do so rather than yield the faith to which you have pledged yourself."

The boy rested upon his mother's bosom. Very beautiful was that boy's figure as he rested there. "They called me a coward; but I am not a coward," were the words which still echoed in whispers round the chamber.



Time passed on, and after partaking of refreshments, his mother said, "Go to rest, my boy, you are weary and vexed."

The boy rose, and went to his chamber. He knelt in prayer to God, and then lay down on his couch, and as he did so murmured to himself, "I am not a coward." Soon he slept—lulled by the sound of the delicious splash of the fountain, and under the exquisitely soft lustre of the Roman moon.

No, he was no coward; but, like many another, he was a disciple of Jesus *secretly*. He knew and loved the Saviour, but, acting on the advice of others, he had not openly confessed the Lord. Confession then meant torture and death.

#### CHAPTER II.

Morning came. His mother, Lucina, had not yet risen from her couch. The boy was gone—gone back to school—gone to bear greater suffering than the blow of Fulvius. He returned, to go on with his daily work in school under the chill shadow of indifference and lack of notice from all around him. The suppressed laugh, the glance of the eye, scarce lifted over the page or slate, at the youth, as he took his place and pursued his work, were the trials of the young Christian that day.

As Pancratius left school that afternoon, the galling cry of "There goes the coward!" brought the red blush to his cheek.

But, was he a coward? No, no! the self-control and moral courage he had displayed was far beyond the brute pluck that might have made him fight both Fulvius and his whole party. It was the grace and strength of Jesus.

On that evening, as the youth was standing near his mother, a distant sound was heard in the street. The lady did not move. Pancratius started; his finger was on his lip.

"My mother! did you hear that?"

"I heard a sound," said the lady, gently; "but were the evening not so still, the sky so cloudless, I should have thought it was thunder."

Pancratius leant close to her ear, and whispered the words—the old words, "My mother, I am no coward." The very sound

of this sentence had become like rhythm in his mother's ear. She smiled, but did not answer when again the sound arose in the distance, but evidently nearer.

Presently there was the sound of a multitude approaching, and the grating of heavy wheels upon the gravel—and the multitude came on. The foremost object of this procession came in view—a cart, whose sides were covered by planks and boards piled up. Underneath the lowest plank could be seen, extended, working and moving with energy, if not with fury, the furred claws of a beast of prey. The boy did not move; when again the thunder-sound rose on high.

Some one cried, "'Tis the great Numidian lions who have come to kill the Christians! Hark! the lions roar again!" And through the streets, and out to the distant hills, and up Aventine, and towards the calm, quiet, bright sky of Italy, rose the sound of the deep roar of the beasts of prey.

A man standing by said, in a tone audible enough for the Roman lady to hear, "One hundred and thirty Christians, now working in the mines, are, by the order of the Emperor, to be devoured by lions, three days hence, in the Flavian amphitheatre!"

The man told the tale, and Pancratius listened. After a while he looked up, and fixing his dark eye upon his mother's face, while he held closely her arm in his hand, he said again—

"My mother, I am not a coward!"

*(To be continued.)*

#### CORONATION DAY.

**G**REAT will be the rejoicing throughout the British Empire in a few weeks, when the heir to the British throne is crowned

King Edward VII.

Those of our young readers who learn history will remember that the previous "King Edward" was only a boy of ten years old when called to the English throne. Just fancy, a king before he had left school! In one respect he was much like young King Josiah we read of in the Old Testament, who, "while he was yet young . . . began to seek the Lord," and it was soon evident by his life

and words that he valued God's word. For instance, when he was being crowned, the three swords of State were carried before him: "But," said the young king, "I see three swords; where is the fourth?" "What is that?" asked one of the courtiers. "Why," said the king, "the sword of the Spirit, which is

#### The Word of God."

And he insisted upon the Bible being carried in front of the procession. Upon another occasion he was in the library, and wishing to reach a book from a very high shelf, an attendant placed a large copy of the Bible for him to stand on. The king saw it was a Bible, so, lifting it very reverently from the ground, he placed it on a table, saying, "This is God's blessed book. It is not right that we should trample under our feet that which He has given us to treasure up in our hearts and minds."

Under God's hand the young king was only permitted to reign six years, but during those few years he was the means of accomplishing much. The scriptures were circulated throughout the country, thirty-six different editions of the Bible being printed and circulated during his short reign. Not only this, but many of the idolatrous images which disfigured so many of the religious places were destroyed, and a number of schools and hospitals established, some of which remain to this day.

Of the present king's boyhood days we know very little, but let us hope that at least he may, during the time of his reign, shew, like Edward the Sixth, his appreciation of God's word. What a wonderful day that will be when He who is King of kings and Lord of lords will come forth

#### Crowned with Many Crowns.

There will be no mingling of rejoicing and fear at that Coronation day, for everything will be according to the mind of God, and peace and plenty ensured to the whole earth. What a moment of joy that will be for the redeemed when they see the blessed Saviour they have learnt to love, owned universal Lord in the very place where He was put to shame.

Dear reader, will you be a sharer in the glory of that bright day? You will be if you own Him as LORD now. (Rom. x. 9.)

J. W. H. N.

#### "IF YE BUT KNEW HOW I LOVE HIM."

THERE lived in the Highlands of Scotland a poor idiot, who passed his time in wandering from house to house in the parish in which he resided. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him, who, while He is the high and holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbour felt at liberty to demand of him.

Once when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, "What ghost or goblin are you begging favours of now, Yeddie?" "Neither the one nor the tither, laddie," he replied; "I was just having a few words wi' Him that neither yoursel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!" and so the poor fellow was often speaking to Jesus in his humble way, while the careless wise ones would laughingly say, "He is talking to himself."

One day, Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and, making a bow in a quaint way, said, "Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the coming day wi' the Lord Jesus." The good man was making preparation for the communion of the Lord's supper—which was taken quarterly only in that thinly-settled region, when several congregations met together; so that the concourse of people made it necessary to hold the services in the open air—and he appeared too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible; but Yeddie pleaded, "Oh, minister, *if ye but kenn'd how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table!" This so touched his heart that permission was given for Yeddie to take his seat with the rest.

As the service proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor "idiot," and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully and whisper, "But I dinna see Him." At length, however, he was seen to raise his head, and wiping away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, he nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, but marked with solemnity, bent his steps homeward. One and another from his own parish spoke to him, but he made no reply, until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said "Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie speak to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus among His ain ones. He got a smile fro' His eye, and a word fro' His tongue. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes *yon lovely Man.*"

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called "home," he dared not speak to "granny," lest he might, as he said, "lose the bonny face." He left his "porritch and treacle" untasted and untouched; and after smiling on the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humour, he climbed the ladder to the poor loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look "fro' yon

lovely Man." And his voice was heard below, in low tones: "Aye, Lord, it's just puir me that has been sae long seeking Ye; and now we'll bide together, and never part more! Oh aye! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones!" And then his voice grew softer and softer, till it died away.

When the morrow's sun arose, "granny," unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water

from the spring. She spread her humble table, and made her "porritch;" and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him, from the foot of the ladder. There was no reply. She had not ascended the ladder for years, but anxiety gave her strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half-sitting, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled; the heavy iron crown

had been lifted from his brow while she was sleeping. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus, and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so he had slept—with Jesus!

A few days after this, the funeral of poor Yeddie was attended by many people who had heard of his simple faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.





WATER FROM THE ROCK.

**WATER FROM THE ROCK.**

**ONE** of the most important questions in crossing a desert place is how to get a supply of water. Many a man has lost his life in attempting to cross such a place if not provided with a sufficient supply of water, or perhaps not knowing exactly where to find the wells which have been dug in certain places.

But when the Lord undertook to guide His people from Egypt to Canaan, He knew the difficulties of the way, and He knew how to meet those difficulties. One of the first places they came to was Marah, where the water was bitter and the people could not drink of it, but the Lord shewed Moses a tree which, when it was thrown into the water it was made sweet, and the people could then drink and enjoy it.

But our picture is of a scene later on in their history, when the people complained that there was no water to drink, and the Lord told Moses to take his rod and speak to the rock before their eyes, and "it shall give forth his water."

So Moses took the rod in his hand and said to the people, "Hear now, ye rebels; must we fetch you water out of this rock?" (Num. xx. 10.) Then Moses smote the rock twice, and the water came out abundantly, so that all the people, and their beasts also, could drink.

But the Lord was angry with Moses because he did not sanctify Him in the eyes of the people. Moses had said, "Must we," as if he had power in the matter, instead of saying that God would give them water, and for that sin he was not permitted to lead the children of Israel into Canaan, because it was a grievous sin in the eyes of the Lord.

**YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.**

**GOOD** work has, we are glad to find, been the rule rather than the exception with our "Young Gleaners," many of the papers received being not only thoughtful and painstaking, but very neatly arranged. In several papers which would otherwise have been "Excellent," an answer to question 2, "On what occasion was the

crown of a conquered king placed upon the head of his conqueror?" has not even been attempted. Perhaps the way in which it was put made it seem more difficult than it really was. But as those who say they looked for and could not find it will be glad of a little help, they shall read the answer given by so many Gleaners, that there is no need to print names or even initials: "When David had conquered Rabbah, the crown which had belonged to its king was placed upon the head of David." (2 Sam. xii. 30.)

Annie S., Barnstaple. Your paper, dear, is very neatly done; but in the reference you give as reply to the above question no mention is made of the crown of Belshazzar, though you are right in thinking that it would as a matter of course go with his kingdom. (Dan. v. 30, 31.)

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

ARTHUR W. GREENAWAY, Hermitage Farm, Barming, near Maidstone; and  
ERNEST PATTERSON, 18, Edgecombe Road, Redland, Bristol.

*Special Prizes, which have again through the kindness of a friend been provided, will be sent to—*

MARIA PEREZ and JUAN NICOLAS, Pasca de Colon 27, Barcelona, Spain.

**BIBLE QUESTIONS.****WELLS.**

1. By whom were old wells, which had been purposely choked or filled with earth, &c., cleared and reopened?

2. Among the many wells mentioned in the Old Testament, we read of one of "springing water," also one of "living waters." Find and give reference to each. (State in answering this question if answer has been found with or without the help of a Concordance.)

3. On what occasion was the digging of a well celebrated by a short but very beautiful song?

4. For whom, and by whom, was water from the well of Bethlehem obtained during the progress of a battle? Explain the circumstances that made the journey to fetch it one of great danger and difficulty.

5. Give passages of scripture in which the words "wells of salvation" and "a well of



life" are used as figures intended to convey the thought of joy and refreshment, though we are not to suppose that wells from which drinking water could be drawn were referred to.

6. To whom did the Lord Jesus speak of "a well [or fountain] of living water?" Point out any contrasts you can between the well by which the Lord at that time sat and the one of which He spoke.

Post your answers not later than the 25th. This rule need not apply to letters from abroad. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER V.

#### SCHOOL DAYS AND SCHOOL PLAYS.

**A**RE you almost tired of rambling, dear ones? "No," you say; you have all enjoyed taking peeps into far-off play-grounds, and wonder where we are going to-day.

Shall we stay at home? It will be quite a change, and perhaps a pleasant one. Elsie, who loves play dearly, though I do not want you to think that she is idle and does not learn her lessons faithfully, asked me some time ago, "How blind children amuse themselves." Her question has only been standing over, and was not, as I am afraid she thought, forgotten, so I am going to introduce you to one or two of my blind friends, and ask them to tell us all they can remember about their school-days and school-fellows.

Yes, Maude is saying, her seven years of school life were on the whole happy ones; and perhaps it may surprise some of her young friends to hear how many ways of making half-holidays pass pleasantly were devised by girls who could not see. But she shall tell her own story.

"It is nearly thirty years," she says, "since I was received as a pupil into the well-known school for blind children, St. George's, Southwark, London. Many changes have taken place since I said 'good-bye' to school life; some parts of the old building having been pulled down, and replaced by new ones. The schoolroom is larger and affords better accommodation; while Kindergarten games and occupations have perhaps introduced more variety into the plays, I hardly think it would have been easy to find a set of girls who enjoyed play-time more than I and my school-fellows.

"But I must tell you about my first day at school. I was twelve years old, but so small for my age that every one thought me much younger. But as Laura, who, at the same age, is a seventh standard girl, will, if I do not explain, think I was very late in beginning to go to school, I must tell

her that when I said it was my first day at school I meant at St. George's School, as from being quite a tiny child I had been sent with my sisters to both day and Sunday school. My father, who worked at home, had taught me to read in Dr. Moon's raised or embossed type for the blind, and though before going to St. George's I had only one reading book (John xiv.), I read it over and over again till I not only knew every word, but had so thoroughly learnt the form of every letter that I had no difficulty in reading any book embossed in his system. I do not think that I understood my lesson-book very well in the days I am telling you about. No soul can really understand the deeper meaning of scripture till taught by the Holy Spirit. Still I loved the words, and often felt they had a strange power to soothe and calm me.

"But I must go back to my story. There were about eighty girls, all boarders. We were divided into classes, and though for a few days I felt strange and lonely, I soon learnt to know all my school-fellows by their voices, and though I think a few of the elder girls looked down upon us on account of our small size, and sometimes said things in our hearing about 'the babies' we did not consider either kind or polite, we let them pass, and I and four other little girls were firm, happy friends.

"We did not go for walks. Perhaps the outdoor care of so many blind children might have proved too great a strain upon our teachers; but many pleasant half-hours were spent in the school play-ground. We were all, or nearly all, fond of skipping, and as several of our number had skipping ropes, visitors who came during play-time would often stand to watch a long line of girls, five or six in number, skipping in a rope held at its ends and briskly turned by two players. Maggie says she knows the game, the girls at her school play it, and it is called 'Follow my leader.' But she is quite puzzled to understand how it could be played by blind children. How could we know the right moment to jump? Perhaps, she says, we could see just a little.

"No, Maggie, we could not see, for though I believe a few of our number had sight enough to distinguish the difference between day and night, or to tell when the lamps were lighted, our school was one to which only *blind* children were admitted. But, Maggie dear, if our eyes were closed our ears were not. We were, as a rule, quick to understand and remember, and as most of us had a good idea of tune and time, by taking pains to observe the moment at which the rope touched the ground, we got on very well, and it was very seldom that any of our players fell out, or broke the line.

"I was fond of play, and yet I think I liked reading even better than play, so I was often found in a quiet corner of the play-ground, passing my fingers over the embossed page of some book belonging to the school library; at other times I would slip away to the infirmary, to read to any of the girls who were sick; not that any one told me to do it, but I loved reading so well myself that I longed to share my pleasure with others. For



the first time in my life I had access to a whole Bible. It was very large, so large that it had been embossed in sixty-four books or volumes; but I am thankful that during my school-days at St. George's I read the Bible so much, committing large portions of it to memory. Now I begin to understand the real meaning of words I learnt in my school-days: 'The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.' (Psa. cxix. 130.)"

C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

### LIII.

MY DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

*Gospel Stories* seems to be finding its way into many homes. Letters from young people and children who live in places very far from each other, with quite a nice number from abroad, make this month's packet a large and interesting one. The real interest shewn by many in Bible searching is in itself encouraging. It is GOOD to be Bible readers, BETTER still to be Bible lovers, BEST of all when our hearts are so attracted to Christ that "we love him who has first loved us."

Gifts of primroses and other spring flowers received from E. E. R., Dingle; E. J., Wall Heath; Robert E. C., Tetbury; Gertrude F., Hensting, near Eastleigh, Hants; Esther Maude S., Guildford; and W. W. B. have helped to brighten several sick rooms, and seemed almost to whisper a promise that our primrose gatherers will not tire of their pleasant work, but again send flowers; while those who do not live in the country, or who have not gardens of their own, will perhaps print texts and motto-cards. These are often carefully preserved long after the flowers have had to be thrown away, and the Holy Spirit loves to use the written word of God in blessing to souls.

Mary E., Bangalore, South India. So glad, dear Mary, to get your paper. Yours shall be a very warm welcome to our "Young Gleaners' Class." You can, and I hope will, be a real help to us, for it will be good alike for the children of England and India to know more of each other. Do you receive many letters, I wonder? If not, one or two of my girls would, I think, be pleased to write to you now and then. Girls who, having come as lost sinners to a living, loving Saviour, have found Him so precious that it is a real joy in any little quiet way to seek to serve the One who loved and gave Himself that He might have the joy of "bringing many sons unto glory." It was a real cheer to hear of your conversion. May the Lord greatly bless you, and may your daily life, through His grace, be a light shining in a dark place.

Janet S., Scarborough. Yes, your letters have been for some time missing from our monthly packet, while you, dear Janet, have been learning in the "school of sorrow"; learning, I trust, such lessons as only the Master can teach. Sooner or later, the shadow of death *must* fall upon all that we

hold dearest on earth, but it is only that we may see more clearly the light beyond; that our affections may turn more truly to Christ Himself in the place where He now is. May I give you one short but very precious Bible verse? "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; and ye shall be comforted." (Isa. lxvi. 13)

Wilson G., Broad Brook, Conn., U. S. A. So glad to find the boys are not leaving all the gleaning in Bible fields to be done by the girls. New boys have for some time been joining every month, and Wilson is one we are glad to welcome. May it be true of him as it was many years ago of Timothy. "That from a child thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." (2 Tim. iii. 15.) Do not forget, dear boy, that head knowledge of the Bible is not salvation. It needs heart work; living faith in a living Saviour. Have you trusted Christ as your very own Saviour?

Frank I., Caithness, N. B., who has sent in his first paper of answers to Bible Questions says in his letter, "You must understand that I am a very young Gleaner. My answers may be incorrect, but I have done my best." We have room and a welcome for another Scotch laddie, and hope he will write every month. His paper is good, but it would hardly be fair to those who sometimes write for a whole year without gaining a prize to allow rewards to be carried off by those who are quite new-comers, would it?

William S., Melbourne, Australia. Accept thanks for kind letter and good wishes for the year that was just opening when you wrote. So glad you received your book-prize safely and were pleased with it. Your paper of answers is very neatly done and you have found all the passages correctly. Have you been sought and found by the good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep? Write as often as you can; never mind if sometimes you are late in getting your letters posted, a good margin of time is allowed for "Gleaners" who live abroad.

M. and L. R., Thorp-le-Soken. Your gift of freshly gathered primroses arrived just in time to be acknowledged before going to press. Thank you so much dear little friends. The flowers bore their journey well, and were received with smiles and whispered words of thanks by several of our sick and aged ones. For quite a month we have been able to keep one who is in her 91st year supplied with flowers, of which she is very fond. Soon, it may be very soon for her, "things that are seen" will have for ever passed away, and hers will be the deep enduring joy of being "with Christ, which is far better."

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be posted by the 25th. Address—

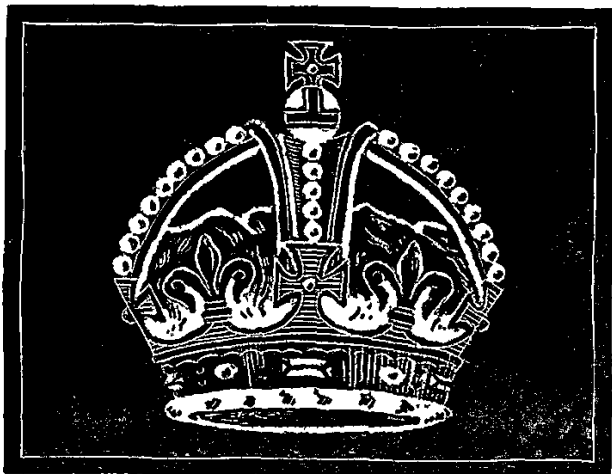
C. J. L., Office of *Gospel Stories*,  
20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers for the sick and aged should be sent direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.

# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.



### THE CORONATION.

**T**HE great event of the day is the crowning of King Edward VII. and his queen, and it will certainly be one of the grandest ceremonies which ever took place upon earth. It is befitting that a sovereign who rules over one fourth of the earth's surface should have a ceremony of magnificence. Ancient Babylon, Persia, Greece or Rome could not boast of such a widespread dominion over so many nations, peoples and tongues. Great though King Edward be, however, he will be eclipsed by Him who "shall reign from the river even unto the ends of the earth." There are a few events in connection with the crowning of the king which will be interesting and instructing to record. Our sovereign has already been "proclaimed" by heralds and pursuivants in all his chief cities and dependencies. A grand mass of crowned heads, nobles and gentry, distinguished commoners and illustrious foreigners have been invited to Westminster Abbey as

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witnesses of the coronation. The first ceremony is called

**THE RECOGNITION,**

the king being seated, surrounded by the lords spiritual and temporal, four noblemen, each bearing one of the four great swords of State. The Archbishop of Canterbury calls upon all to "recognise" their undoubted king. This call is repeated four times with sound of trumpet and roll of drums, and all present heartily respond. Can you see in this ceremony any resemblance to the fact that God requires of all men to recognise that Christ whom He has highly exalted to His right hand? "And his name every tongue has to confess, and every knee bow." (Phil. ii. 9-11.) The king next takes his oath to rule in the fear of God.

**THE ANOINTING,**

which follows, is a very solemn act. The Archbishop pouring some oil out of the ampulla (a golden cup formed like an eagle, the oil coming through its beak) into the gold spoon, puts some upon the king's hands, breast and shoulders. As he pours some upon his head he says, "Be this head anointed with holy oil as kings and prophets were anointed, and as Solomon was anointed king." The king is then "invested" with a cloth of gold robe, and all the insignia of his power, golden spurs, orb, sceptre and ruby ring. This should remind us of the solemn fact that "Jesus has been anointed with the Holy Ghost and with power." (Acts x. 38, 42, 43.) His life on earth proved how worthy He was of the anointing, notwithstanding He was rejected and nailed to the cross. God raised Him up and shewed Him openly He is the recognised Judge, or Sovereign, of all; but now God offers remission of sins to all who believe in His name.

## THE CROWN

is placed on the king's head by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a deafening shout is made—

“GOD SAVE THE KING.”

This cry was first heard in Israel at Mizpah, when Saul was “recognised.” In so doing they displeased the Lord. (1 Sam. x. 19.) After the crown is placed upon the king's brow, every peer and peeress will put on their coronet, the bishops their caps, and trumpets will blare, drums beat, and cannon roar. The news of the crowning will be flashed round the wire-zoned earth, and all people will join in the applause. But a little while and all this grandeur will pale before the coming of the God of them. He who was set at naught by the kings of the earth and their rulers (Psa. ii.), and they will again combine in the ten kingdoms (Rev. xvii. 12-14) and seek to cast off the rule of God and Christ, who in His time shall shew who is that just and only Potentate, the King of kings, and the Lord of lords. Say, dear reader, what think ye of Christ? Your everlasting destiny hangs upon how you regard the Lord Jesus; and will you know this, “He that is not subject to the Son shall not see life.”

T. R. D.

**PANCRATIUS,**  
**The Boy Martyr of Rome.**

CHAPTER III.

**T**HE lady, when she lay down to rest that night, had many thoughts. She knew well what her child meant. “No coward.” No; that she knew. But she anticipated more. She prayed—deeply, earnestly, patiently. “Lord and God, Jesus, the King of martyrs!—my child—my only child is Thine, and only Thine.” Silent were the next few minutes, and deep the “Amen” with which she then concluded her prayer. She lay down, but she slept not.

In another chamber, within sound of the splash of the fountain in the atrium, lay another occupant of that Roman home. His arm was lying thrown over his forehead, his dark hair outspread over his pillow, the sweet yellow light of the southern moon

shining on his Italian face, his dark lashes fringing his sleeping eye. Pancratius had sunk into sleep, the thought of the lions and the martyrs in his mind, and the name of Jesus lingering on his now quiet lip.

It was still night when the boy arose. The lady slept. Pancratius went into the street. It was bright moonlight. His white dress girt with its belt, his head uncovered, his sandalled feet upon the pavement of the great city.

A fixed resolution filled his young soul. He would confess his Saviour, and throw in his lot with Christ's suffering people. Young, he was, but God's grace was his confidence.

Sebastian, the Prefect, lived by himself. He was young; twenty-two years only had passed over his head. He was a Christian, too; but, like another, yea, many others, he was “a disciple of Jesus secretly.” It was to his house that Pancratius directed his steps. He knocked.

“My master sleeps,” was the answer.

“I must speak to him.”

The man grumbled, but he went, and he returned. The boy entered the room of Sebastian, the Prefect; a lamp stood upon the table and shed its light on the paper on which he was writing. He looked up at the opening of the door.

“Pancratius!” said he; “what now?”

“Sebastian,” said he, “I want an order to go down to the mines where the Christians are.”

“You!” said Sebastian. “No, Pancratius.”

“Sebastian,” said the boy, “I must. You know what I mean. Nay, nay, do not refuse me.”

“But, consider; it may be death to go there. You will be numbered amongst the condemned.”

“Oh, Sebastian,” said the youth, falling upon his knee, “let me go; they are thirsty and friendless and weary. Did not He say, ‘I was thirsty and ye gave me drink’?”

The young man looked with astonishment at the glowing face of the boy—his eye so full of the fire of enthusiasm.

“Wonderful!” said Sebastian to himself, “what has not the grace of God done for you!”

The Prefect paused—hesitated, and then drew out his waxen tablets, and wrote the order. Pancratius pressed his hand and was gone.

The pits to which he directed his steps were a little way outside the city. He reached the gate. The pass of Sebastian was enough. He came to the mouth of the dark and dreary scene of suffering and captivity. Two soldiers guarded the entrance.

“What is your will?” asked they.

“I would go down into the mine!”

He held closely to him the little basket of fruit and food for the martyrs. The men laughed.

“A precious berth of it you would find there.”

“I hold a pass from Sebastian, the Prefect.”

The two guards looked at it in amazement.

“Young man,” said they, “go home.”

“No,” said the youth, “I must go.”

The two soldiers again looked at the boy. They saw by the fringe on his dress that he was of more than ordinary birth.

“You will go,” said they. “Very well.”

They opened the trap-door which led down into the dungeon. A rope ladder was all the means he had for descent. Below was utter darkness. But Pancratius was determined. He placed his feet firmly upon the first step of the ladder, and he began to descend. He soon found that he had reached the end of the ladder. Below was an awful depth of darkness. He dropped from the last step, and he fell into the mud of the pit. He looked round—if look he could. He heard sounds in the distance, like the noise of an axe upon the rock; and presently he saw the slight, faint glimmering of a lamp, though far away.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Groping along he came to a spot where the figure of an old man could be seen applying his strokes to the side of the cavern. The eyes of the youth had at length become accustomed to the dim light. The labourer was bowed down, not only by age, but by heavy chains which clanked upon his

limbs. He paused, exhausted, and Pancratius heard him say: “‘Come, and take up thy cross, and follow me.’ Yes, my Lord, by Thy grace I will follow Thee.”

“Can I help you with that axe?” said the youth.

“Young man,” said the aged pilgrim in surprise, “you are kind, very kind; but you know not what you say. I am a Nazarene, a follower of Jesus of Nazareth.”

“Good sir,” said the boy, as he now recognised the old man as one of the leading preachers of the gospel—Quintus, his name—“good father, I too am a Christian. I am Pancratius, the child of the Lady Lucina, and of him who fell beneath the axe for the name of Jesus—Caius, the martyr. It is long since I was baptised, although my mother has ever bid me not press forward the fact of my profession, but rather leave it to the moment when my Lord should see fit to require my confession.”

“His abounding grace be praised!” cried the old man, striving to join and lift up his chained hands in prayer and praise.

Pancratius rose. He took from his basket some bunches of grapes and placed them against the parched lips of the old man.

“God bless you!” said he. “They are refreshing indeed. But go, go!” he exclaimed.

Pancratius seized the axe, and went on.

“Stay, stay!” cried he; “let me go on. It matters not what befalls this worn-out frame; but your young limbs may yet serve Him in His vineyard. And, hark! he comes—the overlooker of the Christians. I hear the lash, and see the flash of the torches. Oh! go, go, happy boy; return to your mother, and leave me to bear what my Lord will lay upon me.”

The lad trembled, but replied: “I will stay.”

Scarcely had Pancratius said it, when the sound of voices and the glare of torches burst suddenly upon them

“And who is this?” shouted the infuriated voice of the leader of the band. “Who is this who dares to take the axe from the vile Nazarene? A Roman boy! and by his dress and appearance noble also. Who and what are you?”

The men had now eagerly gathered round the youth, while the aged Christian leant his head upon the rock and prayed.

"I am a Roman," said Pancratius, standing forward; "my name Pancratius; my father was Caius, the soldier and the martyr, and—*I am a Christian.*"

The jailer started back with astonishment.

"Insolent boy! How came you here? By what authority or power?"

"By that of the Prefect, Sebastian," said he, producing his pass.

The captain examined it in surprise. "Young man," said he, "be advised. I would not harm you. I remember your father, and bravely did he fight in the wars. Give up this accursed sect."

"Never," said Pancratius; "not if He will give me grace to suffer and to die."

The face and eyes of the captain worked with fury. "The lash! prepare the lash!" cried he, "and bare the shoulders of yon youth."

Pancratius was calm: his lips moved in prayer.

"Yield!" cried the angry captain.

The boy did not move, and the whip fell upon his shoulder. Pancratius turned pale.

There was another cry of "Yield!"

And again and again the lash descended, causing the blood to flow.

"Enough!" said the captain of the guard. Send him up to the entrance. He must go to the Emperor, for he is nobly born.

They replaced his dress upon the bleeding shoulders of Pancratius. There was a sign of pain caused by the pressure of the dress.

As he turned to go under the guidance of

the soldiers, he bent his knee to the aged Christian. "May He bless you, my child," said he; and the young Roman was carried off.

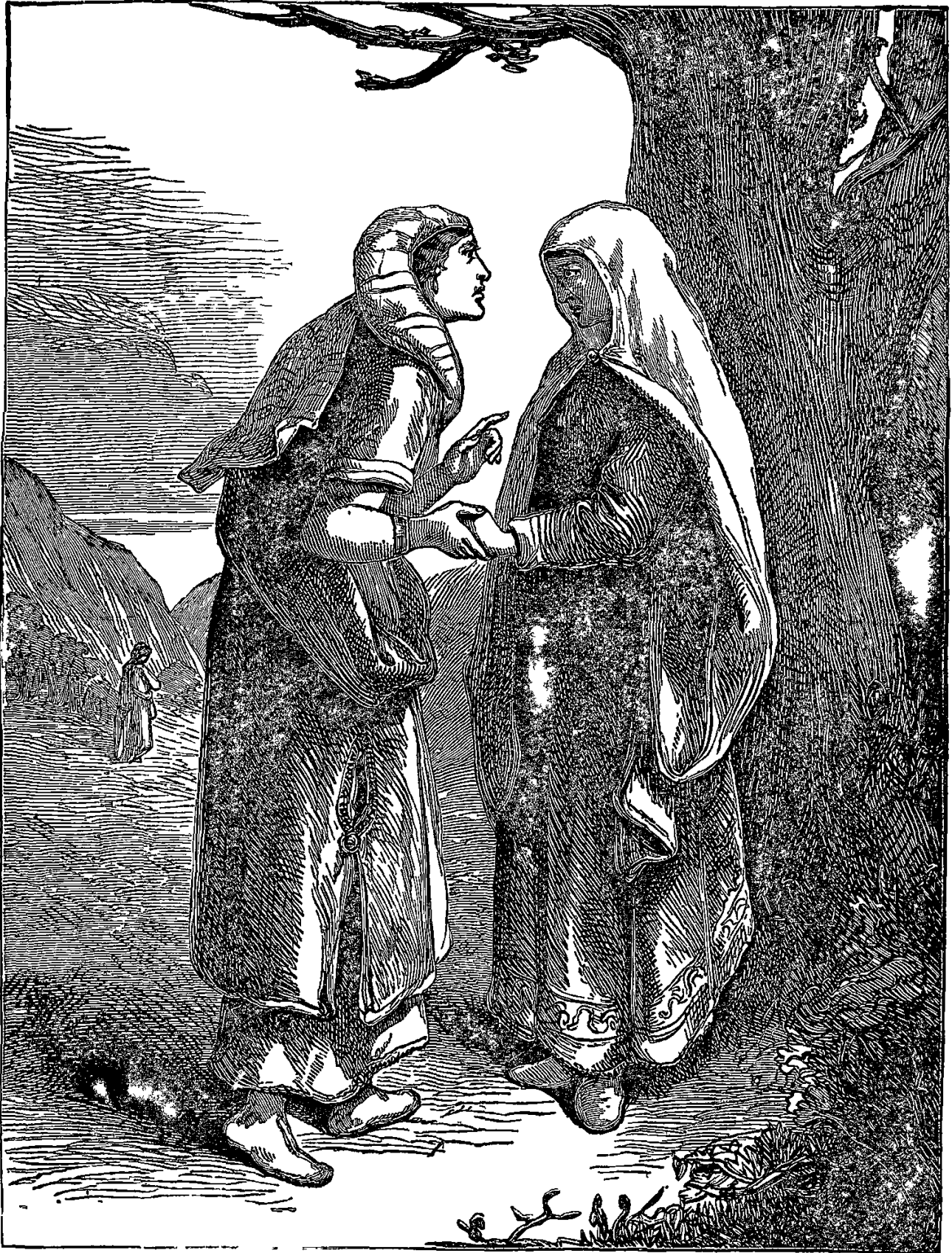
Morning had broken before the boy and his captors stood outside the opening of the pit. He was now pale and exhausted. Marks of blood, which fell from the still bleeding



figure of Pancratius, spotted the way as they went on. He kept his thoughts fixed upon his once suffering Lord—His patience, His meekness, and His holy love amid all He went through.

(To be continued.)





RUTH GOES WITH NAOMI



## RUTH'S DEVOTION.

**I** WANT you to look at these two women who are talking together so earnestly in our picture.

One woman is much younger than the other, although it is difficult to tell which is which because of their strange eastern costume. But there is no doubt that the one who is speaking is the younger of the two and her name is Ruth. The elder woman is Naomi, Ruth's mother-in-law.

Naomi wished to return to her own city, Bethlehem, because her husband and sons were dead, but she advised her two daughters-in-law to stay in the country of Moab.

Both the daughters wept, but they acted very differently. Orpah kissed her mother-in-law and returned to her father's house, but Ruth was so devoted to Naomi that she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, for where thou goest I will go."

This devotion brought its own reward to Ruth, for she afterwards became the wife of a wealthy man named Boaz, who was a relative of Naomi.

God's blessing rested on Ruth, and her son Obed became the grandfather of David, the king of Israel.

## YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**T**HOUGH the number of prizes awarded month by month has been in excess of those provided by our kind editor, many who send in really good papers will, we feel sure, be disappointed at not finding their names down as prize-winners; still, as the number of replies to "Young Gleaners' Bible Questions" continues steadily to increase, it is an encouragement to believe that a real love for Bible study leads many to write, and if we want to know more about the written word of God, if soul-blessing is what we seek, we shall not be disappointed, for our God loves to bless. "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him." (Psa. cxlv. 19.)

Good work has again been the rule in the papers sent in reply to the questions given in the April number of *Gospel Stories*, though question 6 does not seem to have been very well understood, for while *the two* crowns

named by Paul in 1 Corinthians ix. are given by all, only a few have even tried to explain what they understand by the contrast between the "corruptible and the incorruptible."

Perhaps those who found the question a difficult one will like to read an answer given by one of our Gleaners. A. R. J. writes: I think a "corruptible crown" is connected with earth and time, one that will fade and pass away, but the "incorruptible" belongs to eternity, and so will endure for ever.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

## TREES.

1. Find a verse in the prophet Isaiah in which in connection with the blessing of God's earthly people Israel they are called "trees of righteousness."

2. On what occasion were bitter waters made sweet by a tree being cast into them?

3. How many palm-trees grew at Elim? How would you account for their growth in the midst of a sandy desert?

4. Give a verse from the Psalms in which fruit-bearing and beauty are said to belong to a tree "planted by the rivers of water." Find (without the help of a concordance) the following passages: "From me is thy fruit found," "Without me ye can do nothing," and "Fruit unto God."

5. Give (as nearly as you can in alphabetical order) a list of trees mentioned in the Bible.

## PRIZE-WINNERS FOR APRIL.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

EDITH HAMILTON, 105, Bamber Street, Liverpool; and

NELLIE RICHARDS, 30, Henry Street, Fratton, Portsmouth.

*Special Prizes will be sent to—*

ARTHUR ROBERT JAMES, North House, Cullompton, Devon; and

MARY SANGSTER, 4, Irvine Place, Aberdeen, N.B. (Nine years of age.)

## BIBLE ENIGMA.

ON THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.  
To *Smyrna's*\* sufferings we compare,  
A spice emitting fragrance rare.  
Look at the *rod* off me—a tree,  
For faithful to His word He'll be!

\* Ascertain the English of this word.

A flower which sweet perfume gives,  
 Called Sharon from the place it lives.  
 His words to *wear*y ones addressed  
 Are like me—beautifully set.  
 I'm small, but springing from the *wall* may  
 shew  
 How great the One who made all things  
 below.  
 Though *thoughts* on dress I do not waste,  
 A finer monarch never graced.  
 Israel has failed, but God's tenth will remain,  
 So *casting* my leaves, I my substance retain.  
 Apart from Me, no fruit is found :  
 "Abide in me," if you'll abound.  
 Such trees though pleasant for their *shade*,  
 Were ne'er for idol offerings made.  
 Ere my *days*\* their course have run  
 Mine *eye* would turn towards the sun.

Read downwards, the first letters then  
 You'll find they reach to number ten :  
 The first five teach of waters sweet,  
 The second, if having our affections, we greet.

In most of the couplets there is a refer-  
 ence to Old and New Testaments.

If unable to reply to the whole, try a part,  
 as each correct attempt gets a mark.

\* A flower, with white petals; appears early,  
 and is common in England.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### SCHOOL DAYS AND SCHOOL PLAYS.

(Continued.)

"**B**UT half-holidays cannot, as we all know, be  
 always fine, and sometimes in the winter  
 our Saturday afternoon, to which we all  
 looked forward so eagerly, could not be spent in  
 the playground, and we were obliged to content  
 ourselves with indoor amusements." I hardly  
 know whose suggestion it was that we younger  
 girls should get up an exhibition, and invited not  
 only our class-mates, but all our school-fellows to  
 walk in and handle, for they could not see our  
 exhibits. We all agreed it would be delightful!  
 and set to work with a will. In the first place, a  
 great deal of rubbing and dusting of school-desks  
 and work-room tables had to be done. Then we went  
 to our lockers and brought down any toys or small  
 presents we possessed. Our treasures were very  
 few and simple, three or four dressed dolls, a work-  
 box, a set of dolls' tea-things, and oh! I must not  
 forget, a shell necklace and a bead pin-cushion,  
 presents to one of our girls from a sailor uncle,  
 and which we all admired greatly, with a few other  
 odds and ends, completed our stock; we did not

waste our time in wishing for more, but made the  
 most of what we had. We were very anxious to  
 make our exhibition as attractive as possible, so  
 decided that "free admission should be one of its  
 features."

I had never been rich in presents, so had not  
 much to contribute; but as I was quite willing to  
 sing and recite for the amusement of our expected  
 visitors, my services were in demand. How should  
 we let the girls know? seemed rather an important  
 question, and needed a good deal of talking over.  
 The proposal that one of our number should stand  
 at the room door, and invite our school-fellows by  
 calling out, "This way to the Exhibition. Please  
 walk in. Admission free!" we thought not half  
 good enough, and yet could not for some time  
 suggest a better way. At last a bright thought  
 came to one of our girls. Her sister, who could  
 paint real pictures, had talked about having  
 received a private invitation to visit a very fine  
 collection of pictures. Here was the very thing  
 we wanted. We would give private invitations.  
 We lost no time in carrying our plan into effect.  
 Nearly, if not quite, all the girls accepted, and our  
 half-holiday that afternoon was a very happy one.

One or two of our girls were not without  
 ambition to become writers, and a few possessed  
 real talent for writing verses, though I hardly think  
 that anything we composed in those days was  
 quite good enough to print. A short poem written  
 in later years by one who received much of her  
 early education at St. George's may bring our  
 chat about "School days and school plays" to a  
 close—

#### THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

I WAS waiting, I remember,  
 All impatient to be gone;  
 For I saw the light was waning,  
 And the night was coming on;  
 And while wearily I questioned,  
 Would the waiting-time be long?  
 I was gladdened by the music  
 Of a sweet and happy song.

It was all so unexpected,  
 Such a welcome sound to me,  
 But I could not see the singers,  
 Though I strained my eyes to see:  
 And they said it was the children  
 Passing on their homeward way;  
 That they always heard them singing  
 At the closing of the day.

They were in the lane, they told me,  
 'Twas a darksome lane and long,  
 So they made the way seem shorter  
 With their sweet and joyous song;  
 And the people always listened  
 For the singing in the lane;  
 For it cheered their hearts and helped them  
 When they heard the pleasant strain.

Ah, I thought, if we as pilgrims  
 Were to sing a happy song,  
 As we journey through the desert,  
 It would help us all along;

Yes, our footsteps would be lighter,  
And our hearts be lighter too,  
If we sang as did the children  
When they passed the long lane through.

Let us sing, How good the Lord is !  
And unite His name to praise !  
Let us tell of all His glory,  
Let us chant His mercy's ways ;  
And perhaps when others hear us  
They will join our pilgrim throng ;  
Then our Father will be honoured  
By His children's happy song. (M. J.)

### CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

#### LIV.

DEAR FLOWER GATHERERS,—

Although the cold winds and heavy showers of the last few days have reminded us of the chilly days of winter, yet it has been pleasant to know that on mossy banks and sheltered hedge-rows primroses and violets have seemed almost like messengers sent to tell us that Spring, with its sunshine and its flowers, is very near ; and again loving hands have gathered some of these early blossoms and sent them with kindly messages and sometimes with Bible words of faith and hope to our sick and aged ones. Very gladly have such gifts been received, and many an earnest prayer that the blessing of the Lord may rest upon the senders has, it is encouraging to know, gone up from lonely and suffering children of God.

Will the dear young helpers whose names or initials follow accept loving thanks:—Readers of *Gospel Stories* at Callander, N.B.; Herbert S., Ilfracombe; Dora and John L., Bonchurch, Isle of Wight; and M. E. B., Salcombe, Devon. The flowers have, as a rule, arrived in good condition, looking in many cases as fresh as if just gathered. Much valuable time is, however, saved by the thoughtful kindness of a few who not only send flowers, but tie them into bunches.

Our scrap-book makers will be encouraged by hearing that a friend, personally unknown to C. J. L., has written to her expressing her interest in the scrap-albums and their makers, also kindly sending a parcel of texts, pictures, &c., with a small sum to cover the expense of postage. Many would, we feel sure, enjoy the pleasant work of making a picture-book for some poor or sick child who cannot afford to buy scraps and text-cards for that purpose. If any such will write to C. J. L. a small packet will be sent by post, not sufficient to fill a scrap-book, but a beginning once made it will be easy to add to it. Very pretty pictures may often be cut out of trade advertisements. Friends will seldom refuse to contribute the New Year and other cards they no longer want. While old calendars, almanacks, &c., will furnish a plentiful supply of texts, and we all want to keep in mind, do we not, that our scrap-albums are not only intended to amuse but to carry gospel messages. We may always count upon the Lord to bless His own word, and our desire and prayer is that our service

even in this humble way may be owned of the Lord in leading some dear child to know and love the Lord Jesus.

To prevent disappointment, in writing for pictures, &c., do NOT send your request for them on the same sheet of paper on which your answers to Young Gleaners' Questions are given. It may be enclosed in the same envelope, but write it on a separate piece of paper on which the words "Scrap-books" should be written. As we shall, we hope, receive quite a number of scrap-books as the result of our friend's letter, any of our readers who know a sick or lonely child to whom a scrap-book might give a good deal of pleasure may send the name and address of such an one.

Inez P., Melrose, N.B. Thank you so much, dear, for your box of primroses. They bore their long journey well. Some of them were given to dear old Mrs. C., who is 91 years of age. I wish you could have seen the pleasure they gave. Soon, perhaps very soon, she will be with the precious Saviour, who loved and gave Himself for her, the One whom through grace she loves. But while she is left with us, we are all glad, are we not, to do what little we can to brighten and cheer the evening of life for one who has outlived most of those who were nearest and dearest to her.

Annie, Flora and Edward R., East Ham, Essex. So glad to find that you not only take care of the monthly books, reward cards, &c., given to you but that you pass them on to children who would not be likely to get them. Do you pray about the parcels you send? Your letter is encouraging, as it leads me to believe that you have trusted in the Lord Jesus for salvation, and so you desire that others should know and love Him too. I heard the other day of a little girl, only six years old, who, when she was asked what she thought salvation was, answered, "Why, auntie, when the Lord Jesus said to Zaccheus, 'To-day is salvation come to this house.' He was there, so salvation must be the Lord Himself."

Helena, F., Kendal. So pleased to get a parcel of texts painted by a little girl who is, she says, six and three-quarter years old, also a nice little letter. Some of the texts will do very nicely to paste into scrap-books. May your heart, dear Helena, be so early won by Christ and so early filled with His love that you may not even wish for the poor empty pleasures of the world where He is still despised and rejected.

Edith C., Tunbridge Wells. Yes, dear, it is a cheer for those who have tasted the love of Christ to go on proving from day to day how tenderly the Lord cares for "His own." But while He helps and sustains us in our circumstances here, His desire for us is that our hearts may be so drawn to Himself that we may learn to know Him in the place where He now is. (1 Pet. iii. 22.)

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be, if possible, posted not later than the 25th. This rule does not apply to those who write from abroad.

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

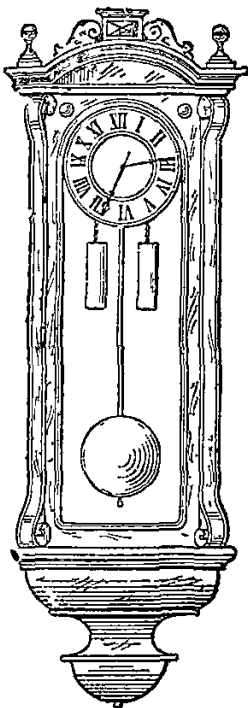
# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### CLOCKS.

AN OBJECT LESSON.



**C**LOCKS are so very common now and useful that we wonder how ever our grandfathers did without them. In their days the great eight-day clock solemnly ticked in the homes of the wealthy. Further back still the sand-glass and sun-dial marked how time flew.

The sun-dial of King Ahaz was a very old institution, and the "fifteen degrees" it went back raised a glad song from King Hezekiah to the Lord, who was "ready to save" him.

Have you ever sung "The Lord is *my* strength and song, and he is become *my* salvation"?

There are some curious clocks to be seen. Have you noticed the "dummy" clock at railway stations? Only a face and hands, which need to be moved by the porter to indicate when the trains start. The "dummy" is

#### A LIFELESS CLOCK.

Just like a little boy or girl who says, "I love Jesus," and has never really "lived to God," yet, no actions out from a loving heart to shew that there has even been a passing "out of death into life." (John v. 24; 1 John iii. 14.) Then we find the

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### SLOW CLOCK,

a very bad guide because it causes you to lose time in the morning, be late for school, or meeting. You may put its hands forward, but it always lags behind. Do not you be like that clock. Satan has a clock like that. It does not tick very loudly but very quietly, and finds only too ready a response in the natural heart. Its ticks are very sweet to the sinner. "Plenty time! plenty time! plenty time! Wait! wait! wait! wait! wait! wait!" And, alas! thousands tarry behind and perish. Oh! be in time.

Then there is the

### FAST CLOCK.

Some people I know have their clocks half an hour ahead of the true time. It is a notion with little reason in it. But some people are always running before others and go on too fast. God has to pull them up. They run into places of amusement where they should not go and do things they never were fitted for. Put themselves by their very forwardness into places they were never made for. A good check is to attend to the word, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

### THE SURE CLOCK

is really God's great clock "the sun," which He has set in the heavens "to rule the day." All clocks made by man have their weaknesses, even chronometers are affected by cold or heat. So that a good "sun-dial" is really the most reliable "shadow" to show how swift time flies. God's word is like the sun, "sure and steadfast," when it indicates "now" as the "day of salvation." You may be certain it is "right" when it says,

"TO-DAY,

if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart." Woe to the one who listens to Satan's slow clock, "Plenty time!" Every young Christian should be like an illuminated

#### BRIGHT-FACED CLOCK,

showing by a cheerful spirit whose he is and whom he serves. In a dark night how cheerful the lighted up clock looks. Some are lit by electricity now. There is a clock in a seaside town so miserably lit by oil lamps that it makes one ill to look at it. Do not be miserable-faced believers. God intends His people to "show" their faith by their lives and good works. Like bright illuminated clocks sending forth no uncertain sound. God's clock tells to all that "knowing the *time*, that now it is

#### HIGH TIME

to awake out of sleep: for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed." (Rom. xiii. 11.)

T. R. D.

### PANCRATIUS,

#### The Boy Martyr of Rome.

##### CHAPTER V.

Happy boy! The world with all its objects was fast breaking up and passing away from him—mother, home, earthly rank and titles, all receding, like the shadows of night from the buildings of the imperial city, and the boundless, unfathomed calm of heaven alone lying before him.

They led him before the Emperor, who was already awake. He was angry and vexed; nay, more than that, indignant that the accursed sect should disturb his rest, and cause him anxiety even on his midnight throne.

He sat uneasy and restless on his couch. His large unwieldy form, his bloated face, told at once his history. With an anxious mind he met the disturbers of his short and hurried sleep.

The statement was simple, the charge clear. The bound boy was a Christian. By his dress he was nobly born; by his appearance he evidently was possessed of all the intelligence

which a Roman youth should possess. The Emperor was arrested by the appearance and condition of the youth. After his first violence he strove to retain him as a member of his own body-guard.

"The son of a noble Roman," said he, "having yourself the appearance of a young noble, why give yourself up to the accursed sect? Why throw yourself to the lions? You shall be taken into the most honourable corps in Rome, and near my own person."

"Never," said Pancratius, "never sire. As Emperor I honour you, as my father did, but I cannot deny my Saviour."

The scene was terrible, but short. The Emperor was enraged beyond control, and Pancratius was consigned to the pit.



And the lady, his mother, sat alone. No distaff was worked by her hands. The fountain murmured close to her. The brilliant entablatures shone on the walls. But she sat alone. It was not that she waited for her child. She had heard, she knew where he was. Her face was pale, her hands were folded in agony, but also in prayer. He who had taken to Himself by the most glorious of all pathways her husband, and was now about to conduct over the same pathway her own, her one beloved child, and she might soon have to follow him. Yet, there was a world, a home, where they would meet, and where the mother would see the martyr's crown and palm-branch borne by her one and only child before the throne of God.

##### CHAPTER VI.

It was a glorious Roman morning, and Rome was early awake and active. It was a great and special Roman holiday; the streets which led to the Flavian amphitheatre were thronged. The interior was laid out with sand, clean and pure. The enormous multitudes rose tier on tier.

"Oh, mother," cried a little boy in his mother's arms, "Look! see what is coming! music, music."

And there was music.

"What is it?" said the child.

"It is the Emperor coming," said a soldier.

And the Emperor came with his long train of horses, which to the eye of the child appeared beautiful. He took his place on the throne of the amphitheatre. Loud was the cry as he entered the circus; but the multitude who had gathered there were eager for the coming spectacle—the death of the Christians.

There was a roar, as of lions or wild beasts. The child trembled. "What is that?" cried he.

"The lions who are to kill the Christians," said the soldier close by.

"Oh! mother, mother! I will never be a Christian; never, never!" and the child hid his face on his mother's shoulder.

Again the multitude in the street opened, again a wide space was made. "Mother, mother, what is this? Oh, listen!" Through the vast, unnumbered multitude, through the long ways of Rome, through the lane now opened by the vast multitude, came the Christians.

"Oh! hark, mother—hark, it is music."

It was a sweet song that rose upon the soft Italian air. Higher and higher, softer and softer it rose; so sweet and pure that even the amphitheatre was more quiet. The long line came on. In front was an old man, who leant upon the arm of a girl. Behind these two came the long train, two by two, "young men, maidens, and old men." And as they came they sang. Presently they reached the sand. The lions had fastened their claws in hunger round the bars of their cages, while round the pole raised in the centre the band of Christians gathered.

Beautiful, most beautiful, did their holy hymn of praise and prayer rise amid the deep silence. Every eye was lifted towards the clear blue sky, which to them appeared as the pavement of the glorious home to which they were so soon going.

And then the lions roared with greater fury. And then the iron bars were lifted up. And then on those devoted saints of God burst the beasts of the Numidian desert. One tremendous roar, one sweet rising of the hymn, and *all was over.*



### PRAY FOR POOR SAM.

I WAS much touched, a few nights ago, when at our tent meeting here in Jamaica a request for prayer was handed in. It read:—

"Pray for poor Sam, who only has one arm; also for my little brother, who has broken his collar-bone."

Dear boy, he had been affected by the word preached, and longed to know the Saviour's love, desiring, too, a like blessing for his little brother.

The same night another petition came:—

"Please pray for a little girl who is a lost sinner, that she may be saved."

When these were read and prayed for, I could not help thinking of our dear boys and girls at home, wondering how many were like "Poor Sam" and little "Mary" really desirous of knowing the Saviour's love.

Those who know the Lord will be glad, I am sure, to pray for the dear boys and girls of Jamaica.

J. W. H. N.

### SUMMER TIME.

IN the early chapters of Genesis we read of a flood which came upon this earth, but after the flood was over God gave a promise that while the earth remaineth seed-time and harvest, summer and winter should go on without any break, such as had been at the time of the flood.

This has come on right down to the present time, and although we sometimes get, like this year, a cold or wet summer, yet God remembers His promise, and always gives us a summer.

Now we shall soon be near the harvest time, when the corn will be gathered and the hay-making be at its height, as seen in our picture.

I trust that many of our readers will be able to help in the harvest work, and always think then of the promise God gave so many years ago, and how He has kept it until now.

There is another harvest going on at the present time, about which Jesus said the labourers were few. I mean the gathering together under Christ's banner of all who trust in Him.





SUMMER TIME.



### BLOWING BUBBLES.

**I**F you take a glance at the little girl in the picture, you will see in a moment what her occupation is.

You can see the large iron bath on one chair and a piece of soap on another. No doubt her mother had been doing some washing, and now that it is finished, Mary is using the soapy water to make bubbles.

Now I want to say a few words about these bubbles. You know, I dare say, what they are like when blown from a pipe. They begin very small, and gradually increase in size until, with a jerk of the pipe, they float off into the air.

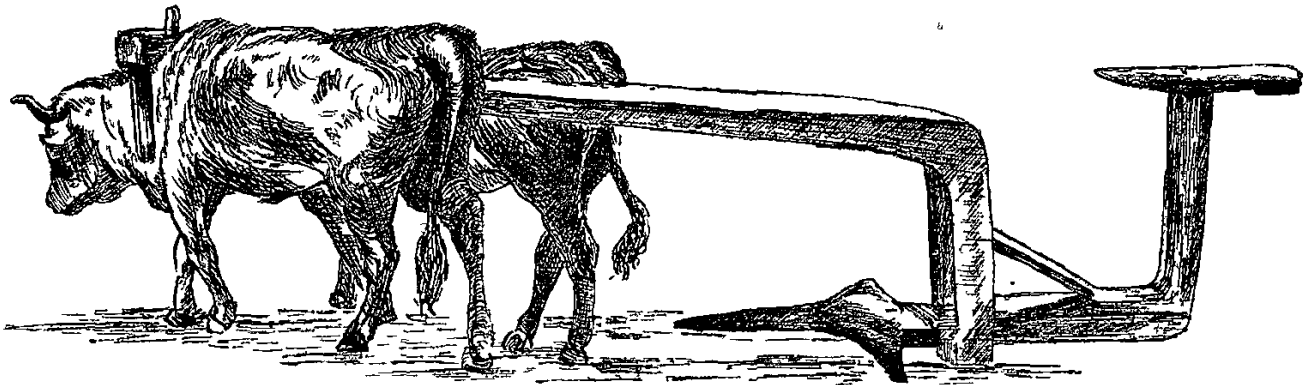
If the sun should be shining at the time, they look very pretty in the air as they reflect the rays of sunlight. They may float for some time in the air, but the moment they touch anything hard, the bubble bursts and leaves only a single drop of soapy water.

Well, now, I have thought how like little Mary are you and I, dear reader, indeed, all boys and girls, we are occupied in our daily lives with many things which are like the bubbles. They look so pretty for a very short time and then are gone.

Suppose a boy makes a dolls' house for his sister out of an old box. He may spend a good deal of time over it, sawing, nailing and glueing, and at last it is finished.

His sister is delighted with it and loves to play with it day after day for a short time, but how soon it is put aside for some reason and forgotten. It is like the bubble which lasts but a short time and is then gone.

Thus it is with most things in this changing world, and how thankful we should be to hear and to know of things that shall never be moved, never pass away, but abide for ever. Do you know of anything like this? If not, search in your Bibles for persons and things that will pass away, and also for persons and things that will abide for ever.



A PALESTINE PLOUGH. (SEE PAGE 55.)

## BIBLE ENIGMA.

(SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT CORONATION.)

THE *city* of the outcast King :  
 E'en children made His praises ring.  
 Whose kingdom then shall have *no end* :  
 From it He'll cast what doth offend.  
 A king or queen—first letters guide ;  
 Their greatness waned, His will abide.  
 Why asked then, "Do you know the Lord" ?  
 When owned *by all*, with one accord.  
*These* on His head He'll many wear—  
 Cast at His feet—whose reign they'll share.  
 This girdle round His loins He'll bend,  
 All wrongs redress, the poor befriend.  
 Gone those presented year by year :  
 Not *these* which still delight His ear.  
 An act of loyal hearts, but shewn  
 When gathered to His Name alone.  
 To it shall bow all things in heaven  
 And earth, for greater is not given.  
 His people called "meek of the earth,"  
 When ruled by *this*, shall know His worth.  
 What came the Son of man to do ?  
 In holy mount *this* they cannot do.

Read downwards, first five letters name  
 The One who high to sinners came !  
 The others in Hebrews' second chapter are  
 seen :  
 They tell how faith views Him in that blessed  
 scene.

## YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

THE number of Gleaners' papers giving answers to May questions has been larger than has been received during the early months of the year, and it is an encouragement to notice how many go steadily on with their work though they have not been encouraged as yet by finding their names among those of prize-winners. Perhaps some little boy or girl is feeling quite discouraged and just ready to say, "I will not write any more." "Try, try again," dear one. No Gleaner can take more than one prize in the same year, so that at least two names of those who have not been before successful are printed every month, and we are all adding to our stock of Bible knowledge, and that is worth something, is it not ? "The entrance of thy words giveth light ; it

giveth understanding unto the simple." (Psa. cxix. 130.)

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

TREES (*continued.*)

1. Give a parable from the Old Testament (Book of Judges) in which trees are employed as object-lessons, and used to convey instruction to Israel, and through them to us.
2. Give a passage, or passages, in which the wood of a tall and stately tree, which grew in abundance on the rocky heights of a range of mountains so lofty that their highest peaks are always covered with snow, is mentioned in connection with one of the smallest of wall-growing plants.
3. On what occasion were both to be cast into the fire ? State what you think their burning was intended to teach.
4. On what occasion did one whom God had greatly used and honoured receive (in a moment of discouragement) refreshment and (through an angel) divine communications made to him while resting under a tree ?
5. By what king of Tyre was a valuable present of cedar-wood made to a monarch, during whose reign the cedar-tree became as common as the sycamore ?
6. Quote a verse from the Book of the Revelation in which distinct reference is made to the "tree of life."

## PRIZE-WINNERS FOR MAY.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

ANNIE STILE, 12, Sunflower Road, Barnstaple, North Devon ; and

GRACE M. JESSUP, Batts' Corner, near Farnham, Surrey.

*A Special Prize will be sent to—*

ADAH MYERS, 27, St. Michael's Road, Bradford, Yorks.

Address Gleaners' Papers, &c., as directed on last page of magazine.

## LITTLE WILLIE.

NOT very long ago, on a bitter cold day, a friend of mine went to visit a little boy in the hospital just on the outskirts of the little town of P—. As she entered the large building and stepped into a ward shewn her by one of the nurses, a sweet pale face attracted her attention.

Yes, little Willie had been watching for his teacher, and at last she had come. Sitting down beside the bed and holding his tiny hand in hers, she told him of the love of Jesus, how He came in love and grace to save little ones like him. Oh! how bright he seemed! How he would have loved to go to Jesus then. The sharp pains would all be over, and he would never cry any more.

At length she took her leave to go, and as she bent down to kiss the pale, thin face, he whispered, "Jesus loves me and I love Him."

Yes, dear reader, Jesus loves you.

Will you not, like this little boy, accept Jesus as your Saviour ere night comes and you be shut out FOR EVER?

J. M. G. R. (New Zealand).

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### A PALESTINE PLOUGH.

**W**E have a picture this month, so our chat about play-grounds will, I hope, prove an interesting one. But Nellie, who has been for some time looking at the picture, says, had it not been for the words underneath the drawing, she might have looked much longer without even guessing that it was intended to represent "A Palestine plough, with yoke of oxen attached."

Not very long ago I was shewn a lovely toy model of a native plough; the model had really been made in or near Jerusalem, and purchased as a reminder of his visit to the land where the Bible was written by a gentleman who had spent some time in Palestine. Some Bible scenes connected with seed-time and harvest seemed brought vividly before my mind, and as I remembered how slowly customs change in Eastern lands, it was, I thought, not unlikely that the children of whom we have so often read in our Bibles played with small wooden ploughs, just as the children of Jaffa and many other places love to do at the present time. I wished for a moment that I could gather all the boys and girls who read *Gospel Stories* into one place, that they too might see the model and share the pleasure it had given us. But as that could not be, a friend who has learnt how to use her pencil skilfully kindly offered to make a drawing, slightly reduced in size, so we can all look at the picture as we chat about Jewish children and their plays.

"Do all the Jews live in Jerusalem?" Elsie asks. No, dear; not even in the land of Palestine. "Where do they live, then?" Freddie wants to know. I can only answer his question by telling

him that for more than eighteen hundred years the Jews have been what their own prophets foretold they should become, "A SCATTERED NATION." (Neh. i. 8; Jer. xiii. 24, and many other passages.) They live in every land, and it would not be easy to find a town or even a large village in which there are not some Jews.

But I must not forget that our talk is to be about Jewish children, and their in and outdoor amusements. Many of the children are quick to observe and to remember; bright, merry little creatures, full of life and energy. Great numbers of Jews live in the East of London, and though their children in most cases attend the Board schools, where they learn the same lessons and play at the same games as their Gentile schoolfellows, it is as a rule easy to distinguish and point them out.

Many of the English Jews seem quite at home in our country, and are not anxious to leave it. But if we were to visit other countries, say Poland, or Russia—in the last-named Jews have often been treated with great harshness, and laws have been made to prevent their building houses, or keeping shops—we should find a great hope in which even the children share, filling their minds. The hope of soon being able to return to their own land, the land promised so long ago to Abraham and his seed after him. (Gen. xv. 7.) Those who have watched the children at their play tell us that it is no uncommon sight to meet quite a number of boys marching, sometimes chanting in Hebrew such words as "Next year in Jerusalem."

Jews will often work hard and live poorly for many years in order to save a little money, enough to take them to Jerusalem when they are old men, for they believe that if they die and are buried near where the temple of Solomon once stood they are sure of going to heaven. We who have learnt from our Bibles that there is only one way of salvation, by faith in the Lord Jesus, can only pity and pray for those who are trusting in false hope.

Elisha was, we know, ploughing when the touch of Elijah's mantle won his heart to the prophet (1 Kings xix. 19-21), and we should all, I think, find it an interesting Bible study to trace his journey step by step, and see how faithfully he followed the master he loved till the parting came, and he saw Elijah go up to heaven in "a chariot of fire and horses of fire" (2 Kings ii. 11), and then holding the prophet's mantle in his hand and clothed as it were with a new power, he *...* e the waters of the river Jordan (a type or shadow of death), and so finding a pathway through its parted waves went on his way, his heart surely filled with thoughts of Elijah, and the desire to be as really and truly a witness for God, the God of Israel, as he had been.

Most of us have read for ourselves the beautiful story of the little boy who died and lived again. (2 Kings iv.) We know that it was in the busy time of harvest that he went with his father to the field, where it is most likely that for a time he amused himself by picking up a few scattered ears of corn and binding them into a tiny sheaf. Perhaps he had been there also in the time of seed-sowing and



watched his father's servants as they guided the oxen, or cast the seed by handfuls into the furrows made by just such a plough as the one in our illustration. A ploughman who means to do good work by making straight furrows must, we are told, keep his eye steadily fixed upon some distant object, and if we as Christians desire so to walk that our daily lives may bring glory to our Lord and Master, it can only be by "LOOKING UNTO JESUS." (Heb. xii. 2.) C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

### LV.

Blanche B., Rockview Heights, Plainfield, New Jersey, U.S.A. It is often a cheer to think of homes in other lands into which our little monthly is finding its way, uniting in the loving bond of a common Bible study the children of many homes. Your papers are very neatly done, but it would be pleasant to get a real letter from you. Are you able to attend a Bible Class or are you prevented by distance from being very often with the Lord's people when they meet together for prayer or reading the scriptures? You were quite right in sending two month's papers at one time as our rule about posting by the 25th of each month does not apply to those who live abroad or in the colonies. I wonder, dear Blanche, if you have yet owned to God that you were a lost and sinful child, and rested for salvation on what God says in His word about the finished work of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? It has often made me so glad to know that we have the precious blood of Christ for our sins and THAT makes us SAFE, and we have the WORD OF GOD that we may be SURE.

Massam is, I expect, your brother. Ask him to write a tiny letter and send it with his next paper, and when he has done so, to look every month in "Correspondence Corner" till he gets an answer.

Caroline Emily F., Walthamstow. Just a few loving words to let you know that your paper has been received and that C. J. L. will be glad to have you for one of her "GLEANERS." If you were to go into the country just after the corn has been reaped you would see, if you were in a part where the farmers allow poor people to glean in their fields, quite a number of women and children busy picking up the ears of corn that have been dropped by the reapers, and sometimes even little children pick up splendid handfuls. We glean in Bible fields, and many a precious text seems almost as if it had been put there on purpose to show the little ones how they may come to Jesus the Saviour, who, when He was on earth, took the children in His arms and blessed them.

Dora L. S., Sydney, Australia. Yes dear, we can indeed unite in thanksgiving for the loving-kindness of the Lord. How often during your long voyage, you must have been reminded of such Bible words as "The sea is his, and he made it." (Psa. xcv. 5.) "They that go down to the sea in ships. . . . These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." (Psa. cvii. 23, 24.) My desire and prayer for you is that the Lord may so attract your heart

to Himself, that your "ways may be bright with his praise." We do not shine for Christ by effort, but by being kept so near Himself that the light of His love and grace shine right down into our hearts; then, and not till then, we in our little measure reflect His light and so become witnesses for Christ in this poor, dark world where He is not

Agnes C. F., Melbourne, Australia. You have been a faithful "Gleaner," sending neatly-written and thoughtful papers month after month, and though as you did not write a letter it cannot be answered on our own page of *Gospel Stories*, a word of encouragement may not be unwelcome to you in your far-off home. Long before you can read what I am writing there will have been great rejoicings over the crowning of a king. The acclamations that hail the coronation of Edward the Seventh and his Queen Consort will be caught up and repeated throughout his wide-spread dominions. Surely if we through grace have been taught to own for ourselves the claims of Christ as Saviour and Lord, it must fill our hearts with joy to remember that "he must reign." (1 Cor. xv. 25.) By faith "we see Jesus, crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. ii. 9), but the Lord we love is still rejected on earth; it will not be always so. Christ will yet be owned and honoured as KING of KINGS and LORD of LORDS. But you and I, dear Agnes, have a great privilege. We may give joy to His heart by being true and loyal to Him now.

Janet S., Scarborough. Thanks, dear, for your kind letter. Do you not think that one of the lessons we are left here to learn is that the world through which we are passing is really "the valley of the shadow of death?" You have proved this to be true in the removal by death of one whom you loved dearly, and still more recently in the circle of "His own" in the place in which you live, but when the Lord makes an empty place in our hearts, may it not be that He may in this way make more room for Himself? "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding" (Prov. iii. 5) is a lovely word for the little things, the daily worries we all have to meet and pass through.

FLOWERS for the sick and aged have not been sent very often during the last few weeks, still a few have called forth grateful thanks from those who have received them, and brought smiles to weary pain-worn faces. Will J. W. G. (no address given) who sent a box of cut flowers with the simple words, "for the sick and lonely," please accept thanks. A box of wild flowers from Jessie J., Batts' Corner, gave a great deal of pleasure to some dear old people who used to live in the country, and one containing four beautiful tea roses, but without name or address, has just been received.

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should be posted, if possible, by the 25th.

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

FLOWERS for sick and aged should be sent direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**G**OOD work, in reply to Bible Questions on TREES, has, on the whole, been done by our Gleaners, but so many have fallen into the error of including the hyssop in list of trees named in the Bible, that they will, I hope, be interested in reading a few lines I am going to copy for them.

"HYSSOP. A *plant* used in the Jewish observances. It is often mentioned with cedar-wood and scarlet, and was used in sprinkling the unclean. It is described as springing out of the wall, showing its small size, though some of its stems may have been long enough to have been used as a reed on which the sponge was placed to give the Lord vinegar when He was on the cross. Some, however, who have visited Bible lands think the hyssop was used on account of its refreshing smell, and that both the sponge and the hyssop were tied on to the reed. The hyssop is the greatest possible contrast to the tall and stately cedar, and so may remind us of our littleness in the sight of God." (Abridged and adapted from "Bible Dictionary," published by G. Morrish, office of *Gospel Stories*.)

#### PRIZE-WINNERS FOR JUNE.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

EVELYN JONES, Eaton Villa, 49, Stanhope Road, Hereford; and

GRACE HEDGES (aged seven years), 19, Coxwell Street, Cirencester.

Special Prize (for list of trees) PERCY WALLACE, Fairlight Villa, Sea View Terrace, Lipson, he having named 49 trees.

8-1902

### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

#### ROCKS.

1. Find, without the help of a Concordance, the following passages:—

- (a) "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."
- (b) "The conies build their houses in the rock."
- (c) "A hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces."

2. By whom were the words spoken, and to whom addressed, "I will put thee in the cleft of a rock, ——"?

3. To which of His apostles did the Lord give a name, the meaning of which is a stone or rock?

4. In which of the prophets do we read of "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land"? State to whom you think the passage refers.

5. Give a scripture which proves clearly that those who reject the present grace and mercy of God may, though in vain, call upon the rocks and mountains to hide them from His presence.

6. Rock tombs are frequently to be met with in the land in which the Bible was written. Give as many allusions to such as you can remember or find in scripture.

Post your answers not later than the 25th of each month. Address as directed on last page of magazine

### MADE HAPPY.

**E**DWARD T., a lad of 13 years, was usually found in the class at Sunday school, where his teacher had faithfully spoken of God, whose love to man has been so wonderfully expressed in the gift of His Son.



Edward had been much impressed by the message he had so often heard, and, like many others in the same condition, was the special object of Satan's device to draw him away from the earnest pleadings of his teacher.

One Sunday afternoon he consented to go for a walk during the time the class were together, feeling so wretched and miserable within, though outwardly full of fun and frolic. He had not proceeded far, however, before he met his teacher, who on this particular day was later than usual.

To avoid a meeting was not possible, though much desired; the footpath was narrow, with a wall one side and a fence on the other. Calling him aside from his companions, the teacher spoke a few kind words and passed on, leaving Edward more miserable than before, the frivolity of his companions having no charm for him.

The reluctance with which his teacher was met suggested the thought that he was also afraid to meet God. Why? Because of his sins, feeling he deserved nothing but the judgment of God. Had the earth opened to swallow his body, like Dathan and Abiram in the days of Moses, his consciousness of guilt could have been no more heavily pressed upon him. Like the young man charged with murder a few years ago, who, when asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, said, "No, my lord; it is a just verdict. I want to die."

Have you ever thought so, dear reader? Have your sins ever come before you in such a way that death seemed to be your only portion? Listen, then. Edward returned to his home, and as the evening came retired alone to his room. Yes, my dear young friend, *alone* and *alone with God*. Solemn thought, but intensely real to this dear lad. Conscious of the chains of sin which bound him he confessed to God. What a moment! God and the sinner met, and in the quietness of that evening hour, as it gradually dawned upon him that "Out of pity Jesus said, He'd bear the punishment instead," one short prayer escaped his lips. "Lord Jesus, come in." Who can tell the joy that was

his but those who have tasted and seen the goodness of the Lord? The joy of sins forgiven was his portion. Is it yours?

In the place of sadness, gladness filled his soul, and many times since he has pondered with intense delight the words uttered by one who had joys deeper than those of earth. "Thou hast put gladness in my heart." (Psa. iv. 7.)

That the Lord Jesus may have a place in your heart, dear reader, is the prayer of

E. T. H.

### THE FIRST BABY—

#### WHAT HE GREW TO.

**T**HE birth of the first child into the home is a very great and important event.

Every baby is like a small bundle of love and hope. Mother's love is specially drawn out to the little helpless, clinging creature, and it is a hard heart indeed that is untouched by a baby's cry, or unbrightened by its artless smile and harmless prattle. The very first babe to cry upon this earth was Eve's child. The shadow of death had been flung over her life, but the promise of "the seed" of "the woman" shone like a glorious rainbow across the gloom, and awakened in that first mother's soul a bright hope of ultimate deliverance from sin and death.

Eve's spirit seems almost to break out into a cry of joy as she clasps her infant to her bosom, saying, "I have gotten a man from the Lord." Faith, hope and love sees in the babe the future man—the pledge of the bright future, the bud soon to become a fair blossom of immortality. As the poet Milton expresses it, "Childhood shews the man, as morning shews the day." Poor Eve! like many an unhappy mother since the Fall, was destined to have her bright fancies crushed, and her cherished hopes cruelly dashed to pieces. Oh! dear children, may God help you to cheer and not to break your mothers' hearts. Adam, you may be sure, was as pleased at his boy as Eve could be, for he had named her "Living," which her name expresses, shewing that he believed in the dawn of a better day. Thus we shall consider

#### Cain's Birth—The Lord's Gift

(Gen. iv. 1), for Eve rightly reckoned her son as God's gift to her. Every parent is entitled to look upon "the little ones" as sent by God to train for Him in the way of holiness, faith and love. Cain was not very old when God sent him a little companion, whom his mother, in a less happy spirit, called Abel, meaning "breath" (Job vii. 16), or "Vanity" (Psa. cxliv. 4). Perhaps she felt how uncertain life on earth might be. Possibly Cain was a troublesome lad, and she felt, like many a mother since, how her hands would now be very full indeed. Years passed on, and Cain became a strong young man, sharing the agricultural work with his father. Many a hard day's work had he, till the perspiration stood in great beads upon his forehead. (Gen. iii. 17-19.) When man was driven out of the beautiful garden, the Lord God commanded strange creatures called Cherubim to become sentinels on the east barring the way to the wonderful Tree of Life. There was also in the place of The Presence, "The flame of the flashing sword," which is doubtless referred to in Zechariah xiii. 7. There is little doubt that these majestic beings, whose name means "like God," marked the spot whither man's gifts were to be offered.

#### Cain's Bringing—A Bloodless Sacrifice.

(Ver. 5.) Fallen man felt that in some way the Deity required to be appeased. Cain naturally thought that what had cost him so much toil must needs be acceptable to Jehovah; so he loaded his altar with first-fruits, vines and pomegranates, figs and melons. But, like many since, he made a grievous error. No answering flame from the Cherubim consumed his gift. Instead of feeling humbled he was angry, and the more so because the lamb brought by his younger brother Abel was consumed at once, for the flame fed upon it because it set forth the great coming burnt sacrifice—the Christ of God. Here, however, a wonderful event happened:

#### Cain Besought—The Lord's Mercy.

(Vers. 6, 7.) The Lord asked Cain why he looked so angry. He then gently told him that if he did well he would become cheerful, or happy, but if he did ill a sin offering

lay at the door, but that he would always rule over his weaker brother. Poor Cain, instead of being thankful, brooded over his gift not being accepted, while Abel's was consumed, until Satan put the wicked thought into his heart (1 John iii. 12) to slay his defenceless brother.

#### Cain's Bloodguiltiness—Satan's Triumph.

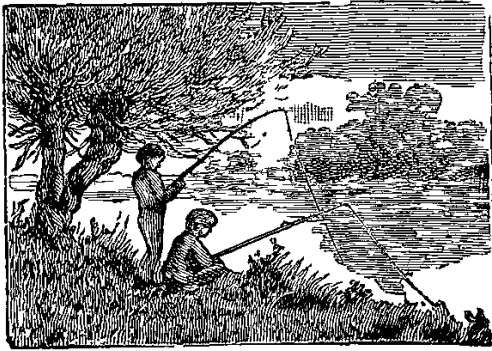
(Ver. 8.) Thus the first baby became the first murderer, and the second one the first martyr—the heads of two long lines who have lived and are living still. The children of the devil, and the children of God. (1 John iii. 8-15.) To which do you belong? Satan's seed crowned their wickedness when they crucified the Lord of glory, the resistless meek and holy Jesus. Guilt ever brings punishment and misery. So no sooner is the awful deed committed than the righteous Judge appears and calls him to account.

#### Cain's Bitterness—The Unhumbled Soul.

(Vers. 9-16.) "My punishment is greater than I can bear," he cried. He felt that the Lord was against him, for he was to be driven from "The Presence," that the very earth, saturated by his brother's guiltless blood, was against him, and every one would either shun or slay him. In wrath the Lord remembered mercy, for He set a brand on his forehead to prevent his life being too soon taken from the earth. Guilty Cain fled from the presence of Jehovah, and dwelt in the land of the fugitive, which is the meaning of Nod. There he built the first city far away from the Lord, and from him descended all who have contributed to efface the recollection that the earth is cursed for man's sake by their mirth and music, commerce and artifice. They had their times of religion, and perhaps revival too, for "then people began to call, or call themselves by the name of Jehovah." Let me earnestly beg of you, dear young readers, to consider how awful it will be if you go in the way of Cain (Jude 11) instead of being in "the way of righteousness, peace and life." T. R. D.

#### HOW LITTLE WILLIE GOT HOME.

**W**ILLIE BOOTH was a sharp little boy, aged ten years, and lived in the town of C— with his parents.



One day his father took Willie to Leeds by train for an outing, where by some means they got separated from each other. When darkness had come on the little fellow was discovered lost and crying in one of the streets of the city. He was taken by a kind hand to a place of safety for the night, and next morning he left the house he was staying at and walked home quite alone to C——, being about ten miles. When Willie was asked how he found his way home such a distance on a road he had never been before, his answer was—

“I could tell by some posts with the name on!”

Yes, the dear boy was lost, and was found. He knew of a home awaiting him. He made straight for it and reached it. It is clear that Willie never doubted what was on those finger posts at the various cross-roads and lane ends! You see they *had the name on!* They pointed to C——, his home, and that was quite enough for Willie Booth. He knew someone there too who would give him a warm welcome.

Dear young reader, let us see what we can get for our souls from this little story. God in His word tells us that, “All we like sheep have gone astray.” All by nature are lost and in the dark as to our souls, whether we feel it or not. Little Willie knew and felt he was lost, but he was picked up by that kind friend. Now have you really felt your lost state before God, and been found by the loving Saviour, who came to save the lost? Are you, through God’s grace, turned from darkness to light, and a child of the day on

the happy road to the heavenly home of your precious soul? If so you are obeying the divine finger-posts on the way.

Jesus said, “I am the way.”

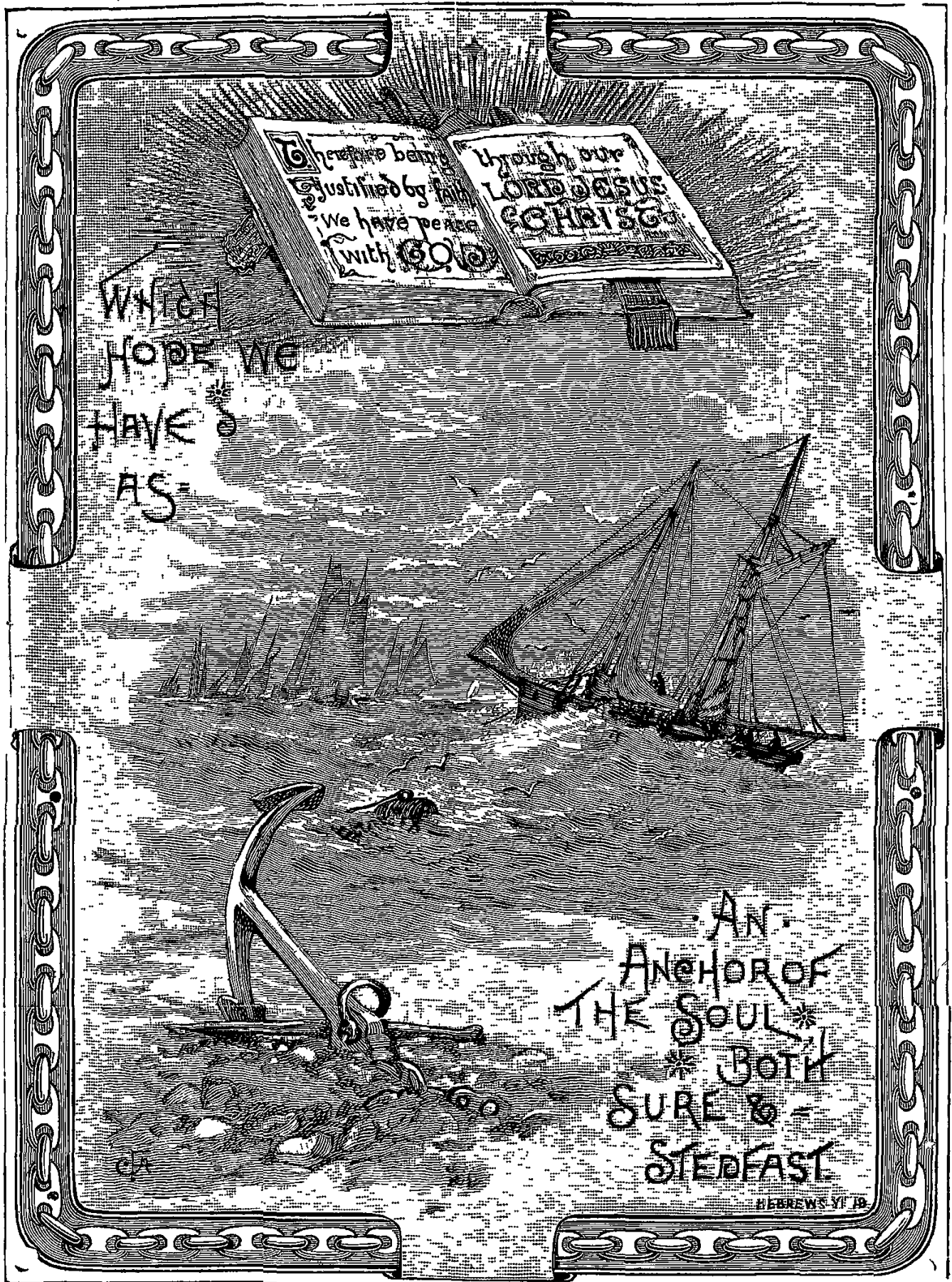
“And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” Another heavenly finger-post says, “He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.” Dear child, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.” Then will begin the rejoicing never to end. Remember Willie’s face was set for C——, and he reached his earthly home through simply believing what was on those posts.

So if your face is set for the heavenly home—the Father’s house in glory—through believing, so to speak, what is upon God’s finger-posts, your arrival at that blessed home is certain. Think too of the thrice happy welcome awaiting you. May the Lord bless you!

“There’s a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy.  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare,  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier there.”

J. N.





## SURE AND STEDFAST.

**N**OW that the holidays have come, the schools closed, books put away, and the scholars free for a time, we shall find the more fortunate boys and girls scattered over the country visiting their friends.

Many, too, will be at the sea-side, delighted to be found on the steamers, yachts, and little boats. Now there is one thing that all boats, whether large or small, have to carry. I do not mean a sail, rudder, or an oar, but something more important than these.

If you look at the picture over leaf you will see at once what I mean. It is

## AN ANCHOR.

That, I think, is the most important article in any ship or boat, and no captain would think of going to sea without it, and sometimes indeed they take two or three, in case one is lost by the chain breaking.

Now we find in scripture that many things in common use, like an anchor, are used by the Spirit of God to illustrate more important things, and you will see that the text on the picture quoted from Hebrews speaks of a HOPE which we may have which is both

## SURE AND STEDFAST.

That is a very blessed hope to have, and it will be as an anchor to the souls of all those who have fled for refuge to Christ Jesus, who has finished His work and entered into heaven.

**PANCRATIUS,  
The Boy Martyr of Rome.**

## CHAPTER VII.

*But there were but one hundred and thirty there,* for the last of that procession, he who made up the one hundred and thirty-one, was stopped at the gate. It was Pancratius; who was stopped by a soldier sent directly from the Emperor with a message. It was to the old effect. The Emperor would place so bold, so fine a youth next his own person; he should be a member of his body-guard.

The youth stayed at the gate; life was sweet, yet he hesitated not.

"Let me go," said he; "I cannot, will not, deny my dear Lord and Saviour."

His words were carried to the Emperor, and the doom of Pancratius was pronounced.

"Carry the boy to death, and instantly."

Pancratius stood as yet at the gate.

As he stood, a voice full of scorn said:

"You fool, you coward." It was Fulvius.

"*Fulvius!*" said the boy calmly, "*Fulvius, I am no coward!*"

His antagonist slunk away, awed by the serene power and courage of the boy, and Pancratius still stood alone.

He turned, for a hand touched his shoulder.

It was his mother.

"My boy—my only boy! God keep you. Look at me at the last——"

There was no more time. The boy was summoned, and he went. He stood alone. The eyes of 35,000 people gazed upon him, and the eyes of the now infuriated Emperor.

One more cage was opened. A single tiger sprang on to the golden gravel of the arena of the Flavian amphitheatre—*one tiger and one boy.*

Every eye was fixed—every bosom breathless. The tiger seemed not to see him.

Supported by the God of all grace, Pancratius sang, though alone, his little hymn. Now the beast of the jungle discovered him: it drew closer and closer to him, in narrowing, still more narrowing circles. Pancratius looked up—calm and still. Another moment, and the tiger sprang.

There was one look over the body of the beast of prey, and that was fixed upon *his mother.* Her look met his. He looked upward, and then fell upon the now bloody sand. Thus he died.

And above, far away beyond the clear bright blue of the Roman sky—far away beyond sun and moon and stars—a hymn, a glorious hymn, had been long singing, long raised to the glory of the Lamb. But to-day that hymn grew louder and louder, for "young men and maidens, old men and children," the aged servant of Christ, and Pancratius, the young martyr, had gone to swell that everlasting hymn, which every little



boy and girl who trusts and loves the Saviour can help to swell :

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

E. M.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### AMONG THE HOP-PICKERS.

"GOING hopping" means to many of the children whose homes are in dull cheerless streets or narrow courts into which really fresh air laden with the scent of flowers or hay-fields never seems to find its way, a good time. They look forward to and enjoy it just as thoroughly as most of the boys and girls for whom I am writing look forward to and enjoy their seaside or country holiday.

"Will I tell you about it?" Yes, I will do my best, though if you have never been into a hop-garden I am afraid I shall hardly be able to make you understand what a pretty sight it is, or how much busy work will have to be done there during the month of August, or if the season should prove a late one, it may go on during the first week in September.

Elsie reminds us that Kent, Surrey and Sussex are the hop-growing counties, and asks if hop-harvest gives employment to so many poor people why farmers all over the country do not grow hops? I can only answer her question by telling her that the kind of soil needed for the growth of the hop is only to be found in the counties she has named, and when we remember the purpose for which hops are grown, to be used with malt in brewing ale and other malt liquors, I do not think that I am sorry that they are not more largely cultivated.

A great deal of care and attention is required by the young plants. The hop, as we all know, belongs to a large family, "the climbing stems," and three times before it attains its full growth, each plant has to be tied to a stout stick, called a hop-pole, that has been placed for its support.

When the hops are ready for picking, the news spreads quickly, not only in the districts where they grow, but is soon known in some of the poorer parts of East London. Cheap trains are run by all the railway companies whose lines touch the neighbourhood of the hop-grounds, and it is no uncommon thing to find a whole family, father, mother and children of various ages, getting ready to give up, or lock up the one or two rooms in which they live, and taking just what few things they are able to carry, start by an early train for some town or village near which hops are grown.

"Baby must go too." Yes, of course she must,

for there would be no one at home to look after the poor little thing, and baby will enjoy the sweet fresh air and the free outdoor life of the hop-garden as much as any of the party. If the sun should prove too hot, it will be easy to fix up a tiny tent by pinning mother's old shawl to the branch of a tree, or fastening it to poles, and there the little one will play or sleep, needing only the care of a child too young to be of much use in the real work of hop-picking.

"Many hands" are said to "make light work," and even boys and girls of not more than seven or eight years old, if they are willing to work, and do not want to keep running off to play, can be very useful and add to the family earnings. The hops are gathered by cutting the stems and pulling up the poles to which they were tied. This is done by men and boys, who carry them to the canvass bins where the women and children are waiting to pick them. When the bin is filled the quantity it holds will be measured by an overlooker, and the number of bushels picked entered in two books, that of the overlooker, and that of the picker whose name is opposite to the number of the bin. The earnings of each family will depend, not only upon the number of hands employed, but upon the way in which their work is done. A quick, clean picker will of course earn more than a slow and careless one.

But you must not think it is all work and no play for the children. They get many a merry game when work is over; some go for pleasant rambles in the woods and fields, while perhaps two or three of the elder ones, each taking a basket, will find their way through lanes, where only a short time ago primroses and violets made a picture of almost perfect beauty, to the village shop, from which they will soon return with bread, cheese and other things needed for family use. But they must not linger too long, for the soft summer twilight will soon give place to night, and as lamps on these country roads may be few and far between, darkness will be a new and strange experience to these children of the town.

But we must not forget that these hop-pickers have souls, and we are glad and thankful to know that opportunity of telling them of the love of God in the gift of His Son has not been lost by some who love the Lord Jesus Christ. Year by year many of the hop-gardens have been visited by christian workers, sometimes singly, sometimes two by two, who have given gospel books, or, without for a moment stopping the work, said a few quiet words to any who were willing to hear of God's way of salvation. Text-cards, back numbers of *Gospel Stories*, etc., are much valued by the children; while on Lord's-day afternoons and evenings, and sometimes on week nights, large numbers will often come together in the open-air to sing hymns and listen to gospel preaching, and though at times the work has been difficult and trying, there has been abundant cause for thanksgiving, some have not only heard but received the glad tidings, and have returned to their homes new creatures, "created anew in Christ Jesus," their



past of sin and selfishness all blotted out through the precious blood of Christ, and a new path, bright with the light of "unseen things" and leading to a new home, "THE FATHER'S HOUSE," where they will see the face of the Saviour, who loved, and gave Himself for them, in which as "children of light" they may walk. C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

## LVI.

E. C. Leighton, Huntingdon. Dear little friend,—C. J. L. cannot help being pleased that the very pretty knitted socks you so kindly sent were too large for your doll, for now, as you suggest, "a real baby" will get the comfort of them, and it is much more interesting to work for *live* babies than for wax or wooden ones. The baby girl to whom they will be given is not quite two weeks old yet, so it is too early to be sure about her name; but you will be glad to know that both her father and mother know and love the Lord Jesus, and delight to be found in the company of those gathered to His name. To them the new-comer will in more ways than one be welcomed as a very precious loan from the Lord, coming as she does to help fill the empty places in hearts and home, caused by the removal of two dear little boys whom the Lord took to be with Himself only a few months ago. Try to write again soon. Sign your name in full, please. I expect you are quite "mother's help"

Dear Spanish Gleaners,—So glad to get your nice packet of answers to Bible Questions again. It would indeed seem as if something from the monthly letter packet had been lost if you did not write. I expect you have been hearing a good deal about the children of Portugal lately, and are feeling just as sorry for them as many of us in England are sorry, because many of them must be feeling very sad and lonely. They will miss the true and long-trying friend who loved to gather them around her and speak to them of the Lord Jesus, her own trusted Saviour. She loved them, and they loved her, and will miss her greatly. But we are comforted by knowing not only that the Lord makes no mistakes, but that His love must always do its very BEST for "His own." So we think of dear Mrs Holden as "with Christ, which is far better," and pray that the good seed she loved to sow, seeds of truth, may yet spring up in the hearts of many who knew and loved her, and bear a rich harvest, to the praise and glory of the Lord.

Mary C., Hull. You would so like to see a little letter, all to yourself, would you, dear? Well, I will try to give you a few lines this month. It was pleasant to hear that you were not only pleased with the prize you received some months ago, but after reading it found out a way in which it might be useful by lending it to others—a much better way, it seems to me, than that adopted by one prize-winner, who wrote to say that he had put his book carefully wrapped in paper into a drawer. Now it is quite right to be careful, but it is so easy for us to be selfish with such hearts as you and I have, is it not? But there is a power

quite outside ourselves, and yet within our reach, that can produce love, love to God and love to others. This power is the "love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us." (Rom. v. 5.) I am glad you found last month's subject an interesting one. You have heard and read a great deal about the Lord Jesus, but have you learnt to know Him as your own precious Saviour?

Arthur, Si-sie and Phylis G., Hermitage Farm, Kent. Thanks, dear ones, for the lovely flowers, which arrived just in time to be acknowledged in this month's *Gospel Stories*, looking as sweet and fresh as if just gathered. C. J. L. was very busy when the box came; but so many sick and aged ones live within a few minutes' walk that in a very short time seven bunches of flowers were helping to brighten as many rooms where sick or aged people spend all or nearly all their days. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 24, 25)

F. L., Eaglefield Green. Accept loving thanks for box of wild-flowers received safely. I wish you could have seen the pleasure some of them gave to a very aged one (92 years of age). She belongs to the household of faith, but her love of flowers seems as fresh as it was when as a child she played in her father's garden, or gathered cowslips and ox-daisies in the fields that surrounded her country home. And it is sweet, is it not, to know that even what we call very small things, if done from love to Christ and a real desire to serve Him, are not only accepted by Him, but are of value in His sight. "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart." (1 Sam. xvi. 7.)

Edward R. and his sisters, East Ham. Thanks for parcel of books, cards, &c. C. J. L. was sorry to have been from home when you called, but if you "Try, try again," perhaps you may be successful in finding her some day. It is encouraging to notice the care you take of all the books, cards, &c., that are given to you; but it is only on the ALL-TRUE books that we can really seek the blessing of the Lord, and we do not wish to give anything that we cannot ask Him to bless, do we? Your parcels are, on the whole, very useful ones, and if now and then a book that is not all-true gets in, you will not mind its being laid aside, will you? We all need to be very careful as to what kind of seed we sow, for as the sowing so will be the reaping.

Ada W., Auckland, New Zealand. It is a cheer to think into how many homes *Gospel Stories* is finding its way, and should be an encouragement to pray for the dear young friends who are almost every month joining our "Young Gleaners'" band. May you, dear Ada, be made early wise unto salvation. Early saved and KEPT through the journey of your life, a true and faithful witness for Christ.

Letters, Gleaners' Papers, &c., should, if possible, be posted on or before the 25th.

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



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### THE REFUGE OF LIES.

**W**AR is a sad thing, dear children, and we have been hearing very much about it of late. I have no doubt some of you have lost your fathers, brothers and uncles amid the fierce struggles of South Africa. Since they have died we can do them no good; we can only pray for the living, who have hitherto been preserved.

Do you pray, dear boys and girls? God is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, but sometimes we ask Him for things which He is not pleased to give us, because they would not be good for us. We should like to see all the soldiers go safely to their homes, but that may not be yet. Some of us do pray, and do know that many will go to that bright home where all is peace, joy and love.

How precious it is to God when any poor soldier turns to Him in the name of His beloved Son. Ah! yes. God has been so gratified with the work of the Lord Jesus that He can make happy any one who really needs help.

Now I am going to tell you a very sorrowful story of a poor little boy who thought to save his father by telling lies.

Poor child, he did not know anything of God, and had been brought up very badly.

What I am telling you happened about a hundred years ago in one of the earliest invasions of the Spaniards by the French. An officer of the French army relates the story. The little boy's father was a Spaniard named Ambrosio. He had hired himself to the French army as a guide to lead them over a mountain to a place they wished to reach. But he took a number of men the wrong road, and led them among their enemies, who cruelly killed them.

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Their friends sought to find out this wicked man, and, after some difficulty, found he had escaped to his own house, which was in a very lonely and barren place. A detachment of soldiers reached the house late one night. They first surrounded the house, and then the officer knocked many times at the door. At length a woman's voice was heard asking, "What do you want?"

"Ambrosio."

"He is not here; perhaps he is dead. I do not know what has become of him."

The captain insisted upon entering, but the woman would not open the door, and he could plainly hear her sobs. He looked around and saw an upstairs window was open. He immediately mounted upon a man's shoulders and entered through the window, followed by another officer and some men.

By the light of a small lamp which they found, the men searched the house. In one room they found a poor woman sitting on the floor with a baby in her arms. She persisted in saying she did not know where her husband was. She said she was ill and had no food now he was away. She wept very much, and said she was dying of hunger.

One of the men found a little boy of about five or six years old, who had crept between a great chest and a chimney. He was brought to the captain, who patted him on the head, and asked him where was his father. He replied he did not know at all.

"When did he leave you?"

"A long time ago."

"And if your father is gone, who gives you bread? Your mother is ill, she cannot buy you bread!"

"She cries, and she has some given to her."

Then the captain offered him some piastres

if he would tell them. But he remained silent, even though the point of a bayonet was put to his heart with the threat he should be killed. Pale and trembling he looked at his mother, but did not utter a sound.

The captain was so affected at his heroism that he let him go, and was preparing to give up his search. But at that moment one of his men espied a large bundle of linen under a weaver's loom which was in the room. He pierced it with his bayonet, when the little boy burst into tears. The bundle was unrolled, and in it was found poor Ambrosio. The child ran to him, crying, "O, padre de mi alma, c'e mi corazon!" (Oh, father of my life, father of my heart.) His voice was stifled with sobs. The Spaniard folded him in his arms, said farewell to his wife, then followed the soldiers without resistance. He was tried by a court-martial, and condemned as a spy to be hanged.

The officer said, though deeply interested in this little fellow he was unable, through removing from the neighbourhood with his detachment, to enquire of him for five months. He then found the cottage a heap of ruins. The mother had died and some kind neighbours had taken the baby, but the other child had left that part of the country to beg his bread, an orphan of six years of age! Now, dear children, is not this a sad story? May not one of you ever be put to such a cruel test as this poor boy. But oh, if in trial and difficulty may you be able to turn to God, who is a very present help in time of trouble.

The little boy made a refuge of his lies, but not one helped him. His poor mother also hid under the same refuge. How true are the words, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Are you hiding yourself under a refuge of lies? Are you thinking God does not see and He does not know? Ah! but He does, you may depend upon this. You have many more privileges than this child, you have heard how good and how holy God is, and how He thought upon a way whereby sin could be dealt with so that the sinner accepting His way could be taken into His favour. You should not think lightly of sin. It cost God very much, even the death of

His Son whom He loved with the love that only God could give. We can but little understand it, can we?

But I do trust that you know something about it, and that you have been led to see that your crimson sins are washed away through Jesus' blood. It is very happy to know that the Lord Jesus is now alive for evermore, so we have a living Saviour to whom we can go in our distresses. Now, dear children, though the story of the little Spaniard may make you think sadly of the horrors of war, yet your heart and mind may rest safely in the Lord. The day is coming when there will be no more war and every trace of sin which brings it about will be gone from our eyes for ever. God knew how to make peace and bring blessing to man when He sent His own Son into this world, but men did not understand Him. When He comes in the clouds and every eye shall see Him how different will it be! He will put away the refuge of lies, and punish all who do wickedly, and then He will be obeyed and feared always, and loved by all His people who will then be on the earth. But, dear children, you must trust and love Him now if you would be ready to go and dwell with Him.

E. E. S.

#### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

**T**HOUGH the number of Gleaners' Papers received in our July packet was not so large as usual, there is hardly a doubt that some whose papers come month by month are, or have been, away during the school holidays, and perhaps did not get *Gospel Stories* in time. We do not for a moment think of such as having dropped out of the ranks, and quite expect to find their letters in next month's packet, that is if we are here, for we want to remember that the Lord is coming; soon perhaps, it may be very soon, He will take "His own" out of the poor, dark world in which they are left for a little while that they may shine for Him. Then the day of grace will be at an end. How sad it would be for even one of our Gleaners to let it slip by, and find that *one*, still unsaved, unsheltered by the precious blood of Christ.

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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## PRIZE-WINNERS FOR JULY.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will  
be sent to—*

FRANK INRIG, Keiss, Wick, Caithness, Scotland; and  
JESSIE K. JESSUP, Batts Corner, near Farnham, Surrey.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. How many times is "water," or "waters," mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis?

2. Find, without the help of a concordance, the following passages:—

(a) "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

(b) "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

(c) "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

3. What woman asked for "springs of water," and how was her request granted?

4. To whom was "a bottle of water" given on the day on which she left a place to which, as far as we know, she never returned? Explain if you can the kind of bottle referred to, and mention any other allusions to the same sort of bottle you remember or can find.

5. On what occasion was the Lord seen by His disciples "walking upon the water"? Who was led by affection to desire to join Him there? Give in your own words a short account of the circumstance.

6. Give three references to the "water of life" from the Book of the Revelation. By whom are thirsty souls invited to partake of it "without money, and without price"?

Post not later than the 25th. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

## "ONLY A GENTLE WORD."

**A** KINDLY word and a tender tone—  
To only God is their virtue known!

They can lift from the dust the abject head,  
They can turn a foe to a friend instead;  
The heart close-barred with passion and pride  
Will ope at their knock its portal wide, [sears  
And the hate that blights and the scorn that  
Will melt in the fountain of childlike tears.

What ice-bound griefs have been broken,  
What rivers of love been stirred,  
By a word in kindness spoken,  
By only a gentle word.

## THE BIG BELL.

**I** WAS speaking to some Norwegian boys and girls the other day, telling them how the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save them, and to make the matter plain I told them the following story from my own childhood.

At the time the following event happened I was only a little fellow, not more than five years old. My parents lived in a large town, and you can quite understand that it was not safe for a little boy of five to go into the town alone. However, one day I managed somehow or other to slip out of the house unobserved. I enjoyed the liberty of being able to go where I liked, and found so many things to interest me, and in this way got quite away from my home. By-and-by I became very hungry and tired, and wanted to go back home, but the more I tried to find my way the more hopeless it seemed to become. Oh, how lonely I was! There were plenty of people around me, but nobody took any notice of me. *I was lost!*

My mother did all she could to find me, but to no purpose. But now I am coming to the interesting part of my story. There was a man in our town who had a large brass bell which weighed several pounds. We children called him the "bell-man," but his proper title was the "town-crier." His business was to go round the town announcing sales, public meetings, etc. It often happened, too, that when children had got lost their parents sent this man in search of them. They gave him a description of the child's clothes, appearance and age, and he, taking his big brass bell with him, would set off in search of the missing child. Having selected a spot in some crowded street, he would ring his bell to attract the attention of the passers by, and having gathered a small crowd around him, he would tell them about the lost child, requesting any who should happen to come across him to take him to the Town Hall, whence he would be taken home to his parents.

My mother went to this man and sent him off in search of me. It was now several hours since I left home, and I was on the point of despair, when I heard the sound of

a large bell close by. I saw that people began to collect around a certain man, and ran to see what there was. The man rang his bell again, and oh! what a bell it was! I had never seen a bell like that before. I forgot my sorrow completely; the big bell had quite captivated my childish fancy.

The man now told the people that a little boy was lost, and gave them a description of him. Suddenly a woman laid her hand on my head and said: "Is not this the boy?" The "bell-man" looked at me, asked me my name, and then said: "Yes, this is the very boy I am looking for." He took me home, and you may be sure they were glad to see me.

This may serve to show how a sinner is brought back to God. You have sinned against God, dear young reader, and by your own efforts can never get back to Him. You are lost, just like I was. But God has sent One to seek you. "The Son of man came to *seek* and to *save* that which was *lost*." He, too, has, so to speak, a large bell, which is being rung at this very moment. His bell is the

### GOSPEL.

You have often heard its sweet, lovely sound, have you not? I dare say you like to hear the gospel and are in a measure charmed by the sweet story of God's love, but have you ever realised that the gospel came to the world just to seek *you*?

That big bell told me of a loving mother, who sor-

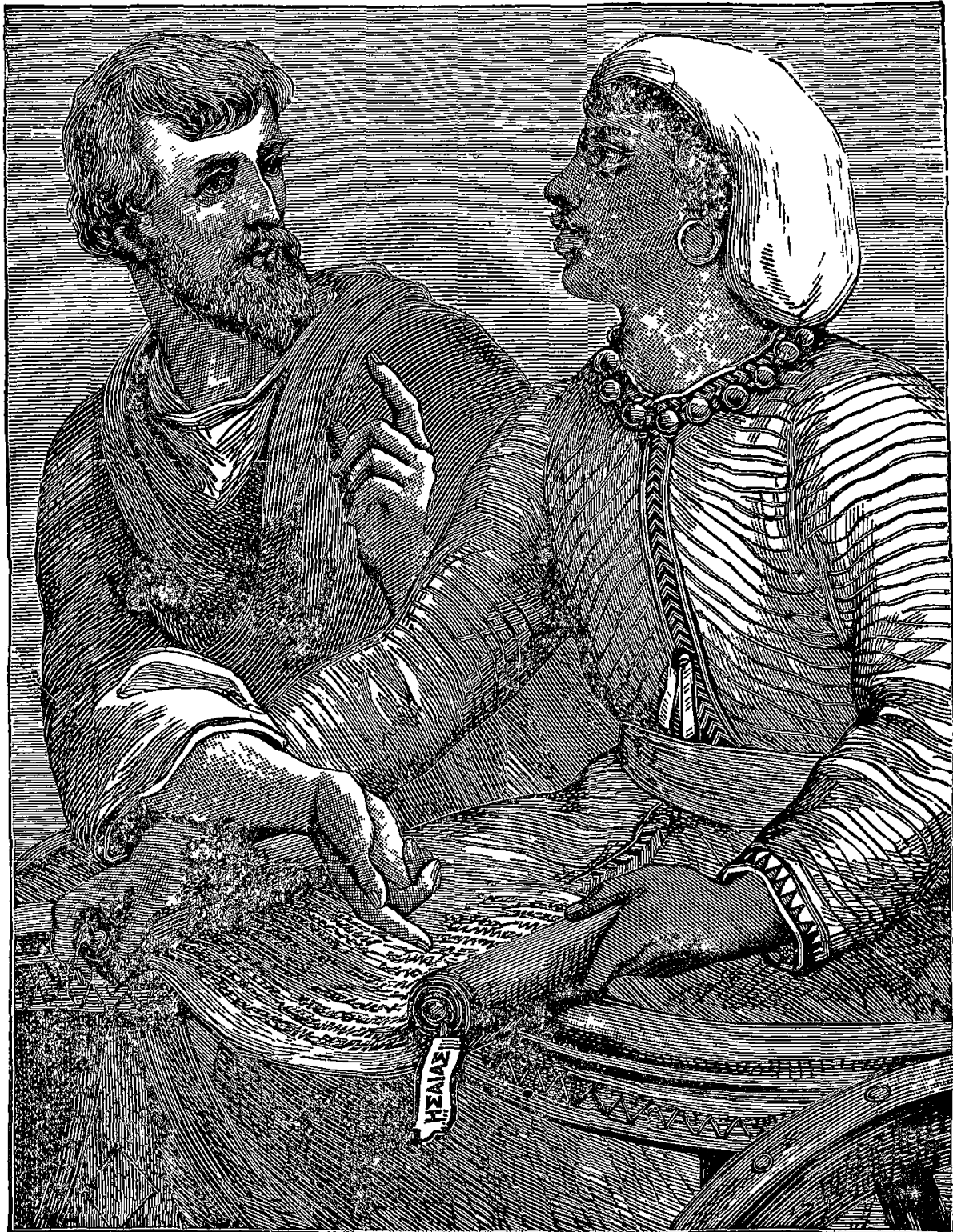
rowed over her lost child. The gospel tells us that God loves us and wants to save us—that in order to be able to save us He had to send His beloved Son down to death in our stead. Will *you* not, dear child, believe the message just now, and trust in Him of whom it speaks? Then it will be said: "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost." W. L.—B.

"What man of you, having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."



LOST IN THE BIG TOWN.





THE PARCHMENT BOOKS.

**PHILIP'S MESSAGE.**

**S**OLOMON—the wisest of men—once said that of making of books there is no end, and he could not have said a

truer thing even if he had lived in the present day instead of so long ago.

We might also say that the kinds of books are many too. Indeed, the first kinds that



came into use would not be called books at all now, for they were only flat leaves of plants, and after that, skins of animals made into what we call parchment.

The parchment might have been cut into leaves and so made up into books, but instead of this they used long strips of parchment and rolled them round two sticks, one stick being fastened at each end of the strip.

Now if you look in the picture over leaf you will see that it is a book of that kind that the eunuch was reading in his chariot as he returned home after his visit to Jerusalem.

Philip was told to join the chariot, which he did, and at the eunuch's invitation took a seat by his side. He soon found that the Ethiopian, though reading a very precious portion of the scriptures, was getting no benefit from it, for in reply to Philip's question: "Understandest thou what thou readest?" said, "How can I, except some man should guide me?"

This gave Philip a splendid opportunity of telling out all that was in his heart—a story which I am sure the eunuch never forgot to the day of his death.

Well, you ask, perhaps, "What was the wonderful story he had to tell?" Ah! dear children, the words of that address are not recorded: all we read is that "He preached unto him Jesus," but it was a wonderful story we may know plainly enough by the effect it had upon the eunuch.

As they were driving through the desert they came to a pool of water, and the eunuch asked to be baptised; he wanted to be known as a Christian, for if either Jews or heathen became Christians they were always baptised.

When they came up out of the water Philip's work with the eunuch was done, the Spirit of the Lord caught him away, but the blessed effect of his conversation remained, for the eunuch went on his way rejoicing. He had failed to find happiness at the temple at Jerusalem, but learned in the desert that Jesus is the source of real joy.

### THE WAY OF CAIN.

**T**HERE is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Such was the

way Cain took—it was a way which seemed right unto him, but the end thereof was the way of death. Driven out from God's presence, a fugitive and a vagabond, and bearing the brand of a murderer, was the end of the way of Cain.

Unconsciously thousands are following in the way of Cain. It seems right unto them, but the end thereof is death—eternal death! Maybe, reader, *you* are going that way, so look well to yourself and consider your ways, lest you find out when too late the tremendous and unalterable mistake you have made. For if you are seeking to gain heaven by any doing of your own, then your way is not God's way, but like Baalam's of old, perverse unto Him.

Some one a time ago made this terrible discovery, but, thank God, a timely one, that they had all their lifetime been going

RELIGIOUSLY TO HELL.

They had but been going the way of Cain, for he was no immoralist, neither was he an impious young man like thousands to-day; he was religious, and he came with an offering to God, but in his offering there was *no blood!*

And you too may be religious, priding yourself on your piety and devotion yet treading in the way of Cain. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" is the clear and unmistakable language of scripture; yet there are thousands who will go their own way, and are being deluded by the devil into this false hope, that if they but do their best it will be all right with them.

"*Do your best*" is but the devil's poison draught to rob the poor deluded victim of its precious soul, and hundreds are eagerly swallowing it.

WOE UNTO THEM!

for they have gone in the way of Cain. He brought the best he could to God, but it was the fruit of a cursed earth which God could not accept.

Lay aside your doing, unsaved reader. It may seem right in your eyes, but listen for one moment to what God has said. "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.*" "*The*

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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*blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."*

E. E. N.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "ROSE COTTAGE."

**OUR** last talk was about the poor people who are so glad to say "Good-bye" for three or four weeks to the crowded courts and narrow streets of some of the poorest parts of East London and take a working holiday by joining the hop-pickers. Now I am going to tell you about a visit I paid not very long ago to friends whose country home, though quite a long way from the nearest railway station, is surrounded by green fields and pleasant hop-gardens. I do not think that hop-picking, or as the country people call it "hopping," has less interest for those who live on the spot, than for those who come from busy cities to join the great army of "pickers."

Shall we call at one of the cottages? It is small and old-fashioned, but its low walls are almost hidden by climbing plants, and the neatly kept garden is bright with roses, clove-pinks and sweet-scented flowers. But as we did not come exactly to see the garden, but to speak of the unseen things that grace has made dear to the hearts of both ourselves and the dear aged believer who has for many years lived, sometimes quite alone, at "Rose Cottage," we will not linger among the flowers, but go inside.

Mrs. C—— has a welcome for any who love her Saviour, and we were soon chatting as if we had been friends for years.

"So you would like to know how the Lord sought and found me, would you? Well, it's a story I never get tired of telling. Let me see, it will be thirty-three years next hopping since the Lord looked upon me, a poor sinner in my sins, and opened my eyes to see my need of salvation, and made His blessed voice heard in my soul, and He has had such wonderful patience with me and kept me ever since. But this is how it all came about.

"I had a good father and mother, and was brought up in the right way, but I married young, and in a few years our cottage home was filled with little children, and what with the cooking and baking, washing, cleaning, mending and making, and the many other things that a mother must do who cannot afford to pay for help, I was always busy, and sometimes there seemed really more than one pair of hands could do. I was living without God, and I knew it; and though sometimes, when I heard of the death of any one I had known, I felt uncomfortable, and would resolve to read a chapter in the Bible on Sunday afternoons, and say my prayers oftener, I soon left off doing it, and for some years went on living as if there were no God, no eternity, no heaven, no hell.

"But 'God, who is rich in mercy,' found a way to bring me to Himself. I expect you think B——

a poor, quiet little place. Well, it is not much like London, I know, but in the days I am telling you about, it was a very dark spot, though the Lord did not leave it quite without a witness for Himself, for there were just a few who, having tasted for themselves the sweetness of the love of Christ, wanted their neighbours to love and trust Him too. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. P——, the village store-keepers. One day I had been down the lane to get in the things I wanted; my basket was a bit heavy, and the lane was hot and dusty, so when I got indoors, I sat down to rest, and began to reckon up what I had spent, and what change I ought to have. I could not quite remember, so one by one I took the things out of the basket, when something fell out I had not seen before, and certainly did not expect to find in my basket. It was a little book, a tract. I never knew who put it there, but it was God's message to my soul.

"'WHERE WILL YOU SPEND ETERNITY?' were the first words that met my eye, and in the mercy of God they carried the arrow of conviction to my heart. I trembled all over, for I had been aroused to the truth that I must one day meet God, and I was not ready. I read the little book to the end, but it did not give me any comfort, only a deeper sense of my sin, and of my unfitness for the presence of a holy God.

"For days after that I went about my work with a heavy heart. My sins were a great burden, and I was still a stranger to God's way of salvation. At last I told my husband that I was sure we were going the wrong road, and said I wished he would turn over a new leaf, and begin to attend church or chapel. He did not seem to feel about it as I did, but said if I wanted to go sometimes I could and he would stay at home and mind the children.

"Glad enough was I to go, for I was longing to hear words 'whereby I might be saved.' It was not easy work getting off, and it was late before I got there; scripture was being read, and the first words that fell upon my ear were, 'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' (Rev. vii. 14.) The first ray of hope that I, even I, might be saved seemed to shine into my soul as I listened. I did not know who these people were, but they had come out of great trouble. I had had my troubles too, though not perhaps of the same kind; so far we were alike. But they 'had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' Oh, how I longed to be like them in this. It was not very long after this that the Lord made His forgiving love known to my soul. It was in the darkness and silence of the night that He drew very near to me. I always say He spoke to me, for though my ears heard no voice, I felt He was very near, and I knew that I had passed 'from death unto life.'

"But I have been so long telling my story that you will not have time to hear about how once every year all the children of B—— are invited to have tea in Mr. J——'s meadow after the hay is cut, and what a good time they have, so you must come again."

C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

## LVII.

DEAR FLOWER GATHERERS,—

The "Young Helpers" and other friends who have so kindly sent flowers for the sick and aged during the months of July and August will, we are sure, like to know something of the sick-rooms their gifts have helped to brighten, and the lonely lives that have been cheered by the thoughtful love of their unknown friends.

As a rule the flowers have arrived in good condition, often looking as fresh as if just gathered. It has been wonderful, too, to notice the way in which those who seldom get a sweet-smelling nosegay have been sent or brought in our way before the flowers had time to fade; or some willing messenger, perhaps a little girl had come in, pleased to have part in the ministry of love and delighted to carry two or three bunches to as many sick people, of whom there seems to be quite a number, all living within a short walk. And our desire for ourselves and every one of our helpers is, that love to Christ, a Living Personal Saviour, may be the sweet constraint under which we work, so that each may receive His "INASMUCH."

Our old friend Mrs. C., who has just entered her 93rd year, is still living, and few welcome a gift of flowers more heartily than she does. There is a special interest about our aged friend, arising not only from her great age, but from the fact that nearly three hundred years ago her ancestors left sunny France with its vineyards and its mulberry groves, and sought in England, what they could not find in the land of their birth, freedom to read their Bibles and worship God according to the teachings of His own word. For several generations they worked at their trade of silk-weavers, and though the silk industry in Spitalfields and its neighbourhood is not so flourishing as it used to be, many houses are still standing where the long low windows, or "lights" as they are called, remind us that in them Huguenot silk-weavers once set up their looms, worked at their trade, and read their French Bibles.

But we must hasten on. Mrs. W. has been ill for many months, and there is grave reason to fear that she will soon be quite blind. But how her dim eyes brighten and a gleam of pleasure lights up her pain-worn face as we offer her some flowers. She is not anxious or troubled now as she used to be, for the Holy Spirit of God is leading her soul into the deep blessedness of REST. Owing herself to be a lost sheep, she has been sought and found by our good, great Shepherd, and she is being carried, a sheep upon His shoulders, safely, tenderly, all the way to the Father's house.

Our next visit shall be to Mrs. L. Though she has risen from the sick-bed on which a stroke of paralysis laid her nearly a year ago, she is still unable to walk far, and as she cannot get out to

see the flowers, and as she has no garden, we are sure none of our flower-senders will mind their gifts being shared by her. Then there are several, who if not exactly sick, or very old, live busy indoor lives, keeping small shops or working at businesses, and a bunch of flowers never, says one of these, looks brighter, or smells sweeter, than when placed in a tiny shop-parlour, or upon a work-room table. The blind, who love the sweet-scented blossoms, are not forgotten, and we have several other sick friends who get a bunch whenever there is one to spare.

Will M. B., Harold Wood; Barbara C., Farncombe, Surrey; H. W., no address, who kindly sent a large box, the contents of which were divided among nine of our sick and aged friends; A. S., no address, who sent flowers with a slip of paper enclosed, bearing the simple words, "For the sick and aged, trusting the flowers may give them a little pleasure," D. W., Hereford; Jessie D. and her sister, Parkslane, Darrel, please accept very real thanks for boxes of flowers. One or two other boxes have been received, but as there was no clue to the sender it is a joy to remember that "HE KNOWS," and He will not forget little deeds of love, small acts of kindness, if they spring from love to HIMSELF.

We would again remind our helpers that much valuable time is saved when the flowers are tied in bunches ready for distribution. Flowers unless received early in the month, cannot be acknowledged in the current number of *Gospel Stories*. As our publisher likes to go to press early, they have to stand over till the next issue.

Frank I., who has given himself a *nom-de-plume* as our "John o' Groat's" Gleaner, sends a thoughtful, well-written paper, and begs so hard for a line that it would hardly seem kind to refuse. Our Scotch laddie is almost a new comer, but none the less welcome on that account; he bids fair to be a real helper, but do not rest content, dear Frank, with mere head-knowledge of the Bible. Remember it ought to lead us on to heart-love to the Saviour. "Seek the Lord, and his strength: seek his face evermore." (Psa. cv. 4.)

Frank E., Pimlico, London. So you have made up your mind after thinking about it for quite a long time to join our Gleaners' band, have you, dear little friend? Your first paper is neatly done and it will be pleasant to hear from you again. It was interesting to hear about your Sunday afternoon class. I wonder how many of the boys and girls who attend it are converted, have really trusted in the Lord Jesus for salvation, and if you are one of the happy saved ones?

Gleaners' Papers and Letters for C. J. L. should be addressed to her at 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers for the sick and aged MUST be sent direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.





# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### HOW JESUS FOUND ROSIE.

(Continued from page 30.)

#### CHAPTER II.

“When he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing.” (Luke xv. 5.)

**D**AYS passed, and even weeks, but still little Rosie was groping about in the dark; Jesus had not shone upon her soul. No one who saw her running about laughing, chatting and playing knew what an aching heart she had underneath the surface; but the Good Shepherd knew, and soon He was going to reveal Himself to her as her own precious Saviour. And now I must tell you the bright side of Rosie's history.

Special services for children were being held in the village where Rosie lived.

One fine evening she went with her sister and cousin (just six months younger than herself). The service began by singing that well-known hymn, “Lord, I hear of showers of blessing,” and when it came to the last line, “Let some blessings fall on me—even me,” little Rosie sang it from the very depth of her heart. Directly the address began her attention was riveted. The text was Jeremiah ii. 22, “For though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God.” The speaker referred first of all to sin and its punishment, that God cannot look on sin, and that “the soul that sinneth it shall die.” “But,” he added, “all have sinned, and so all are under condemnation. What are you to do? Thanks be to God, Jesus has died instead of us, He has borne all our punishment, and now, ‘with his stripes you are healed.’ He offers you the forgiveness of all your sins and eternal life, and you have nothing to do but simply to

accept it—to take it for your own, and thank Jesus as you would an earthly friend who offered you something.” If you could have seen Rosie when those words were uttered, her face no longer looking sad, but radiant with joy, for the Son of righteousness had shone into her little heart and filled it with His light and love. The Holy Spirit had revealed Jesus to her soul. She felt as Bunyan's Christian must have done when he looked at Jesus on the cross, bearing his sins. His heavy burden rolled away directly he looked, and thus it was with Rosie. Oh! she thought, if I had only known all this before. I never knew it was so simple—just to take forgiveness as my own. Why did not somebody tell me? How happy she felt now—happier than ever before in her life. Now she is one of the Good Shepherd's little lambs, and He will never leave her (Heb. xiii. 5), and will make her to lie down in green pastures, and lead her beside the still waters, and in death she will have nothing to fear, for He will be with her (Psa. xxiii. 2-4), and she will be for ever with the Lord. Happy little Rosie!

Dear children, perhaps you have been longing, like Rosie, to know Jesus as your own Saviour, and to know that your sins are all forgiven. Do what she did—take what Jesus so lovingly offers you, “without money and without price” (Isa. lv. 1), for “whoso ever will, let him take the water of life freely” (Rev. xxii. 17), and remember, when you have taken it for your own, it *is* your own. Do not let Satan lead you to doubt this glorious truth; for your salvation does not depend on yourself, or your feelings, but on Christ. Oh, blessed thought! Then you will indeed be happy and able to sing with Rosie—

"Only a little lamb,  
But Thou dost care for me:  
In Thy great flock, dear Lord,  
I ever safe shall be.

EXTRACTED.

### THE SWALLOWS ARE GONE! WHY, WHEN AND WHERE?

**T**HESSE pretty birds, to whose graceful flight and broken twitter the prophet Isaiah alludes (xxxviii. 14), win the attention alike of old and young, and are great favourites with some of the children I know. If we open our Bibles at Jeremiah viii. 7, the habits of the bird, which we know to be one of passage, are employed by the Holy Ghost as a warning not to trifle with or put off accepting God's gracious offer of peace and pardon through the finished work of His beloved Son. "Behold, NOW is the accepted time; behold, NOW is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

The swallows visit our shores in April, and leave for their winter homes, in Africa or the South of France, early in October. Why do they seek a warmer climate? These birds belong to a class called by naturalists insect-feeders. Bertie says: "Yes, they eat flies, wasps and small insects, which they catch while on the wing, and as the first cold days of winter either kill or drive these into hiding-places, the poor swallows would die if they wintered in our isles."

#### A NEST DESTROYED.

A friend who takes a great interest in "*Birds and their Ways*," tells how he saw the pretty nest a pair of swallows had built with great care and patience, under the eaves of a house opposite to his own, destroyed by a boy's thoughtlessness; we will hope it was not from a wanton love of mischief. The nest was quite beyond his reach, but, bringing a clothes-prop, he contrived to push it through the bottom of the nest, in such a way that the down and feathers with which it was lined fell out and floated slowly to the ground. One of the birds was in the nest at the time of its break-up. She flew out, uttering cries of terror, and was quickly joined by her mate. The pair flew round and round in great distress, every now and then flying to the place where their nest had

been, as if unwilling or unable to believe that it was really true. At last they seemed to bid the spot a sorrowful farewell, and were never seen there again.

#### WHEN DID THE SWALLOWS GO?

Perhaps no human eye saw their departure, for though for days past they had been assembling in flocks, on the roofs of barns, or on telegraph wires, it is more than probable that their flight took place in the early morning, before even very early risers were astir. So it will be when the Lord comes for His own in the air. Suddenly, silently, they will be gone; raised or changed; like Him and with Him for whom they now wait, to enjoy eternal rest in the Father's house. (1 Thess. iv. 13-17; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 52.) The unsaved will be left for judgment.

### BIBLE ENIGMA.

A beauteous queen of Jewish race,  
Who Persia's sceptre swayed with grace.

A "son beloved," to whom apostle's hand  
Wrote words of warning and command.

His mother's name whom God had sent,  
To bid His chosen Israel "repent."

The name of one whose faithful heart,  
Would act in death, a mother's part.

A city where a mother sad  
Was by the Lord Himself made glad.

An exile, to his exiled king,  
The man of loyal heart would cling.

He saw the One his lips confessed,  
We seeing not, are yet more blest.

When should we turn with grateful heart,  
Glad we may choose the better part.

A word no mortal thought can span,  
Yet needed to unfold God's plan.

#### "BECAUSE GOD SO LOVED."

**R**EMEMBER one day asking a little Scotch girl, whose name was Annie, what made her come to Jesus? She said in her broad Scotch, "Becos Gud soo loved de world, and I was in de world that Gud soo loved, therefore He must have loved me." That was faith. There are two short

## GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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verses in God's word I should like to put together, the first I have partly quoted. "God so loved . . . that he gave" (John iii. 16) and "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.) First, who was *it* that God so loved, angels? good people? No! A world full of sinners; those who hated Him and sinned against Him. Then what was it He gave? His only-begotten Son, His one chief treasure. God then became the giver. It is very simple if only received in simplicity. What does the other verse say, "Whosoever will, let him take," we become the receivers, taking that which God gives, and then thank Him for it. Have you taken Him at His word, and thanked Him for His wondrous gift. Faith asks no questions, but relies only upon God's written word. Thus you see, God is the giver, Jesus is the gift, and we are the receivers, thus may you accept it while you have the opportunity. E. J. E.

## ANSWERS TO BIBLE ENIGMAS.

## KEY WORDS TO BIBLE ENIGMAS.

## 1. For June:—

Myrrh, Almond, Rose, Apple, Hyssop,  
Lily, Oak, Vine, Elms, Daisy.

## 2. For July:—

Jerusalem, Everlasting, Solomon or  
Sheba, Universal, Sin or Saviour,\*  
Crowns, Righteousness, Offering (of  
praise), Worship, Name, Equity,  
Destroy.

\* The couplet for this word was by oversight omitted.

## STRAWBERRIES.

**T**HE time is over for one of our favourite fruits, and we must wait for the bright summer days to come again before we see the tempting red strawberry. Many of my little readers are longing for the warm sunny days of June, when they take excursions into the beautiful shady woods, and perhaps gather baskets full of the little wild strawberries which grow in such abundance and look so sweet and pretty nestling among their green leaves. I remember my father and mother taking my sister and me into the woods of S— some years ago. It was a very happy day we spent there, walking along

the narrow winding paths, with moss-covered banks, and the strawberries looking so temptingly red and ripe. I remember, too, my father cutting his initials into the bark of a great old oak tree. Many little girls have no need to go into the woods to gather strawberries: their fathers have nice, large gardens at home, where quantities of large, luscious strawberries grow. I will tell you about a little girl who could run into the garden and pick as many as she chose.

One day mother called Maudie to her and said, "Maudie, dear, you must not pick any more strawberries without asking me."

Maudie promised mamma very readily she would not. One bright, sunny morning Maudie was up with the lark as usual, and ran out into the garden, where she soon espied a beautiful ripe strawberry. It looked so tempting, but Maudie had not forgotten what mamma had said to her, and so she walked down the garden path a little further, away from the coveted strawberry and tried hard to forget all about it. On returning she again took a peep at the forbidden fruit, and finally what do you think she did? Why, she got down on hands and knees and bit the strawberry right off with her teeth. Poor little Maudie! The strawberry was not half so sweet as those she had eaten before, and why? Because she had a guilty conscience. She knew that she ought not to have taken the strawberry at all, and it made her very miserable. She did not feel happy to meet father and mother at breakfast-time. The cheery morning kiss almost choked her. She could scarcely keep the tears from running down her cheeks. Maudie's parents soon found out that there was something wrong with their little daughter, and what a loaded heart Maudie carried about with her until she unburdened it and told her kind father and mother what she had done.

If Maudie had thought of Jesus just at the moment when she was so sorely tempted, and asked Him to have helped her to do that which was right, He would have made her strong and able to resist the tempter.

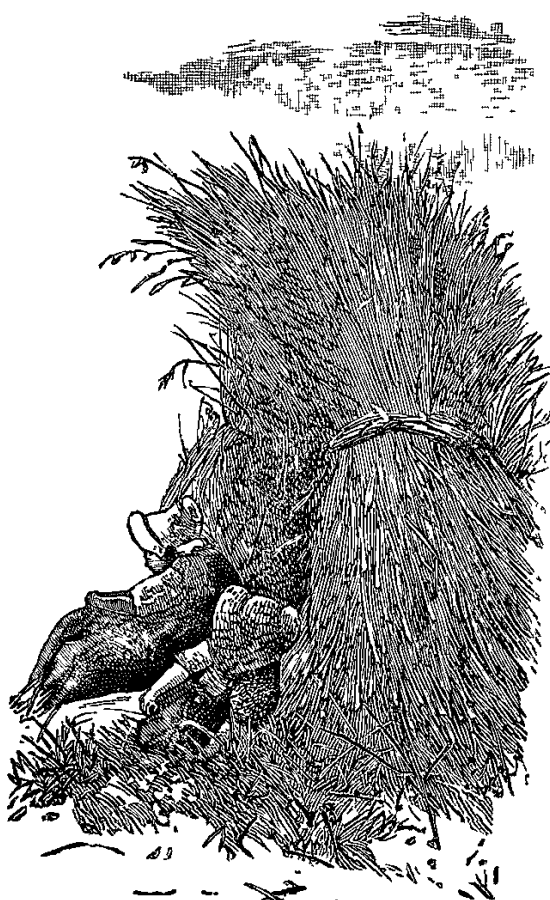
Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin;  
Each victory will help you  
Some other to win.

L. N.





"DETECTED."



### THE FOUR SEASONS.

"Thou art good, and doest good." (Psa. cxix. 68.)

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." (Psa. ciii. 1, 2.)

**D**OES not such language well become all who value the countless mercies that have attended our lives from the cradle to the present moment? Someone's experience of pleasure may be joy not unmixed with pain, or bitter accompanying the sweet. Does not the fact of His goodness account for much that seems contradictory in one's lot? Is there not a tendency with us all to take God's gifts and leave out the Giver? to be content with the present and forget the future? Would He, who is so considerate for His creatures, whose "tender mercies are over all his works,"

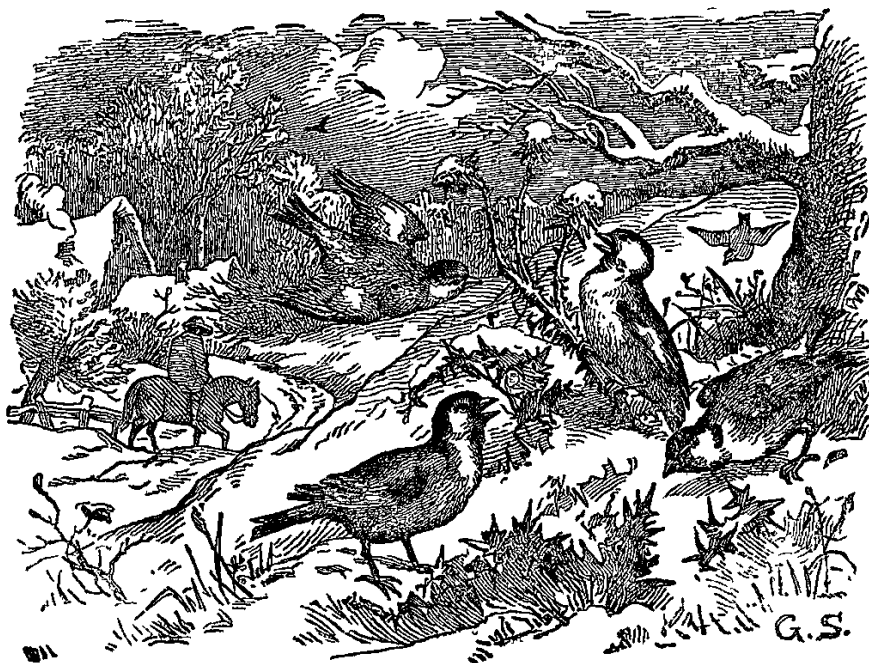
be satisfied with this? Does He not, rather, in His inspired (God breathed) word remind us of the future, for weal or woe, and bring Himself before the mind as the God who is Love as well as Light?

Suppose we consider briefly the **FOUR SEASONS** from GOD'S standpoint. Who is there who does not delight in the **SPRING?**

Shall we tell once more the oft-told story? How earth, awakening to new life after the long sleep of winter, puts on her robes of softest green, "For, lo, 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, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." (Cant. ii. 11, 12.) But, how short-lived is the beauty of spring! "Dying, thou shalt die;"—the righteous sentence that accompanied man's first act of disobedience and distrust of the goodness of his Maker still hangs over all. Spring is followed by

#### SUMMER.

Throws a mantle of deeper green over the landscape, and even the waste places of the earth are clothed with beauty. The vegetable kingdom and the insect world alike rejoice. While the profusion of lovely blossom with which the fruit trees are loaded seems almost like a promise that at the appointed season their boughs will be laden with ripened fruit; green ears of corn remind us that "While



the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat, . . . shall not cease." (Gen. viii. 22.) "All thy works praise thee, O God." But, death is busy: "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." (Eccles. xii. 5.) But how soon the glory of the summer must give place to

#### AUTUMN.

Brings "the appointed weeks of harvest." All is life and activity as outdoor work goes briskly on. The song of the reapers floats upon the breeze as the ripened corn falls beneath the sickle. Soon all is over! The last load has been safely housed, amid the rejoicing of harvest home, and nothing but stubble remains, while autumn winds moan and whistle round the trees, at every gust bringing down some of the withered leaves that still cling to their branches, and the robin's plaintive trill is heard. Who has not felt a sense almost of desolation during such a walk as we have described, as the words "we all do fade as a leaf" have found an echo in his own spirit? "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and" (if still a neglecter of salvation, terrible thought!) "we are not saved." Autumn must give place to winter, with its keen blasts.

#### WINTER.

The ground is covered with snow, and the icy hand of frost has hushed the ripple of the brook and the murmur of the waterfall. The sleep of death seems to have fallen upon the earth. The beautiful snow is used by the Holy Ghost as an emblem of purity; it speaks to our hearts of the robe of righteousness with which every soul who has really trusted in the finished work of Christ is clothed. "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." (Psa. li. 7.) "Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him." (Luke xv. 22.) "Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness." (1 Cor. i. 30.)

Let us go briefly over the points already glanced at. Since Adam fell everything has been blighted with sin. God once rested in what He could call "good," and when man was created, "very good." (Gen. i. 31.)

We find the prophet Jeremiah referring in chapter viii. to Judah, who had held a position of earthly nearness to Jehovah, but forfeited it by idolatry. Repentance was needful

to obtain forgiveness. If the ox and the ass knew their owners, surely repentant, though backsliding, Israel would find in Jehovah, the true Physician, and the healing balm, One who could forgive in virtue of the work of the promised Saviour.

He is the good Shepherd, who gave His life for the sheep. He is now the great Physician, whose precious blood cleanseth from all sin the one who as a lost, guilty and hell-deserving sinner comes to God by Him. Such an one hears the word, "Thy faith has saved thee; go in peace." (Luke vii. 50.)

### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS FOR AUGUST.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

MARGARET E. H. G., Post Office, Tetbury; and  
GERTIE M., The Manor, Mere, Wilts.

#### BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Explain as clearly as you can how it was that in a place where there were no roads, or as far as we know land-marks of any kind, the people of Israel knew during their wilderness journeys exactly which way they were to go.

2. By whom and on what occasion was the appearance of a small (rain) cloud anxiously looked for? Why do you think rising or hilly ground would be most suitable as a post of observation? (If this question seems difficult, get a map of Palestine and find the place from which the cloud was first seen.)

3. Quote a verse from one of the gospels in which the Lord speaks of Himself as "Son of man, coming in the clouds of heaven."

4. On what different occasions do we read of the Lord being overshadowed by or addressed by a voice from a cloud?

5. From what place and in what manner did the Lord (after His resurrection) leave the earth and ascend to His Father?

6. In which of the letters of Paul are we told that when the Lord comes, the meeting between Himself and believers (raised or changed) will take place in the clouds?

7. Supply the words left out in the follow-

ing passage:—"I have — as a — thy — and, as a — thy —; — unto me, — I have — thee."

Address replies as directed on last page of magazine. Post, if you can, not later than the 25th.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER X.

#### "HOUSES ON WHEELS."

**Y**OU have all at one time or another seen a gipsy caravan, have you not, dear ones? Many voices answer "Yes," while two of our girls, Kate and Elsie, who live near Epping Forest, say that during the spring and summer months they have often been amused by looking at what they call "Houses on Wheels," and would like to know something about the in and outdoor life of the brown-faced children who ride on the caravan steps, or offer clothes-pegs or other small articles for sale along the roads leading to the forest.

"Who are the gipsies? Where did they come from?" Harold's questions are far from being easy ones to answer, for though books have been written, and more than one learned man has set himself the task of learning all that could be learnt about the gipsy race in our own and other lands, much that might be interesting about this strange people remains unknown.

The gipsies are a very old family. It is believed by many that long, long ago they lived in Egypt, and some have thought that they were known to Job, as he describes their wandering mode of life.

Gipsies first made their appearance in England during the reign of Henry VII., and about the same time in most of the countries of Europe. They spoke a language that no one but themselves seemed to understand; this language has since been called *Romany*. They did not mix with the people among whom they lived, but kept to their own customs and ways of living. They did not care to live in houses, but put up tents in woods, or upon any waste piece of ground where they were allowed to do so. Many of the men after walking to the nearest town, went from door to door mending saucepans, kettles, &c., or doing any odd jobs of work they could get. The women, too, carried brushes, mats, &c. for sale, and also often got money by pretending to tell fortunes to those who were foolish enough to believe that poor ignorant people who had no true knowledge of God could foresee what was going to happen.

After some years the more sober and industrious among them saved money enough to buy horses and caravans, and wherever a fair is held gipsies are almost sure to be on the ground. At one time it was quite a matter of surprise to find a gipsy who could read and write, but things in this respect have altered for the better, as for some years past attempts have been made to get the children into both day and Sunday schools, and as

during the winter months many of the gipsies give up their roving and take more or less kindly to "one-room life," many have in this way been taught to read the Bible and other books.

The children are, as a rule, lively, merry little creatures. Living as they do during the greater part of the year in the open air helps to make them strong and healthy. There is not much of what we call "home-comfort" in a gipsy-tent, or caravan, and though the older people often suffer from bad attacks of ague and other complaints caused by damp, the children run and play about with light hearts.

They, like ourselves, need the gospel, and you will be interested in hearing of how some, after being converted, have gone amongst their own people telling the "story of the glad tidings."

More than twenty years ago, a gipsy family, who lived on what was then known as Plaistow Marshes, began to attend some outdoor Gospel Meetings that were held every Lord's-day as long as the fine weather lasted. The father of the family, who seems to have found that in many ways it was more comfortable and pleasant to rent a small house, than, in a climate like that of England to wander from place to place, living in a tent or caravan, was on that account rather looked down upon by his gipsy friends, and this may have made him more willing to allow his children to attend the preaching. They were all fond of singing, and perhaps the hymns, of which they quickly learnt both words and tunes, may have helped to attract them to the services. It was not long before there was reason to hope that the word of God was doing its own blessed work in the hearts and consciences of some of the younger members of the family, several of whom confessed Christ, and though in the case of some "the day" will declare if they were really converted or not, there could be no room for doubt that Dora, "the gipsy girl," was truly born of God. Her one great desire seemed to be to learn more of the One who had loved and given Himself for her. She was often found with a little company who met for Bible-reading and prayer. She saw that the Lord who had died and risen again for her, desired to be REMEMBERED in the circle of "HIS OWN" and had Himself marked out a way in which this was to be done. (Luke xxii. 19, 20; i Cor. xi 24.)

At her own request she was received to the Lord's table, and soon after took a class in the P— Sunday school. She proved herself a loving, patient teacher, and soon won the affection of the children committed to her care. To her was given the joy of leading many of them to the Saviour. In her home, too, she witnessed brightly for Christ.

But her work was quickly done. Consumption showed itself, and though many who had taken a loving interest in her as one dear to Christ, did all that could be done to arrest the progress of the disease, and she was sent for change and medical care to Hastings for several weeks, the Lord had need of her, and though on her return she seemed really stronger, the improvement did not last, and she was soon too weak to take her class or attend



meetings. It was always a great cheer to her to receive visits from any of the Lord's people. For her old scholars she had always a loving word, and a bright smile. After some months of weakness and suffering the Lord gently put her to sleep.

C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

### LVIII.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Several boxes of cut flowers "for the sick and aged" have been received during August, and though some of the happy little band of "Young Helpers," who have taken up sending flowers as their very own labour of love, are, we expect, away for a summer holiday, still we have been able to take or send a bunch of bright, sweet-smelling flowers now and then to a few at least of the dear old people who are always so glad to get them.

C. J. L. often wishes that the senders could see how their gifts are valued, and how carefully they are tended. One of her aged friends, now in her 83rd year, remarked the other day that her flowers lasted a fortnight, "but then," she added, "I give them fresh water, and take off all the dead leaves every day."

Will "A Reader of *Gospel Stories*," Farrington Gurney; "A Friend," whose box of flowers enclosed a slip of paper with the simple words "From Callander, Perthshire, a few flowers for the sick and aged;" "An Unknown Friend," from Guildford, accept very real thanks? One who keeps a small shop said not very long ago, "I feel sure it must have been the Lord who put it into the hearts of some who love Him to send you the flowers. I cannot tell you what they have been to me. I go hot and tired, Oh, so tired into the little shop parlour, and there the sweet blossoms are looking so cool and fresh, and their scent seems like a breath of country air, and I do not know quite how it is, but they always seem to rest me."

Very often a gospel-book or text-card has been added to the gift of flowers, and it is a joy to know that we can *always*, in simple, childlike confidence, turn to the Lord, asking Him to bless His own word, whether it be a message of cheer for "His own," or a word of warning for some Christless soul.

Evelyn J., Hereford. Thank you, dear, for two letters. Yours has been a nice long holiday, nearly seven weeks! Resting-time is pleasant, but if we want to enjoy it fully our common, everyday work, home and school duties must be well and faithfully done. Do you not think they should? Shall I tell you what seems to me the secret of keeping on right lines all through the busy days, when tempted, as we all are sometimes, to be idle, or careless about what we call "little things"? Just this: remembering that if we have really trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as our own Saviour, we belong to Him, and so ALL our work must be done in a way that will please and honour the One "Whom having not seen, ye love." "Ye are not

your own. . . . For ye are bought with a price." (1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.) "Ye serve the Lord Christ." (Col. iii. 24.)

Nellie B., Workington. Nellie is a new-comer, one who has only just joined our Gleaners' band, so perhaps a few loving words of welcome and encouragement may help her to feel quite "at home" among us. So glad to hear from you, dear. The scriptures you looked out are correctly given, and though you could not answer quite all the questions, you must please write again; you will do better next time. "The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job xxviii. 28.)

Dorothy W., Hereford. "Disappointed!" were you, dear little friend, because C. J. L. did not write you even a few lines to tell you how pleased she was with the nice needle-books you sent quite a long time ago? Just when they came she was very busy, writing letters, and doing all sorts of things, so she wrote a nice long letter to ALL the girls and boys who had sent little gifts for the old people, or toys and picture-books for the children, thanking them, and telling them how useful the contents of the various parcels had proved. But you did not think it was for *you* because you did not find *your* name in it. Did you? Your trouble reminds me of a story I once read about a little girl, whose name was Frances. She was very fond of reading her Bible, but one day she came to a verse that made her very unhappy, just because she did not understand its real meaning. It was, "And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire." (Rev. xx. 15.) Poor little Frances thought "the book of life" must mean the Bible, and wanted very much to know if *her* name was in the Bible. She did not tell her trouble to any one, but sat down to look all through every list of names she could find in her own little Bible. But it was not there. Oh, how she wished her name had been Mary, or Elizabeth, or Hannah, for then she thought she would have been quite sure of salvation. But the Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus, was seeking her, a little lost lamb, though she did not know it, and at last He sent some one to tell her that if she believed on Him as her Saviour, *her* name was in the "Book of life," and she was saved and forgiven. Is *your* name there, dearie?

Charles S., Waltham Cross, writes, asking, "Do I do my Bible Questions right?" Yes, dear boy, your papers as a whole are fairly well done, though your answer to the question about "Rock tombs" might have been more fully given. Have you never noticed that the cave in which the body of Lazarus was laid (John xi. 38) seems to have been a rock tomb? Keep on trying; that you have not been a prize-winner yet is no reason why you should not some day, perhaps soon.

Gleaners' Papers, Letters, &c., for C. J. L. should be addressed to her at 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers, scrap-books, &c., should be sent direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### THE STARS.

“**H**E made the stars also.” How grandly simple and decisive is God’s language, and how it honours Him to believe Him! Faith begins where the vision of the telescope ends. (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.) As a true child does not question its father’s word, neither does a real believer question God’s word. (Heb. xi. 3.) Leave cavilling to the unbeliever. (Col. ii. 8-18.)

What practical teaching may we get from these wonderful bodies?

If we look up at the sky at night, especially a frosty one, we shall see millions upon millions of stars, and not one clashing with the other, but each moving in the track given it by its Creator.

#### Obeying His Will.

What a terrible crash there would be if God withdrew the laws of attraction and gravitation by which they are so kept.

In the new heavens and the new earth His will will be paramount. In the present creation man’s will—sin—is only too apparent. It came in through Adam doing his own will instead of his Creator’s! Only One—Christ—perfect Man could remove the effects, by ever doing the Father’s will, which was dearer to Him than His life. The believers, those who have obeyed the gospel, are described as

**Shining as Lights in the World,**  
because brought into the same path as Christ, they are privileged to know His will and to do it. Thus they prove, though in the world, they are not of it.

Then again, as

**One Star differs from another Star**  
in glory, the believer is reminded that his  
11-1902

resurrection body will differ from another’s. (1 Cor. xv. 41, 42.) This difference, no doubt, depends on our growth in Christ while on earth. This reason alone is enough for early conversion. Besides which, it serves as a check to our despising teachings, or grieving the Holy Spirit, who would take of the things of Christ and reveal them to us.

Again, as each star has a relation to another, may we not also be reminded that while the soul’s salvation is individual, as also his path, yet that

• **The Body is not one Member,**  
but many, so is the body of Christ composed of all believers: therefore we are not to think we can do without them. (Rom. xii.; 1 Cor. xii.) Faithfulness to Christ may prevent walking together till the hindrance is removed, but we are exhorted to love and pray for them. This wonderful truth does not set aside the keeping up of the different relationships of life which God has allowed. Then as those that are wise\* shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and those that turn many to righteousness

#### Shine as the Stars

for ever and ever, we are encouraged to help fellow believers in the truth, and to point the lost ones to Christ. (Dan. xii. 3.) God, moreover, can tell

**The Number of the Stars,**  
calling them all by name, though to us this is impossible. (Psa. cxlvii. 4.) Shall we not then trust Him with every care, as He also numbers the very hairs of our heads!

#### A Wandering Star

is the term applied to the unbeliever. For whilst belief (faith), and obedience (doing

\* In the margin *teachers*.



God's will), and consequent happiness—present and eternal—are the believer's, unbelief and disobedience (preferring to do one's own will) mark the unbeliever, and eternal misery his portion. These terrible features—foretold by God in 2 Peter, 2 Timothy, and in Jude—are very noticeable now, and will culminate in the man of sin! May none of our readers form one of this latter class! Let us conclude with the few lines of a hymn—

All worlds His glorious power confess,  
His wisdom all His works express;  
But, O His love!—what tongue can tell?  
Our Jesus hath done all things well.

P. R.

### ALEC'S TESTIMONY.

"**H**ERE comes that poor invalid boy, mother!" said Amy Grey, as they walked along the quiet road one evening. "I do wish you would speak to them."

Several times had Amy seen the boy driven about in his long carriage, and a growing interest had sprung up every time she looked at the suffering face of the invalid; and in her heart there was a longing desire to know whether he had the Lord Jesus to support him in all his weakness.

"Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Grey as she rejoined her daughter. "That is his mother who is with him, and he has been ill for some years now, she tells me, although she says he looks much better for having been out more lately."

Some little time after this Amy found herself seated by the bed on wheels on which Alec always remained. The two found several things to chat about. The fairy blossoms of the little spray of freesia delighted him, for, as his mother said, "Alec loves flowers passionately, and everything in nature, and so much enjoyed his drives into the country."

Then there were some presents to shew, for many took an interest in the weary young life, and sought by gifts of flowers and fruit to bring a little brightness into it.

First, there was a handsome-looking book, such as a boy would feel proud to possess, with its gay red binding, bright gilt edges and spirited pictures, but it was evident that

its attractions were not great for Alec. "I cannot read much, and I like bits out of my Bible best of all," he said, fondly turning to a new, large printed volume, also a recent gift.

Amy's heart gave a great bound of joy, and she said, "Then do you know the Lord Jesus as your Saviour?"

"Oh, yes!" was the glad answer; "I do not know what I should do without Him, and He helps us in our pain too, does He not?" At once there was a bond between them, of course. "I have only known Him since I came to bed," Alec went on; "I never thought about Him before. A lady who comes to see me tells me about the boys in her class, and how they do not seem to care to listen. I cannot think how they can!" and a wistful look stole over the white face as he thought how he would value such a privilege if only it were his.

Amy saw Alec at intervals after this, and though the suffering became intenser, and the illness more irksome, the calm, patient look always spoke afresh the testimony that "He helps me in my pain, too." And at last when Alec was about sixteen, the worn-out body found that rest which his spirit had in no small measure enjoyed, for Alec was with his Lord.

Boys, do not pass this over and think it all very well for an invalid. The great Captain of our salvation seeks recruits of all kinds, and HE SEEKS YOU. M. M. P.

### GOLDEN LINKS.

**A** CLERGYMAN was wandering in the beautiful Tyrol, enjoying a well-earned holiday after his year of hard work in the East End of London.

In his rambles he often refreshed himself with a glass of fresh milk and delicious home-made bread and butter, and would stand admiring the picturesque châteaux, and rosy, happy children, who seemed to feel no shyness towards the stranger.

Over one of the dwelling houses he noticed one day an inscription, and with some difficulty deciphered it. I must translate it for you:—

"The angels from their throne on high  
Look down on us with pitying eye;  
That where we are but passing guests,  
We build such strong and solid nests;

But where we hope to live for aye,  
We scarce take heed one stone to lay."

Mr. Lowder read and re-read the words, copied them into his pocket-book, and went his way.

\* \* \* \* \*

Next time we come across the inscription it is carved in strange Irish characters above a door in the entrance hall of a great house in Ireland.

The clergyman had shewn the words in his pocket-book to a fashionable lady; she was deeply struck by them, and guided by the Spirit of God they pierced her heart, and never left her until she had found a Friend in the Lord Jesus, and made sure of one of the "many mansions" in the Father's house.

Over the door of her Irish home the lady had the words carved to remind herself and others that "this is not your rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Another golden link! but not discovered for four long years. Then in that Irish home some painting was found necessary.

The same young artizan who had painted the lines on the doorway was called in to do the work. In a conversation with him, the mistress of the house asked him—

"Do you remember cutting and filling in these words?"

"I do, ma'am; they are cut into my heart as well," replied the young man, significantly.

"What do you mean?" inquired the lady, astonished.

"Ah, lady," the workman replied, "I've often longed to come and tell you my happy news. I must tell you what that verse did for me. I am only a poor painter, but as I painted them the words seemed just to take hold of my heart. I could not quite see the grand meaning of them, but they seemed to worry me day and night, and I found myself repeating them over and over again, and writing them out on spare bits of paper whenever I got a minute. I wanted to get the meaning clear, but could not, do what I would."

"God would not leave you untaught," said the listener, softly.

"No, ma'am," replied Donovan, with a bright smile. "Three months after I'd

painted the words for you, Lady M——, for whom I was working, came across one of my bits of paper. She recognised the words at once, having seen them painted over your door. She asked me to copy them out neatly for her, which I was proud to do, and in writing them it all came to me! I saw that heaven was bought for me—that Christ had died, that sin was put away, and forgiveness to be had for the asking. And I've been a changed man ever since. Ah! ma'am," he added, "we sow one little seed here and one there, but no one knows when it will spring up, or where and how!"

### BIBLE ENIGMA.

1. A mighty man was he, who did by night  
A thing he dared not do in broad day-light.
2. The prophets of the God of heaven he fed  
With cool refreshing water, and with bread.
3. She watched the battle till the day was done,  
And then in song she told of victory won.

1. They went with willing feet, the noble three.  
That satisfied the king's desire might be.
2. Think what was used to form a monarch's throne,  
The wisest monarch earth has ever known.
3. From an apostle he received the word,  
And by him he was trained to serve the Lord.
4. He sought destruction on the Jews to bring,  
But he with death was punished by the king.

1. It was the king's desire that he should be slain,  
But for that deed he suffered life-long pain.
2. A prophet chosen from his birth was he,  
And taught God's people long and faithfully.

Read carefully these lines for they will tell the meaning of the name IMMANUEL.

MARIA JAMES.

## TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY.

**I**N an Eastern country long ago some shepherds were in the fields watching their flocks by night, when something happened which they had never known before and never witnessed since.

It must have taken them very much by surprise, for it was really a visit from a bright angel, who had come to tell them wonderful tidings. They were afraid at first, for the glory of the Lord shone round about them ; but they soon found out that the angel had not come to harm them, but to bring good tidings.

Well, what were the tidings do you think? It was to tell them of the birth of a wonderful child in Bethlehem, which is called a city of David.

This child was really the Saviour which is Christ the Lord. The Jews had been expecting a Messiah to come to them because God had promised to send Him, and now this wonderful babe was born in Bethlehem, and God had sent His angel to tell the shepherds.

But that was not all, for while the angel was thus speaking to the shepherds, suddenly a host of others appeared praising God, and this is what they said: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

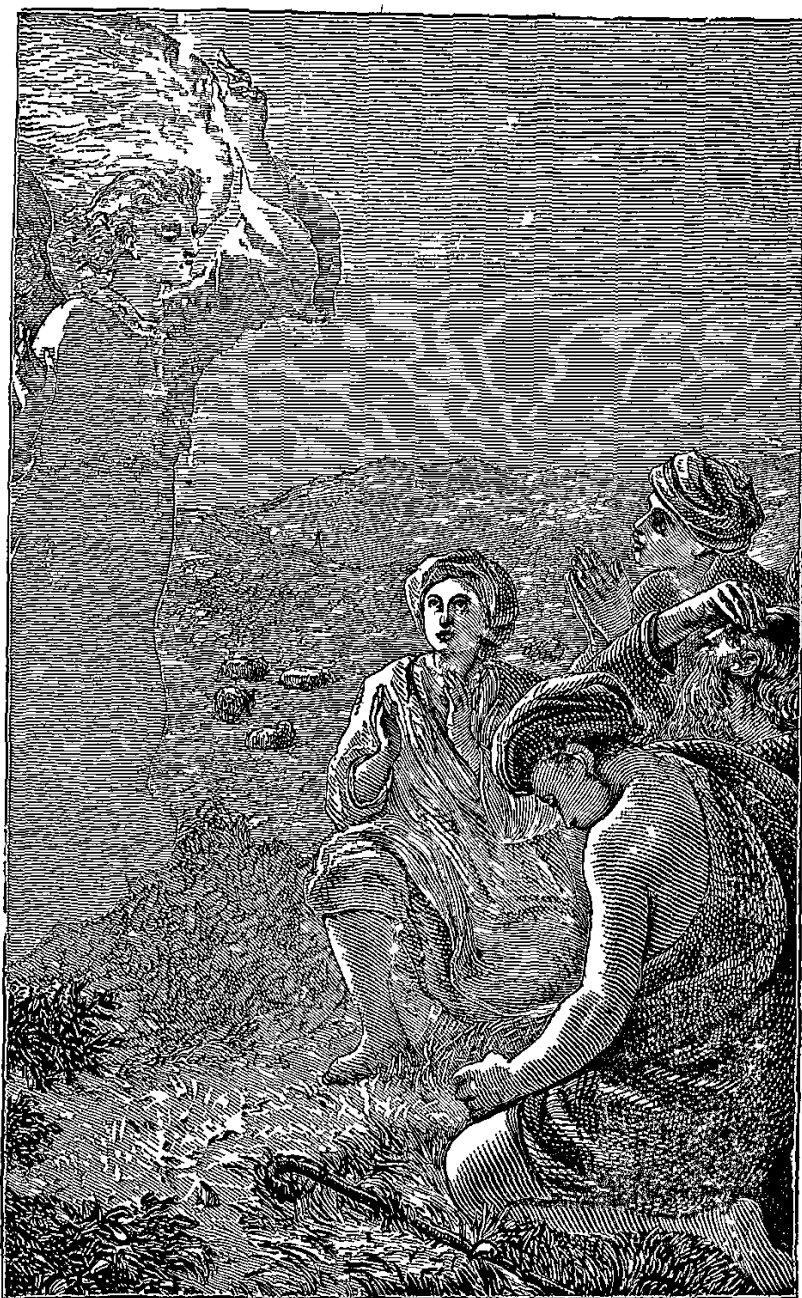
Well, after the angels had gone, the shepherds were anxious to see what had thus been made known to them from heaven ; so they made haste to Bethlehem and found Mary and Joseph, and there was the babe lying in a manger.

Ah ! how was it that the infant Jesus was laid in a manger? We read that it was because "there was no room for him in the inn."

Mary and Joseph had journeyed to Bethlehem in order to be taxed in their own city, and the inn was the usual place for travellers to stay, but at this time it was full with other people, and Mary and Joseph had to be content to rest in an out-house,

where was a manger for feeding cattle, and into this manger Jesus was laid.

Well now, dear children, if there was no room for Jesus in the inn when He first came into this world, I trust there may be room for Him in our hearts, for He abides with those who love Him. I do not mean that we can see Him with our natural eyes as we see our friends around us, but we may enjoy His love and company in another way. First, however, we must know Him as our Saviour, for unless we know Him in this way we shall not enjoy His company.



" I BRING YOU TIDINGS."



DEAR LITTLE HARRY.

## DEAR LITTLE HARRY.

**S**ILENCE reigns in the room where little Harry has been lying for some weeks past. His dear parents are sitting near to watch every movement that the boy may make. Why is this do you think? Ah, the reason is that Harry is loved by his parents and they are fearful lest this sickness from which he is suffering should prove fatal and thus they would lose their little boy. Children do not often think of the love of their parents, but take it all as a matter of course. They have always been used to their loving care and it does not occur to them what they owe in return for this love. But a parents' love, however devoted it may be, is as nothing to the love of God, for He "gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

## THE QUEEN'S WRITING PAPER.

**S**OME years ago the late Queen Victoria visited a large paper mill, and was courteously shewn over the works by the owner, he not knowing who the lady visitor was. Among other places visited she went into the rag-room. On seeing the filthy and impure condition of the rags, she exclaimed, "How can these ever be made white?"

"Ah! lady," was the reply, "I have a chemical process of great power, by which I can take out the colour of even those soiled rags."

Before she left he discovered it was the Queen.

A few days after the Queen found on her writing-desk a lot of the most beautifully-polished paper she had ever seen. On each sheet were the letters, in water-mark, of her own name. A note was enclosed, which read as follows:—

"Will the Queen be pleased to accept a specimen of my paper, with the assurance that every sheet was manufactured out of the dirty rags she saw. I trust the result is such as even the Queen can admire?"

"Will the Queen also allow me to say that

I have had many a good sermon preached to me in my mill.

"I can understand how God can take the vilest of the vile and make them clean; and how, though their sins be as scarlet, He can make them white as snow.

"I can see also how He can put His own Name upon them; and just as these rags, transformed, may go into a royal palace and be admired, so poor sinners can be received—cleansed from their sins—into the palace of glory."

G. O. G.

## YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

PRIZE-WINNERS FOR SEPTEMBER.

*Prizes have been awarded, and will be sent to—*

ERNEST WHEATON, 44, Portland Street, Exeter, Devon; and

CLEMENT H. JESSUP, Batts Corner, near Farnham, Surrey.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

WISE AND FOOLISH (NO. 1).

1. What is said of the women who during the wilderness journeys of Israel brought the work of their own hands as an offering to the service of God in the tabernacle?

2. What is the first occasion on which we read of the "wise men" of an empire being called together by its sovereign? For what purpose were they thus summoned? and with what result?

3. One of king David's relations is described as, "a counsellor, a wise man, and a scribe." Give the passage, found in the first Book of Chronicles.

4. By whom was "a wise woman" employed to plead for a son, who, in loneliness and exile, was reaping the fruit of his own wrong-doing?

5. Find in the Book of Proverbs the following passages:—

(a) "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise."

(b) "A wise son maketh a glad father."

(c) "The wise man shall inherit glory."

(d) "Be not wise in thine own eyes."

6. In what way did the "wise and foolish



virgins," of whom we read in Matthew xxv., prove their wisdom or their folly?

7. Find reference to the ant, cony, the locust and the spider. Explain in what way each, though small and weak in itself, shews that its all-wise Creator has endowed it with wisdom suited to the life it has to live.

Gleaners' papers should be posted not later than the 25th of each month. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### BLIND CHILDREN AT PLAY.

**A**RE you tired, dear ones, of hearing about blind children? "No," many voices answer, and Mabel says she has so often felt sorry for the children who cannot see the sunshine or the flowers, and asks if I have any more true stories about my sightless little friends, as she is always interested in hearing of their lessons and their play.

What a large party we should have been if I could have taken all the boys and girls who read *Gospel Stories* with me the other day, when, by the kind invitation of the teacher, I went to pay a visit to "a Blind Centre," or class for the education of sightless children, held at one of the Board Schools in the North of London.

Yes, you would all have liked to be of the party. But, as of course that could not be, the next best thing will be to look at a picture (copied from a photograph) of a group of scholars and their teacher, and listen while I tell you all I can remember about the lessons they learn and the games they play at.

I hardly know where my story ought to begin, as for the younger children work is made so much like play that it is not quite easy to tell where one ends and the other begins.

Edna, who is the "school baby," and who gets quite a large share of petting, is just five years of age, and as she has been six months at school, was only four-and-a-half years old when her name was first entered in the school register. The first attempts at teaching Edna to read and write Braille were not very successful ones. Her tiny fingers could not grasp the dotter, and she did not learn to distinguish the position of the six dots at all quickly. What was to be done? A Braille-frame had to be made for Edna's very own use. This frame was marked off into spaces, each space being bored with six small holes, just large enough to admit the small end of a brass paper-fastener. These spaces were then called dolls' houses, six-roomed houses, I must not forget to tell you. The position of the dots was soon learnt and remembered by the wee mite by calling them back and front bedrooms, parlours and kitchens. In this way Edna has learnt nearly all the Braille letters, and will soon, it is hoped, read quite nicely.

But lessons must give place to drill. The elder children form a double line and take distances with ease and correctness. Dumbells are handed round, and the children go through a spirited set of exercises. This is followed by Swedish and other drills. All the children look happy, and as we notice the ease and freedom with which the children of B— Centre move it seems almost impossible to believe that they really cannot see the faces of the teachers they have learnt to love and trust so thoroughly.

But we must not forget the babies! Lessons, for the afternoon, are over in their division, and they are going to have a play. "What are you going to play at?" "Kindergarten games," replies a bright little boy of six. Very sweet and tuneful is the sound of their voices, as led by their teacher they go through a very pretty game called "Pigeon-house." I need not tell you how it was played, as many of my little readers have, I expect, watched the pigeons, and helped to guard them from the visits of the crafty fox. "May we play 'Make-believe'?" said a bright-faced little girl. Permission was given, and a merry time the children had of it. Make-believe crabs crossed the room with an awkward, side-long kind of walk. Frogs of the same description hopped merrily round, while make-believe fishes did wonderful things in the way of swimming upon dry land.

Object-lessons too are given, and the school museum is quite rich in its collection of stuffed birds, animals, &c., the latest addition being that of a baby mole, a great favourite with all the children, who love to stroke its soft, rich fur, and feel its sharply-pointed nose.

We are glad and thankful to see that so much is being done for the blind children of our great cities. They are learning many things that will be of use to them in after years. They are being taught to make themselves useful, and to think of and help others.

Bible lessons too are given, and the elder ones know quite a number of hymns. But KNOWING about the Lord Jesus is not KNOWING Himself, as a real personal Saviour, and no knowledge short of this can really make any one, either blind or seeing, "wise unto salvation."

I read once about a boys' school in Germany, the head-master of which was an earnest Christian. One day he called all his scholars together and told them that it grieved him deeply to go on week after week teaching *blind* boys who had eyes, and *deaf* children who had ears. What did he mean? That they did not love the Lord Jesus; that they had never been converted. He then told them in very simple words about God's way of salvation, and asked any who wished to be Christians to bring their Bibles, and meet him that evening in one of the class-rooms. Quite a number attended, and a remarkable work of God began in the school; but it did not end there, for when the boys who had found peace went home for their holidays they began telling others about the Saviour who had done so much for them, and asking their friends if they would not love and trust Him too. Many



were led to Christ, who will one day be found among the great multitude, which "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." (Rev. vii. 14.)

C. J. L.

## CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

LIX.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

There has been much to encourage during the last few weeks in the way in which gifts of flowers for the sick and aged have been sent. The circle of those to whom a few flowers are a cheer is an ever-widening one, so there is not any fear of too many being sent. An unknown friend at St. Leonards sent a supply of sweet-scented lavender bags, a most welcome gift to our sufferers, while the always busy mothers have been reminded that they were not forgotten, as quite a number of dainty little work-baskets, fitted with cottons, tapes, &c., were sent for their use by the same friend. A box containing several articles of children's clothing has been most gratefully received, and its contents passed on, proving just what was needed by some of "His" poor.

Will the sender of a box containing five bunches of cut flowers, from "Hermitage Lawn," please accept thanks. The pleasure it gave some of the very oldest of our old friends to receive the lovely autumn blossoms was very real. "Such flowers as these don't grow in London," said one whose head is hoary with the snows of four-score winters.

Flowers have also been sent by Grace and Connie H., Halifax; Kate S., Enmore, near Bridgewater; Charles W. B. and Edward R., no address; Dorothy and Evelyn J.

Very gladly would I share with the dear young friends whose flowers I have just acknowledged some precious Bible words I found written upon a slip of paper in one of the boxes. "This is my commandment. That ye love one another, as I have loved you." (John xv. 12.) Some of our GLEANERS' have tasted, and surely ALL desire to share a far deeper joy than that which springs from the pleasure of gathering and sending off the flowers, the joy of being allowed to do some little thing from love to Christ.

Florence T., Birmingham. Thank you, dear, for the very pretty scrap-book you so kindly made. It was a good plan to paste the texts and pictures on linen, as its pages will not be so likely to get torn by young children. It has gone to give untold pleasure to a little boy and girl, one of whom has only a few weeks since been through an operation on his throat. Your letter was an interesting one, and we can unite in asking the Lord that the texts you pasted into the book may help some one to understand what "trusting" the Lord Jesus Christ as a Saviour really means.

Mary S., Aberdeen. The tasteful and nicely arranged scrap and text album, on which much loving labour has, it is easy to see, been expended, came safely to hand, and though so far it has only

been lent to several children, it will be passed on to a christian doctor living in the neighbourhood, who is always glad to get a text and picture scrap-book for the sick children who are his little patients.

Winnie P., South Norwood. Yes, dear, it will be nice to have you join our Gleaners' band. Try to glean in Bible fields, not so much from the hope of one day finding your name down as a prize-winner, as from a real desire to know more of the written word of God. C. J. L. will look for your letter in each month's packet.

Constance S., Rotherham. Thank you, dear, for your letter, also for the lines enclosed. Did you compose them yourself, or are they copied? C. J. L. liked them so much that she read them to the girls of her week-evening class. Try and write as often as you can. May your heart and mine be filled with a deeper love to the precious Saviour, whose love led Him to the cross for us.

Ethel C., Sunningdale. Your gift of flowers was a welcome one. The bunches you tied up so neatly have been passed on to a few of our dear old people, one and all of whom would, I am sure, ask you to accept their love and thanks. "The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever." (1 Pet. i. 24, 25.) Do not forget to seek the abiding things, dear Ethel.

Mabel A. C., Staines, Middlesex. Leaving school, and going to business will, I can quite understand, make a great change in your outer life. But though new duties may, and very often will, prevent you from sending your Gleaners' paper every month as you have been used to do, there is no reason why you should not answer one or two of the questions, as often as you have opportunity. A letter from you will always be welcome, and it is good for us all to keep in loving touch with old friends, when they are such as will seek to help us in the things of the Lord. We are all passing through a scene where there is much to hinder, much to defile, and it is good to be found doing what those who feared the Lord in Israel did long, long ago; they "spake often one to another." (Mal. iii. 16.)

Agnes C. F., Melbourne, Australia. It is quite a long time since your neatly written papers were acknowledged in *Gospel Stories*. Perhaps C. J. L. waited hoping to get a letter from one who has proved herself a diligent and painstaking Gleaner. It is pleasant to think of you in your far-off home, gleaning in Bible fields with us. But Gleaners ought not to be empty-handed, and we must be careful not to miss our opportunities of gaining not only knowledge, but a deeper acquaintance with the Lord Himself. Do you live far from the meeting-room? Are you able to attend any Bible-class?

Gleaners' Papers, Letters for C. J. L., &c., to be addressed to her at 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

Flowers for the sick and aged, scrap-books, old toys, &c., should be sent direct to C. J. L., 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex.



# GOSPEL STORIES

FOR

## THE YOUNG.

### A NEW ZEALAND STORY.

**I**N many country districts in New Zealand there are no roads properly formed yet, and families are often living miles from each other.

This circumstance, though inconvenient, may often be a blessing in keeping children from bad companions. The subjects of my story were trained by godly parents in the fear of the Lord, and taught to make known their wants to Him in prayer.

About two years ago the father was in rather delicate health, and the children heard their mother say it would be nice if he had a pheasant for his tea. The Chinese pheasant thrives all over the colony. The children went to the Lord about it, and told their mother they expected to have one in answer to their prayers.

The rest of my story is told in the accompanying extract from the mother's letter. I had heard of the circumstance from a Christian, but lately wrote to the father to ascertain the facts more particularly.

I thought it would be nice for *Gospel Stories for the Young*, so I send you the particulars:—

*Extract from the mother's letter of December, 1901.*

"The father had been sick, but had gone to work. I said I wished there was something nice for his tea. Maudie said, 'If we went and caught a nice fat pheasant, would it not be grand?' I laughed and told her I did not think it likely they could catch one. 'Oh,' said John, 'we asked the Lord to send us one. Could He not send one, mother?' I said yes (rather doubtingly, I'm afraid). 'Well, we did ask the Lord,' they all said, 'and now we are going to get him.'

12-1902

"I remember smiling as they all ran off, baby Jim toddling after Maud. A little time afterwards I heard them all shouting together, 'We did get him, mother; we did get him.' And there was John and Stephen each holding a leg of a fine cock pheasant.

"'There, now, mother, did not the Lord send him?' said Maud. 'Now father can have him for tea.'

"The children had gone to their favourite place among some logs, and hearing some pheasants calling, went quite close and found two birds fighting, so they all climbed on a log and watched the fight.

"Presently one bird dropped, and the other flew away. Stephen picked him up, and they ran back in triumph to me.

"I need not say we did not forget to thank our Father for sending him.

"S. H. (New Zealand)."

### WHAT LITTLE HANDS MAY DO!

**I** WONDER how many readers of *Gospel Stories* give the books they receive monthly from their Sunday school to some one else to read after they have finished with them? There are, without a doubt, plenty of little boys and girls we know who would be glad of the opportunity to spend a quiet moment over such an interesting magazine.

Then again, you may have some relatives, such as little cousins, who live in the country and have not the privilege you have; they may be a long way from a Sunday school, and unable to get there; then perhaps if they are near one they may not have given them such nice books to read. How delightful it would be then, and how pleasing to the *Lord Jesus*, that out of the pence you may have given you, you buy a halfpenny

stamp now and again, which, with a wrapper leaving the ends open, you could send hundreds of miles away. Of course, this latter suggestion (which would mean a little sacrifice) I would give to those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, who surely desire that others should taste as well. Thus we may scatter the good seed, and in this way help to brighten the faces and gladden the hearts of many dear children, first through hearing and then believing that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. (1 John iv. 14.)

#### ALL HAS BEEN DONE!

I had been sending a few gospel books to some friends who lived in the country, and among them a leaflet with a few verses of poetry on, which one of the daughters—a young woman—had read with much interest. Receiving a letter from her mother, she wrote her state in the following words, which appeared on the leaflet:—

*And yet my soul is still unsaved,  
Though I have laboured long,  
That I might be a child of God,  
And join the heavenly throng.*

Thinking she was anxious about her soul, I lost no time in pointing her to another verse, which she had overlooked:—

*The work was finished long ago,  
All merit set aside,  
When Jesus, in the sinner's stead,  
Upon Mount Calvary died.*

I told her there was no need for her to labour since Jesus had laboured on the cross. She then told me she had read and re-read, yet she was still unsaved. Should this be the case with any of my readers, we point you to Him who was once on the cross, but is now in the glory, a living Saviour, waiting to receive you if you will only come.

E. J. E.

#### LITTLE ALICE.

**T**HERE was once a little girl called —. Well, she knows I am writing about her, and does not wish me to use her real name, so I will call her Alice.

She was a happy little girl, and did so enjoy everything; she liked her lessons and she liked her play.

But as she grew bigger, she began to understand that we are not always going to

live here; that when we are very old we shall die. She did not like to think of this at all—it made her feel serious, for her teacher had told her that when people die they go to live with God or with Satan, and she did not feel good enough to live with God in heaven; so that she felt frightened. She tried to be a better girl, but was not very successful.

Poor little Alice, she shed many tears in bed when she thought no one could see her, and began to look so worried and thin, that her friends began to think she was going to be very ill. At last, she said to herself, "I will not try to be good any more. I'll just enjoy myself as I used to do, and if I go in the dreadful fire with Satan by-and-by, I cannot help it. Perhaps it is all a mistake about Satan, I shall try to forget it."

Was not she a naughty little girl?

So she enjoyed herself very much that day, but when night came, and she was put to bed, she was too frightened to go to sleep; she was so afraid she should die in the night, and then she thought, "Of course, God could not have such a naughty girl as I am in heaven." At last she went to sleep, but in the middle of the night awoke so frightened, screaming with terror. She had dreamt that Satan was indeed taking her off to his dreadful home. I will not tell you any more about it—it is too terrible!

She thought she was still sobbing with fear and terror, when a lovely Man seemed to be holding out His arms to her, as she remembered her father sometimes did when she was in trouble. The face of this Man was the loveliest and kindest she had ever seen. It seemed to say, "Weep not, my child; do not be afraid. I am the good Shepherd; I gave my life for you."

Alice says, "All my fear and all my trouble seemed to go far away, and I was so happy in the presence of this good Shepherd. I reached out my arms for Him to embrace me, but all too soon I awoke, and found it was a dream." It is many years ago now, but Alice says she shall never forget the face of her dream, the kindness and pity shewn in it made it to her, in her dreadful misery then, too lovely to be forgotten. She has been a follower of the

good Shepherd ever since. He loved her first, and now she thinks He is the chiefest among ten thousand—the altogether lovely.

Let the good Shepherd save you. He loves little children so much; He died to have you. Do not be foolish and forget the One who loves you so.

R. L. T.

### YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS FOR OCTOBER.

**I**N consequence of having to go to press early this month, we shall NOT be able to give the names of those who have been successful in the October competition until next month, when, if the Lord will, they will be published with those of prize-winners for November. It is a great cheer to receive month by month so many Gleaners' papers. Very few of those who started with us at the beginning of the year have fallen out of the ranks, while in most cases the few who have done so, have written to explain that they were not tired of gleaning in Bible fields. Did they think themselves too old for such happy work? Oh no, for we are all beginning to make discoveries, one of these being that the Bible is such a wonderful book, that we are not at all likely to exhaust its treasure-store. The more, too, we know about its contents, the more we desire to know. So we are not only willing, but glad to be LEARNERS. We shall, I trust, all begin a New Year with real prayer for blessing not only for ourselves, but for the unconverted members of our Gleaners' Band. We shall need purpose of heart, too. May a short but very helpful verse ring through our souls, and nerve us to fresh diligence—"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (Gal. vi. 9.)

### BIBLE BABES—ISHMAEL.

**F**ROM the birth of Cain and Abel there is no babe specially mentioned until the birth of Hagar's son. Sin, and consequently death reigned, so that in Genesis v. it is very solemn to find generations dismissed by the words "he lived and

he died." This fair earth has become a great graveyard, and until the voice of the Son of God is heard calling forth the sleeping saints it will be so. Be sure then that you have Christ for your *life*. (John xi. 25, 26.) Abram had been separated by the Lord's call to dwell alone, but when a sore famine distressed Canaan he, instead of trusting God to feed him, went down to Egypt. Here his wife Sarai saw a comely maid and bought her for her slave—her name was Agar or Hagar. Abram and Sarai were childless. The Lord had promised Abram seed and he hoped to see the promise fulfilled. In course of time he took Agar the slave to be his wife, but Sarai was jealous of her maid, and treated her so cruelly that she ran away. An angel appeared to her and bid her return to her mistress, assuring her that she would embrace a little boy and she should call him Ishmael, meaning, "*God shall hear.*" This is the first one whose name was predicted before his birth. Can you find out how many names in scripture were foretold? Poor Agar felt cheered at this, especially that her son was to be the father of a multitude. The Arabians of to-day are his posterity. In due time the little fellow was born with a perverse heart like every one of us. Already his father was 86 when he came into the world. Thirteen years after, the Lord appeared to Abram and told him he would have another son, who was to be his heir. Poor Ishmael was thus to be set aside. But remember that he had been *born in bondage*, a slave's son, and would never be otherwise. "*That which is born of the flesh is flesh.*" Let us look, however, at three points in Ishmael's history—

#### CIRCUMCISION—THE LORD'S CLAIM.

When thirteen years old he was circumcised as directed, by the Lord's command, but it was as a slave "born in the house" of Abram, for his mother had been "bought with his money." It was thus the brand of ownership: the Lord ordained it so. But as soon as Isaac, the seed of the promise, was weaned, and a great feast of rejoicing made upon that account, the enmity of Ishmael came out—he "mocked."



HAGAR LAID DOWN HER SON UNDER A SHRUB.

No doubt he looked down upon the fairer babe and despised him in contrast to his own ebony skin. This bad action was reported to his father, and the Lord ordered Abraham to banish Agar and her son from his presence, so Ishmael was

#### CAST OUT—THE LORD'S PURPOSE.

"The son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman." (Gal. iv. 30.) God makes no mistakes, but however hard it appeared at the time, the history of Ishmael on his part only justified the wisdom of God. So with a skin of water on her shoulder Agar set forth, with her sixteen year old lad, a wanderer she knew not whither. It is a pathetic scene in Genesis xxi. 8-21. Distressed and fainting from thirst, Agar laid down her son under a shrub to die, while she removed afar off so as not to behold his last agonies, and lifting up her voice cried in the bitterness of her soul.

When all seemed hopeless God came in. Both mother and son had to prove that "God heard." Ishmael had prayed in his trouble, for it is written, "God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is." So he

#### CALLED ON GOD—THE LORD'S MERCY.

Have you ever prayed to the Lord in your distress. When you saw your sins like a mountain or felt yourself guilty and only fit for hell fire? Every one born of God's Spirit cries to the Lord and is heard. God's angel said to Agar, "Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thine hand; for I will make him a great nation." Her eyes being opened she saw a pure spring, and hastily filling her bottle, gave him water and he revived. He lived to become an expert archer and hunter, and his mother took him a wife of her own country, and he became father of the wandering Arabs. Thus we see how the Lord saves in distress.





A DAY OF TERROR.



## A DAY OF TERROR.

**W**E are now brought once more to the close of the year, and many boys and girls will be looking forward to Christmas Day. Not so much, perhaps, because of what that day is supposed to speak to us—the birth of the Lord Jesus into this world—but simply because they can put away all thoughts of lessons and lesson books and be at home for a real holiday.

But I am going to tell you of a certain Christmas about five hundred years ago which brought not holidays and joy and gladness but a time of very great sadness.

It was in one of the valleys of the Alps, named Pragelas, where the inhabitants were known to be earnest Christian people, but who were content to enjoy reading their Bibles and meeting together for worship in a very simple way, and did not attend mass at the catholic churches.

It was on this account that they were looked upon with great disfavour by the priests, and on this particular day, without a moment's warning, a man named Borelli, at the head of an armed troop, broke suddenly into the valley with the object of putting all the people to death without mercy.

As you may suppose the people did their best to escape, and as our picture shews, fled to the mountains to escape from the cruel men. But they had to carry the aged ones, the sick, and the little children, so being thus burdened many were overtaken and slain.

What a terrible day that was for these persecuted ones. Nightfall brought them indeed relief from pursuit, but they had no food or shelter on the mountains, and being winter time the cold was intense, so that when the next morning dawned more than fifty were found to be frozen to death.

How thankful we should be that we may become Christians and love the Lord Jesus to-day without having thus to suffer such persecutions.

## BIBLE QUESTIONS.

WISE AND FOOLISH (*continued*).

1. To whom was skill, in working in metals and in cutting precious stones, given as "wisdom from God"?
2. On what occasion were the words "I

am but a little child" used by a great king? The wisdom of the same king was referred to by the Lord when speaking to the Jews. Give passages.

3. Where are the following passages?—
  - (a) "Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom."
  - (b) "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."
  - (c) "The fear of the Lord is the instruction of wisdom."
4. Who thinks himself wiser than seven wise men?
5. In what way did the men referred to in the Lord's parable of "Two Builders" shew wisdom, or expose folly?
6. "Wisdom is justified of her children." (Matt. xi. 19.) Point out any marks by which the children of wisdom may be known.

Gleaners' papers should be posted by the 25th of each month. Address as directed on last page of magazine.

## BIBLE ENIGMA.

A LAND from which its ruler came,  
 Attracted by a monarch's fame.  
 A mountain on whose lofty head,  
 Refreshing dews are nightly shed.  
 Mate of a royal bird, her mother-love  
 Doth guard her nestlings in the rocks above.  
 She served the church in faith and prayer,  
 And made the need of saints her care.  
 Her mother's name, who danced with grace,  
 Cruel of heart, though fair of face.  
 A land whose gems and gold in fair display,  
 The man of faith refused, he would not stay.  
 She was so strangely, deeply glad,  
 They understood not, thought her mad.  
 He longed for water at the battle's close,  
 Then, strong in love, three mighty men  
 arose.  
 O'er Moab's lonely plains her steps she bent;  
 No word to cheer, no light to guide was sent.  
 He trembled as he heard the Preacher's  
 voice,  
 But yet refused to make a heavenly choice.

A prophet's name whose glowing tongue,  
 Of God's salvation sweetly sung,  
 In royal robes the monarch was arrayed,  
 Yet fairer far the lily in the shade.

A city where Paul loved to teach,  
 A prisoner there, though free to preach.  
 In sorrow's valley yet shall hope arise,  
 Proving that God is just, and good and wise.  
 He cheered the wife who wept in sore  
 distress  
 With many a loving word of tenderness.  
 The father of an honoured priestly race,  
 Who treasured long Jehovah's words of  
 grace.

A Name by which the Lord of old,  
 Unwearied watched His Jewish fold.

C. J. L.

## HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### CHINESE VILLAGE GIRLS.

**H**OW THE CHILDREN PLAY," hardly seems a suited title for the chapter I am going to write, for so much hard work and so little play comes into the life of a village girl in China, that the latter does not seem worth talking or writing about.

The first thing I have to tell you about these girls is that when they were babies no one wanted them. No one welcomed the wee, helpless stranger, just because it was "a girl." No one took much notice of it, and no one, not even its own father and mother, would have been very sorry if it had died. The Chinese are very proud of having a large family of sons, and take great care of their little boys. "Our sons," they say, "when old enough will work for us, they will plant and hoe our rice, take care of us when we are old, and pay us honours when we are dead, but our daughters will only be a trouble and expense to us, so we will sell the new baby while she is very young to some rich man who will buy her as a wife for one of his sons; if we cannot do this no one will pay us for the rice she must eat."

After reading what I have written, it will not surprise you to be told that no trouble is taken to choose a pretty name for the unwelcome baby; in some parts of China she is allowed to grow to womanhood without one, the eldest girl of the family being called "Number One," while the younger ones are known as numbers two, three, and so on.

China, as you know, is a very large country, so large that the customs of the people who live in one part of it often differ greatly from those of another. Two Christian ladies, who had left their homes in Australia to help in telling the women and girls of China about the Lord Jesus and His death for sinners, were much surprised at finding the Chinaman who waited upon them, and who was quite grown up, had a name meaning "Sixth little sister." On asking him why such a strange

name had been given to him, he replied, that in the province of China from which he came it was quite common to give girls' names to boy babies. "Why do Chinese fathers and mothers act so strangely?" Mabel asks. Because there, poor people who do not know and love the "true and only God," live in constant fear of evil spirits. These wicked spirits are, they think, always on the watch to hurt or steal their little boys, so the names of girls are often given to them in the hope that the spirits will suppose that they are only girls, and so take no notice of them.

But we must go back to our village girls, or I shall not have time to tell you much about them. It is hardly likely that the feet of a village girl will be so tightly bound as that of a town maiden, but she is seldom (except her parents are very poor indeed) allowed to escape having them pressed more or less out of shape. When old enough to run about, our little friend, who for want of a better name we will call Number One, will get outside the dark, smoky house as much as she can, and may often be seen playing with the neighbours' children. Chinese houses are, as a rule, very dirty and not at all pleasant to live in. There are no pictures on the walls, but cobwebs, that no one ever takes the trouble to sweep down, hang from the rafters of the low ceiling, or festoon the smoke-blackened walls. Poor little Number One! she will not be allowed to play long, for as soon as a new baby comes, it will be tied on to her back, and she will be expected to carry it with her wherever she goes. Her brothers will, it is most likely, be sent to school, but Number One must help mother; she will learn how to cook rice, perhaps how to spin or weave, and when she is seven or eight years old will perhaps, still carrying baby, go with her mother to work in the fields.

During the last few years silk and cotton factories have been started in many of the towns and villages of China, and these factories give employment to a great number of girls and women. The work, they say, is not so hard as planting cotton, or hoeing rice, and the pay is better.

But there is one day to which Number One is looking forward, her wedding day, or as her friends call it, her "good day." She is pleased, poor child—for often at the time of her marriage she is little more—for she knows that on her wedding day she will have a new dress. It is almost sure to be a red one, as red is the colour for weddings in most parts of China. There will also be some feasting, and her friends, and those of the bridegroom, will let off crackers, and beat gongs, hoping in this way to frighten the evil spirits and make them go away, and not cause trouble to the newly-married. Number One will not go to a home of her own, but her husband will take her to live with his father and mother. Her life in the new home may not be a very happy one, as her husband's mother, or, if his father is dead, the wife of his eldest brother, may be unkind to and even beat her, and she must not complain, not even to her own husband. If before her marriage she worked at a factory, it is quite likely, that a week after, with a little parcel

of food tied up in a blue or red cloth, she will be found in her old place at one of the looms.

What the women and girls of China need is the Gospel. Only one woman out of every 174 in China has been taught to read. So the great need is that the sweet old, yet ever new story of a Saviour's love should be carried to them in their homes. Chinese husbands and fathers would not in many cases allow their wives and daughters to be visited and taught by men, but there are many open doors, by which women, whose hearts are aglow with love to Christ, and a desire to tell others of His preciousness, may enter. Quite a number of faithful, willing labourers have gone, but when we think of the need we can only repeat the question, "What are these among so many?"

Shall we not sometimes pray for the workers and their work?  
C. J. L.

### CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

LX.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS,—

We are all very busy just now, are we not? Many of us are drawing maps, preparing lessons, or in one way or another working up for an examination, in which we mean to do our best, and even if we should not come out in the first class, prove that we did not intend to be counted among the drones and sluggards. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccles. ix. 10.)

We are looking forward to holidays, too, are we not? But we shall enjoy them all the more if we seek to make others happy. We have not much to give away quite true for most, perhaps for all of us, but still we can all do something to cheer and gladden other lives. "Will I tell you what is really wanted," did you say, Elsie? Texts, for hanging on the wall; will help to brighten many a sick-room. Odds and ends of wool may be knitted or crocheted into shawls, cross-overs or cuffs, for the dear old people who need so much help to keep them warm during the chilly days of winter. Cannot some of us help the busy mothers by making wool shoes or socks for the babies? While there are always quite a number of sick children who would welcome a Text and Picture Scrap Book; children poorer than ourselves will be delighted to have the gleanings of toy-shelves and nursery cupboards. "You do not like sending even poor children broken toys," you say. Well there is no need you should.

A pleasant evening or evenings may be spent during the holidays by starting a dolls' hospital. "Will I tell you how to play dolls' hospital?" Look up all the sick and wounded dolls you can find, or collect from your friends. Any wooden table will serve as hospital ward, while the staff will consist of matron and one or two nurses, who can if they care to do so, make themselves look quite professional by wearing caps and aprons. The doctor and his assistant will be provided with a paint-box, as patients who may have been left out in the rain will need to have their faces re-painted, some strips of tape, or cotton, which should be

rolled into bandages, and some glue or paste, as broken arms, legs, and in some cases heads, must be mended.

The doctor will examine and report upon the injuries his patients (who will not cry however roughly handled) have received. Work and play will then go on together, as broken limbs are re-set by being glued on and bandaged. The nurses will find enough to do with needle and thread, as not only the dolls but their wardrobes will require attention.

But it is not going to be all play, is it? No, for some at least of the dear young helpers, who have worked so lovingly for the children and the aged during the past five years, have learnt for themselves what it is to have the Lord as master and friend, as well as Saviour, and such will, we are sure, turn to Him in believing prayer, asking that the text-cards and gospel books given with each little present may be a means of great blessing, leading some straying lamb to the Lord Jesus, "The good shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep."

Through the kindness of a friend, we are able by way of encouragement to offer for painstaking and neatness one prize under each of the following heads:—

- (a) For the best hand-painted text card.
- (b) For the most neatly-arranged scrap and text album.
- (c) For the best knitted or crocheted pair of baby's boots or wool socks (size and shape, as well as work, will be taken into account).
- (d) For the best dressed doll, old or new.
- (e) For the best toy, made or neatly mended by a boy Helper.
- (f) For Kindergarten work to be done by a little boy or girl.

Young Helpers may enter for as many divisions as they please, but cannot be prize-winners in more than one.

F. L., Eaglesfield Green. Thank you so much, dear, sympathising though personally unknown friend, for the flowers you so kindly sent. They bore the journey well, and were quite fresh when unpacked. They proved a real cheer to some of our dear sick ones. The lovely bunch of late roses went to one who is to all appearances very near the end of her life's journey. Soon to be with the One whom she has learnt to trust—JESUS, who loved and gave Himself for her.

Flowers have also been sent from Lower Wallop, near Winchester, but as no name or initials were sent, the sender must accept loving thanks, and His own word is "INASMUCH."

NOTE.—As the publisher of *Gospel Stories* is always very busy, he wishes C. J. L. to ask her young friends as a personal favour to himself, to send parcels of any kind to her at her own address, 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Time, trouble and needless expense by paying double postage will be saved by attention to this.

Gleaners' Papers and letters for C. J. L. may still be addressed to her at 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.

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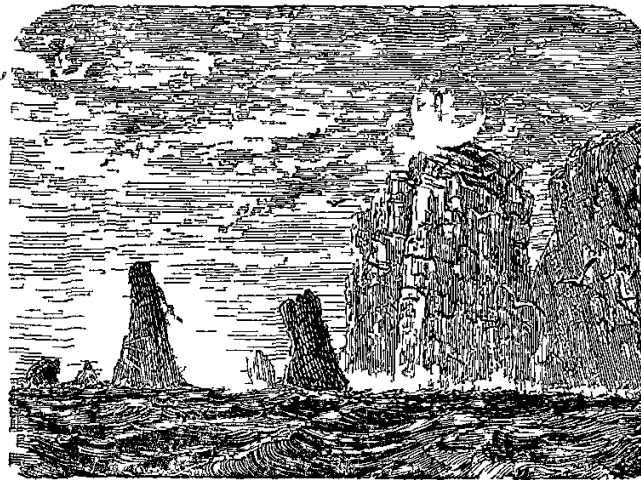
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