

# GLAD TIDINGS

FOR THE YOUNG.



Volume I.

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THOMAS WESTON, 53 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.  
1905.



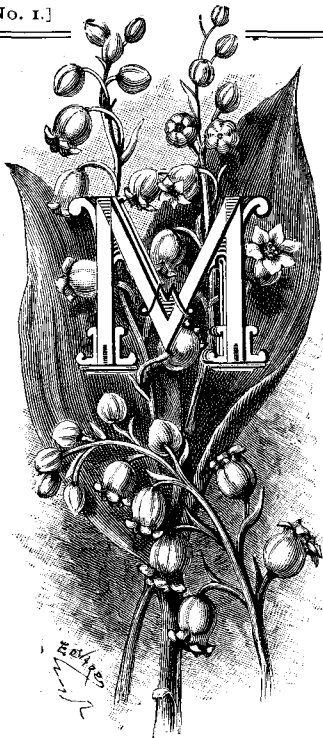
# GLAD TIDINGS

## FOR THE YOUNG

No. I.]

January, 1905.

[One Halfpenny



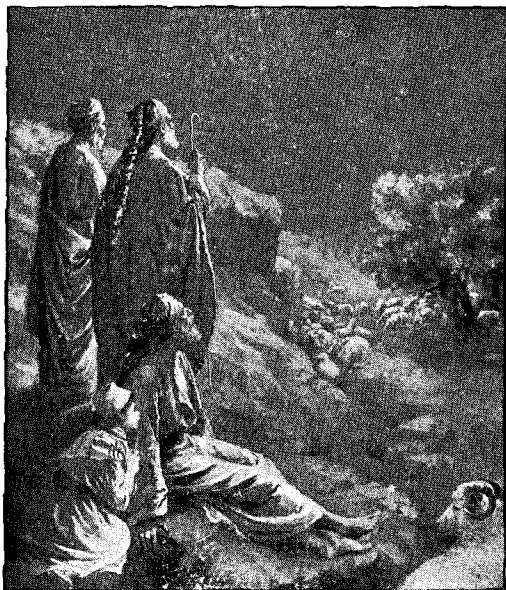
### INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

You see from our title that you are to have a paper all to yourselves, and we want you to look forward to every number of "Glad Tidings." For we give you good news which we want you to read and to understand. God has put His book into our hands to tell us of the glad tidings of His love; and it is just this love that we want you to share and enjoy with us.

Look at our cover and you will see the lifeboat making her way to the ship that has gone ashore on a sunken

rock. The warning light was there, but wind and sea got the upper hand, and in a moment the poor ship became a hopeless helpless wreck. The lifeboat at once put out manned by true men facing death, and soon all the shipwrecked crew will be on their way to port and safety. Well, the Bible tells us that we are just like those poor shipwrecked men with never a



chance of life; but then it tells us further of the One who came to save us, and who will take us safely home to God if we will yield ourselves to Him.

If you were to be given a Bible of your own many of you would not know where to read, and if you did read it, perhaps you would not understand; so this is why we are giving you this

little paper. We want just to point you to what God wishes you to know and to make it clear if we can.

You remember how the angels came to the wondering shepherds who were watching their flocks under the stars of an eastern sky more than nineteen hundred years ago, and how they told them that they brought "glad tidings of great joy." Well, we want these angels'



voices to ring in your ears guiding you to Jesus. We want you to hear His voice calling you to Himself and to His Father's home.

I don't think those shepherds ever forgot the sight they saw in the manger of Bethlehem; and I feel sure that if they were still alive when Jesus told the listening Jews that He was the Good Shepherd, they knew what He meant!

They must have understood how different He was from them, for they were always afraid lest some wild animal should attack and scatter their flocks, or lest in the night some silly sheep should wander away and get lost.

They perhaps would have been powerless to recover the missing sheep, but He told them that He gave His life for His sheep, that they might pass safely into the fold of God and that no wild beast, not even Satan as a roaring lion, could "pluck them out of His hand."

My dear boys and girls we are in a world where Satan is always trying by every means in his power to keep us all, fathers and mothers too, away from God. He does not want us to get into the fold of God, where he knows we are so safe, and where we are safe for ever. That is why we are making this little paper for you; for we want you to hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We want you to know that when He spoke those words He thought about you. We want you to know that through the Bible He is speaking just those very words for you now. We want you to hear and we want you to come.

Your affectionate friend,

THE EDITOR.

## JESUS FIRST AND LAST.

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**N**OW blessed to start and to go on with Him to whom God gave the name which is above every name ! Who, knowing ever so little of Him, can wonder at it ? For He Himself was God. Yes, just as much as the Holy Spirit, or the Father Himself ; and He became man that in the Spirit's power He might glorify His God and Father in every way, and save by His sacrifice every guilty sinner who believes—you, me, or anybody else. How good, and how wonderful ! He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. There is and can be no other way. For a Saviour of sinners such as we are, in the sight of God, had to be both God and man in one person. He must be God to meet God in all that He is, love and light, holy and righteous. He must be man to atone for us, Jesus Christ the righteous, the propitiation for our sins. The Lord Jesus is Emmanuel, God with us. His name is "Jah, the Saviour," and none else could avail for God or man.

His birth was unlike that of any other child ; He alone was the woman's Seed as God said in Eden. He was the Second Man, the Last Adam, the Word become flesh, True God and very man united in Himself.

Never too did any one walk like Jesus. Take one fact alone : He never did His own will, but the will of His Father who sent Him. From childhood to old age all other men seek their own will, because they have a sinful nature. But in Him was no sin. Indeed it was said of Him a thousand years before He came, "Lo, I come : in the volume of the book it is written of me ; I delight to do thy will, O my God." Where did any mere man approach to such unfailing obedience ? Did His obedience to God lessen His love for sinful, afflicted man ? Oh no ; for He went about doing good, and healing all that were under the power of the devil, because God

was with Him. Thus in becoming man He sought supremely God's will and glory. No tongue of man or angel can worthily tell out of His death on the cross. There, without sparing Himself, and in unspeakable sufferings, He proved how great was man's hatred to God, and greater still God's love to man. There He bore God's awful judgment of sin and revealed over-abounding grace to repentant sinners.

O dear child, is not this what you need, young as you may be? Why wait to sin more and risk everlasting ruin? It is *God* who in His word speaks to you of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Oh, call on Him, confess your sins to Him, and confess Him Lord!

Here are His words, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Hear Him again, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life."

AN OLD DISCIPLE.



## A SON OF ABRAHAM.

**I**T happened a long time ago, when I was a little girl, that my parents went to live for a short time in an old house in a pleasant country place. All around were commons and woods and green meadows, in which we children delighted, as we were very fond of wild flowers, and we longed to explore the country on every side.

The clergyman's daughter, who was very friendly and kind, offered to shew us all the pleasant walks in the woods and fields. It was in the spring, when all was beautiful, and as the Bible says, "God was renewing the face of the earth" with fresh green leaves and spring flowers.

There joined us in our long walks a number of boys who were the pupils of the clergyman. All of them, except one, were nearly grown up, and took no notice of little girls, nor did I of them, for I disliked great boys who thought themselves men. The one little boy however became my friend, as he was about my own age.



He too liked to keep out of the way of the great boys. He said they teased and bullied him.

So he and I walked together apart from the rest. Alfred (as I will call him) was a pretty, delicate looking little boy, with a fair complexion, and black eyes and hair. Children find plenty to talk about, and Alfred was clever and intelligent. I liked to hear him talk.

One day he held my hand, and said, "We will walk very slowly, behind the others. I

want to tell you some thing they must never know about, and you must take care never to tell them. I wanted you to know that I have been converted."

"Converted!" I said. I had heard of heathens being converted when missionaries preached to them, but I never had heard that people in christian countries needed to be converted. "What do you mean, Alfred?" I said, "Were you a heathen?"

"No," replied Alfred. "I was a Jew; now I am a Christian. I will tell you all about it."

And now I will tell you, the children who read this, the story that Alfred told to me.

He said that his parents were very strict Jews, of one of the best known amongst the English Jewish families. They lived at a town not very far off, where formerly the clergyman, with whom Alfred was now living, had had a church. Alfred was not sent to school as he was not very strong, and therefore went every day to the clergyman's house to have a Latin lesson.

One day when he arrived, the clergyman was busy, and he had to wait about half an hour in the library all alone. He saw on the table a little brown book. He began to read it.

"I found," he said. "it was about Jesus, the Jesus in whom Christians believe. It was called the New Testament."

Alfred went on to say that he found the book so interesting, that afterwards he always managed to go a little too soon to his lesson, that he might have to wait. Each day he read the book, till he had read all the Gospels quite through.

"And then," he said, "*I knew*, I was quite sure, that Jesus is the Messiah, that He is God, and our Saviour; and I could no longer believe as the Jews do. I knew that I had become a Christian."

Soon after this the clergyman had to leave the place where Alfred's parents lived, and came to settle in the village where he now was. Alfred was broken-hearted, and cried till he made himself ill. His parents, he said, thought it was because he was so fond of the clergyman; but it was really because he would now never see the little book any more.

As time went on, and he remained ill and unhappy, his parents began to think that perhaps they had better allow him to go and live with the clergyman, and be one of his pupils. They made the condition that the clergyman should never speak to him about Jesus, or the Christian religion.

So Alfred was allowed to go, and every day he found some time to read the book. "And I became," he said, "more and more sure that Jesus is the true God." "And now," he went on to say, "I have something more to tell you about."

F.B.

[ED.: *What more Alfred had to say Mrs. Bevan will tell you in our next number.*]

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## A MERRY AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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**D**OUBTLESS many of your relations and friends have been wishing you a merry and happy new year; and we would wish you, dear young friends, the same with all our hearts; and much more, too. For our wish is that you might be truly merry and happy, not only for the many years of time but for eternity.

Many I fear are like the one of whom we read in Luke, who said, "I will pull down my barns and will build greater, and there I will bestow all my fruits and my goods; and I will say to my soul, 'Soul, thou hast much goods laid up *for many years*. Take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry.'" You see he had arranged all these seven things for his body, and for many years, without any thought of God, his soul, or eternity. No wonder that God said, "Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee. Then whose shall those things

be which thou hast provided?" adding furthermore, "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God."

May you see, dear young friend, how solemn it is to be wholly concerned about the body "for many years" and to be thoughtless about the soul. "For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In Luke's Gospel we find how and when we can be truly merry and happy, although we are all by nature far from God and poor lost sinners. How amazed was the prodigal son to find that, instead of his being left as he expected in company with his father's slaves, he was received with nothing but love! Nor was his father content until he was merry and happy in the knowledge of full forgiveness. "Come unto Me," the Lord Jesus lovingly pleads. May you come without delay and prove His Divine compassion and forgiving love; be clothed with the righteousness of God; and be free and happy to talk continually with Him, thus knowing what it means to be really merry now.

We plead with you to come to God *now*; for He says: "Remember *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth," "Come *now* let us reason together, saith the Lord," "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation" (*Eccles., Isaiah, 2 Cor.*).

Again, this is what God says about happiness: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom," "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he," and lastly, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his trust, whose hope the Lord is" (*1 Cor., Prov., Psalms*).

T.E.P.



## BETHLEHEM.



**N**OW delighted we should be if some kind friend proposed to take us for a trip through Palestine; but if this cannot be, we must content ourselves with a fireside tour.

We shall miss the romantic experience of encamping for the night under the care of our Arab guides; but any-

how we can begin straight away at Bethlehem. Bethlehem, which as you know is about six miles from



Jerusalem, means the "house of bread;" and certainly, if we really profit by what is to be learned from the many things which happened here there will be plenty of food to satisfy our souls now and for eternity.

Let us hear what God has to say of it:—

"And thou, Bethlehem, land of Judah, art in no wise least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come forth a governor which shall be shepherd of (or shall feed) my people Israel" (*Matt. ii. 6*).

Now, as we read elsewhere, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd" (*Is. xl. 11*), you will not wonder at our beginning our journey at this shepherd-city.

It was in the plains as we descend from Bethlehem that David fed his father's flock; and in his unselfish care for them he gives us a dim picture of the great Shepherd who, in obedience to His Father's will, gave His life for the sheep.

In these same plains Ruth met Boaz when gleaning in his fields; and was not he just another beautiful picture of the One who invites those who are seeking Him to a still dearer place in His affections? dearer than a shepherd can offer his sheep however safely protected. For He is seeking a bride; and it is His delight to share His heavenly home and all that He inherits with her.

Here too was the scene of that heavenly visitation to the humble shepherds announcing the "*Glad Tidings* of great joy," to which we have already referred.

We have however seen nothing of the city itself as yet. There is still the gate to visit where Boaz took Ruth for his bride before all the elders, making them witnesses not only that all the difficulties in the way were righteously removed, but of the devoted love that would not rest until his gracious purposes were all happily accomplished.

Then there is also a visit to pay to the well which was by the gate. But I fear that we can spare no more space this month : so will you just search your Bibles meanwhile to find and read these stories for yourselves that we may be better able to continue our journey next month.

E.W.O.

### GLAD TIDINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

Glad tidings for the young,  
Let this our watchword be;  
**A** living Christ our only theme,  
Doubts surely then will flee.  
Tell children of God's grace,  
In Christ our Lord made known,  
Did not that precious Saviour die?  
In blood for sin atone?  
Now sound abroad His fame,  
Good news have we to tell,  
Sin's judgment on the Cross He bore,

For *Jesus* saves from hell.  
Oh, who shall speak His worth !  
Redeemer, Shepherd, Friend,  
Took He not babes into His arms?  
Hush'd all who would offend;  
Eternal life He gives,  
Young though the children be,  
Oh tell them of His boundless love  
Unspeakable and free!  
Nor fail to let lost sinners know, [flow.  
God's mercy still, through Christ, doth  
S.T.

### EDITOR'S NOTE.

*We would earnestly ask for contributions to our pages. The articles should be brief concise and interesting. The Editors reserve to themselves the right of adapting any pieces submitted to the limitations imposed by space—and they are especially anxious to encourage young Christians to contribute. Please write on one side of the paper only and send in a fair copy. M.S.S. should be sent in to Editor of "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. WESTON, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C.*

### PRIZES.

*It is proposed to give book prizes every three months for the best execution of the little tasks which the Prize Editor will set. There will be three classes—viz., for children up to 8 years : for those up to 11 years : and those up to 15. Replies must be sent in by the 20th. of the month upon one side of the paper only leaving a good margin at the left hand side. Put your full name and address AND age next birthday on the back of the paper.*

*January's lesson is to search the piece "A Merry and a Happy New Year" and to put down the chapter and verses of as many of the texts quoted or referred to as you can find.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

for the Young.



## "NO PATH THIS WAY."

**N**OW familiar these words are, even to the children ! Who has not read them somewhere or other ? Often they are used to show that certain grounds are private, but in the case I have in mind they were put up to warn people of a very real danger. I was walking on Beachy Head a few years ago—a spot known to some of my readers—when I saw what appeared to be a path, but the familiar notice served to warn visitors that such was not the case. Then I remembered reading of some people who lost their lives near this spot, through venturing too far and falling over on to the beach below.

How easy to make such a mistake, but how sad the result ! The notice-board reminded me of a verse found twice over in the book of Proverbs : "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death" (*Proverbs xiv. 12 and xvi. 25*). This passage was never more needed than to-day, for Satan is making the ways of the world "seem right," whilst hiding the *end* of the path from view. Especially do I appeal to you, dear boys and girls, to heed God's word, which alone gives us the true view of the case. Many a path in this world has appeared inviting, but O the bitterness of its end ! And why ? Because it was away from God.

The writer well remembers the words quoted to him by an aged christian lady as he left home, in order to face the world. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way ? By taking heed thereto according to thy word" (*Psalms cxix. 9*). How often their truth has been proved ! I can therefore with confidence invite my readers to the Lord Jesus Christ as "the Way the Truth, and the Life." Knowing Him as Saviour and Lord, there will be no doubt as to the end of your course. Yet do not allow the thought of going your own way now, and coming to Him at the close of life !

That is the snare of Satan, who seeks to rob you of the joy of knowing and serving Christ here, as well as of eternal joy. There is *real* pleasure in following Him here, and by and by there will be fulness of joy in His presence. Remember that you are invited to come! Your very need as a lost sinner shows clearly that no other can meet your case, for He is declared to be the Saviour (*Matthew* 1. 21). C.W.

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### THE BIBLE AND NATURE.—LIGHT.

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**M**ANY, many thousands of years ago, God created the earth, and very little do we know about that wonderful work; but the fossils which we find in rocks, and the remains of huge animals, dug from time to time out of the bogs and the clayey ground where once a river ran, tell us that it was inhabited by monsters of many strange kinds. The word of God, however, tells us nothing about the earth as it was then except that it became shapeless and void. It is certain that in His purposes something awful happened; whether gradually or all of a sudden we cannot know. Then God looked down upon the world, and saw it all shapeless and dark, and the first thing that He saw to be so necessary was light. What should we all do without light? Just think if the sun were never to rise! What should we do then? What would happen to our poor eyes if we had to live in lamp or gas light always?

I will tell you. We should go blind or nearly so. Listen. In Central America there is a lake. You cannot see it because many many years ago the whole side of a mountain slid down right over its waters. The soil was light and fibrous, and it floated! The roots liked the water so much that all the plants and shrubs grew

together above the lake. Then the leaves died, and, decaying, formed earth so that years after the lake was covered with a wooded field. There were poor Indians living near the lake who lived partly upon the fish they caught in its waters, and they used to go down, cut out a hole in the earth, and drop their hooks into the water beneath. The Indians do so still, and if you were to



examine the little fish they catch you would see that their eyes are all white and scaled over. They are blind!

You see, no light could get through the layer of plants and earth, and their eyes became useless; so useless now that if you bring them into the light they cannot see at all!

What a glorious thing light is! We have eyes, and God has given us light, and we can see! But

there is a light which many of us cannot see. We are by nature children of darkness like the little blind fishes, and like them, our whole life is spent away from the light if we do not know Jesus who is the True Light. Let us ask God to take away the scales from our eyes that we may see the Saviour in all his wonderful love and deep compassion.

Some day the sun will go out and all will be dark down here; but Jesus lives for ever. We are told of the Heavenly City where we shall not need either sun or moon because Jesus Himself will be the Light. God wants you to see Him in the light of Jesus Christ. No other light will reveal God or Heaven to you, but the Sun of Righteousness.

Remember the shapeless darkened world! Well, you are like that in God's sight! God has said, "Let there be light;" and, as the sun suddenly dispelled the shadows, so has the True Light shone upon the world. May He shine into and light up your heart now at once; shew you yourself as you are to the eyes of God; and shew you Himself too in all His love and graciousness giving you light for ever and ever, so that you may be in the light even as He is in the light!

*See Gen. i. 3; Job xxxiii. 30; Ps. cxix. 105; Acts xxvi. 18; 2 Cor. iv. 4—6; 1 Pet. ii. 9.*

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### BERTHA'S CONVERSION.

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**J**UST over two and twenty years ago, two young girls were listening eagerly to the preaching of God's word one Sunday night at a little meeting-room at Forest Hill; and at the close of the address, which had been a very solemn one, the preacher invited any of those present who were at all anxious about their

souls to remain to a prayer meeting. Bertha F. and her companion both rose to go; and the latter hurriedly took her departure. Lovingly invited to remain, Bertha promptly told the preacher that she was unable to do so, and a second invitation only met with a like refusal. One above, however, was meanwhile an unseen observer of what was passing in Bertha's heart and mind, and no doubt directed His servant what to say. Looking her full in the face, the preacher was suddenly led to exclaim, "O my child! what would happen to you, if you died to-night in your sins?" Like an arrow direct from God's own bow, the words thus uttered entered the heart of the convicted girl, and pierced a conscience already deeply oppressed by the burden of sin. Dropping down upon the seat she had just left, dear Bertha, sorely stricken by God's Spirit, listened now with an earnestness and reality that were sweet to behold. God Himself was pleading with this precious soul whom, in tender love, He had aroused; and, as He brought her fourteen years of sin vividly before her, bitter tears of sorrow and repentance coursed down her cheeks, and a full confession followed of how guilty and lost she was. Need it be added that blessing was not far off; for that night there was joy among the angels, and sweet peace known and enjoyed in Bertha's soul, as in simple faith she rested on those golden words in Isaiah xliii. 25, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." Thus one more trophy of Christ's cross was gathered in that night, and many subsequent years of happy service for her Lord and Master in a distant land have fully proved the reality of Bertha's conversion. Will not you, too, who read these lines take Bertha's Saviour now as your own, and prove for yourself the preciousness of that



blood, which cleanseth from all sin, and how Jesus delights to blot out the sins of all those who come to Him in sincerity and truth? S.T.

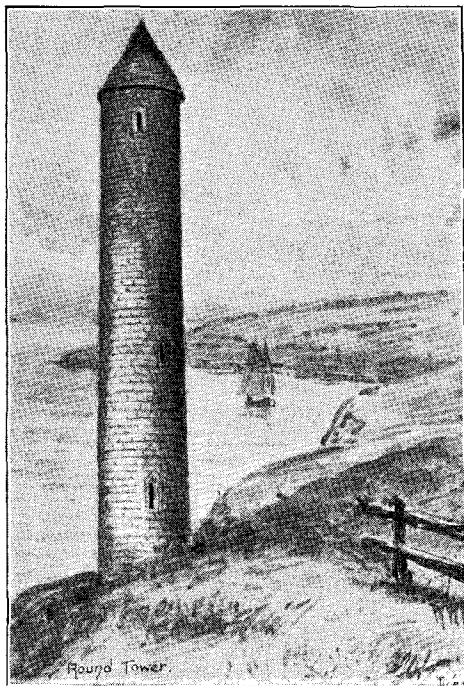
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### A STRONG TOWER.

*(For young Christians).*

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**I** SUPPOSE that you all know what a tower is? Well, in Ireland, where I was born, there still stand, scattered far and wide over the country, many wonderful round towers, which have withstood the attacks of men and fury of storms for over a thousand years.



The natives call these towers "Cloich teaches," from the bells which were hung just below their conical roofs. They were built to guard against the invading Danes and Norsemen, and, whenever the enemy appeared, the bell was rung to summon the people around to their place of safety. For these strong towers were built to give security against such attacks, and that is why the entrance doors were placed ten feet or more above the

ground. When the alarm was sounded, a wooden ladder was let down to admit the flocking country folk, and, when the last man was safe inside, it was drawn up, so that all within were perfectly secure.

The invaders could destroy their dwellings which were only built of wattle (twigs of trees woven together), and plastered with mud, but the people themselves with their valuables were safe, for their enemies had no weapons that could possibly do them any harm.

But now I am going to tell you of a stronger tower than any of these, one that can never be captured by the enemy; one that is always safe; one that I have run into for many a day; and I want you to run into it as well. You will find about it in Proverbs xviii, 10, and also in many of the Psalms. "The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe."

The towers I spoke of were built as a safe retreat from the cruel Dane's attack, and it is when we are attacked by the enemy, that we need the "Strong tower" of refuge. Then, as our enemy the devil is always assailing us with temptations great and small, how necessary to dwell there continually.

And how can we resist him unless we run into the "strong tower?" We have no strength in ourselves to fight him; but if we call on the Name of the Lord, Satan will flee from us.

If I am tempted to do something wrong, let me just tell the Lord Jesus about it, and ask Him to help me to resist the devil; He will be with me and fight for me.

"Take the name of Jesus ever  
As a shield from every snare;  
If temptations round you gather,  
Breathe that holy name in prayer."

T.W.

## A SON OF ABRAHAM.

*(Continued from our last number).*

**I** HAVE a sister who is 16 years old. One day not long ago, she came suddenly into the room where my father and mother were sitting, and told them that she had become a Christian. Of course they were dreadfully displeased. They told her how wrong, how wicked, it was to believe as Christians do, and they sent her up to her room.

As she passed the open window on the staircase, a flash of lightning came in. It struck her, and at first they thought it had killed her. It had not killed her, but made her deaf and quite dumb. She could use her tongue no more. They said it was a judgement of God sent to punish her for her wickedness.

Then they called all the other children together, and told them that if any of them became Christians, the very day they owned to it, they should be turned out of the house, never to come home again any more. They would have nothing more to do with them, and never own them again as their children. They let my sister stay at home, because they thought as she was deaf and dumb she could do no harm."

"Do you think they would really turn you out of doors if they knew you were a Christian?" I said.

"I am sure they would," Alfred answered, "they always do as they say. So I have not told them I am a Christian. If they knew it, not only would they turn me out of their home, but they would not let me stay here. But before two years are over I shall have to tell them. You know Jewish boys are always confirmed, as they call it, when they are thirteen. On their birthday thirteen they are taken to the synagogue. They have to read a chapter of the Bible aloud, and to say before all the people there that they believe as the Jews believe.

But I shall not say that. I shall say that I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ whom the Jews crucified, and that He is my God and Saviour. Then I shall be turned out of doors."

"But O Alfred!" I said, "what will happen to you? Where will you go?" "I don't know," Alfred said. "God knows. And He will take care of me. I shall think it sad to be turned out of my home, but I am not afraid."

These were the last words I heard Alfred speak. A few days after, we left the old house, to go back to our home in another part of England; and I heard of Alfred no more. Often I wondered as time went on, what had happened on his birthday thirteen. Often I asked amongst people who knew Jewish families if they had ever heard of Alfred H.

Once, a good many years after, some one told me she had heard of a family of that name, and she believed they had a son Alfred living in Portugal. F.B.

[Mrs. Bevan again heard of Alfred after sixteen years had passed, and she will therefore have something more to tell us in our next number].

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## JAIRUS' LITTLE GIRL.

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**M**ANY hundreds of years ago there lived in Palestine a little girl, and at the time of this story, she was just twelve years old. Her father was a ruler of the synagogue and it was his duty to teach the people about God. His name was Jairus, and I think his little girl loved God and tried to please Him.

One sad day she was taken very very ill, and her mother and father were greatly troubled about her, and did all they could to make her get better. But in spite of all their loving care she got so bad that they feared

she was going to die. Just then Jairus heard some wonderful news. For it was told him that a certain Jesus of Nazareth was going about the country doing all kinds of wonderful and good deeds to the poor people; and many believed that he was the Messiah for whom they had waited so long. Indeed, every day of his life, he healed the sick and cured the blind and deaf and dumb.

When Jairus heard all this he thought, "Oh, if He would only come and see my little girl, perhaps His loving heart might be touched and then He would heal her."

And so he set off to find out where the Lord Jesus was, and when he had found Him, he fell down at His feet and begged Him, O so earnestly! just to come and lay His hands upon his little daughter that she might be healed. And He? Of course He came, willingly, lovingly, graciously. But so many people followed and surrounded Him that He was kept quite a long time before He could reach the house; and then, before He arrived, a messenger came from Jairus to ask Him not to trouble any more because the little girl was dead.

But He sent word back telling them not to be sad, and walked quietly on until He reached the house.

He found them all very unhappy, and crying bitterly. And He spoke to them so tenderly; but most of the people treated Him rudely, because they did not understand that He was the Christ, the Son of God. So He took three of His disciples and the little girl's parents, and went into the room where she was lying. Then He took her cold hand in His so gently, and said, "Damsel, I say unto thee, Arise." She was quite dead until He spoke, when suddenly at the sound of His

voice she got up quite strong and well, as though from a refreshing sleep. How wonderful, how gracious, and how loving of Jesus! And do you know that in God's eyes we are all dead, until Jesus raises us to life. Wouldn't you like to ask Him then to raise you up to newness of life at once? He has told us that He came that we might have life, and life for ever; and He would like each one of us to say to Him, "O satisfy us early with Thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."

D.S-M.

[*The article on Bethlehem will D.V. be continued in the March number.*]

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### QUESTIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. Give five different names of the Holy Spirit. *John xiv. Luke xxiv. 1 Cor. iii*
2. For what purpose did the Holy Spirit come? *John xvi.*
3. Where does the Holy Spirit abide? *1 Cor. iii.*
4. How long will He abide with us? *John xiv.*
5. Who is the True Vine? *John xv.*
6. Christ came as a Light into the world—Who is the light of the world since He went away? *Matthew v.*

Boys and girls of 8 and under are to answer any 4 of the last 5.

# GLAD TIDINGS

for the Young.



## SOMETHING FOR EACH FINGER.

---

**I** WANT to talk to you for a few minutes about something you see every time you go out for a walk. It is a word of five letters, beginning with S and ending with E.

If you turn to 1 Peter ii., can you tell me in which verse you find the word I mean?

In order to help you to remember it, I want to give you a word for each of the five letters, and I hope all of you will be able to say of the Lord Jesus that He is to you what is referred to under the third letter.

For the first letter (S) the Lord Jesus is called the Stumbling-stone in 1 Peter ii verse—. Does not this remind us of Naaman, who so nearly lost the blessing God had in store for him, through disobedience to the divine command? For he did not wish to humble himself by going and washing in the muddy Jordan. He thought his own lovely rivers were much better. But then, you know, until God touches our hearts we always think our way is best, although He tells us it ends only in death.

For the second letter (T) may we not call the Lord Jesus the Tried stone? And this in a double sense. What greater trial for Him than when the builders rejected Him? What more awful trial than when God, to accomplish our salvation, forsook Him on the cross? And now, though still rejected by men, for you and me He has been tried and proved the only foundation, and the "head of the corner."

Of the third letter (O) we get a hint in Acts iv. "Neither is there salvation in any other;" and this allows us to say of Him, without any question, that He is the One and Only stone: the Only stone whereon God could build, and whereon you and I can rest securely.



For the fourth letter (N) we find in Hebrews ii. verse —, that God warns us against Neglect. And does not this word apply very specially to English children, who, although they hear so much about the Lord Jesus, are so prone to put off accepting Him as Saviour and owning Him as Lord! Alas! how often is He the Neglected stone? Neglect is so fatal! Just listen to this true story.

Not long ago I was staying close by a lovely bay, with beautiful sands where children were playing and building castles, as children love to do. One group were so intent upon their digging that they *neglected* to come away at the right time, and meanwhile up crept the tide, and up, and up, until suddenly, when they looked round, they found themselves cut off! Behind them were the cliffs, ever so high and steep! What could they do? Laughter was turned to cries of distress; but, mercifully, help was not far off; for a coastguard heard their calls, and, dashing through the water, he carried them in his strong arm through the waves, round the end of the bay, and they were saved!

For the last letter (E) we have the word Exalted, and this reminds us of the high position which the Lord will occupy, when, as God shewed Nebuchadnezzar in a dream, the “stone cut without hands” “filled the whole earth,” and God shall “set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed” *Daniel ii.*

What a glorious truth it is, that the One who is going to reign over the whole earth is now willing to be the Saviour of all who come to Him!

Don't let us only just read about Him and hear about Him, but let us come to Him personally, telling Him all about our souls; and we shall find in Him One who can and will meet our every need for time and for eternity.

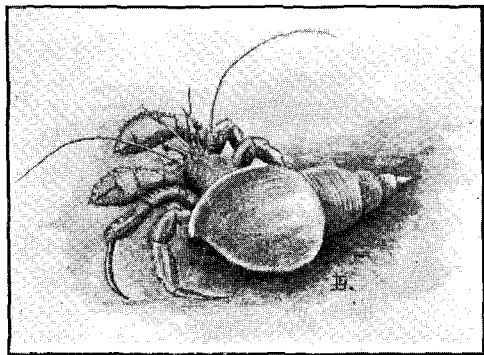
D.B.H.

## THE BIBLE AND NATURE, THE HERMIT CRAB.

**I**F you walk along the sea-shore after a storm, you will find the water's edge fringed with masses of sea-weed, torn from the sea-meadows far away and ever so deep down at sea, and you will find with it many little shells, little crabs, and ever so many jellies.

Perhaps, if you keep your eyes well open, you may find a Hermit-crab. Sailors call them "farmers," because they occupy some one else's property, but then they pay no rent for it as proper farmers do. They are funny looking fellows. You think when you see one, "What a pretty shell," and you pick it up. Then you drop it with a cry, for there inside is a jagged claw like a crab's, and sure enough it *is* a crab who lives inside the pretty shell.

But the shell doesn't really belong to him, for long ago a poor whelk made it for his house, when the wicked crab came and pulled him out and ate him. But anyhow, the hermit lives there now, and wherever he goes he carries the shell on his back. A wicked fellow, is he not? to pretend to be a whelk and play you such a trick. He might have nipped your finger, and then how angry you would have been with him! Well, do you



know that hundreds of boys and girls are just as bad as that Hermit-crab. If you look *at* them they seem to be so good and innocent; but if you could look *into* them, you would see how mistaken you are.

So many profess to be Christians outwardly, but God who alone knows the hearts looks *inside*, and sees that they are just deceiving people all the time, like that bad Hermit-crab, who turns poor whelks out of their houses, and then pretends to be a whelk himself!

Remember, my child, that "The Lord knoweth them that are his."

---

### A SON OF ABRAHAM.

(Concluded.)

**A**T last sixteen years had passed. I was living then in a large town by the sea side. One afternoon a good man called, a great friend of ours, who often told us things that we were glad to hear, about God's work in different places.

That afternoon he said, "I am just come from a wedding breakfast, in a large house in the square, at the other end of the town. It was quite a grand affair; so many friends and relations both of the bride and bridegroom, that the rooms were crowded with people. But as the bridegroom belonged to a Jewish family (though he himself was a Christian), half of the people there were Jews and Jewesses.

And the wedding ended in a most remarkable way. When the breakfast was over, the bridegroom stood up, and said he had it much on his heart to speak a few words to the kind relations and friends who had come to his wedding. It might be, he said, that they would never all meet again, as he seldom had an opportunity of seeing them. He wished therefore, before separating, to tell them in the presence of the God of Israel, that Jesus of Nazareth, whom the Jews crucified, is their true Messiah, the true God, and the Saviour of all who come to Him.

"Will you not all come," he said, "and own Him as *your* God, and *your* Saviour? May He shew you that I am telling you the truth, which is in your own Bible, and give you His blessing, as the true children of Abraham by faith in Jesus Christ."

I asked my old friend the name of the bridegroom. I knew the name of the bride, for she was well known in christian work in the town where we lived. "The bridegroom's name," he said, "is Alfred H."

This is all I know. I cannot but believe that he was my little friend of former days, but I never heard of of him any more. If he is still here below, he must be now an old man.

And now I would ask you, have *you* such real faith in the Lord Jesus as that little boy, who was ready, like Abraham, to leave his father's house and go out alone into the wide world? He was all alone without one christian friend or protector; he had no teacher but the Book in which God spoke to him. And who teaches like God? His word is indeed the lamp to our feet, and the light to our path, and from beginning to end that Book is filled with Christ.

Alfred's eyes had been opened to see Him; and when once we have really seen him, we know that everything else is nothing in comparison with Him. Therefore Alfred was ready to give up home and parents, and go out not knowing whither he went. Ask yourself, you who read his story, if you are willing to give up for Him as much as a little amusement, or a little pleasure? But the truth is, when we know Him, we do not think or talk of what we give up, but of what we gain, in knowing Him who gave up all to save us and to bring us to Himself.

"That I may win Christ!" that is all that His ser-

vant Paul longed for. And he has been in His presence, where there is fulness of joy, from then till now. "He loved *me*, and gave himself for me." Paul knew and said this, and Alfred also knew it. May you know it, whoever you may be, who read this true story of a child of Abraham.

F.B.

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### A DOCTOR WANTED.

**A** FEW months ago I was on a vessel bound for London. It was crowded with people, and as we were steaming along, I heard someone near me exclaim, "Look! do you see what that man is carrying?" I looked, and saw a man holding up a board on which was written in large letters, "A doctor is wanted." He walked up and down the deck, hoping that some doctor would see the notice.

When I asked why a doctor was wanted, I was told that a poor little boy was very ill, and no one knew what was the matter with him.

Well, the man kept walking up and down with his notice, but, sad to say, no doctor was on board. The poor mother did not know what to do, for we were well out at sea. However, in a few hours we neared a stopping place. The steamer slowed and was warped alongside, and the mother carried her boy ashore.

How sad to be ill with no doctor within reach! Yes, but how awful to be lost and unable to find a Saviour! Dear unsaved boys and girls, listen. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." The Lord said that there is a time coming when some will seek Him and shall not find Him. My child, come to Christ, who first came down for you, and He will wash all your sins away; for He died to save the lost, and bring them safe to God.

J.W.

## LITTLE EMILY.

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**L**ITTLE Emily had been a constant attendant at our Sunday School for more than a year, before she was brought to a knowledge of the Saviour; and I daresay some of you would be interested to know how she first learned to love Jesus.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon—the 21st of February, 1904, on which I was leisurely pursuing my way to school, having a carefully prepared lesson in my mind. I intended speaking to the children from the old, old story of Noah and the ark; but as I neared the school, I felt impressed that it was not to be my subject for that afternoon.

“Revelation iii. ! Revelation iii. !” rang in my ears again and again, and on arriving at the school, I turned to the chapter and read, “Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me” (*v. 20*).

“That must be my text then,” I said to myself, as I took my seat amongst my scholars.

There were fifteen present, all under seven years of age, and amongst them, in her favourite seat by my side, was little Emily, aged five.

I spoke earnestly to them of the One who stood knocking at the door of their hearts, entreating them to let Him in before it should be too late.

At length I asked, “Is there no one here who will open her heart to let Jesus come in this afternoon?” A soft little hand stole into mine, and a sweet voice whispered, “Teacher, I will let Him in.”

It was little Emily who spoke, and raised her blue eyes, now filled with tears, to my face. “You will, Emily?” I said, “And why will you let the Saviour in?” “O, teacher!” she exclaimed, “Because I love Him so!”

I had a little talk with her after school; and since that day, she has been happily trusting in Jesus as her own Saviour, whose precious blood has washed her sins away.

Dear reader, will *you* let the Saviour in? Or will you keep the door of your heart, at which He waits and knocks so patiently, bolted and barred against Him?

O, throw open the door! No longer turn a deaf ear to His knocking, so oft repeated, so gentle, so loving. Give the Lord of heaven and earth an abiding-place in your heart, and prove, as dear little Emily does, what a kind and loving friend He is.

"We love him because he first loved us."

A YOUNG S. S. TEACHER.

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### BETHLEHEM.

*(Continued from January.)*

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**Y**OU will remember that in our January number we were talking of Bethlehem, and the fields of Boaz wherein Ruth had gleaned.

Very poor was she, and she was also a foreigner—that is, a Gentile. So we may be sure Boaz had very good reason when he commanded that all respect should be shewn her, as doubtless there were thoughtless young people who might otherwise have been rude and unkind.

How wonderful to be the honoured guest of a great lord whom all men esteem! A slight to that guest must be a slight to the lord himself. There are, however, two aspects in which we may look at this. The Lord Jesus, whose name is so honoured in heaven, has an eternal and abiding glory which the passing moods of men can in no wise affect. We may feel very happy in the thought that His people are so dear to Him that He arrested Saul by a miracle when he was

bent on persecuting them, and told him plainly that he was persecuting *Him* by so doing, but we must take care that we never grieve Him by being thoughtless or unkind ourselves to a single child of God. We may be sure it grieves Him far more when those

who are His are unkind to each other, than when the world persecutes them.

Now let us go back and hear how, on the sunny slopes of Bethlehem, Ruth reached this harvest field which was to introduce her into such a home of love, joy, and plenty—a veritable “house of bread.”

Years before we find her associated with a family (that of Elimelech and Naomi) which we should have been





inclined to call very enterprising and clever, But alas! their enterprise led them to believe that by their own plans they could manage for themselves without the guiding hand of God.

A famine arose in the country where they lived, and they decided to emigrate. It would have been very much better to have asked God why he had sent the famine; because theirs was a country which He had promised should flow with milk and honey. The famine was intended no doubt to convey some very grave lesson. Had they sought Him and heeded the lesson, all would have been well; but they did not.

The case of Ruth was unlike that of Elimelech and Naomi, in that she was born at a distance from God; and so she was like you and me, who differ from our first parents, Adam and Eve, for this very reason."

When, after the bitter years of sorrow, Naomi realizes the sin of having departed from God and so brought misery on all associated with her, Ruth does not reproach her, but resolves, with her, to turn to God; and in that way they both repent their life in Moab. We are all familiar with the beautiful way in which Ruth expressed her resolves: "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God" (*Ruth i. 16*).

Thus we see illustrated "Repentance towards God;" and later on, when the attractive figure of Boaz appears, we have a picture of "faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ" (*Acts xx. 21*).

We must now, however, visit the gate, where Boaz sat himself down and had the question out with the one who stood in the way of all his gracious intentions to make Ruth his bride. This, however, we spoke of in our January number, so we will only remark that poor innocent Ruth had no proper understanding of all these

difficulties, but she had faith in Boaz. Just so the youngest children may not be able to understand very much, but may yet trust the Lord Jesus, and, as they grow older, they will learn more and more of what that love must have been which led the Son of Man to give His life a ransom for many.

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### QUESTIONS FOR MARCH.

*John i.*

1. Who was the Word? and who the Creator of all things?
2. What was the mission of John the Baptist?
3. What was it that Moses gave to men, and what that came by Jesus Christ?
4. Upon two occasions John the Baptist pointed out Jesus to those that stood by.  
What words did he use? what did they convey? and why the difference?
5. What did Andrew do when he had seen the Lord? and what did Philip do?  
State what you learn from this.
6. What name did Jesus give to Simon son of Jona? and what did it mean?  
Children of 8 and under to answer all except numbers 4 and 5.

*It is of course understood that the replies sent in are the unaided work of the boys and girls whose name they bear.*

*Result of the first competition will appear (D.V.) in May number.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

for the Young.



## NELLIE'S MISTAKE.

---

**N**ELLIE had often been troubled about the question of salvation. Father and mother were saved, but Nellie knew that she was not. She had professed that she believed in Jesus; but she knew that, if He were to come then, they would go to be with Him whilst she would be left behind.

One day she determined to settle the great question once and for all, so picking up a tract that lay on the table beside her, she opened it hoping that it might help her. The very first words she read were that grand answer of Paul to the jailor: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (*Acts xvi. 31*). "Yes," said Nellie, "I have heard those words so many many times, and yet I feel no different. I don't feel as though I was saved, and I cannot, dare not, say that I have eternal life." So the darkness and despondency remained as she waited until she *felt* a difference in her heart!

A week after this Nellie attended a children's gospel service, and God touched many hearts that night. The speaker asked all who would give their hearts to Jesus to stand up, and, as one or two bravely responded, the children sang the well-known words:

"I do believe, I do believe;  
That Jesus died for me;  
That on the cross His blood was shed  
From sin to set me free."

Nellie there and then believed. "Lord Jesus," she said in her heart, "I do believe that Thou didst die for me, and how can I ever thank Thee enough for Thy wonderful love"! So that, instead of waiting until she *felt* saved, she simply believed what God had said.

On the way home she spoke to her girl friends of the preacher's words; but, to her surprise, she met with no

response upon the subject so near her heart. How was it that she was so happy while her friends were not?

When she got home she longed to tell her mother, and yet she felt afraid to speak of Jesus; but she could not go to sleep, and so she took a piece of paper and wrote these words:

“DEAR MOTHER AND FATHER,  
To-night I have given my heart to  
Jesus and I know my sins are forgiven.  
From your daughter,  
NELLIE.”

Then she went to the bannisters and, calling out “Mother,” she gave her the little letter and ran off to bed; but she could not sleep until she had told her brother and sister of her joy.

That night there was joy elsewhere,—yes, even in the presence of the angels, over another sinner brought to repentance.

L.B.

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## BIBLE AND NATURE—ROCK AND SAND.

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**Y**OU remember how last month we were on the sands hunting among the sea weed, and how you found a hermit crab. Well, now I want you to come with me and look at the sand itself.

Do you know that every little grain is made of solid stone? Yes. Every little speck of the sands that form the foreshore on our rocky coasts was once a part of some great sea swept rock. The rain, the frost and the stormy sea were always attacking the rock, but it stood firm and never moved at all. One day the sea grew very fierce, and, finding a little crack, it dashed against the rock with all the fury of its waves, charging and charging again, only to be hurled back in broken, hissing spray. But the crack had widened, and grown

deeper too; and when the next storm came it raged more furiously than ever. Then the crack gave way, and down fell a large piece of the rock, crash! into the sea. The waves caught it and hurled it time after time against the great cliff's foot until it was broken into little stones and pebbles.

It did not take a storm to grind the pebbles into sand. The little summer waves were strong enough for that. Then came another gale, and the swirling tide stirred up the sand and carried it far away from home into an unknown bay, where it lay at rest at last, until the children dug it up with their spades and made it into a lovely castle. It might have been proud then, but the tide came along and with one little wave knocked the castle down.

You see, ever since it had separated from the mother rock, it was quite helpless and at the mercy of the cruel sea. It was as helpless as Adam after he was

separated from God. The sea is so beautiful and smooth sometimes; and so Adam thought was Eve's voice when he listened to her, after Satan had deceived her, and made the first crack between himself and God. Then he obeyed Satan, and at once fell away from God just like the piece of rock that fell into the sea.



Only God could help him then, and only God can make us one with Christ. He wants us just to yield ourselves to Him, and He will take us up and ~~make~~ make us part of the True Rock from which not even a grain can fall. He tells us that Jesus is the true Rock. "He is the rock: His way is perfect." Will you not yield to God, and let Him bed you at once into the Rock of ages, where you will be safe for ever?

See *Ps. lxi. 2, Deut. xxxii. 4, 1 Sam. ii. 2, Is. xxvi. 4, Matt. vii. 24.*

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### JUST TOO LATE.

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**S**UCH a clattering and chattering; such a bustle and noise in the station, as a dozen or more boys hurriedly scramble into the next compartment to mine.

The noise gradually lessens and a teacher's voice is heard saying, "I am going into a carriage higher up, and will see you when we reach W—." Then the guard blows his whistle, and the train moves off, slowly at first, but every moment gathering speed.

Suddenly there is a sound of someone rushing up the platform beside the moving train, and the boys, all excitement, with their heads out of the windows, begin to call out, "Come on, Nor; jump in, quick!" and a door is half opened to let the boy get in; but a porter is there, and he slams the door to. Norman is pushed back, and the train goes on without him. He is just too late!

There is a verse in the Bible—look at it for yourselves (*2 Cor. vi. 2*).—which says: "Behold, now is the accepted

time; behold, now is the day of salvation;" and that shews us that a day is coming when the door of heaven will be shut, and those who are outside will not be able to get in.

Poor Norman's school-fellows were very sorry that he missed the train; and one of them said that he thought Norman was half crying, but it did not help the poor boy in the least. He was too late!

How full of anguish would your parents and teachers be if you failed to reach the home above. But unless you believe in Jesus now, perhaps when you do want to come to Him, it will be too late.

My dear boys and girls, Jesus, because He loved you, died on the cross, and bore the punishment for your sins, that you might not be judged for them; and He is waiting now for you to come to Him, that He may wash you "whiter than snow," that He may make you clean through His precious blood. "Come now," God says in His word, and those who love the Lord Jesus echo the words, "come now," or some day *you* may find that it is "just too late."

H.W.R.



### "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

**I** WONDER if God can see me now?" So thought a little boy, as he sat in the centre of a large dark cellar. He had been very naughty, and had been placed there for a short time as a punishment for his behaviour.

Being left alone, he had nothing to do but to think; and the verse that heads these lines kept on coming into his mind. "Thou God seest me." He could not



get rid of it, though he tried his hardest to think of something else.

"Thou God seest me" kept ringing in his ears. He had heard it, no doubt, from his mother, or at the Sunday School. He may even have read it in the Bible; but now he had solemnly to think of it. He tried to make



himself believe that it was too dark in the cellar for God to see him. But he knew this was not true; because he had a christian father and mother, who had often told him that God could see him always. As he looked round the cellar, he suddenly saw a streak of light, pouring in from under the stone steps which led up into the house; and he

was sure that God was looking at him. Presently this little boy was allowed to leave the cellar, as his punishment was over; but you may be sure he was not happy until he knew that he was quite forgiven.

And whenever, in after years, he saw or heard that verse, "Thou God seest me," his mind always went back to the dark cellar with its ray of light.

T.W.

## "AS LITTLE CHILDREN."

**I** JUST want you to listen to a true story about a little boy I know, called Dick. He is only three years old, but I think he has far more trust and faith in the Lord Jesus than many a grown up person.

Well, one day, Dick was looking at a picture-book with his mother, when they came to a picture of a little girl with an empty bird-cage by her side. The little girl appeared to be very sad.

"Why," asked Dick, "is she so sad?"

His mother answered, "I think it is because her little bird is dead."

But Dick's brother, who was standing by, suggested, as children sometimes will, that perhaps it was because her mummie was dead.

The mother asked in surprise, "Whatever made you think of that? Would you be sad if your mummie were dead?"

"Yes!" he replied, "I should be very sad."

But Dick made quite a different answer. "I should not be sad, mummie dear, because I know that you would go to heaven," he said.

His mother replied, "But if mummie went to heaven, you would not have her here; would you not then be sad?"

"No, I don't think I should," he answered, looking up so seriously; "because the Lord Jesus would take care of you, and then I should go to heaven soon."

This was the sweet answer of a child of three years old. May we all learn a lesson from it, and may we all believe God's word as simply as little Dick, trusting in His Son whom He sent to die for us. Then by believing in Him, we shall, like Dick and his mother, be sure that we shall go to heaven.

Have you, dear child, a faith like this? (*John iii. 16.*)

## WILL YOU BE THERE?



GENTLEMAN who loved the Lord Jesus stood by a window looking out on the beautiful Bay of Dublin.

The lovely picture before his eyes seemed to remind him of that "Better Land," where there is no sorrow nor sin, and where all who trust in the blood of Jesus shall live for ever; for he was singing softly the well-known hymn—

We know there's a bright and a glorious home  
Away in the heavens high,  
Where all the redeemed shall with Jesus dwell:  
Will you be there and I?

Then, turning to a little boy who stood by him, he said, "Will *you* be there, Tommy?"

"Yes, Mr. E——"

"But how do you know that?"

"Because Jesus died for me."

And now, dear child, if I were to ask you the same question, "Will you be there?" could you give the same answer? Could you say from your heart, "Yes, because Jesus died for me?" Or would you have to say, "I don't know," or, "I'm not sure?"

My child, be in earnest; just think what a sinner you are! and then just think of the love of Jesus, who came down from heaven to die for you and me, that we might have all our sins forgiven, and be able to say, "I know I am going to heaven, because Jesus died for me, and I believe on Him."

T.W.

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## BETHLEHEM.



HIS is our last talk about Bethlehem before we move to other scenes.

We cannot, however, leave before we have visited some of the spots connected with Ruth's great-

grandson, David. I am sorry I cannot tell you whether Boaz and she lived to fondle him as a baby, and ponder over what the future had in store for him. Perhaps not. Certainly his own family did not make a great fuss of him, and even the prophet Samuel was surprised when, in later years, he was told to pass by his elder brothers and anoint David as king.

We can picture him as a happy little fellow, quietly and obediently shepherding the flock which, being a despised calling, was often left to the youngest boy. Otherwise he might have grown up unhappy or discontented, and wishing that he too might have been a soldier like his brothers; but in faithfully doing his duty in this humble occupation, with nobody at hand to praise him, David was doing what was pleasing to God. With all his gifts in music and poetry he did not despise the work his father had found for him, but did it with all his might. In fact, David made his mean duty honourable by the way he fulfilled it; and was not this far better than aspiring to an occupation which was considered honourable, without caring for the way he acquitted himself in it? He lived in the fear of God.

But after all he did become a great soldier. Like Joseph before him, misunderstood and wrongly accused, his patient trust in God was not disappointed; and although, after his victory over the giant, he had his ups and downs, it was all necessary to fit him for the high position he was to occupy.

We must pass on to have a look at the well of Bethlehem which is by the gate. It records a most thrilling incident, but, strange to say, although David took part, he was not the hero.

Please turn to your Bibles and look up 2 Saml. xxiii. 13—18. You remember what a ragged army assembled

round David in the cave of Adullam—the distressed, the bankrupt and the discontented. Well, as you know, he became their captain, and what a change his character and influence brought about! You certainly would not recognise them as the same people when reading of them in the verses I have quoted.

How they were put to the proof seems a small matter. An irresistible longing must have possessed David to drink of the well of his boyhood, and he was perhaps hardly conscious that he had expressed it in words. A half-spoken wish however would have been enough, and they are instantly ready to brave the Philistine host, at the peril of their lives, to bring their chief the coveted draught of water.

Moved to his innermost soul, David confesses himself unworthy of such devotion.



It was so deep and wonderful that it was a fitting picture of what is worthy to be laid at the Saviour's feet, who has done so much for those whom He has redeemed from their misery and discontent, and we read that David "poured it out unto the Lord."

In coming to David just as they were, ruined and distressed, we see a picture of the truth concerning those of us who have come to the Lord Jesus. "By grace are ye saved . . . not of works lest any man should boast" (*Eph. ii. 8 and 9*).

This band however could not enlist under a captain like David without his influence being shewn in their

lives. He had received them when they could only bring disgrace in exchange for the grace he was ready to bestow, but the marvellous exploits they learned in his company serve to illustrate the scripture immediately following the verses quoted, "We are His [God's] workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."

### EDITORS' NOTE.

*We would earnestly ask for contributions to our pages. The articles should be brief, concise, and interesting. The Editors reserve to themselves the right of adapting any pieces submitted to the limitations imposed by space &c.—and they are especially anxious to encourage young Christians to contribute. Please write on one side of the paper only and send in a fair copy. MSS. should be sent in to Editors of "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. WESTON, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C.*

### PRIZES.

*A new competition begins this month. A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for April, May and June are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.*

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*Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday, on the back of the paper.*

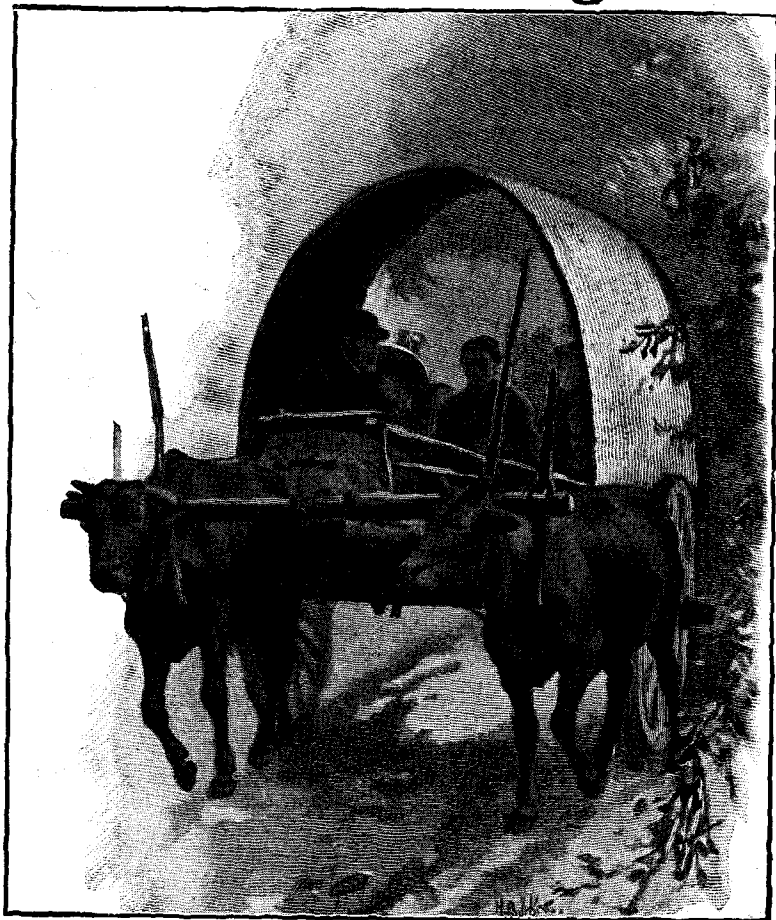
### QUESTIONS FOR APRIL.

1. Give two texts showing that by nature we are all sinners. *Rom. iii. Dan. v.*
2. What do we all deserve and why? and what provision has God made for us?  
*Rom. vi.*
3. What was the cost of our redemption? Quote two passages. *Romans v. 1 Peter i.*
4. What is it that is reserved in heaven for those who are kept by the power of God? *1 Peter i.*
5. What is it that endures for ever, whereas all else passes away? *1 Peter i.*
6. Give two texts showing what God has done with our sins. *Ps. ciii. Is. xlv.*

*In replying quote the scripture in full. Remember that marks are given for neatness.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

for the Young.



## A LETTER FROM CHINA.

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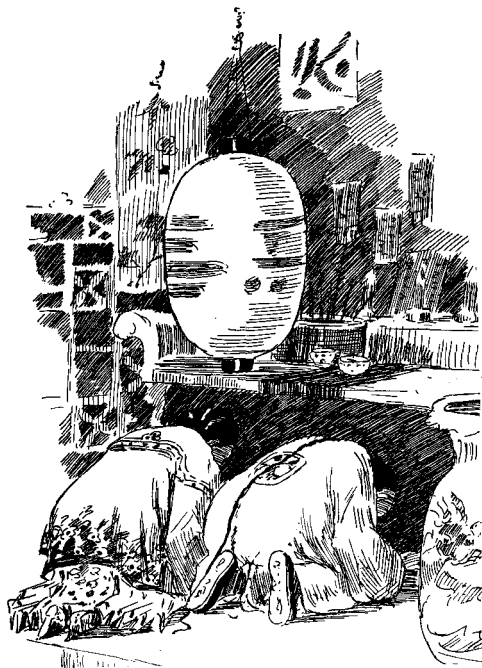
**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—In comparing your privileges as English boys and girls with those of Chinese children, I am much impressed by the difference between the two; and the difference is nearly all in your favour. I never knew how much English children had to be thankful for, until I saw the homes of Chinese children, and knew something of their upbringing. No doubt much of the difference between the two countries lies in the fact that God's word has found an entrance into the one, but as yet scarcely any entrance into the other. In England you have the Lord's day, and that day has been nationally observed for centuries. Young and old have time and opportunity to hear God's message, or to read it in tracts and books; but there is no Lord's day in China. It is only just beginning to be introduced. As children, many of you were taught in infancy to repeat christian hymns and prayers, and Scripture texts; you were taught that the God who created the world loved you; and it was sounded in your ears too that Jesus died for sinners, though you may not have understood what this meant. Such privileges as these are unknown in Chinese homes, where boys and girls are taught to worship the family ancestors, and the various gods that have been set up by men. In this way their foolish hearts are darkened instead of being enlightened as many of yours have been.

You all have the opportunity of reading God's word, but the Chinese have only recently had that word translated into their own language. You are all taught to read, but many of the Chinese, and especially the girls, are not. The Bible has been translated into the Chinese language now for about a hundred years, but this work has been done by Englishmen and Americans; for although the Chinese are said to number four



hundred millions of people, not one of their number could or would translate God's word into their own tongue.

The English Bible, as you know, was translated from the original—the Hebrew and Greek languages—by Englishmen. Alas! there are very many in England, the opportunity notwithstanding, who will have nothing to do with God, who cast all His word behind their back, yet the influence of that word is felt throughout the land.



The Bible has had much to do with the shaping of English history, and the making of English laws. Everyone in England has a so-called christian name. There are no christian names in China. Every sol-

dier, and (I think) sailor of the British Army and Navy, is expected to have a Bible in his possession, and would be liable to punishment if found without it. In England, by means of the Sunday school, and day school system of Bible teaching, everyone is prepared more or less to understand the language and illustrations of preachers,

but the way for the preacher in China is not made easy in this manner. The Chinese boys and girls, with the men and women, know nothing about Abraham or Moses; or Peter, James, and John. This is what makes our christian work in preaching and teaching so difficult.

The Chinese school teaching mainly consists, after the boys have mastered the characters of their language, in learning what Confucius taught; and Confucius was an idolator! Fancy an idolator being the chief teacher of four hundred millions of people for ages!

One cannot but feel profoundly thankful for the national reading of God's word, and for the amount of conscience we see in exercise in England which is undoubtedly due to the influence of the Scriptures. Conscience is a rare quality in any department of life in China. If Chinese consciences were only alive, we should have more to do in the way of pointing the Chinese to Jesus; they would then feel their sins, and their need of Him.

Will you not, my reader, this very moment, lift up your heart to God in thankfulness for the privilege of being born in England? Thank God for the opportunity of hearing, reading and understanding His holy word. Ask Him to forgive you for not making better use of your opportunities. Great will be *your* condemnation if you are not saved after being born and reared in a country which, *compared with dark China*, is teeming with christian knowledge, and christian life too.

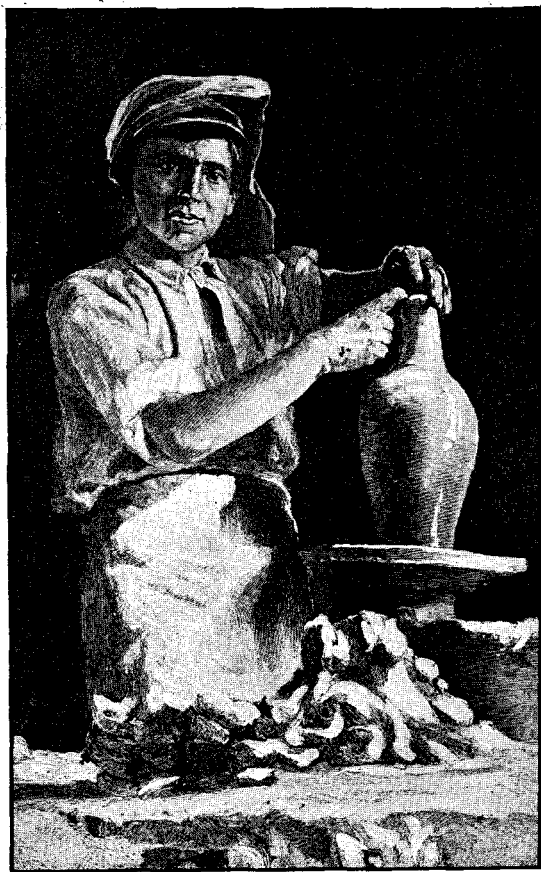
How will you escape if you "neglect so great salvation?" If you are trusting in the Lord Jesus for yourself, will you not ask Him to reveal Himself by his Holy Spirit, to the poor Chinese? And more especially to the boys and girls? Ask Him to give them *a new heart*.

T.H.

## BIBLE AND NATURE—CLAY.



LAST time we met we were together by the sea, but now I want you to come with me for a little walk inland. Only a few minutes and we shall



reach the potteries. Come, here we are! Look first at that great lump of brown sticky earth a man is wheeling into the shed. Let us follow him. There now; he has stopped, and another man is cutting off a large piece of his lump of earth. It is soft and easily moulded. See, he turns it once or twice in his hands, and throws it cleverly on to the round table in front of him. Now he pushes a lever at his

side, and round spins the table like a top! Just watch him now. First he drives his fingers into

the middle of the lump, and out fly the sides. Then he compresses the spinning mass outside, and up, as if by magic, rises a kind of flower pot. He eyes it carefully as he moulds it further with his hands. How pretty it is now! Then suddenly down goes one hand to the lever, the table stops, and the vase is finished! All that is needed now is to remove it to the oven where fire will harden it and make it a useful vessel. The lump of sticky earth was clay; the man, a potter.

Come now into the other shed. Just look at these hundreds of vessels! Some are lovely, others plain and ugly; but I think the ugly ones are the most useful after all.

Well, God tells us that He is the great Potter and that you and I are the clay. He wants us to be just as yielding and submissive in His hands as the lump of clay we saw the potter change from an ugly mass into a lovely vase.

He wants us to be vessels fitted for His use, and He longs to fashion us into the likeness of Christ. Indeed God has only this end in view, nor can anyone become like Christ unless he yields unquestioningly to God. We so often want to be vessels that will attract the attention and admiration of those around us. But remember that Jesus Christ was humble, meek and lowly, never seeking His own, but always yielding to His Father's will. Having found the Father's love through Jesus, shall not we too just yield ourselves to Him that He may shape and use us as He will?



(See *Is. xxix. 15*; *Rom. ix. 20, 21*; *2 Tim. ii. 2*; *2 Cor. iv. 7* )

## “HE IS MY OWN SAVIOUR.”

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**A** CLASS of girls were once asked by their teacher to put down on a sheet of paper all the various names and titles of Christ that they could think of, and to bring their papers to her the following Sunday. Many and varied were the children's answers; but, chief among them all, was that written by a little girl called Annie, who was almost the youngest in the class.

Annie's was a long list, including, among many others, such names as Son of God, Son of man. Emmanuel, Messiah, King of kings, and Lord of lords, etc. At the close of her paper, however, the dear child had written the Name to which every knee must bow; and which, to her young heart, was infinitely sweeter than all the rest, though it need not be said that each and all have their own peculiar and special beauty.

It was the Name that marked Christ's entrance into this sinful world, and that Pilate had written on the Cross, the Name of “JESUS;” and underneath that precious Name, the child had written these words, “And He is my own Saviour.” Scripture speaks of Him as “*a Saviour*” (*Luke ii. 11*), “*the Saviour*” (*John iv. 42*), and “*our Saviour*” (*Titus i. 4*); but that was not sufficiently personal for little Annie, who shewed the individuality of her faith in the sweet confession, “He is *my own Saviour.*”

Yes; Jesus was intensely precious to Annie. Though but young in years, she had learnt the truth that Christ was her substitute; One who, in love to her soul, had borne all her sins on the cross (though Himself sinless); One who had been down into death for her (though Himself not subject to it); and One who had completely exhausted all God's judgement against her sins when He suffered, bled, and died in her stead. As the Scripture declares, “He suffered once for sins, the just for the un-

just, to bring us to God" (*1 Peter iii 18*). Thus the true believer (young or old) is entitled to say, not merely "He loved us," but He "loved me, and gave himself for me," yea, "He bore my sins in His own body on the tree."

A little boy, some years ago, heard a gentlemen preach from the same precious word, JESUS; and, in order to make the "old, old story" simple and plain to his young hearers, he spelt out the word, letter by letter, thus:—

J—Jesus  
E—Exactly  
S—Suits  
U—Us  
S—Sinners

The boy thought over these words; and, when he retired to rest that night, God's Spirit made them good in his soul. Though young, he knew how great a sinner he had been and was; and, deeply convicted, he got alone with God. It was then he found that, being such a lost and guilty sinner, Jesus was the very One who exactly suited him, and so that very night the question was settled, and the dear lad took the Lord Jesus as his own personal Saviour. A few short weeks rolled away; and that boy was numbered with the dead.

You who read these lines, be in earnest, real earnest, about your never dying souls; and, whoever you may be, put in your claim as a lost sinner now, and Jesus will save you on the spot. "Now is the day of salvation."

S.T.

## THE PADDLERS.



SOME months ago I was walking along a dusty road, by the side of one of the largest of the Commons in the south of London, when I was surprised to see three ragged boys coming toward me,

with their feet bare, and their boots slung together over their shoulders.

Such a sight is very common at the seaside, where boys and girls delight to paddle, but it is seldom seen in or near London.

I watched the three with interest as they approached, and was wondering if any opportunity would be given me to speak to them of the Lord Jesus. When we were only a few yards from each other, one of the three said to me, with a broad grin on his face :

"We've been paddling, sir."

"Oh indeed," said I, "where?"

"Over in that pond there, sir," pointing with his finger to a pond just visible in the distance.

"Well, and how did you like it?"

"Grand, sir," he answered.

"I suppose you did that to cool and wash your feet?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well now, can either of you tell me how you can have your sins washed away?"

"By the blood of Jesus," said one.

"Yes, and who is Jesus?"

"The Son of God, sir."

"And what has He done for us?"

"He died on the cross for us."

"And why did He do that?"

"So that He could save us, sir."

"Well then, are you saved?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you quite sure? For that is a great thing to be able to say."

"Yes, sir, because Jesus died for me."

The two elder boys seemed to be quite sure of what they said; but the youngest did nothing but laugh all

the time, and tried to make the others laugh also. I therefore spoke to him for a few minutes, warning him of the risk he was running in laughing at these things, instead of seeing what a great sinner he was, and coming to the Lord Jesus to be forgiven. I then went on my way.

I wonder if you had been one of those boys, could you have answered as they did? You may have much more money than they had, for I do not think any one of them had a penny. You may have good clothes; theirs were in rags. You may have a christian father and mother; they were not sure if their parents were saved. You can no doubt go to Sunday School, every Lord's day; but they could not, as they thought their clothes were too old. You may have a clean face; their faces were dirty. But what about your heart? Is it clean, as the two bigger boys could say theirs were? Or are you like the little boy who only laughed at these things?

I hope, dear boys and girls, you do not laugh at, or think little of eternal things. You do not know when you might die as you are, and then what would become of your souls?

I may never see those boys again in this world, but I expect to see the two bigger ones in heaven, because they were trusting in the blood of the Lord Jesus, and confessed Him as their Saviour. May I expect to see you there?

T.W.

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## OUR FIRST SCRIPTURE COMPETITION.

*My dear Boys and Girls,*

*I cannot tell you how pleased I am to find that so many of you have answered the questions I have set for you. There have been altogether eighty-two competitors, but several of these did not*



answer the January questions and consequently were not eligible for this prize. I hope that you will all make a good attempt for the next prize. The winners in all three classes have done wonderfully well and shew a considerable knowledge of the holy scriptures. May this knowledge be an abundant blessing to them and others throughout their lives.

Your papers, Glyn, were a great pleasure to me. Your answers were all full and correct, and you got full marks for neatness throughout. Sidney ran you very close, but he lost one mark for smudges.

In the second class your replies, Eileen, were very good throughout, and you too got full marks for neatness; Norah was only one mark behind you.

Willie, you really have a wonderful knowledge of the Bible for one so young. Increase that knowledge and it will be a blessing through your life.

I am giving below a list of the initials of all those who sent in answers for the three months, with the marks which they obtained. I am also giving the correct answers

Your affectionate friend

The Prize Editor.

P.S. I hope that Glyn, Eileen and Willie have received their prizes before this.

\* \* \* \* \*

*First Class.*—Winner, Glyn T., 42. S.T., 41. A.C., 39. S.N., 35. F.M., 34. M.H.T., 32. W. Le P., 31. D.M., 29. L.T., 28. F.B., 26. W.H., 26. S.B., 25. W.W., 24. B.T., 23. C.M.L.J., 23. H.McK., 17. H.J., 16.

*Second Class.*—Winner, Eileen D., 42. N.T., 41. E. Le P., 33. H.M., 31. H.B., 28. C.M., 26. D.B., 26. E.W.P., 25. E.S., 20. J.K., 19. H.H., 17.

*Third Class.*—Winner, Willie D., 34. M.U., 17. C.B., 16.

#### JANUARY.—Answers.

Unfortunately there were one or two clerical errors in the piece "A Merry and a Happy New Year" which occasioned a little difficulty to some. The correct replies are as follows:—

Luke xii. 18—21. Luke xii. 19. Mark viii. 36. Matt. xi. 28. Ecclesiastes xii. 1. Isaiah i. 18. 2 Corinthians vi. 2. Proverbs iii. 13. Proverbs vi. 20. Psalm cxlvi. 5; but in answering all scriptures were to be quoted in full.

#### FEBRUARY.—Answers.

1. "The Spirit of Truth" (John xiv. 17). "Comforter" (John xiv. 26). "The promise of my Father" (Luke xxiv. 49). "Spirit of God" (1 Cor. iii. 16). "Spirit of Life" (Rom. viii. 2).

2. To reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgement (John xvi. 8).

3. In believers (1 Cor. iii. 16; vi. 19).

4. "That he may abide with you for ever" (John xiv. 16).

5. "Jesus Christ (John xv. 1).

6. Believers in the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. v. 14).

## MARCH.—Answers.

1. Jesus Christ was the Word (*John i. 1, 14*). Jesus Christ was the Creator (*John i. 3*).
2. John the Baptist's mission was to bear witness of the Light (Jesus Christ) (*John i. 7*).
3. "The law was given by Moses, but *grace and truth* came by Jesus Christ" (*John i. 17*).
4. "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world" (*John i. 29*). "And looking upon Jesus as he *walked* he said, Behold the Lamb of God" (*John i. 36*). In the first instance John pointed out the Lord Jesus as the "sin-bearer," and in the second instance as "the example." But it is useless to try to follow Christ's example until we have accepted Him as the One who has borne *all* our sins on the cross.
5. Andrew found his brother Simon (*John i. 41*), and Philip found his friend Nathanael (*John i. 45*). Those who love the Lord Jesus should seek to bring their nearest and dearest to Christ, both relations and friends.
6. "Thou art Simon, the son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone." (*John i. 42*).

## PRIZES.

*A new competition began last month. A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for April, May and June are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.*

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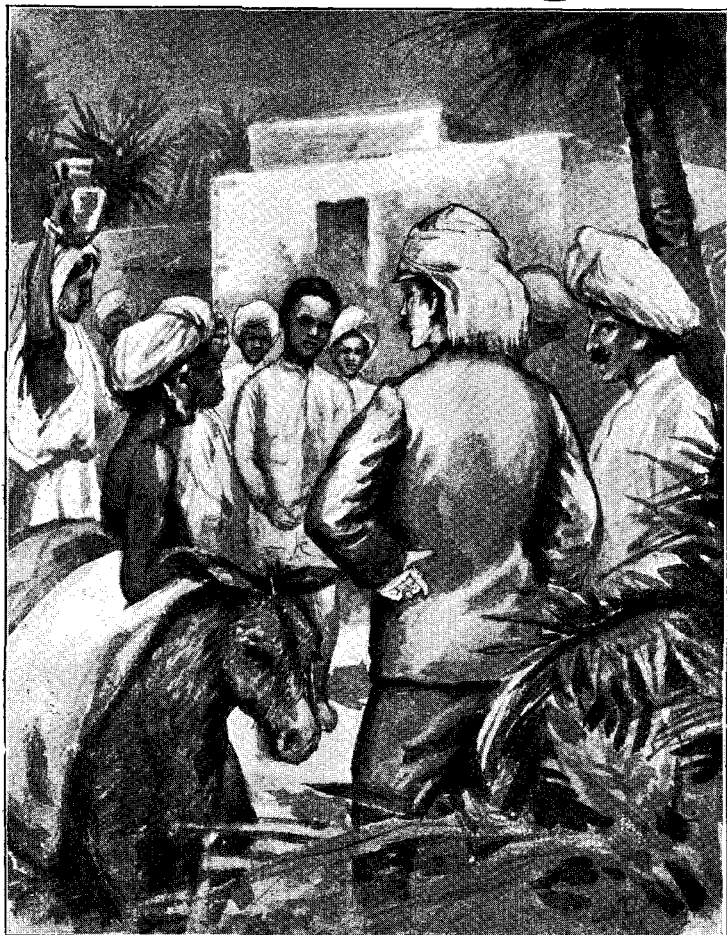
## QUESTIONS FOR MAY.

1. What was the first miracle that Jesus performed, and where?
2. Who uttered the words, "Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it," and in what connection?
3. What did Jesus do and say when He went into the temple and found there "those that sold oxen, sheep and doves"?
4. In answer to those Jews who questioned His authority and asked for a sign, Jesus answered, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up." What did He mean? Reply as fully as you can.
5. At the passover feast many believed in Jesus because of the miracles which He wrought, but He "did not commit Himself unto them." State the reason for this. *John ii.*

*In replying quote the scripture in full. Remember that marks are given for neatness.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



## THE INDIAN BOY'S SERMON.

**F**AR away in India, some few years ago, a group of dark skinned, black-eyed boys were standing at a street corner. Very funny you would have thought them, with their loose cotton clothes, but there was nothing strange in their appearance to the crowds of people passing that busy afternoon. Yet as God looked down from heaven, what a difference He saw! Most, if not all, of those people worshipped idols—ugly idols; blocks of wood and stone. They tried to wash away their sins by bathing in the river Ganges, knowing nothing of the precious blood of Jesus, which alone can cleanse from all sin. Few among them had ever heard of His love or read His message in the Bible; but those few boys had heard it: they had been taught in a school kept by those who loved the Lord Jesus, and better still, they had believed His word; and coming to Him, just as they were, poor, ignorant, heathen laddies, they had been washed and forgiven—they were Christians. So it was no wonder that, when the teacher, who was going to preach at the street corner that afternoon, asked if they could go and help him to sing the hymns instead of having a game in the playground, they willingly agreed, for those who have believed in the Lord Jesus love to serve and please Him, whether they be black boys or white ones.

They were there in good time, but the teacher was not. Something had happened which hindered his coming at all, and he could not let them know; so the boys waited and waited.

"Let us sing a hymn; he may come by the time we have finished," said one.

So the boys sang one hymn and then another, but no teacher came. Meanwhile the people stopped to listen, and quite a crowd gathered round.

"Let us go home now," said one of the boys, as they finished another hymn.

"Oh, cannot one of us preach?" whispered another, as he looked at the people round, who had never heard of Jesus. Who would? Who could?

"You do." And they pushed forward one among them who they thought could tell a little of what he knew. Oh, how the people laughed! "That boy preach!" They called him names, and jeered at him: but the little lad sent up a prayer to the Lord Jesus for help, and then asked permission to speak, so politely and modestly that everybody listened.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we read to-day in school that once when the Lord Jesus was in this world, His clothes became so dazzling and His face so bright that even those who loved Him could not bear it, but fell to the ground as if they were dead. Gentlemen, I pray you think, if that happened to *those who loved Him*, what will happen to *those who don't love Him at all* when He comes back in His glory to judge the world? Good afternoon." And bowing politely, the boy went back into the group, and they all were soon on their way home.

Dear children, will you ask yourself that boy's question? What will happen to *you* when the Lord Jesus returns?

T.

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## TWO BIRTHDAYS.

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**M**OST, if not all, children naturally hail with joy each recurring birthday, if only for the pleasure of receiving presents showered upon them by fond parents and kind friends. Few however think of the absolute necessity of being born again, or

in other words, of having a second birthday quite unlike the first one that ushered them into this world.

Although, at the first birth, no child is aware that it is "born in sin," yet in succeeding years, the proof of this becomes increasingly apparent, until its ways yield sad and abundant evidence of its fallen nature. Self-will, disobedience and many other sins prove only too clearly the truth of the Lord's words, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh" (*John iii. 6*).

Let men say what they will, God's word declares that "we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away" (*Is. lxiv. 6*); but the question arises, "Where?" The answer though simple, is intensely solemn for every unsaved child who reads these lines. Sin ends in death, whether the life be long or short, and "after death, the judgement;" but judgement ushers in the dark and endless night of ceaseless suffering and sorrow for those who die in their sins.

Dear child, shall this be your portion? God forbid! For Christ has died and risen again, and even now you may have a second birthday quite different from the first. The words of the Son of God can never change, "Ye must be born again;" and "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (*John iii. 6, 7*).

Perhaps you ask, "How may I have this second birthday?" and the answer is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Yes, you get your second birthday (the spiritual one) the very moment you come as a poor lost sinner to Jesus and take Him at His word. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, hath everlasting life" (*John vi. 47*). If only born once you must perish sooner or later in your sins,

but the new life which Jesus gives you when you are born again is life eternal, and it is a sinless life, for "whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin" (*John iii. 9*). Why not believe in Jesus now and have your second birthday to-day?

S.T.

## BIBLE AND NATURE—THE CONEY.



**W**E do not know who "Agur, the son of Jakeh" was, but it is evident that, following in the footsteps of the great wise man Solomon, he was inspired by God to point through facts of nature at

divine and eternal truths. In the thirtieth chapter of Proverbs, 24—26, he tells us about four things which though "little upon the earth" are yet "exceeding wise," and among these four "little" creatures he numbers the conies, of which he writes that although they are "but a feeble folk yet make they their houses in the rocks."

And truly the conies are a "feeble folk;" far feebler than our little rabbits which are sometimes called by the same name; for while the rabbit can very soon make a home for himself by burrowing in the earth, the hyrax or coney has no such power, so that, to make his home, he has to find some cleft or hole, made by the

hand of God, among the rocks. He has no means either of defending himself against the many enemies that are ever ready to attack and devour him, or of doing harm to anything or anyone. At early morning, when the dews lie on the grass that grows among the rocks that form his dwelling, and also when the sun is about to set, the coney goes out to feed. Each little family has its sentinel always on the watch from some good point of view, whose duty it is, at the first sight of hawk, jackal, fox or wolf, to raise the alarm, when in a moment, all scurry off and soon are safe in their rocky house!

Wise little coney! And what a lesson for you and me! On all sides our enemies lie in wait. Our "adversary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, seeking whom he may devour" (1 *Peter v. 8*). How many are still "taken captive by him at his will?" (2 *Tim. ii. 26*). Is there no home among the rocks where we can find security and peace? or is the coney better off than we? Not so, for God who takes thought for "the beasts that perish," has taken fuller thought for us. It cost Him nothing to cause the rocks to afford the conies a home for their few years of life, yet what has it cost Him to provide an eternal refuge for our souls? My child, it has cost Him everything; for it has cost Him His only begotten Son, Christ Jesus. Jesus is the true Rock; the Rock of Ages which at Calvary was cleft for us. Oh let us see what a feeble folk we are, and realize that we are utterly helpless to make for ourselves a place of security or rest. Let us realize too that however secure men may imagine themselves to be now, the time is coming when God will summon all to account for their sins. Where will that security be then! For those who are not hidden safely in Christ it will turn to terror, and they will call "to the mountains and rocks, Fall on



us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb." (*Rev. vi. 16*). But for those who have sought and found in Christ a "refuge from the storm" (*Is. xxv. 4*) there will be perfect security and peace.

Never can I praise God enough for the day when He shewed me myself, and when, as the feeblest of a "feeble folk," I found eternal rest in the riven rock of Christ. Have you seen yourself yet? If not, may God make the revelation to you, here and now as you read these lines, that will cause you to abhor your sins, and to seek and find eternal safety in the Rock of Ages.

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### A STORY OF THE TAY BRIDGE.

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**A**BOUT thirty years ago there was a dreadful storm which did great damage all over England. Old trees which had withstood the gales of a hundred years and more were torn up by the roots. Houses were blown down; and a bridge called the Tay Bridge was completely destroyed. This famous bridge spanned the Firth of Tay in Scotland.

Not long after the disaster, a second bridge was erected, and the incident which I am about to tell you occurred while the gentleman who narrated it to me was actually travelling over the new bridge. He had entered into conversation with a lady in the carriage, and she asked him if he remembered the old Tay Bridge being blown into the river. He said that he remembered it very well, upon which she told him that her husband was the man who had handed the "staff" to the guard of the doomed train at the station next the bridge, and so enabled the train to go on its way to destruction; for the line over the Tay Bridge being a single one, no train is allowed

to proceed across until the guard has been given a "staff" to certify that the line is clear.

On the night of this dreadful storm, just before the train started to go over the bridge, the guard said, "I feel that I am going to my death to-night. I know I am; and I think the bridge will go too. I have often felt it shake when we have been going over it. I don't believe it will stand in such a gale as this." As he spoke, he pulled out his watch, and gave it to the man who had handed him the staff, with these words, "Will you give this to my wife if I am dead to-morrow?" He then blew his whistle and the train started upon its fatal journey.

The officials of the station at the other end of the bridge began to grow anxious as hour after hour went by, and no train arrived. At last some of the men decided to go down the line to see if anything was wrong, but it was no easy matter to fight against the roaring, tearing wind. Presently, however, they came to a stop. To their dismay and horror, before them lay a gulf; an empty space through which the wind rushed! The middle of the great Tay Bridge was gone. It had been hurled into the river by that awful gale, carrying with it the train; and every passenger, young and old alike, had been plunged in a moment into eternity!

Eternity! O solemn word! A word of awful meaning to those who, waiting for a more convenient season, had put off deciding for Christ; and yet a word full of blessing to those who were trusting in His finished work, since for them it meant an instant transformation into His likeness. Eternity! and where will you spend it my reader? Can you say, "I shall spend it with Jesus, the One who died for me." If not, settle the question now. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth" *Prov. xxvii. 1*. "Behold,

now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation" *2 Cor. vi. 2.* Jesus is longing to save you. Will you refuse His loving and tender call? Open your heart's door now and let Him in. Take Him as your Saviour *now*. Own Him as your Lord and King. Enlist in the army of the Captain of your salvation and fight for Him, and you will spend your eternity with Him in glory.

E.S.

### A LINE FROM CHINA.

*Continuation of Mr. Hulton's letter.*



A CHINESE COLPORTEUR

AT the time of writing it is the great holiday season of the year in China. The schools are all closed, and will be for several weeks. This is the Chinese New Year. Among my visitors during the last few days have been many boys. They get an extra amount of pocket money just now, as you do at holiday times. I have a stall for Bibles and Tracts where I preach. We are able to sell the books at less than their cost price through the generosity of the Bible Society. We would *give* the books away, only, if the people did not pay just a little for them, they would not take care of them.

We dispose of separate portions of the word of God ; the four Gospels and Acts, for instance, printed in little books by themselves. Yesterday several boys

each bought a copy of the Book of Jonah with their pocket money; and a farmer, who came into the city to sell vegetables, bought a complete New Testament, and presented it to his son, who was with him. To-day four or five boys each bought a copy of Genesis, and each a copy of Mark and Acts.

Have you ever spent any of your pocket money on the whole, or on any portion, of the word of God? Perhaps even these poor heathen boys can teach you a lesson in this!

T.H.

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### IN THE STOCKS

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**J**UST look at those two little boys in the stocks! what fun they are having. And yet, before Grandpapa was born, naughty people were locked in those very stocks for punishment. They were held



fast between the bars, and all the passers-by laughed, and sometimes threw dirt and other nasty things at them, making them very much ashamed. I could tell you of more than one good man who was put in the stocks by wicked people for telling them about God and Jesus Christ; but God Himself has told us a wonderful story about the stocks and I want you to hear that first.

There were two good men who loved God so much that they gave up their whole lives to travelling about and telling of His Son, Jesus Christ. Their names were Paul and Silas, and on their journey they came to Philippi. The people of this city were angry when they heard that they could never reach heaven unless they believed in Jesus, and they took Paul and Silas and thrust them into prison. The jailor took them to a dark, damp cell, loaded them with chains, and locked them securely in the stocks. But they were not afraid, for they knew that God was with them; and when it was midnight, and all was dark and still, they sang hymns of praise to Him.

Then God spoke. There was a great earthquake, and the prison shook. The doors flew open. Their heavy chains fell off. The stocks were unlocked, and they were free. But Paul and Silas did not run away. They waited to hear all that God had to say. Suddenly in rushed the jailor, oh so frightened! for he had seen the open door, and was afraid that his prisoners had escaped; but Paul called him and told him not to fear, as all the prisoners were there. How thankful he was, poor man; but he hardly thought of this, for God was touching his heart, and falling on his knees before Paul and Silas, he cried out, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Quick came the glorious answer—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." What

a glorious message for the poor jailor ; and how thankful he must have been to God for sending Paul and Silas to his prison to shew him the way of liberty and salvation. And how glad were those two Christians to suffer the cruel pain of the chains and stocks for Jesus' sake, when through their sufferings the poor jailor was brought to know Him as the only Saviour.

They remembered that his whole life was a life of pain and trial, and that at the end, upon the cruel cross, He suffered for our sins, "the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God" *1 Peter iii. 18*. Have you come yet? Read through Acts xvi.

#### PRIZES.

*A new competition began in April. A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for April, May and June are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.*

*Replies must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor, "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. Weston, 53 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*

*Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday, on the back of the paper.*

#### QUESTIONS FOR JUNE.

*John iii.*

1. Who was Nicodemus? and what more do we hear of him apart from the incident of John iii.?
2. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." Did this refer to Nicodemus only?
3. What does it mean to be born of water and of the Spirit?
4. Why did the Lord refer to Moses lifting up the serpent, and what did it typify?
5. Why does the Lord say that "he that believeth not is condemned *already*?"
6. How can we escape the judgement which is passed upon all men?
7. Who is the Bride, and who the Bridegroom (*verse 29*)?

*In replying quote the scripture in full. Remember that marks are given for neatness.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



A LITTLE CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

## LETTER FROM A CHINESE CHRISTIAN TO CHRISTIAN CHILDREN IN ENGLAND.

(Translated).

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—  
Between three and four hundred years before the Lord Jesus came to this earth to die for sinners, there lived in China a famous writer and teacher named Mencius. His father died when he was a very little boy, and his mother supported herself and her child by weaving.

Being very poor, they could not afford to live in the town (which in China is always more expensive), and so they lived in a little cottage close to the graves outside the town. Little Mencius thus saw a great many funerals, and heard the wailing of the mourners. It is the custom in China to weep and wail loudly at funerals, no matter whether one is really sorry or not. This seemed very amusing to him, and he began to imitate them, and to play at funerals, and wail like the mourners.

His mother thought that this was not a good place for her child to live in, and therefore removed to another house, which she thought was better situated. But alas! this house was near a butcher's shop, and the boy constantly saw the butcher sharpening his knives, and killing pigs. So he began to play at sharpening knives and killing pigs.

His mother decided that *that* was not a good home for him either. So she moved again, this time into the neighbourhood of the king's ancestral temple. (At that time China was not one large country ruled by an emperor, as it is now, but was divided into several states, each of which had its own king.)

On the 1st and 15th of every month the king with his ministers used to go and worship his ancestors in this



temple, and when the kings of other states visited the King of Tseu (the state in which Mencius lived) the meetings always took place there.

Little Mencius saw the ceremonies performed in their worship, and he also witnessed the low bowings and heard the polite speeches of the kings and their courtiers on the occasion of the royal visits. All these ceremonies he afterwards went through in his games.

His mother was satisfied now: she thought this was a good place for her child to live in, because here he would learn religion and good manners. (*We*, of course, know from God's word that it is wrong to worship ancestors, for it is treating them like gods, and God has said: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me;" but Mencius' mother, like all her fellow country women at that time, did not know the true Way.)

Afterwards the little boy became a great and famous man, because his mother took such care not to let him see sights that might harm a child and harden his heart.

We Chinese have a proverb which says: "You should live near good neighbours and walk with good companions," and another which runs thus: "That which touches red paint becomes red; that which touches ink becomes black."

From the most ancient times up to the present, our Lord Jesus was the only one who was perfectly holy and good; when He was on earth, though He was constantly in the company of sinners, their sin could not defile Him; He was able to save them, but they could not do *Him* any harm. But as for *us*, we are all sinful, and if we company with bad people, it is difficult to help being led into sin by them. If dry straw comes near a fire, it catches fire in a moment. We are like this dry straw.

A child or young person has very little experience or strength, and therefore is more easily led astray by bad companions than an older person. Isn't it easy to bend a young tree? Doesn't a little child easily fall down?

We are told in Proverbs 13, 20, that "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but a companion of fools shall be destroyed;" and in 2 Cor. 6, 17: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing."

So I beg you, dear little brothers and sisters who love the Lord Jesus, don't take *any* kind of children for friends and companions without troubling whether they are good or naughty, but if you see boys or girls going on in sinful ways, avoid them, and make friends with children who love the Lord Jesus and try to please Him.

And, above all, look upon the Lord Jesus Himself as your Friend, for He is the best Friend of all, and He can lead you to be good, and to follow His example. We Chinese have a proverb which says: "If you wrap sweet-smelling flowers or musk in paper, the paper also will smell sweetly through their fragrance."

So we must keep close to the Lord through prayer and the reading of His word, and thus we shall become more like Him, and lead others to give glory to God.

Your loving friend,

戴俊三

(TAI IRVING SAN)

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WINNIE.

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AM going to tell you a true story of a little girl called Winnie, who ran away from school. Well, it happened nine years ago, when Winnie was at a boarding-school at a sea-side town on the east coast.

She was about eleven years of age, and, I am sorry to say that for some time before the Saturday night of which I am going to tell you, she had been getting into trouble over her lessons.

Upon this night she was staying up rather later than usual over her books; but instead of fixing her mind upon them, she was wondering how she could get away from school and books and all.

Poor Winnie; she little knew what suffering this would entail when she listened to the tempter's voice and decided that she would run away. When it was time to go to bed, she managed to squeeze through a small window at the side of the house without being seen, and running quickly across a field, she got on to the railway line.

It was a cold, dark, winter's night, and she had neither hat nor coat, but only her indoor clothes to protect her from the wind, and thin slippers on her feet; but so excited was she that at the time she did not mind the cold, but ran on and on beside the railway track, afraid now to go back.

After she had gone a long way she got off the line, and, coming to a village green, she took off her petticoat and wrapped it around her; then she lay down on the grass, and, being tired out, she went to sleep.

Poor foolish Winnie; when she might have been in her own snug little bed at school! But God was taking care of her in spite of her naughtiness; for in the morning a thatcher found her, and took her to his home and gave her some breakfast.

In the meantime, how were they getting on at school? Teachers were searching high and low; pupils talking together in frightened tones; telegrams with descriptions of Winnie were flying to the different stations round

about; and even the coast-guard men were searching for Winnie on the sands. Nor was it long before she was found by the description which had reached the village where she was, and on the Sunday evening she was safely back at the school again.

Do you think they were willing to receive her back after being so naughty? Yes! she was received with open arms as she sobbed out her repentance. When her schoolfellows returned after evening service, they were delighted to hear that Winnie was found.

And now, do you know that if you have not accepted Jesus Christ as your Saviour, you are like Winnie, for you have wandered away from God? God's word tells us "that all have sinned" (*Rom. iii. 23*); and although God cannot look upon sin, He sent His only begotten and well beloved Son to bear the punishment for our sins, instead of us, and all that He asks of us is that we shall accept Jesus as our Saviour. Then God will gladly receive us; our sins will be blotted out, and we shall be the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus (*Gal. iii. 26*). "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us" (*1 John i. 9*), and, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth" (*Luke xv. 10*).

Children, it is a happy thing to know Jesus. If you are in trouble, tell Him all about it and He will help you. If Winnie had known Him, she would not have run away, but she would have taken her trouble to Him, and He would have borne the burden for her. He is coming very soon to call away from this world all who believe on Him to be with Him for ever, and those who are still away from God will be left behind. Are you still away, my child? If you are, just come *now* to Him through Jesus Christ. He will receive you.

F.M.O.



### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

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It was Saturday night, and two children small  
Sat on the stairs in the lighted hall,  
Vexed and troubled and sore perplexed,  
To learn for Sunday the Golden Text ;  
Only three words on a gilded card ;  
“‘Love,’ that is easy—it means, why this—”  
(A warm embrace and a loving kiss) ;  
“But ‘one another,’ I don’t see who  
Is meant by ‘another’—now, May, do you?”  
Very grandly she raised her head,  
Our thoughtful darling, and slowly said,  
As she fondly smiled on her dear little brother :  
“Why, I am one, and you are another,  
And this is the meaning—don’t you see?  
That I must love you, and you must love me.”  
Wise little preacher ! Could any sage  
Interpret better the sacred page ?

*Anon.*

## PEACE WITH GOD.

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**D**O you know it? Have you tasted its sweetness? Is it yours?

Countless children will presently be singing round the throne in glory, "Thou art worthy . . . for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation" (*Rev. v. 9*). Will you be there my child, to sing that happy song?

No; you cannot, you will not, join in that song, unless while here on earth you are, as a poor guilty sinner, washed in the blood of the Lamb. Peace with God must be known to your young heart *now*, if you are to sing that song; and you must not mistake happy feelings for this peace, though, of course, you will be truly happy when you have got it. There must, however, be no sins, no clouds, no darkness, no distance, between you and God, if your soul is to enjoy this peace; and hence I want you to remember five important things in connection with it.

1. Peace has been *made* by the blood of Christ's cross (*Col. i. 20*).
2. Peace has been *proclaimed* by a risen Christ (*John xx. 19*).
3. Peace is *received* through faith in Christ's work (*Rom. iv. 25; v. 1*).
4. Peace is *enjoyed* through faith in Christ's word (*Luke vii. 50*).
5. Peace is found, not in happy feelings, but in Christ Himself (*Eph. ii. 14*).

Christ, having put away sin by the "sacrifice of Himself" (*Heb. ix. 26*), has for ever laid the righteous foundation for this peace in the shedding of His precious blood (*Heb. ix. 22*). On that cruel cross the

cup of wrath was drained to its dregs by the mighty Victor (*John xviii. 11*), and then, risen from the dead, that precious Saviour appeared among His trembling disciples on the first day of the week, and the first words that fell from His gracious lips were, "Peace unto you." The believing child receives this peace when resting on the blood of Jesus only; enjoys it when simply trusting His word; and is entitled to know that "there is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus" (*Rom. viii. 1*), for "He [Christ] is our peace" (*Eph. ii. 14*). S.T.



## A BRAND FROM THE BURNING.

**W**HEN I was a boy I enjoyed nothing better than a good bonfire. How we used to hunt about the wood for fir cones and dry mossy branches which the wind had torn from the trees! What fun it was to start the fire with matches, paper and dried ferns! Sometimes we were allowed to set the isolated furze bushes by the riverside alight, and how they blazed! There we fed the flames by throwing upon them armfuls of dried grass and weeds. Sometimes part of the furze was dry and part was green; then how the green furze spluttered and crackled until the heat had scorched it so dry that it too caught fire and burned with the rest.

I remember how one night our father came to wake us, and called us to the front window, from which we saw a fiery streak running all along the mountain side. Some wicked man had set the furze alight, and now

nothing could stop the flames. Indeed, when morning came, a vast tract of the mountain side was black and bare. Not a bush was saved; not a single tree alive; all had been devoured by the greedy flames. Fire is an awful thing, and how often God uses the word to convey a deep and awful truth.

But come back with me to the bonfire again. See how it burns! Look! Jack has thrown in baby's stick by mistake, and baby is crying bitterly. Jack is trying to get it, but the heat of the fire is so great that it drives him back. He bravely makes another attempt, and see, at last he has it! It was very nearly on fire. A moment more and it would have been lost, but he has just managed to snatch it from the flames, and baby is so happy for he has his stick again.

Well, in Zechariah iii. 1—2 you will read of a man whom Satan sought to win (as he still seeks to win every boy and girl in the wide world), but God had chosen him, and, rebuking Satan, He said, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Then as poor Joshua stood there before God in filthy clothes, He ordered his rags to be taken away, and said, "Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee." Then the Lord clothed him with a change of raiment and he was fit to stand before his God.

My child, I who write these words was once like Joshua. The flames of sin had laid hold upon me, and had not God lifted me

"As a brand from the gluttonous greed of the flame,"

I should not be writing to you now. He shewed me that all who are not redeemed by the blood of Christ are food for the flames of Satan and for the fires of hell. But oh, what joy to know that Jesus came to save a



poor lost sinner like me! to pluck this branch, fit for nothing but to burn, out of the devouring fire, that henceforth, grafted into Jesus, the True Vine, I should live for Him, and bear fruit to His praise.

My child, are you safe? Have you allowed Him to save you yet? If not, let Him save you now; pluck you from the cruel fire; rid you of the filthy clothes of self; and robe you with the raiment of His righteousness, that you too may be fit to stand unashamed in the presence of God.




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### GLAD TIDINGS.

Glad are our tidings today;  
 Tidings of wonderful joy!  
 Mirth's but a poor broken toy;  
 Pleasures soon vanish away.

Glad are the tidings we sing;  
 Ours is a message of love;  
 Christ bore it down from above.  
 O what a treasure to bring!

Jewels of earth are but dross;  
 God had one Jewel of worth—  
 Jesus—He came to the earth,  
 Suffered and died on the cross.

Suffered and died! Ah for you!  
 For you and your sins He was  
 slain.

Think, O my child, think again!  
 Think, for *this* story is true.

Need of His love to Him own;  
 Trust in the blood of His cross;  
 Count all for Jesus as loss;  
 Live for the Saviour alone.

Think of your pitiful plight,  
 Far from the Father and heaven.  
 Hide in the rock that was riven;  
 Live in God's glorious light.

## PLEASE READ THIS.

We would earnestly ask for contributions to our pages. The articles should be brief, concise, and interesting. The Editors reserve to themselves the right of adapting any pieces submitted to the limitations imposed by space &c.—and they are especially anxious to encourage young Christians to contribute. Please write on one side of the paper only and send in a fair copy. MSS should be sent in to Editors of "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. WESTON, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C.

## PRIZES.

A new competition begins this month. A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for July, August and September are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.

Replies must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor, "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. Weston, 53 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday on the back of the paper. The result of the second competition will appear next month.

**NOTE TO COMPETITORS.** No competitor can win the prize in the same class twice running. If a previous winner should get most marks again, a small special prize will be awarded.

## QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

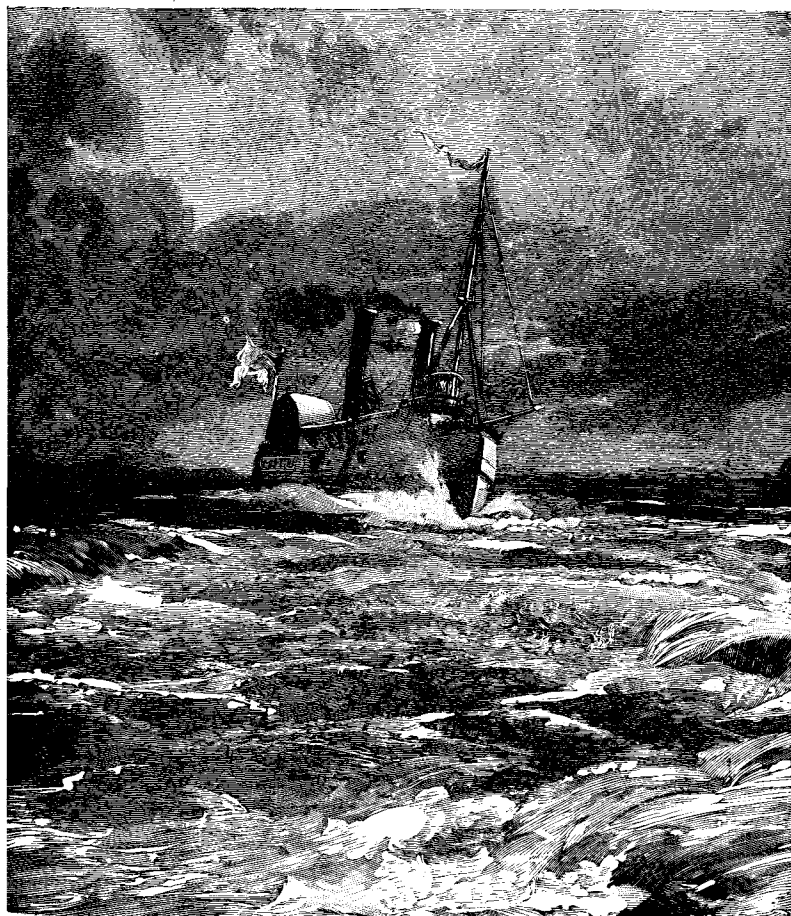
*John v.*

1. What was the feast spoken of in verse 1, and what was it to commemorate?
2. Give the name of the pool at Jerusalem? What was its chief architectural feature and what its virtue?
3. By this pool lay a man who had been paralysed for 38 years; in the 8th verse Jesus bids him do an impossible thing, how was he able to obey?
4. What was it in this man that we must all have in order to be healed from the disease of sin and how can we obtain it? *Rom. x.*
5. When the Jews heard that Jesus had healed the man, what did they do and why?
6. Who did Jesus claim to be, and did the Jews accept His claim? Where does Jesus say that He is one with God the Father? Quote passage.
7. Who is going to be the judge of all men?
8. In the 23rd verse we are told that "all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father"—where does God tell us that "all the angels worship Him"—and "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever"—proving indeed that Jesus is God.

*Children under 9 years are to do all except questions 6 & 8.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

for the Young.



## THE OLD INDIAN PILOT.

**M**ANY years ago my father went to Canada and took me with him. We stayed a few weeks in Toronto and then he decided to return, but instead of going back to Montreal by train as we had come, my father chose to go down the river St. Lawrence by boat, a journey which necessitated shooting the La Chine rapids. This is a very perilous undertaking; indeed the danger is so great that, were the boat not steered by a clear-headed and experienced pilot, she could never hope to come safely through the rushing, foaming streams.

As we approach the rapids our vessel slackens speed, and we begin to wonder what is happening, when presently, out from the thickly wooded shore, shoots a small birch bark canoe, deftly paddled by an old Indian. It is the pilot whose arrival has been so anxiously expected, and whose presence at the wheel gives to us all a sense of security not felt before. His name is Jean Baptiste, and from the moment he arrives on board until he leaves, he has entire control. Indeed, I think I am right in saying that, in the days of which I write, there was no other man who knew the locality of the hidden rocks, and the line where the safe channel lay. With Jean Baptiste on board, the vessel commences her hazardous passage. Rocks large and small, seen and unseen, surround her. With engines reversed, she rushes with frightful speed through the now foaming and boiling waters. The pilot's work has commenced in earnest. One little mistake; the least miscalculation; and all would be lost. But Jean Baptiste's eye and hand are sure, and still in safety and unscathed we speed along.

All now seems safe, when suddenly, immediately ahead, rises a fearful and jagged rock. It appears as

though nothing can save us from crashing right upon it, when lo! by a dexterous turn of the wheel we sweep around it, and all is safe.

Our pilot's work is finished, and the eyes of all on board are turned towards him with looks full of gratitude and admiration, and a murmur grows to a shout of applause, as we think of the dangers past and of the sure hand of the brave old Indian pilot who steered us safely through.

My dear boys and girls, Jean Baptiste was but an earthly pilot, but now I want to tell you of a heavenly one. Life is often spoken of as a river, bearing us all upon its current to our destination, and this little story will perhaps serve to illustrate our most pressing, most urgent need. Yes, without exception, all of us, young and old, need to have the True Pilot—Jesus Christ, on board. His hand must be at the helm, and He himself ruling our hearts, guiding us day by day, and watching over us always. If we have placed ourselves beneath His care we are sure to reach our glorious destination in perfect safety, for this heavenly pilot never makes mistakes. How many a vessel has been dashed to pieces on the rocks around our coasts, or run upon some treacherous bank of sands because her pilot had miscalculated where he was; but the Lord Jesus guides all those who trust in Him through all the dangerous shoals and reefs of life, in perfect safety, to their eternal rest. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel and afterward receive me to glory" (*Ps. lxxiii. 24*).

Dear boys and girls, is this Jesus your Saviour, your Pilot? Is he ruling in your hearts? Do you seek to be guided by His counsel? If you have not trusted in Him yet, why not do so now? He alone is able and willing to guide you through the many trials and temptations of

life; the rocks that beset us all on every side. And if it please Him to call you to Himself before you grow up to be men and women, what a grand thing it will be to be quite ready to go.

Remember, my dear children, He died for you. His precious blood was shed for you; and He Himself uttered those lovely words, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

If one were to risk his life for our sake, we would love him very much, and we would do all in our power to give him some worthy recompense. Well, Jesus gave His life for you, and now He says, "Give me thine heart." Is it too much that you should heed His voice and yield yourselves to Him? Remember, there is no other Pilot who can lead you straight to God: "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," are the Saviour's words. Believe Him now, so that you may truly be able to say, "Thou art the guide of my youth."

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,  
Little children, come to me.  
Jesus, keep our feet from falling,  
Help us now to follow Thee.

C.S.B.

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## FORGIVEN.

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**L**AST year, as I was passing through Hampstead, I saw some people holding an open-air meeting and, stopping for a few moments, I heard a gentleman tell the following story which may perhaps help to make clear to some of you the nature of the forgiveness of sins.

A little boy had been forbidden to go to the river by himself, but once, when his mother was ill, having no

one to play with, Satan put into his mind the thought that it would be just lovely by the water-side. He listened, and knowing that he was doing wrong, he ran off, and it was not long before he was playing by the cool river. After a while his conscience began to trouble him, for God has given even to little boys and girls consciences, which make them uneasy when they do wrong. Well, his conscience troubled him so much



that he no longer found any pleasure in the river. He thought how wrong and mean it was to disobey his mother, especially when she was lying ill in bed, and this made him feel utterly miserable. And he knew that he could not be happy until he had confessed his sin and received his mother's forgiveness. So off he started home, and very soon he was at the door of the room where his mother lay, but the nurse

would not let him in. What could he do? Well, he went and got his slate, and on it he wrote just what he had done; how he had been to the river against his mother's wish, and how sorry he was for being so naughty. The mother was of course very sorry to learn that her boy had been disobedient, but she was so glad that he had confessed it, that she asked for a sponge and wiped the slate clean. "Show this to Johnnie," she said, "he will know what I mean."

And when Johnnie saw the slate, how glad he was! for he saw that his sin was wiped away, and he made up his mind not to be disobedient any more.

Well, dear boys and girls, God has said in His word to all who come to Him through the Lord Jesus Christ and confess their sins in the spirit of sorrow and repentance, "I am he that blotteth out thy transgression for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins" (*Is. 43. 25*). And again, "their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more" (*Hebrews x. 17*).

Now even the youngest of you who can read this story has committed sin, for God says, "all have sinned" (*Romans iii. 23*), and if you are sorry for those sins, you may have them all blotted out through faith in the Lord Jesus, because at Calvary He shed His precious blood "to cleanse you from all sin."

God could not pass the sinner by;  
His sin demands that he must die;  
But out of pity Jesus said,  
I'll bear the punishment instead.

Little Johnnie came to his mother, troubled about his sin, and knowing that she loved him; and when he confessed she at once forgave him. You may come to Jesus as to one whose love for you is measureless, for He said, "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out" (*John vi. 37*).

Like the woman who came to Jesus weeping and owning her sin, by faith you may hear him say, "thy sins are forgiven" (*Luke vii 48*). But he wants you to come now, at once; and just as you may be sure that Johnnie was full of gladness when he knew that his mother had forgiven him, so will you be overflowing with joy when you know that "God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you" (*Eph. iv. 32*).



## BIBLE AND NATURE—THE SHEEP.

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**O**UR last talk was about a little creature which none of you have ever seen, but this month I want to tell you a little about an animal you all have seen,—the sheep. The word of God looks at the sheep from two very different aspects, and it is the first of these that I want to examine with you.

I suppose that there is no more stupid animal than a sheep. In almost every way they are devoid of self-help, and without that instinct which leads other animals, if lost, to find their way home.

Some years ago, when in South America, I remember watching a large flock of sheep being driven along the road. For some unknown reason, one of the leaders suddenly jumped, and so every succeeding sheep following in that line jumped too upon reaching the same spot. I looked carefully and saw that there was no obstacle to make them jump. They did so just because their leader had done it. It seemed as if they could not help themselves. If the leader of a flock strays from the high road, the whole flock will follow him, even though in doing so they leave the rich lowland meadows for a rocky waste.

I knew of a butcher who had trained a sheep to lead the others into the slaughter house. The trained sheep went in front and the others followed at once. No wonder God uses sheep to depict the sinner. "All ye like sheep have gone astray." Adam fell, and we have all followed him. Not one of us but has strayed away from God. Not one of us but naturally imagines that he is all right. Not one who, until the word of God comes with convicting power, realises his lost estate. "All we like sheep." God's "all" means everybody. It doesn't give any one a chance of saying, "It doesn't mean me." It means me, you and everybody else.

"All we like sheep have gone astray." And between the vast strayed flock and God, stood as a roaring lion the enemy preventing their return. What could be done? God says that He looked and there was none to help.

The poor lost sheep were cut off, apparently for ever, without God and without hope. Then in this awful extremity heaven opened and Christ came down to seek and to save the lost. It was the Good Shepherd who came to bring back at any cost His wanderers; and well He knew that the cost would be His life, His blood.

The Good Shepherd came to lay down His life for the sheep (*John x. 11—18*), and so overcame Satan, and by His own blood made a safe way into the fold of God.

Dear boys, dear girls, are you safe in that fold, beneath the Good Shepherd's watchful care, or are you still straying upon the bleak, barren hills of self-will?

Since Jesus died there has been no excuse for a single man, woman, or child who has heard the word of God, for remaining outside the fold. The Bible is so clear and plain upon this point. Just listen to, and heed, the words of Jesus, as He says, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in he shall be saved."



## BOOKS FOR OUR BAIRNS.

**I**T is so much easier to tell you, boys and girls, what not to read than to recommend a book to you. Knowing this difficulty we propose to give a little of our space to the review of books which commend themselves to us, in the hope that it may be helpful to you.

The first book to which we wish to call attention is "SEVEN TRUE STORIES" by *Mrs. Frances Bevan*.

Although first published twenty years ago, these stories are as fresh and full of vigour as ever. One reason is because they are true and not "made-up." Another reason for the vitality of these tales is because they are told so clearly, and in such pure and simple English. Nor is Mrs. Bevan's message uncertain. Before her she has set one object, and that to tell of the wonderful ways of God, and to lead souls to Him through Christ. It is her desire, and ours, in recommending you these stories, that He will "guide them to the right place and the right person."

About half the volume is occupied by the story of Amy; and in reading it we are at once struck by the wonderful contrast between the life of self and the life yielded to Christ. Amy grew up a wayward, wilful girl. Once she made up her mind to run away from home and live out in the great wood! No wonder they called her Wild Rose! The wild rose is so pretty, but so wayward and unrestrained; yet loving care can change it into a lovely garden flower!

Poor little Amy! her strong and fearless character make us love her, however much we sorrow for her naughtiness. As she grew older she quieted down, and became a serious, thoughtful girl. She saw what havoc sin was playing in the world, and she set herself to try and alleviate the misery it brought.

You say that this was very good of Amy, but remem-

ber, it was altogether without God. Suddenly, however, God spoke to her.

"I felt," she said, "that I could do nothing but tell Him how wicked, how hopeless I was, and confess my whole life to Him as nothing but sin and foolishness."

Now God Himself opened His word to her, and its entrance into her heart dispelled the darkness and gave her light.

"What a glorious life it is that God gives us!" she wrote later, "not only we know we are safe for ever, and are going to be with Him in heaven, but now, down here, we can please Him and do His work." She saw that all her sins were "gone for ever from the sight of God," and that she was "washed whiter than snow, washed in His blood, and saved evermore." Her object now became to take with her the Water of Life into the homes where dwelt those thirsty souls she had sought to reform in her own strength, yearning that they might partake of Christ, and so be saved eternally.

How often it happens that the flower we cherish most is the tenderest in all our garden. So was it here. Amy had to leave England for her health. She was married now, with little ones of her own. God sent her to Lebanon to work for Him among the Arabs, and how fearlessly she fulfilled His will, where many a man would have shrunk in dread, you must read for yourselves. The other stories are full of interest and beauty. The story of little Ada is among the most pathetic and touching tales we have read.

Read this book, boys and girls. If you want to get it in an easy way, go in for our next Scripture Competition, and if you win, you shall have it for your prize.

*"SEVEN TRUE STORIES" by Frances Bevan. Published by A. Holness, Paternoster Row. May be had from Mr. Thos. Weston, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C., 2/6 post free, or of any bookseller.*

## TO OUR COMPETITORS.

Dear Boys and Girls,

I am sorry that such a large number of you have not seen your way to send in answers more regularly. You understand, do you not, that you cannot expect to win a prize unless you send replies to the questions for the three months. If you wish to get a prize in the present competition, answers must be sent, according to the rules, for July, August and September questions. In the first class Winifred's papers were quite excellent, both in substance and neatness. Fessie B. ran her very close; and the next two were very little behind. In the second class Enius was nearly as good as his sister, while Fessie and Eileen were only one mark behind. In class three Eric was far ahead; his papers were thoroughly good and shewed that great pains had been taken.

I have had your nice letter from New Zealand, Kathleen, with your answers to our first competition questions. If you can get nine little friends to send in answers, you shall have a special prize for New Zealand! I shall always be glad to hear from our readers in any part of the world.

Your affectionate friend

The Prize Editor.

### RESULT OF OUR SECOND COMPETITION.

NOTE.—A large number of competitors have entered for one or two months, but only those who have sent in replies for the three months are eligible for a prize.

*First Class.*—Winner, Winifred Le P., 31. J.B., 30. G.F., 29. F.E.M., 29. F.W., 27. M.H.F., 27. L.H., 25. P.P., 25. E.P., 25. W.E., 20. R.M.L., 20.

*Second Class.*—Winner, Enius Le. P., 29. J.K., 28. E.D., 28. E.A., 25. M.E.S., 20.

*Third Class.*—Winner, Eric W.M., 30. M.U., 24. W.D., 24.

#### APRIL.—Answers.

1. "All have sinned," etc. (*Rom. iii. 23*). "Thou art weighed in the balances," etc. (*Dan. v. 27*).

2. "The wages of sin is death." "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

3. "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us" (*Rom. v. 8*).

"Ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, . . . . but with the precious blood of Christ" (*1 Peter i. 18, 19*).

4. "An inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, that fadeth not away" (*1 Peter i. 4*).

5. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever" (*1 Peter i. 25*).

6. "As far as the east is from the west so far hath he removed our transgressions from us" (*Psa. ciii. 12*). "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins" (*Is. xliv. 22*).

**MAY.—Answers.**

*John ii.*

1. Turning water into wine at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee (*John ii. 1*).
2. Mary, the mother of our Lord, because they had no wine, knowing that He could supply the need (*John ii. 5*).
3. *John ii. 15, 16* quoted in full.
4. He prophesied His death and resurrection, whereby our salvation has been accomplished (*John ii. 19*).
5. Believing because of His miracles did not imply being "born again." Jesus could not trust Himself to any one who was not "born again" (*John ii. 24, 25*).

**JUNE.—Answers.**

1. A ruler of the Jews. We hear of him again in *John xix. 39*.
2. No; to every single soul born into this world.
3. This does *not* mean to be baptized. The water is the word of God in its cleansing and regenerating power as applied by the Holy Spirit.
4. He referred to His own death—which it typified. "I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me" (*John xii. 32*).
5. This refers to those who have heard the word and refused it, and they are condemned because they have not believed in the name of the only begotten son of God (*John ii. 18*).
6. By believing in Jesus—for "he that believeth on Him is not condemned (judged)" (*John iii. 18*).
7. The Bride is a picture of the Church in the day when Christ comes to claim her, and the Bridegroom is Christ.

*In replying all scriptures should have been quoted in full with as little explanation as possible. Be short and to the point.*

**QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.**

*John v. verse 39.*

1. What is meant by "the Scriptures," and how can they be said to testify of Christ?
2. What are the writings of Moses to which Jesus referred?

*John vi.*

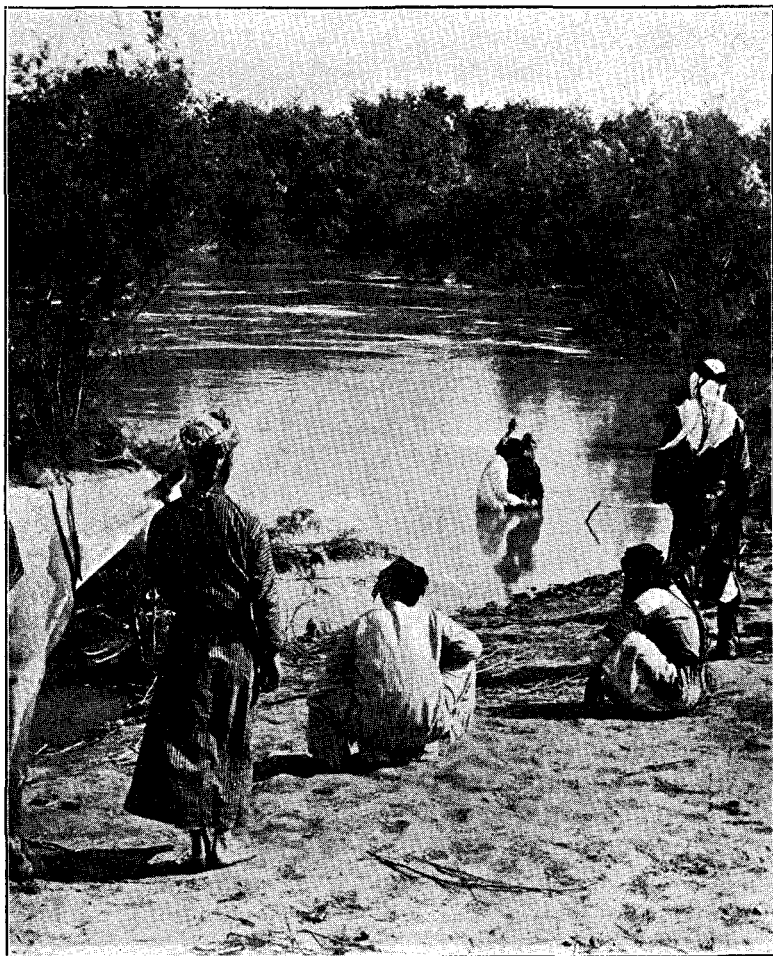
3. What are the two most marvellous features in the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and what lesson do we learn from it that is applicable for to-day?
4. Why do you think they wanted to make Jesus a king, and why did he depart from them?
5. What is the work of God?
6. Of what was manna a picture, and in what degree did it fall short of that which it foreshadowed?
7. What is God the Father's will?

*Children under 9 need not do questions 3 & 6.*

*Replies must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



A BAPTISM IN THE JORDAN.

## A DISEASE—AND ITS REMEDY.

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**E**VER so many years ago, a man named Naaman was in command of the armies of the king of Syria. The Bible tells us that he was a very great man in many respects, but—he was a leper.

Now leprosy is a very dreadful disease, and if Naaman had been an Israelite, he would not have been allowed to dwell with the rest of the people, for God had commanded that every leper should live “outside the camp,” and He called lepers “unclean.” But as Naaman was a Syrian, he still dwelt in his own house, for the Syrians were not God’s people, and His laws had not been given to them.

A little girl, who waited on Naaman’s wife, had been taken captive from the land of Israel, and she knew about God’s prophet in Samaria; and she knew as well the wonderful miracles which he had performed; so she said to her mistress, “Would God my lord were with him, for he would recover him of his leprosy.” One of the servants heard this loving and faithful message and repeated the words to Naaman. So it ended by his taking a large present, and departing into the land of Israel.

When at last Naaman’s chariot stood at the door of Elisha’s house, the prophet did not appear, but sent a messenger to him, saying, “Go, wash seven times in Jordan and thou shalt be clean.” Naaman was greatly displeased, for he had thought that the great man would surely come himself, and he did not want to wash in Jordan, when the rivers of his own native land were far more beautiful; so in anger he started to return. But his servants persuaded him and said, “If the prophet had bid thee do some great thing wouldst thou not have done it? How much more when he saith unto thee, ‘Wash, and be clean?’”



Then Naaman's heart was touched, and in the spirit of faith and obedience he went to Jordan, and dipped himself under the discoloured waters. Once, but there was no change! twice, but still no change! and even after the sixth time the dreaded leprosy was just the same as before. But after the seventh time we are told that "his flesh came again as that of a little child and he was clean."

Dear boys and girls, if you have not trusted in the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour, you are in a far, far worse plight than Naaman was. His was only a bodily leprosy, but yours is leprosy of soul. You would think it very terrible to have such a complaint as Naaman, but oh! how much worse is the deadly plague of sin! A plague with which every child born into this world is tainted; for God's Word declares that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Yet the very One against whom we have sinned has provided the remedy. God gives us the same message that Elisha sent to Naaman, "Wash and be clean," and it was God, who, when we were lost and undone, sent His only Son to die for us, and to bear the punishment for sin in our stead. It is Christ's precious blood, and that alone, by which God can cleanse us from our guilt. My dear readers, will you not come to Him, and acknowledge how utterly powerless you are to wash away even the smallest spot of your sin. Christ is waiting, so patiently, to cleanse you from every stain. If you will come to Him. He will receive you, oh, so tenderly and lovingly, and will wash you "whiter than the snow."

E.P.



## BIBLE AND NATURE—THE SHEEP. II.

**W**E have seen from the Bible that the sheep is a picture of the sinner. We have seen how foolish is the sheep, how easily led astray, and how unable to help itself. But now I want to take you to the other side. We have seen man's side. Now let us look at God's.

No animal is more patient, uncomplaining, all enduring, than the sheep; and no animal so useful to man. And it is surely on account of these characteristics that God has used the sheep to picture to us Christ, the Lamb of God.

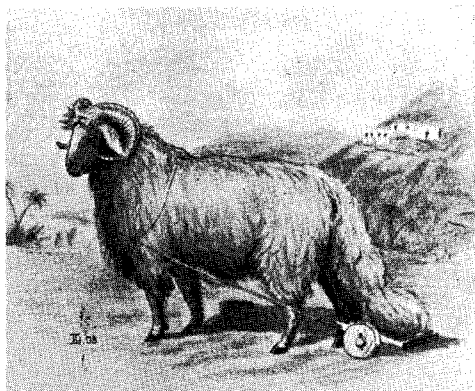
To the Jew, the Passover was the most important of all his feasts, because it reminded him of the night in which Israel, from being a vast family of slaves, became a nation; and all was owing to the blood of the paschal lamb.

The blood of the slain lamb "without blemish and without spot," was the confession of their faith and the seal of their redemption; and because of the sprinkled blood which separated them to God from among the faithless Egyptians among whom they dwelt, they were freed from their awful slavery and brought into the land flowing with milk and honey. I cannot here speak to you of the forty years of rebellion in the wilderness. What I want you to see clearly is that the fact that Israel as a nation ever entered into the promised land, was owing solely to the blood of the lamb which had been sprinkled upon the lintels and side-posts of their doors in Egypt, forty years before.

Again, I want you to read Isaiah liii, wherein God tells us that "like as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth." It is Jesus, and no other, of whom God is speaking here, and the prophecy was uttered concerning that awful day when,

silently and without complaint, He allowed Himself to be judged by cruel and wicked men. And yet this verse was written hundreds of years before Christ ever came into this world! What a marvellous proof that the Bible is the word of God.

Have you ever thought how wonderful the life of Jesus really was? how clearly divine from the manger of Bethlehem to the cross of Calvary? Uncomplaining, all-enduring, from first to last. "The meekness and gentleness of Christ" conveys such a world of meaning!



When I try to banish other thoughts and to think of Christ, the "King of glory," before whom all the gates of heaven shall lift up their heads, living as a man upon this sinful earth; every man's hand against Him; every man's

voice against Him; and He Himself never opening His mouth except for blessing, never raising His hand except for healing, I am amazed! And when I read of Him being judged—of Him who will Himself judge all the Pharaohs, Herods, Pilates, kings and emperors that have ever lived—being judged by a rabble crowd, sentenced to the most ignominious death, delivered over and led to Golgotha, dumb "as a sheep before her shearers" all the while, uncomplaining, unresisting, unprotesting, I realize that the One of whom

I am reading was Divine. Had He but said the word, His father would have sent Him "more than ten legions of angels," and in a moment, the cries of "crucify Him," and the mocking laughter of the mob would have turned into cries of agony and cringing appeals for mercy. But no! He came to earth with one set purpose, and that "to save the lost." It doesn't matter how utterly, hopelessly lost anyone may be. Jesus died and suffered for *all*. Have you, dear boys, dear girls, realized that He died for you? And if you have, have you thanked Him for it yet?

\* \* \* \* \*

Our illustration shews a Syrian 'fat-tailed' sheep. In all the sacrifices the fat was God's portion, since fat denotes health and soundness, and thus it pointed to Christ. The tail of this sheep weighs up to fifty pounds, and is still esteemed a great delicacy by those who breed these sheep to-day.

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### A LITTLE TALK ABOUT GIFTS.

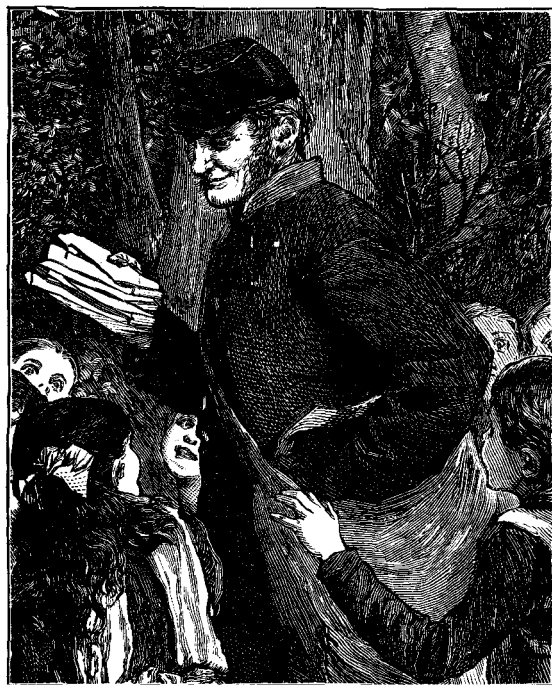
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**W**HO does not like to receive gifts? Not many boys and girls I fancy! The postman comes one morning, and you hear his important knock and run to get the letter, but perhaps he waits outside, and when you open the door, he hands a parcel in to you. You look at the address, and, oh! the delight of seeing your name written there in clear black letters. Away you run to shew mother, and, as you hold you parcel out, some one says, "how do you know it is for you" "Oh," you say, "there is no mistaking it, *my name* is here" and so you open your parcel, and the gift you find inside is yours, and it tells of love, and

interest, and thought on the part of the sender; and both that and the gift contribute to your happiness. But supposing that you know the gift you have received is very precious, and valuable in the eyes of the giver, that doubles your appreciation of it, doesn't it? and

you have a stronger proof still of the love of your friend for *you*.

Now, God has given the most precious gift that Heaven with all its glories contained, and He has given that gift to you and me. It is Jesus Christ Himself, His own beloved Son. Is it not wonderful that Jesus is God's gift to *me*, and



oh, how precious He is in God's sight! For we read that when He was down here on this earth, the heavens were opened upon Him, and God's voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye Him" (Matt. 17). There has only been *one* Man, of whom God could say, "I am well-

pleased," and that man was His dear Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; all others had displeased and dishonoured Him.

In giving the Lord Jesus, God gave what was most precious to Himself, and why was this? It was because He loved us. And so dear boys and girls when you receive loving gifts from kind friends, think of God's wonderful gift to you—Jesus. But perhaps you ask, "How do I know this gift of God is for me." Well just listen for a moment. When you see your name in writing upon a parcel, you say, "It is addressed to me, and so I have a right to claim it." Now God says, "Whosoever will, let him take." Let us think about the first word, "who-so-ever." Suppose I leave a box of sweets on the table, and attach a label to it with these words on, "Whosoever will, let him take." I think the first boy or girl who saw that, would feel entitled to help himself to some of them. So we see that "who-so-ever" applies to the one who *desires* the gift. If any one desires Jesus he is entitled to Him. Perhaps you say again, "How is it possible to *receive* the Lord Jesus?" Well, many years ago, Peter was writing a letter to God's people, and speaking of the Lord Jesus, he said, "Whom not having seen ye love, in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing ye rejoice, with joy unspeakable." Now these people had *received* the Lord Jesus as God's gift, through hearing about Him from Peter, and so may you in just the same way. Will you not receive Him now?

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**CHINA.** It will sadden our young readers to hear that the dear little Chinese boy whose photograph we published in July has been called away to meet his Saviour. In his school in Wencheo, he and six other little fellows were taken ill with measles. The six all recovered, but God saw fit to take our little friend unto Himself.

## BIBLE HISTORY—JOSEPH.

GENESIS xxxvii. 1—11.

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**M**OST little boys and girls are fond of reading or listening to a good story. They are not always very particular whether the story is true or not, and I am afraid that some would *rather* listen to that which is not true, because the inventor often makes it so *very very* interesting, and so much more wonderful than that which is strictly true. I trust that you all understand that the Bible, being God's word, contains nothing but what is true, and that God wants us to hear what He has to say to us, and to love the truth (Zech. viii. 19).

Now it always seems to me that, in the early books of the Bible, God has taken care to set the truth before us in such a simple and interesting way that we cannot help seeing that He loves us, that He is seeking us, and that He really wants us to believe and be saved. But there is one thing we need to remember in reading these Old Testament histories, and that is that from the time when sin came into this beautiful world (Gen. iii.) God has been speaking to man in His word, of sending His beloved Son to drive out sin and death, and pain, and sickness, so as to make this world again beautiful and blessed.

The history of Joseph commences in Genesis xxxvii., is resumed in chapter xxxix., and goes on to the end of the book, thus taking up thirteen chapters. We may be quite sure that, however interesting it is as a history, it is still more precious and instructive as picturing the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ into this world to bring about man's salvation. The very first thing we read of Joseph is, that he was very much beloved of his father. It is not always wise for a parent to make a favourite of one of his children, but Jacob really could not do less,

for Joseph's brothers were not at all nice young men. All his ten elder brothers were jealous, envious, and suspicious of him, although he was several years younger than they were. But he had one little brother, Benjamin, who was younger still. They all loved him, but they hated Joseph, and that for three reasons.

1. Because his father loved him and, as a token of this love, gave him a very pretty coat of many colours.
2. Because they did many naughty things when away from their father, of which Joseph told him.
3. Because God spoke to Joseph in dreams so as to make it appear that He would make him a great man.

Now for these three reasons the world hates Christ.

1. "The Father loveth the Son," and then God so loved the world that He gave His well beloved Son to save us. The Lord Jesus will have many crowns upon His head, representing many glories, and answering in some measure to the coat of many colours.

2. Jesus was the light of this world, and He was hated because He testified of it that its works were evil (John vii. 7).

3. The Lord Jesus was indwelt by the Spirit when He was here. God was with Him. And this gave Him a power which the scribes and Pharisees envied, for "He spake with authority and not as the scribes" (Matt. vii. 29).

In another paper I hope to tell you what arose from that hatred which Joseph's brothers shewed for him. It is always wrong to cherish hatred. G.S.B.

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### BOOKS FOR OUR BAIRNS.

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THE book which we are bringing to your notice this month is "TALKINGS IN THE TWILIGHT," by J.J.J.



Altogether charming is this little work, full of happy thought and helpful suggestion. In the light of scripture, the writer learns lessons from all around her.

"Birds and beasts and flowers," all speak to her of the ways of God. The style is simple and unaffected, and the little book abounds throughout in beautiful expressions, full of faith and hope. Of our treatment of the Christ of God, the author says :

"But we did not want Him here ; His light showed how dark and black our hearts were, and made our eyes ache, so we hung Him on a tree, and left Him there to die, and then we put Him in a grave, and rolled a big stone upon its mouth.

"Now," said we, 'we have put out the light.' But wonderful to say, He burst from the grave, and God took him back to heaven, and now He is living to give new light to all who turn to Him."

Snares, traps and cages, all teach their lessons, and very useful the lessons are, to both young and old.

Very interesting is the story of the spider and the bee. The author saw a poor bee caught in the toils of a spider's web.

"The bee had wings—shining wings—but the web was over them, and he could not use them. He did better than struggle—he buzzed very loudly, and that cry of his terror drew my eye to his need, and touched my heart. Should he be sucked to death there and I not save him? No, no! though he should sting me in his terror, I would set him free."

Nor does our author confine her stories to animals alone. She is full of a love for souls. Now she is at the bedside of a dying man :

"I stooped over him, when life was almost ended here, and asked him a question,—it was a foolish question to ask,—I said, 'Is Jesus with you?' A low soft whisper floated back to me, 'Closer than a brother.'"

Perhaps most lovely of all is the story of Richard Bond, "the man who could fly." It is the tale of a yielded life—of a life wholly given to God, wholly lived

by faith; faith for food, faith for raiment, faith even for the shelter above his head. Read it boys and girls, and get father and mother to read it too. It will profit one and all.

"TALKINGS IN THE TWILIGHT," by J. J. J. Published by A. Holness, Paternoster Row. May be had from Mr. Thos. Weston, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C., 1/- post free, or of any bookseller.

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### PRIZES.

A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for July, August and September are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.

**NOTE TO COMPETITORS.** No competitor can win the prize in the same class twice running. If a previous winner should get most marks again, a small special prize will be awarded.

Replies must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor.

Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday on the back of the paper.

### QUESTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

*John vi.*

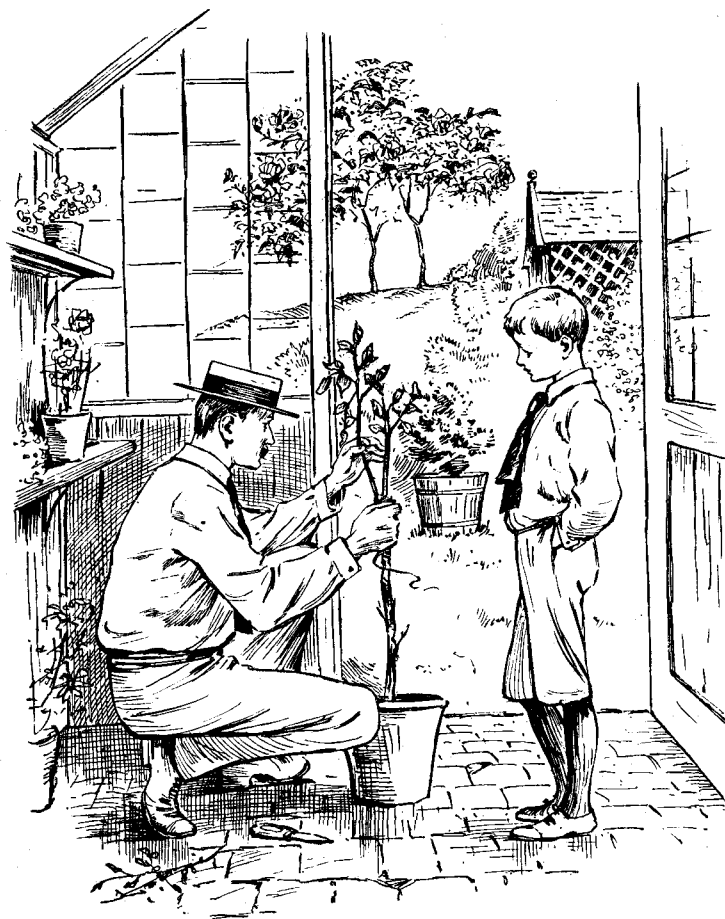
1. Has any one ever seen God? Where does the Lord say, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father?"
2. What does Jesus mean by telling us to eat His flesh and drink His blood?
3. When Jesus said to His disciples, 'Will ye also go away,' what do you understand by Peter's reply? *John vii.*
4. Why was it that Jesus did not go up to the feast at once?
5. Why was it that no man laid hands on Jesus? Did they think He was the Christ?
6. What did the Living Water mean of which Jesus spoke?
7. When the Pharisees and chief priests sent officers to bring Jesus to them, why did they not obey their orders?

*Class iii answer all except 2 and 3.*

*In replying all scriptures should be quoted in full with as little explanation as possible. Be short and to the point.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



## TWO NATURES.

“**L**OOK here, my boy,” were the words which fell from my father’s lips, as he cut a healthy scion from a choice standard rose tree which grew in the garden of our old home, and grafted it into the stem of a wild-briar. With boyish interest I watched the deep incision he made with a knife in the stem, and the subsequent grafting in of that choice scion, while he afterwards bound the two together carefully with a soft kind of rush, called bass, which is used by gardeners for this purpose.

Little did I then think of the meaning of what I saw, although the following year I had the pleasure of plucking from that very graft a lovely specimen of the *gloire de Dijon* rose, radiant with life and fragrance. Since then, however, I have often thought of what a wonderful and all-important truth was expressed in that simple incident; and it taught me a lesson which I now earnestly desire that every young believer who reads these lines should clearly understand, and thereby profit.

When born into this world, our nature is just like the wild briar; or, in other words, every boy and girl is naturally wild and reckless, careless and indifferent, possessing only a life which has nothing in it pleasing to God; for, as the Scripture says, “they that are in the flesh cannot please God,” and “that which is born of the flesh is flesh.” When, however, God’s Holy Spirit, the divine workman, begins His work of grace in our souls, He first convicts of sin by the pruning knife of God’s word, cutting deeply, as my father did into the wild-briar stem, in order to introduce the graft, or (as the apostle James puts it) “the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.” This He did at Pentecost, when three thousand persons were pricked to their

hearts, and afterwards, having [gladly] received the word, were baptized. It is by this same precious word of God that every believer is born again, and is made a partaker of the divine nature; and thus are the two natures, the old and the new, found growing together in the same person.

Yes, "that which is born of the Spirit is spirit;" but the flesh and the spirit are always contrary the one to the other, that you should not do those things which you desire. This I found further illustrated when I saw my father constantly cutting off the under-shoots from the old stem; in order that all the life and sap should flow into the graft which produced that lovely rose. Thus I learnt that all that was wild came from the briar; but all that was sweet and fragrant came from the graft. Thus, although found growing together in the same stem, yet were the two natures quite distinct.

So, boys and girls (if believers in Christ), should it be with us: the old nature constantly reckoned dead and worthless; while the new, cultured and cared for by the Divine Gardener, is seen in the beauty, the grace and the fragrance which properly belong to that life which comes from Him, and which we already possess in Him. May it indeed be so with the reader, to the praise of His glory; and then this simple story will not have been told in vain. S.T.

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### DOLLY.

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**D**OLLY is a tiny maiden of six years old, and I just want to tell you of something she said the other day which then set me thinking. Perhaps it will please God to use it in making some of you think also.

Well, little Dolly was visiting at our house, and, as she is no stranger but comes quite often to see us, she was chatting away happily to my mother about things generally in her amusingly old-fashioned, grown-up way.

By and by she began to tell us of a man in the neighbourhood of her home who is a sad drunkard, and whose sister was very ill, and in much need. Most of the facts I suppose she overheard rather than actually knew from her own experience, because you see she is only a small child. Yet I fancy she must at some time have seen the man M— in one of his terrible fits of drunkenness, for it was no uncommon thing to see him reeling home of an evening raving dreadfully. As she talked about him, she seemed much concerned and impressed.

"Is he then," said my mother, "still as bad as ever? Does M— not work and help his poor sister?"

"No," said Dolly, answering the latter question, "he scarcely ever works; and when he does, then he spends the money in drink, and behaves worse than ever to poor Bett."

"I'm afraid," she added, with a grave decisiveness in look and tone, "M— will never be a better man unless he asks God to wash him."

Asks God to wash him! How the words thrilled and echoed in both our hearts, coming from the lips of a little child; and spoken, too, in all confidence and certainty of the result. Yes, without a doubt, there was a possibility of reclaiming, and more, of full and perfect salvation for even such as poor M—, child of Satan though he was, and utterly beyond the power of human aid to raise out of the depths of sinfulness and misery into which he had plunged. How our souls rejoiced

as we looked back to the scene of Calvary—to the “fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness,” to the all-atoning and all-availing sacrifice of God’s holy Lamb.

But, dear children, to leave thinking about M—for the time, and reflect just a moment on the exact condition and need of each one of you who reads this little paper. What about you? What about our little Dolly too? No! don’t let us even think of her, but let it be “me.” How is it with myself now, in God’s presence? Am I, or am I not, all clean and fit for His gaze to rest upon? Am I, or am I not, ready to meet Christ at His coming? And this you know must be near, for nearly nineteen hundred years have passed since He declared, “Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me to give to every one according as his work shall be.”


If not thus clean and ready, precious little soul for whom Jesus died, what hinders you from being so? Nothing surely on God’s side, for is not the cleansing means of His own providing? And does He not unweariedly entreat in His word, “Come, . . . let us reason together?” You know the rest of the verse I feel sure, in the first chapter of Isaiah’s wonderful book, where God makes His magnificent promise which you have only to believe and accept. And the result is sure, for He, the living and eternal God, has said, “you shall be . . .”

There is a little prayer in the Bible I would commend to you in parting, it is for such as feel or realise as Dolly did concerning the poor drunkard, his need, and God’s power. It is this: “Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow” (Ps. li. 7).

A.B.C.



## BIBLE AND NATURE—THE LION.

OME years ago, in East Africa, an Englishman was seized by a lion in his tent, as he lay asleep, and carried off into the forest. His awful predicament was seen by a native servant; hue and cry were raised, and, as by a miracle, the man was saved, a timely well-aimed bullet having laid his captor low.

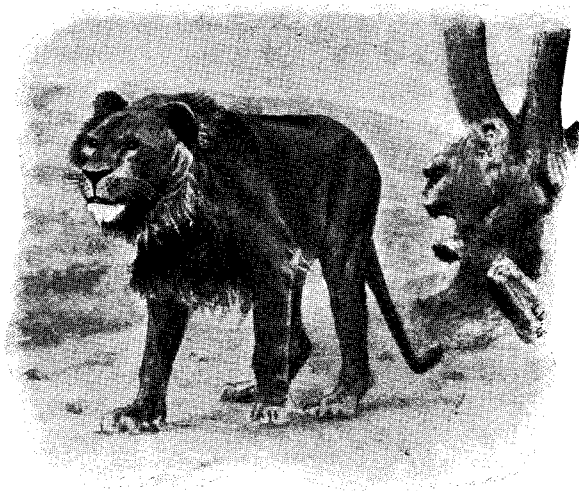
The Englishman afterwards related his experience. Asked if he had not been nearly frightened to death, he replied that from the moment when he had started from his sleep to find himself in the lion's jaws, up to the moment of his marvellous release, he had not had the least particle of fear. Indeed, although he understood his awful position, the lion's presence seemed to have lulled him into a kind of stupor, and to have robbed him of the power of fear; so that had he even had the chance to escape, he would not have had the desire or the will to do so.

But God did deliver him, and it was not until the lion lay dead beside him, and he was free, that he fully understood the extent of his escape. This is my first story. Now for the second.

About four years ago, two Englishmen were hunting a man-eating lion on the Uganda Railway. They were given every help by the Company; for the lion they intended to kill had carried off and eaten seven native workmen, and had stirred the whole district into terror. They were given a railway carriage which was taken up the line close to the spot where the lion had last been seen, and, as the night came down swift and dark, every arrangement was made to receive the expected visitor. Fifty paces away a goat was tethered in an open space to attract the lion. One of the two men was to go to sleep while the other watched, and if the lion appeared the latter was to awake his friend whose rifle, ready



loaded and cocked, lay by his side. But alas, for the weakness of man! When the watcher should have watched, the drowsy night tempted him, and he fell!—fell asleep while waiting for the lion! Then slowly and stealthily from the darkness of the forest came a moving shadow. It stopped by the goat which was trembling from head to foot in fear, but only for a moment. Then slowly and stealthily it crept on, right up to the railway



carriage; and then right up the steps so quietly, and over the body of the sleeper, who should long since have given the alarm, right up to the spot where, his cocked rifle by his side, lay his sleeping friend.

Him the shadow seized, and, without a sound, bore off in its massive jaws, away into the blackness of the forest night. It was the man-eater! This time his victim was a white man, and the very man who had meant to slay him!

The poor fellow's remains were found soon after in the forest not very far away.

These are true stories, dear boys and girls. Do you wonder why God uses the lion to portray Satan? He

warns us to be vigilant for our "adversary the devil as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour." What power have sheep against such an enemy? They scatter to right and left, and are "taken captive by him at his will," unless they have put themselves under the Good Shepherd's care. Of Him it was prophesied long years before His birth, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder, the young lion . . . shalt thou trample under feet," and this has been fully done. On Calvary He trod upon the lion and destroyed his power for all who will put their trust in Him. Which is it to be? The power of the lion, or the power of the Saviour? It must be one or the other. Thousands are like the first man of whom I have just told you, in the lion's jaws with death staring them in the face; and yet so completely are they under the spell of Satan that they lift no hand to help themselves. They are content with their awful plight, nor can anything but the word of God, sped by His Holy Spirit, make them conscious of the terrible doom that lies before them and of the saving grace of a delivering God.

And you who are Christians, remember that souls may be lost through the lack of vigilance. Be vigilant for yourselves first, and then be vigilant for your friends; lest through your falling asleep Satan gain another victory.

Commit everything to Christ. Keep committing everything to Christ, for this is true vigilance; then you will be able to say continually, "I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day (2 Tim. i. 12).

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## “JESUS LOVES ME.”

**I** WANT to tell you something about a dear little neighbour of mine. She is a Chinese child, for we live in China, and there are no English people within a great many miles of us. This little girl's name is “Shaw Gun-dze” (or “Little Follow”). She is a pretty, bright little thing of about six years old, and her mother's only child ; but I am sorry to say that she hobbles about like a poor, lame old woman, for her feet are bound in the cruel Chinese fashion.

Very likely you know that Chinese women have their feet tightly bound in order to be in the fashion.

It is so sad to see the mothers binding the feet of their wee girlies when they are about four or five years old, for it causes the little mites fearful suffering.

When poor little Gun-dze cries, and does not want to have her feet bound, her mother, Mrs. Way, says to her, “When your feet are nice and small, I will give you a pair of pretty red silk shoes ;” and then the child tries to comfort herself with the thought of how nice she will look in her red shoes.

We know when Mrs. Way is binding her little girl's feet by the cries of agony coming from the house, and oh ! it does make one's heart ache to know what terrible pain the poor little thing has to bear. A long strip of calico is wrapped ever so tightly round the foot, the toes being pressed back under the sole, and kept there by the bandage till at last they are squeezed quite flat and hard, and look like pieces of leather. In time, when the feet have been squeezed into the ugly shape the Chinese think so beautiful, the pain is less. But often dreadful sores are produced, and sometimes the bones decay so that the foot has to be taken off, if there is a foreign doctor near who can perform the operation ; if not, the poor girl or woman will most likely die. Of

course girls and women with bound feet are not nearly as strong and useful as "large-footed" women; they very soon get tired if they have to walk a little distance, and their household duties are quite a burden to them.



And all this suffering is for the sake of being in the fashion! Our little neighbour used to be rather afraid of the "foreigners" at first; but now she runs—oh dear! what was I saying?—she *hobbles* in and out of our house without any fear, and often comes when we open the doors in the afternoon to tell the gospel to the women. I don't know how much she understands; but she has taken

in a little, at any rate. She once told me it was a sin to say what was not true, and to call people bad names. She had heard me say this to the women, when trying to shew them that they were sinners, and needed a Saviour.

I tried one day to teach her part of the hymn, "Jesus loves me" (in Chinese, of course). She would not repeat it after me, but listened well while I explained it to her. She said that she would bring her cousin, Da Gun-dze, and she could learn to sing "Jesus loves me."

Some time after, a friend asked Shaw Gun-dze what was the name of God's Son, and she replied at once, "Yesu-ai-O" (*Jesus loves me*). She evidently thought that the words "loves me" were part of His name; but we thought afterwards that Shaw Gun-dze was not so very wrong after all. We sometimes sing a hymn which says, "Jesus, that name is love," and the Bible tells us that "God is love."

You, dear children, have most of you heard this many times; but I wonder whether you have really understood it any better than the little Chinese girl has. Perhaps you understand it in your heads, or *think* you understand, because you have heard it so often; but have you taken it into your *hearts*? You have heard over and over again that Jesus, the Son of God, loved you so much that He died on the cross for you—died that your sins might be forgiven, and that you might become God's own dear child, and go one day to live with Him in heaven.

Very likely you have often sung,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so;"

but can you truly say, "We have known and believed the love that God hath to us" (1 John iv. 16), and, "The Son of God loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*?" (Gal. ii. 20). Have you ever said to Him from the bottom of your heart, "Lord Jesus, I believe in Thee; I thank Thee that Thou didst love me so much as to die for me?"

O dear boys and girls! don't rest satisfied till you can say this *truly*, and not merely sing it because others are singing it around you. The next time you hear the name of Jesus mentioned, think to yourself of what the little Chinese girl said—that His name is "Jesus-loves-me." We might not put it quite as she did, but it is true for all that; for the name "Jesus" means "Jah the Saviour," and God would certainly never have become a man and died to save you, if He had not loved you, would He? O, think how great your need and your danger are, if you are without the Lord Jesus, and think how great His love is, that He is waiting and longing to save you, if you will only come to Him.

C.H.P. *China.*

### PRIZES.

*A new competition begins this month.*

A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for October, November and December are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.

Replies must be the unaided work of those who send them in. They must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor.

Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday on the back of the paper.

### QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

*John viii.*

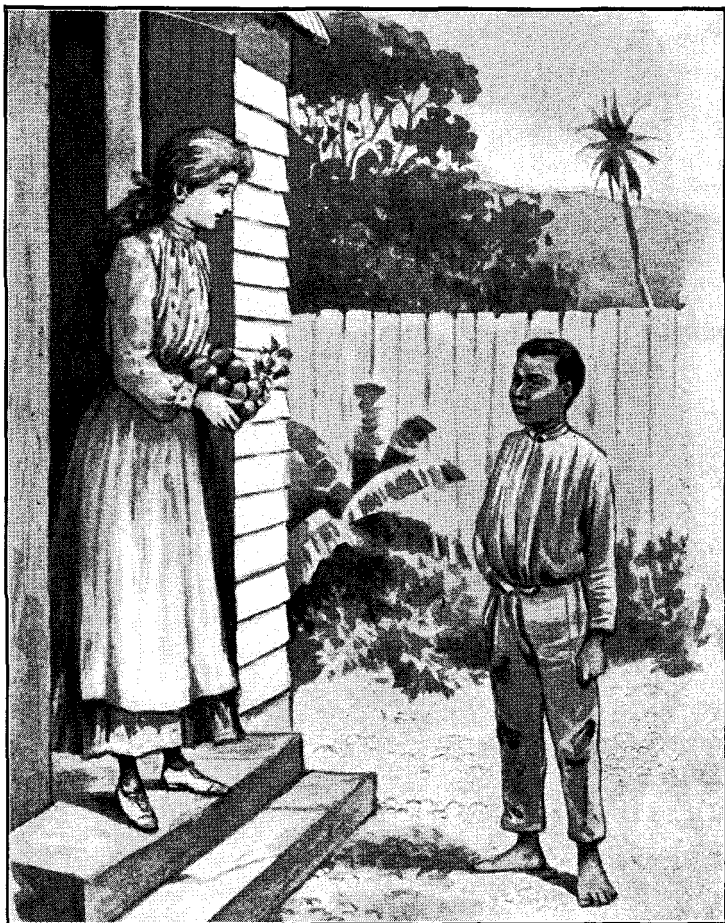
1. Jesus said "I am the Light of the world." What did He mean? Is He the light of the world now? If not, who is?
2. The Pharisees accused Jesus of bearing witness that was not true. John in his first epistle (v. 8) speaks of three witnesses. Name them and explain.
3. Jesus came into this world as the Obedient One. Quote a verse to prove this.
4. What can make us free from the bondage of sin?
5. What does it mean to be a true "child of Abraham?"
6. Jesus was the Eternal Son of God. Quote a scripture in this chapter to prove it.

*Class iii. need not answer No. 2.*

*In replying all scriptures should be quoted in full with as little explanation as possible. Be short and to the point.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



## TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

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**A** PLUM tree laden with fruit golden ripe, under the genial influences of tropical sunshine and rains, threw its branches temptingly over the high garden fence of a widow's cottage. Needless to say the spot became at once a centre of attraction for all the small folk of the village, and many were the attempts made by dint of stick and stone pelted up remorselessly to bring some prize to the ground. Of course it was no uncommon thing for such a missile, wandering wide of the mark, to descend with all violence on the cottage roof or even smash a pane of glass in the windows, to the very natural discontent of the good lady within whose peace of mind and property were thus constantly assailed.

Persuasion and remonstrance proving alike useless, Mrs. T. had at length to threaten with imprisonment the next offender who should come within her reach. It might be added that there seemed to be very little chance of this threat ever being carried out; for the little cottage being set on slightly elevated ground, the nearest way of reaching the roadside was by a rather steep flight of steps in front, and moreover, the widow herself was getting on in years and somewhat feeble. Indeed no one was less likely to seek redress by appealing to the law than she.

One morning, however, at an unusually early hour, a good deal of disturbance was heard outside, and soon after, on looking out, Mrs. T. and her daughter perceived a little ragged urchin in the strong grasp of a man being dragged round to the doorstep. He had been caught in the very act, and all his protestations and lamentations were now in vain.

Meanwhile a small crowd had gathered and it was no



slight addition to the discomfort of good Mrs. T. to find that she was expected to keep her word and to make an example of the boy. This course was, as I have said, farthest from her intention.

As she proceeded to speak gently though seriously to the trembling little culprit from the safe distance of her windows, it became gradually evident to the waiting company of lookers-on, that no further fun was to be afforded them; in other words, they saw at once that the little fellow would *not* be sent to "Dodds;"\* and so one by one they moved away, till at last only the lad was left on the spot, where he remained kicking the dust idly with his bare feet, and glancing furtively at the windows, half in fear, half in defiance. His captor had long relinquished his hold, rightly judging that grace was more likely to triumph.

For a minute or so Mrs. T. and her daughter stood looking down at the boy in pity. His clothes were in rags; and he was very dirty, and appeared to be utterly uncared for.

Perhaps it was just for these very reasons the womanly sympathies of kind Mrs. T. and her daughter were the easier enlisted. However that may be, it was only a short while before both relented towards the boy completely, and longed instead of punishing him to do him good.

"Poor child," murmured the daughter compassionately, "he may have been starving. Mother, would you mind if I called him now and gave him a few plums?"

"No indeed, dear, I should not mind," replied the widow. "Give him some if you like, and anything else after that's handy. The poor little lad looks dreadfully in need of some one to take care of him."

\*Dodds' Reformatory for boys, in Barbados.

The girl sped away at once, and soon returned with a lovely cluster of the fruit; throwing the cottage door wide open, she called eagerly to the little boy, at the same time holding up her gift.

"Here, little one, come and take these. Yes, I mean it," she added reassuringly, as the boy stared in surprise but made no attempt to draw near; "indeed they are for you."

Her mother beckoned him at the same time from the window; but to all their kind advances the little street arab returned only the same incredulous stare and rather retreated a step or two.

Unwilling to be thus misunderstood, the girl stepped impulsively towards him, her hand stretched out. But what was her dismay when the boy with a sudden dart sprang away from her, never stopping till he reached what he evidently considered a place of safety on the opposite side of the road! There he stood wagging his head knowingly, and looking back in triumph at probably the only two people in the world who sought to do him good.

"They wanted to get me in there to beat me," he explained to a passer-by shortly after, "but I knew better."

Mrs. T.'s daughter however was sorely disappointed.

"What a pity!" she exclaimed warmly. "Mother, what could have made the child take up such an idea?"

"His conscience," was the calm reply. And then after a moment's reflection, the mother added, "Yet perhaps more than anything else, the open door." "Oh, but, mother, surely *that* should have assured him?"

"No," responded the mother, "no, dear, I think I understand the case better than you do. The poor little lad, knowing himself to be guilty and deserving of punishment and nothing more, cannot understand an act of grace; and so the door thus suddenly opened

presents, to his untaught mind, simply a swift approaching of his real deserts."

"But the plums—surely he might have seen by the plums that I was in earnest," persisted the girl. "See here, I will place them on the window sill, and sit near with my work ; maybe he may take courage later on and come for them ; then I'll ask him why he was so afraid."

Her mother did not dissuade her, and so all the morning the bunch of plums stayed at the open window in full sight of the boy, who for some reason loitered about near, and yet could not be induced to go up to the cottage and claim them. He was heard to boast as he finally took himself off, he didn't care about having the plums, not he ; knew where he could get finer, and as many as he wanted.

Too truly does conscience make cowards of us all. I really believe that Mrs. T. was in the right when she attributed the boy's action to a guilty conscience and, consequent on that, the fear of punishment. But surely the great evil underlying all was unbelief. God joins the two things together. at the very head of that terrible list in Revelation xxi. 8, of people who go down to the lake, "the fearful and the unbelieving ;" Oh, how sad to think of ! That souls should wilfully turn their backs upon an offer of mercy and find when too late their mistake, and how it might have been all so different. Are there any among my readers, I wonder, who are in this way refusing God's gracious offers of mercy and reconciliation ? Doubting His word, it may be, that tells of the free forgiveness of sins through Jesus, and of rich and eternal blessing, which saved ones shall enjoy in His presence ?

If there be among my readers one such, it is for you I have recounted this little story. Will you not let it

lead you by God's help to take the step in the right direction,—trustingly to take Him at His word, receive the pardon and the gift which He holds out for your acceptance, and be at perfect peace with Him? I do pray that it may be so, for His Name's sake.

To persist in an evil way is rebellion (is it not?) which must surely accomplish your doom. "The Lord is . . . long-suffering, . . . not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter iii. 9).

A. B. C. Barbados.

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### BIBLE AND NATURE—SNOW.

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**H**OW it snows! The thick flakes kiss the window panes and we watch them slide down, melting as they go. The traveller muffled in his thick coat is specked with white as he passes by our cottage. How silent everything is! The thick coverlet of downy snow deadens every sound, and a footfall is but a whisper. The trees bend beneath their increasing burden; the hedgerow is topped with an unbroken cap of snow. How beautiful it is! how pure and perfect!

I would like to take just a tiny flake of snow, and show you how marvellously planned its structure is. Under a microscope you would be able to see the perfections of each tiny crystal which the eye alone cannot behold. The snow has come straight from God's clouds above, and that accounts for its beauty and perfectness. And how wonderfully white it is! There is nothing whiter than snow. Even that old dame whose washing is the pride and boast of the neighbourhood, will tell you that her most carefully washed linen looks yellow beside the snow. But come with me. We must leave our country home, and, for a day or two, we

must go into the town. O, how different it all is! Is that horrid black slushy mud—snow? Those grey grimy heaps the poor old men are shovelling into their cart—is that snow?

Yes, yes, that is snow, alas! But man has interfered, and all its purity and beauty are gone. The houses, the chimneys, the hundreds of hurrying feet, the



clattering jaded horses, the thousand wheels of a busy traffic, all these have interfered, and the snow is no longer a thing of beauty, but a cause of trouble and a sorrow to the eye. You see, man's intervention can only mar the beauty of what God makes.

God made man pure and white as the snow that lies outside our cottage door. Then Satan came, and man,

listening to his voice, allowed him to interfere with what God had made. After that, men's hearts were never white again. How sad to think that whereas God made man's heart as white as the snow that caps our hedgerow, yet now there is not a man whose heart, by nature, is not as defiled as that slushy pile yon scavenger sweeps before him.

Let us now walk home, and to-morrow morning, very early, I will wake you up to show you something.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes. It is as I had hoped. The snow has continued to fall all through the night; and now come and look out of the window with me. No longer a slushy, miry street, but all is white and pure as our own country lane.

You see, man has been asleep, and God has been at work covering up all the unsightliness.

Dear boy, dear girl, what about your heart? "Deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," says the word of God; black and ruined, with no hope of getting pure again. Ask a crossing-sweeper if he could make the dirty trodden snow pure and white again? No one in the world could do that. Not even God can make our old natures pure again. He can blot out all the sins and give us a new nature. He can remove all the ugly mass of miry slush and make heaven open to yield pure virgin snow and cover all. He can save us from our sins and fit us for His presence. He can! He has! For Jesus Christ, the only pure and perfect One, has died in our stead. His blood was shed for you and for me at Calvary. God asks you to listen; do not turn away. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool (Is. i. 18).

## LOST.

**A**S we were going along a quiet road the other day, we noticed in front of us a tall policeman walking very slowly with a little girl of about two years toddling by his side, her tiny hand grasping one of his fingers tightly.

Soon overtaking them, we said, "You have a small prisoner there." "Yes, sir, she is lost; so I thought I had best take her in charge," he replied with a smile.

"What are you going to do with her?"

"Take her to the station, sir;" and then, as the little feet lagged, he added kindly, "Come along; we shall soon see mamma."

She seemed quite content, poor wee mite, and trudged along, all unconscious that she was lost, and that, instead of her own home, only the bare police station was before her, unless mother had got there first.

Poor little girlie! Don't you pity her?

But don't you know that you are lost too? You have gone your own way, you have wandered *from* God, and Satan has got you in his strong hand, and he is taking you,



where? Ah, to a far worse place than the police station, to the place of eternal punishment, the lake of fire. And he will never give you up unless one who has a stronger hand and a greater right to you claims you. The policeman would not give up the little girl to us, or to anyone else who could not prove that she belonged to them; but if her mother came to him, he could not keep her one minute longer.

So, dear child, we have to tell you, that though you are lost, and in Satan's grasp, and on your way to eternal judgement, there is One who has a right to you, and who is seeking you. The Lord Jesus Christ, who died that He might redeem you (or buy you back) to Himself, is seeking you. He came down from heaven "to seek and to save that which was lost:" oh, won't you run to His arms, and claim Him as your Saviour? You may think you are happy whilst Satan has you, just as the wee lost girlie seemed happy enough with the policeman; but O, how much happier would she have been had she been with mother instead! And O, how much happier you would be, if you were "safe in the arms of Jesus," found by Him, and on your way to His beautiful home above! O, make haste, and come to Him now.

T.

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PLEASE READ THIS.

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*We would earnestly ask for contributions to our pages. The articles should be brief, concise, and interesting. The Editors reserve to themselves the right of adapting any pieces submitted to the limitations imposed by space &c.—and they are especially anxious to encourage young Christians to contribute. Please write on one side of the paper only and send in a fair copy. MSS. should be sent in to Editors of "Glad Tidings," c/o Mr. T. WESTON, 53 Paternoster Row, E.C.*



## TO OUR COMPETITORS.

My dear Boys and Girls,

I am very sorry to say that the number of our competitors is dwindling sadly. So many of you have answered the questions for one month or two months, and then left off, so that of course you are not eligible for a prize. If you had all answered the questions for the three months, I should have had quite a large list to give, whereas, you will see that the list is a very small one. Do try to devote enough time on Sundays every month to the questions to enable you to answer every set.

The winners have all done very well indeed. Elsie's answers were all correct and her papers very neat. John's answers were very nearly as good. Marion, your replies were very good and your papers very tidy when I think that you are not yet eight years old. Our old friends Eric and Willie ran you very close. You will all get your prizes very soon. I want all my readers to give their little friends a copy of the Magazine, and get them to answer the monthly questions.

Your affectionate friend, The Prize Editor.

### RESULT OF THIRD COMPETITION.

First Class.—Winner, Elsie P., 40. W. Le. P., 38. H. McKeon, 31. A.C. 30.

Second Class.—Winner, John H.H., 38. E. Le. P., 38. M.F., 37. W.H. 35. E.D., 32. E.A., 29.

Third Class.—Winner, Marion U., 27. E.M., 27. W.D., 25.

#### JULY.—Answers.

1. The feast of the Lord's Passover. It was to commemorate the night when the destroying angel passed over all the houses in Egypt on which the blood was sprinkled.

2. Bethesda. It had five porches. Power of healing the first one who stepped into it after the waters were troubled.

3. Because faith in Christ gave the power.

4. Faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 17).

5. They persecuted Jesus and sought to slay Him, because He had done these things on the sabbath day.

6. The Son of God. No. (John x. 30).

7. The Son of God.

8. (Hebrews i. 6, 8).

#### AUGUST.—Answers.

1. The books of the Old Testament—namely, the Law, the Psalms, and the Prophets, which by prophecy and types pointed to Christ.

2. The first five books of the Bible.

3. (1) The fact that five thousand people were fed upon five barley loaves and two small fishes. (2) That twelve baskets full of fragments remained.

The lesson we learn is that God is able to supply all that, and more than we need in Christ, and that when our wants are satisfied, there is ample for thousands more.

4. Because they did eat of the loaves and were filled (John vi. 26). Because He perceived that they wanted to come and take Him by force to make Him a king (John vi. 15).

5. "This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent" (*John vi. 29*).

6. Manna was a type of Christ, the Bread of Life. The type falls short in that they eat of the manna and died, while he who partakes of Christ lives for ever (*John vi. 58*).

7. "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one that seeth the Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day" (*John vi. 40*).

#### SEPTEMBER.—Answers.

1. No—"no man hath seen God at any time" (*John i. 18*). In *John xiv. 9*.

2. It means, to partake of Christ by faith which gives eternal life—it also goes beyond this in signifying communion with Christ for the believer.

3. It implies that Peter realized that Jesus had the words of eternal life and that he believed He was the Son of God.

4. Because His time was not yet full come (*John vii. 8*).

5. Because His hour was not yet come (*John vii. 30*).

6. The Holy Spirit (*John vii. 39*).

7. Because "never man spake like this Man" (*John vii. 46*).

#### PRIZES.

*A new competition began last month.*

*A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for October, November and December are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.*

*Replies must be the unaided work of those who send them in. They must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor.*

*Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday on the back of the paper.*

#### QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

*John ix.*

1. For how long a time was Jesus the Light of the world?
2. State in order the steps which led to the healing of the blind man.
3. What did the Pharisees give as their reason for believing that Jesus was "not of God?"
4. The blind man was a poor ignorant fellow, but in what was he far wiser than the learned Pharisees?
5. What words did the blind man utter which proved conclusively that Jesus had divine power?
6. It was an awful thing for the blind man to be "cast out" or excommunicated. Did he profit at all, however, on account of this?
7. What did Jesus mean by the words we find in verse 39?

*Class iii. answer the first five.*

*In replying all scriptures should be quoted in full with as little explanation as possible. Be short and to the point.*

# GLAD TIDINGS

## for the Young.



## THE DIVER

**I** WONDER how many of you have ever seen a diver go down. My duties occasionally compel me to engage a diver and send him down to the bottom of the sea to examine masonry foundations, and and at times to carry out repairs. Sometimes I make him screw a telephone piece into his helmet and I have the batteries slung on my back, and the arrangement for speaking into and hearing in my hand. Between us stretches an insulated wire along which the sound travels. Thus, when the diver is away at the bottom of the sea, he can receive instructions and tell me exactly what he finds, besides asking for whatever tools he may stand in need of.

When a telephone is not used a series of signals is arranged between the diver and his "tender" by means of sharp pulls at the lifeline which the diver has tied around his waist, the other end of which the tender holds from the boat where the pump is worked. The pump is of course the most important part, for by its means the diver is supplied with the air which enables him to live under water.

The pump is worked by two men who turn the handles at a regular speed; thus air is driven down the rubber pipe which connects on to the diver's helmet. In this helmet is a valve by which the diver can regulate the outflow of air. Thus, if the men at the pump are sending him too much air, he opens his valve and lets out just enough to keep the supply right, or if they are not sending him enough, he signals to his tender who at once tells the men to pump faster.

Off the coast of Australia there is a great pearl fishery. The pearl shells are sent up from the bottom by divers. I am sorry to say that, as a general rule, the hands employed are very wicked men, and it not infrequently happens that, when the diver is at work, the pump men quarrel and leave the pump to fight it out together. The

diver, deprived of his air, is suffocated in a few minutes. Just think of his utterly helpless condition! The inrush of air stops. In a second he realizes what has happened. He pulls his lifeline hard, but no response! A thousand thoughts fill his mind. Will the air start again? He pulls the line again; tries to pull himself up. He cannot breathe. A struggle or two and suffocation renders him unconscious, and when at last the men in the boat (their quarrel over), pull him up, he is dead! I could tell many stories about divers, but I must not take up too much room. Besides, I want you to learn a lesson, you who are trusting in the Lord Jesus, and who desire to do His will.

Draw your supply continually from above. God we can always trust. Happy would the diver be if he knew that God was at the handle. He will supply all your needs. Just let Him know the need, and He will supply it.

Sometimes a diver signals for his shovel, and his tender, mistaking the signal, sends a crowbar down. But God never makes mistakes. If we ask for something and fail to get it, God tells us it is because we ask amiss; because if we were to receive it we would not use it to the honour of Jesus Christ (James iv. 3).

God gives to every believer the gift of the Holy Spirit. God never cuts off the supply of the Spirit. If we have not enough of the Holy Spirit, the fault lies with us. God wants us to be filled with the Holy Spirit (Eph. v. 18), but the filling must depend upon ourselves. If we shut the Holy Spirit out, how can we expect to live? A state of suffocation, very much akin to death will result. By the grace of God, the life of Christ is such that no believer can ever die; but hundreds of Christians give no evidence of life, because they are shutting off the supply of God's Holy Spirit.

*(I hope to tell you a little more about the diver next month).*

## TWO BOY KINGS.


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**I**N the Bible, God tells us of two little boys who began to reign when they were very young indeed. One was eight years old, and the other was only seven.

But there was a great difference between these two boys. The name of the one mentioned first in the Bible was Joash. When he was a little baby, a wicked woman, his grandmother, put the whole of his family, except him and his aunt Jehosheba to death. This little boy was brought up in the temple, for his aunt was the wife of the priest. The Bible tells us that, "He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord all the days of Jehoiada the priest." But when he was dead, Joash turned from the true God and served idols, and when the son of Jehoiada remonstrated with him, he slew him in the court of the temple.

Now let us look for a moment at the other boy, whose name was Josiah. He was brought up in a very different way from Joash. He had a wicked, idolatrous father, but instead of turning from God as Joash did, "he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, and walked in the ways of David his father, and declined neither to the right hand, nor to the left. For . . . . *while he was yet young*, he began to seek after the God of David his father." Is this true of *you*, boys and girls? Have you sought after the God of David? Or are you still worshipping idols, like Joash? For every object or desire you seek after instead of pleasing God, is an idol. You know that there is only one way to come to God, and that is through Christ. He is the door. "By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."

## AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.

AST year I was glancing through an Indian magazine, when the following story caught my eye. A native, who had never before possessed a clock, bought one, which, after a little while, refused to go. The poor man thought it must be the fault of the hands that they did not go round, so he took them off, and carried them to a clockmaker. The latter said, "I can't do anything to the hands, they are all right. It is the works which need repair." The native replied, "No, you want to make a long job of it; the clock is all right, its only the hands which won't go. I shall take them to some one else!" So off he went.

You will probably smile at the native's simplicity, but are you not doing something similar yourself? Are you not trying to make your hands do right things, before your heart is right with God? You must have a new nature before you can bring forth works pleasing to God. Our Lord Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," (John iii. 7), and from the new nature so given will flow out works in accordance with God's will.

Quite right to leave off what is wrong and to try to do what is right, but you cannot do this so as to please God, until you have given yourself to the Saviour, who will be your friend and helper.

Remember that the heart is "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," but by faith in the Lord Jesus, you may have a new heart and a right spirit, for He shed His blood to cleanse you from all sin.

To put off this change of heart, till you have *done* something to deserve God's favour, is like the Indian wanting to get the hands to go before he had the works put right.

See to it that your heart is right with God and that your sins are forgiven.

## ABOUT LITTLE E——.

**I** SHOULD so like to tell you about a little girl who lives with us at home. Dear E—— has no mother or father as most of you have, for her father died about four years ago; and he has gone to be with Jesus. When he was a little boy, he went to Sunday school like you, and learned that little hymn,



“Jesus loves me,” which he sang when dying. His little girl was reading to me a story out of the “Glad Tidings,” about a child who wanted to be saved, because she found out that she was a sinner, and that if Jesus were to come, her father and mother would go up

to live with him, whilst she would be left behind. So I asked little E—— if she were saved, and she answered without a trace of doubt, “Yes.” Then I asked her how it was that she knew that she was saved, and, after thinking



a moment, she said, "Because of what it says in God's word about the blood of Jesus." You can't imagine, dear children, how glad I was to find that little E—— was trusting in the blood of Jesus, to save her and to cleanse her from all her sins. Have you come to Jesus yet and asked Him to cleanse you by that precious blood? If not, come now just as you are, and He will receive you, and you will prove just as little E——, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

H.K.

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## BIBLE HISTORY—JOSEPH II.

GENESIS xxxvii. 12—36.

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**J**OSEPH had for a long time enjoyed the love of his father and suffered the disagreeable ways of his brethren, until one day a great change in his whole life came about, when he left his father's house *never to return*. Ten of Israel's sons were shepherds, and at one time it seemed as if Joseph would be a shepherd too, but God had a far more glorious position in store for him, only he had to be prepared for it by suffering and proving trials. Sometimes when the grass was scarce, the ten brothers had to go a very long distance to feed their flocks, and thus they were away from home for weeks or months at a time. On this particular day, their father was a little troubled at their long absence, and commanded Joseph to go and take a loving message to them, and, as he said, "Bring me word again." He took the message, but his brethren in their wickedness took care that he should not return to his father. The cheerful obedience of Joseph is beautiful :

he had too much occasion to fear that he would meet with ill treatment but he did not hesitate a moment. His ready response, "Here am I," reminds us of the prophet Isaiah (vi. 8), "Here am I, send me."

There is nothing like the enjoyment of the love of the Father to set the heart free to serve Him, and there is no service so acceptable to God as that of a forgiven sinner. This is no doubt a figure of the Father sending His Son Jesus Christ to let us know that He loved us. And that Blessed One, even though He well knew all that He must suffer, and that people here in this world would hate and despise Him, yet came in spite of all to do the Father's will, cost what it might, saying, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God."

The journey which Joseph had undertaken turned out to be more difficult than either he or his father had expected, but he did not give up. "A certain man found him, and, behold, he was wandering in the field! and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seek my brethren." How very like Him who, "came to seek and to save that which was lost." Jesus was also a wanderer in the field of this world. "He came unto his own and his own received him not." Joseph's brethren should have been pleased with the message of love from their father, and their hearts should have softened toward him who brought it; instead of which, "When they saw him afar off, even before he came near unto them, they conspired against him, to slay him." What a sad picture of our evil hearts! Oh, if we would only let the Lord Jesus come near to us! If we would only listen to His voice, and obey His gracious invitation, "Come unto Me," we should find our hatred give place to love for Him, our self-righteousness give place to a full confession of our

sin. It is when the soul is far from God, in the dark about everything, that Satan succeeds in deceiving the heart and filling it with hard thoughts of God. So far we have seen in Joseph a type of the beloved Son of the Father, the witness of truth, and the faithful servant. When space again permits, if the Lord tarry, we shall see him as the patient sufferer.

G.S.B.

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**MARK X. 13, 14.**

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To Jesus the Lord came the mothers  
With their babes so small and sweet,  
And children from huts on the hillside,  
From homes in the village street.  
Was it Peter's voice that rebuked them?  
And wondering did he hear  
That Jesus called, "Come to me, mothers,  
Come to me, children dear?"  
There came a day when beside Him  
Went Peter along the sea,  
And Jesus to him who denied Him,  
Said, "Simon, lovest thou me?"  
"Do I love," said the heart of Simon,  
"The Lord who my trespass bore?  
Who is going on high to His glory  
And my eyes shall see Him no more?  
Thou knowest, O Lord, that I love Thee,"  
This only, in sorrow he spake,  
"Feed thou my lambs," said the Shepherd,  
So he fed them for Jesu's sake—  
For Him who, ascending to heaven,  
The toil and the suffering past,  
The glory and gladness before Him,  
The throne of the Father at last—  
For Him who whilst angels were waiting  
To welcome Him into His rest,  
Remembered His lambs on the hillsides  
The babes who had lain on His breast. F.B.

## BIBLE AND NATURE—RAIN.

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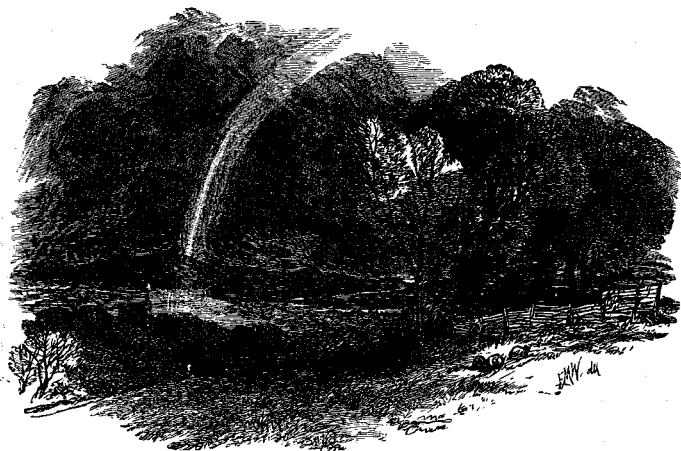
**P**IT-A-PATTER goes the rain against the window-panes. The sky is overcast with hurrying clouds, and the rain falls on as though the heavens were sorrowing over the sins of men, and over the sins of little boys and girls as well, for they have sins that often draw a mother's tears.

Pit-a-patter, down it falls, as though it was never going to stop. No one is out of doors except those whose duties compel them to be there, and those poor wretches who have no shelter for their heads.

To us the rain is horrid, isn't it? Everything seems so dull and lifeless, and yet the rain is sent by God for blessing. When the grey clouds break and part, and the splendid sun shines out, then we shall see the brighter side, and thank God for sending the kind and healing rain.

But once God sent rain down to curse and not to bless. When he had seen the awful sins that had corrupted the whole world, and that only Noah and his family were good, He told Noah to preach righteousness and tell the people to repent their sins, and Noah, faithful to his God, obeyed. But the people laughed at him, and laughed all the more when they saw him frame and build high and dry upon the land, the massive ship which God had commanded him to make. They laughed at the prophecy of judgment coming in a flood, but Noah went on building, and when the ship was finished, he drove in the living beasts according to the word of God, passed in himself with his family and God shut to the door. I wonder if the people still laughed then. If they did, their laughter was soon turned to cries of fear, for suddenly the windows of heaven opened, and down came the rain in hissing torrents, and the fountains of the deep were broken up,

throwing out swishing masses of raging, foaming water. The waters rose, and rose, and rose; and then, when the people saw the ark floating away, how they must have cried to Noah to let them in. But Noah could not see them, for the windows of the ark were, not as your picture book shows them, in the ship's side, overlooking the water, but in the roof looking straight up to God.



And even had Noah's heart softened, he was powerless to help, for God had shut him in! Repentance was too late!

And so the waters overwhelmed all those wicked people, and not one of them was saved!

Have you repented of your sins? "Now" is God's appointed time. Have you turned to Jesus? Are you safe in Him, the true Ark? When God's final judgment comes, only those who are in that ark will be saved, and remember, the first judgment came when they were laughing at the bare idea of it!

Look! the clouds have broken, and against that dark

heavy bank, shines out a glorious rainbow to tell you of God's love. The rainbow is made of three colours, blue and green and red, and when I think that all these beautiful tints which comprise every colour we know, are after all but the blendings of these three, I seem to see the love of God revealed in all its fulness in Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

The Spirit comes to tell you of the Father's love in sending Jesus to die for your sins! This is the rainbow's message to you, now the rain has ceased. Will you, my child, believe the message now?

### PRIZES.

*A book prize will be given to the boy or girl in each class whose replies to the questions for October, November and December are judged the best. There are three classes—viz., for children up to 9 years; for those up to 12 years; and those up to 16.*

*Replies must be the unaided work of those who send them in. They must be written in ink upon one side of the paper only, leaving a good margin at the left-hand side, and must be sent by the 20th of the month to The Prize Editor.*

*Put your full name, and address, AND age next birthday on the back of the paper.*

### QUESTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

*John x.*

1. What is the meaning of verse 1?
2. Who are "his own sheep" spoken of in verse 3?
3. How is it we see that the shepherd goes before the sheep, instead of driving them in front of him, and what lesson does this teach us (verse 4)?
4. Name the different ways in which Christ is pictured in this parable.
5. How did the Good Shepherd lay down His life for the sheep?
6. Why was there a division among the Jews? and what did they think of Christ?
7. When the Jews asked Jesus to tell them if He was really the Christ, what proof did He give?
8. What promise does Christ give to those who love and follow Him?

Class iii. can answer any five.

*In replying all scriptures should be quoted in full with as little explanation as possible. Be short and to the point.*