

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"ONE OF THE SHEEP WENT ASTRAY."

## THE KERRY BOY'S STORY.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE J. N. D.

**M**ANY years ago he was asked to see a poor dying boy in a lonely district in Ireland.

He says : After upwards of an hour's toilsome walking, on entering the little cottage I looked round me and discovered in one corner a heap of straw on which lay the poor sufferer.

I approached, and saw a young lad of about seventeen or eighteen years of age, evidently in a state of extreme suffering and exhaustion, and it was to be feared in the last stage of consumption. His eyes were closed, but he opened them on my approach and stared at me with a kind of wild wonder, like a frightened animal.

I looked down upon him with an eye of pity, which I most sincerely felt, and I thought he observed that compassionate look, for he softened towards me as I said : "My poor boy, you are very ill, I fear you suffer a great deal !"

"Yes, I have a bad cold ; the cough takes away my breath and hurts me greatly."

"Have you had this cough long ?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a long time ; near a year now."

"And how did you catch it ? A Kerry boy, I should have thought, would have been reared hardily and accustomed to this sharp air !"

"Ah !" he answered, "and so I was until that terrible night—it was about this time last year—when one of the sheep went astray. My father keeps a few sheep upon the mountains, and this is the way we live. When he reckoned that that night there was one wanting, and he sent me to look for it."

"No doubt," I replied, "you felt the change from the warmth of the peat fire in this close little hut, to the cold mountain blast."

"Oh ! that I did ; there was snow upon the ground, and the wind pierced me through ; but I did not mind it much, as I was so anxious to find father's sheep."

"And did you find it ?" I asked, with increased interest.

"Oh, yes, I had a long, weary way to go, but I never stopped until I found it."

"And how did you get it home ? You had trouble enough with that too, I daresay. Was it willing to follow back ?"

"Well, I did not like to trust it, and besides, it was dead beat and tired, so I laid it on my shoulders and carried it home that way."

"And were they not all at home rejoiced to see you when you returned with the sheep ?"

"Sure enough, and that they were," he replied. "Father and mother, and the people round that heard of our loss, all came in the next morning to ask about the sheep, for the neighbours in these matters are mighty kind to

each other. Sorry they were, too, to hear that I was kept out the whole dark night ; it was morning before I got home, and the end of it was I caught this cold. Mother says I will never be better now. God knows best ; anyways, I did my best to save the sheep."

Wonderful ! I thought, Here is the whole Gospel history.

I explained to this poor dying boy the plan of salvation, making use of his own simple and affecting story. I read to him the few verses in Luke xv., where the care of the shepherd for the strayed sheep is so beautifully expressed, and he at once perceived the likeness, and followed me with deep interest while I explained to him the full meaning of the parable.

The Lord mercifully opened not only his understanding, but his heart also, to receive the things spoken. He himself was the lost sheep, Jesus Christ the good Shepherd, who was sent by the Father to seek for him, and who left all the joys of that Father's heavenly glory to come down to earth and search for him, and at last laid down His precious life, that we might be rescued from destruction and brought safe to our everlasting home. Neither will He trust His beloved ones, when rescued, to tread the perilous path alone, but bears them on His shoulders rejoicing to the heavenly fold.

My poor sick lad seemed to drink it all in.

He survived our first meeting but a few days. I had no time to read or expound to him any other portion of the Scripture. At times we could hear nothing but stifling, rending cough ; at times he slumbered heavily for a little, but whenever he was able to think and listen, these verses in Luke xv. satisfied and cheered him. He accepted Christ as his Saviour, he earnestly prayed to be carried home like the lost sheep in the heavenly Shepherd's arms. He died humbly, peacefully, almost exultingly, with the name of "Jesus, my Saviour and my Shepherd," the last upon his lips.



## TWO NIGHTS IN FRANK'S LIFE.

**A** FINE start to make for the New Year after all my pains : punched the youngster for touching my stamp album this morning, teased Cissy till she cried before dinner, and topped the lot to-night by saying 'Yes,' when mother asked me if I'd posted her letter. It was in my pocket all the time, and though I slipped out directly afterwards to put it in the pillar box, I feel rather mean about it." So thought Frank McLean as he went to bed on the night of January 1.

Less than twenty-four hours before he might

have been heard moving stealthily out of his bedroom, when the rest of the household were fast asleep and the house lay in that silent stillness which makes a nocturnal journey quite an adventure.

How fast his heart beat when the staircase emitted loud creaks at unexpected moments, and what a rasping noise that match made as he struck it to show him the way to the bookcase.

Having found the book he sought, he had regained his bedroom without incident, breathing more freely as he settled down to read in his dressing-gown.

You may think it must have been some very engrossing book which took him downstairs at such an hour. You shall judge of that for yourself when I tell you it was his father's Bible. Not that he was a lover of Bible-reading. That trip downstairs would not have been necessary had it not been that he had not seen his Bible for months.

Why then was he reading the Bible at such a time?

Simply because an unusual crop of scrapes at school the previous term, and one or two impending ones he had invested in since the holidays began, weighed rather heavily on his mind, and after an hour or two's uncomfortable thought in bed, he had decided to make New Year's Eve resolutions and turn over a new leaf.

He really meant it too, and in prayer had promised God "to be different after this."

"I'm very silly to bother about such things," he concluded, after this disastrous day. "Arthur never prays or anything, and I'm sure he gets on quite as well as I do."

Arthur Nairn was his chum at Beech College, and a ringleader in all enterprises of the sort which begin in defiance of rules and end in "extra prep."—if not worse.

After the holidays Frank was astonished to find that his friend was not returning to the school, an excellent opening having presented itself in his father's business. This disappointment seemed to rob school life of all its charm, but it was only the first of a series which confirmed the old saying, "It never rains but it pours."



"WHATEVER IS THE MATTER WITH MCLEAN?" SAID  
ONE OF THE FELLOWS.

In addition to this it seemed as if no one would chum with him, and he found that while he had been on good terms with most of the cliques and circles in the school, he owed this mostly to Arthur's popularity. Now that he had gone, no one seemed to want Frank.

It may have been his feeling of disappointment and loneliness which caused his mind to go back to that night when he went downstairs for the Bible. At any rate, he found himself thinking about his own life and ways much more than he cared for, and as he began to realize that his scrapes and rows were small matters compared with his sins against God, the uneasy feeling which had prompted his New

Year's Eve resolutions gave place to downright concern for his soul.

"Whatever is the matter with McLean?" said one of the fellows in his dormitory; "he goes mooning about by himself, and never seems to care about anything now."

"He's been no use since Nairn left," said another.

Those fellows little knew what a struggle was going on in his heart, a struggle in which his soul's destiny was at stake.

One night, after lying awake for many hours oppressed by guilty fears, he decided to get out of bed, not this time to go downstairs for a Bible, but to ask God to have mercy on his soul.

Ask any boy who goes to boarding school whether it is an easy thing to get out and pray with the knowledge that if only one pair of eyes sees him in that position, the whole dormitory will certainly know all about it in the shortest space of time.

As it happened, Frank was the only boy awake, and he was not disturbed as he silently poured out his prayer to God. It was more a confession than a prayer, and instead of promises for the future he asked for forgiveness for the past, feeling that he richly deserved God's judgment.

This done he got back into bed, *hoping* that everything was all right and that God had forgiven and received him. Amongst his recollections of the remainder of that term the most vivid are, the first night after this when he knelt down before getting into bed, and the "up and down" experience of the days that followed, sometimes *feeling* more sure, and at other times listening to a voice which said: "You aren't a bit better than you were before."

Hoping and feeling were soon, however, to give place to *knowing*, for soon after the school broke up for holidays again the Bible brought peace to his soul.

One of those beautiful Gospel verses showed him how God could righteously forgive sins, because Jesus had borne sin's penalty.

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

Frank has always looked back to that night in the dormitory as the starting-point in his Christian life, and though he knows more about it now than he did then, he believes that God received him that night, for He has said, "Who-soever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 11). J. A. S.



## THE ORANGE SERMON.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN iii. 16.

A LITTLE while ago I met a Swedish lady, who told me the following pleasing story.

She said: "The day before I left Sweden a little boy, four years old, came to bid me good-bye, and brought me two oranges, saying, 'One is *for you*, and the other between the *English people*.'"

No doubt it was a very kind thought, but I fear the *one orange* would not go far divided between all the millions of English people; and I suppose that the Scotch, and Irish, and Welsh people were to have a little share too. I don't know whether any of my readers have had their share in the little Swedish boy's gift, but I am sure that I have not had *mine*!

Now, read the lovely text on the top of this article, and see what a wondrous gift God gave. Why, He gave His only begotten Son!

A very small girl, who had a French nurse, one day saw her down on her knees praying out loud in *French*, and the little child pulled at her dress, and cried, "Nurse! Nurse! it is no good praying in French, *God is English*, and He don't know what you mean." Poor dear little child, what a mistaken notion! God is not only the God of the *English*, but the God of the *whole world*, and He so LOVED the sinners in the wide world that He sent His dear Son to die for them.

So Jesus is God's wonderful love gift to all the world. Have you had your share yet in that grand gift?

I heard about a poor working-man, who came into a grand estate worth many thousands of pounds, and a beautiful mansion surrounded by a park. But the poor man who had so suddenly become the owner of this valuable property did not know at all what to do with it, as he had only been used to about a pound a week wages; and so, when a friend came to see him; what was his astonishment to find him living at the lodge, having his tea in his shirtsleeves! He was not going to live in a great big house with perhaps fifty rooms in it, where he might almost lose himself. The property was his *very own*, yet he did not make it his own by enjoying it.

What have you, my reader, done with God's gift—the gift of Jesus? God *loved*, and God *gave*. Oh, what a ROYAL GIFT! Have you come into your wonderful possession? Have you taken the gift? Are you enjoying your possession? or are you like the foolish man who lived at the lodge, and was satisfied with that? *Only Jesus can satisfy your soul*. The world's pleasures, amusements, and friendships cannot



satisfy; money cannot satisfy, if you become ever so rich.

I knew a very wealthy merchant once, and as I walked home with him one Sunday morning after service, he said, "Mr. Spiers, I have had great trials and losses in the past week—I have lost £50,000, but it has not disturbed my communion with God in the least." How was that, you ask? Why, his *real* treasure was in Heaven. That first fifty thousand was only just the beginning of his severe losses.

Now, I want to tell you of another rich merchant who lost nearly all his fortune, and soon after, when taking supper with a very wealthy friend, the rich man said to him: "I can tell you how to get £150,000 directly." "Can you?—How?" "I will write you a cheque for that amount if you will let me have your little girl, for I love that child, and would like you to make her over to me."

What was the answer? "Not for all the money, or titles, that the world could bestow would I give up my darling child."

But God's love to us poor sinners was so very great that He gave His only Son to die in our stead, to redeem us with His most precious blood, that He might become our Saviour. And *who* does Jesus save? "Whosoever believeth in Him." Will you believe in Him? Will you *accept* by faith God's gift? If so, you shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

A lady told me a lovely story some years ago: she said that a tradesman found his business growing, but he had not enough capital to extend it properly, so called on a rich gentleman whose estate was not very far away, and told him all the circumstances. "And how much do you need?" "About £300, sir; and I could easily afford to pay 5 per cent for the loan." "I shall be very pleased to lend you that sum," said the gentleman, and wrote a cheque for it.

Every half-year the interest was paid regularly by this good honest tradesman, until he suddenly died, and then the widow kept up the payments too, and struggled on to keep the business going, and bring up her little children.

But one day a letter came from the gentleman, saying that he wanted to see her, and so would be glad if she would call. The letter made the poor widow tremble. "What can he want to see me for? I fear he wants the £300 paid back, and I cannot see how to do it yet. I know what I'll do, I will take no notice of his letter, and pretend I never had it." When the time came for the interest to be paid she sent it on promptly, and with the receipt the gentleman wrote again, wishing her to call, and saying that he wrote before, but supposed his letter had got lost. Then she was obliged to go, but she went fearing and trembling, and was received so

kindly by the old gentleman. "Did you not get my first letter?" "Yes, sir, but was afraid to come, as I thought you might want to see me about the £300 my poor dear husband borrowed." "Quite right," he said, "that is what I wanted to speak about, as I have decided to cancel that debt, and *give* you the money altogether."

You can imagine her joy and gratitude.

I *know* it is a true story, because the lady told me it was her own father who cancelled the debt.

Now, boys and girls, how have you treated God's letter of love? Have you taken no notice of it, like the woman did of the first letter? But that will not do, for everyone of us must give an account of himself to God.

One more short story:—

Annie was the only child of a widow lady, and she was nine years old when she decided for Christ at one of my services.

Late that night the mother heard her weeping in her bed, and ran upstairs to her. "What is the matter, my dear; I thought you were so very happy because you had found Jesus?"

"Yes, mother, but I am so afraid that someone will *snatch me away* from Jesus again."

So the mother read (John x. 27, 28): "My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

"But, mother," sobbed little Annie, "Satan is so much stronger than a man, don't you think *he* could snatch me away?" The lady looked, and found that the word *man* was in italics, so that it should be read without that, and means that not any being can possibly snatch one of the Saviour's lambs out of His hand.

And Annie's tears were turned to smiles, and she was able to sleep peacefully in her dear Saviour's care.

From "*Some More True Stories and Children's Sayings*," by MR. JOSIAH SPIERS.

\* \* \*

"OF COURSE!"

"YOU look as if you were happy, Lionel!"  
I said to a young friend of mine.

"Of course I am," he replied.

"I am glad to hear it, but why 'of course'?"

"Why, I am a Christian!" said the boy.

"How long since you became one?" I asked.

"Just about a year."

"And has it been a happy year?"

"Of course it has, the happiest of my life."

My young friend Lionel knew from his own experience that to be a Christian means to be, not melancholy, but happy. *Of course* it does! Have you learned the secret of true happiness?

H. P. B.



## Other People's Children.

### I.—IN SUNNY NORTH AFRICA.

**THEY** always interest us, do they not?

When, at the beginning of a term, new boys or girls come to your school, you have a great curiosity to find out all about them; if you think you are going to like them, then you want to find out what sort of homes and people they have.

This year, in our missionary chats together, we are going to try and pay a number of "thought-visits" to other people's homes, and see how other people's children live their lives. And because it is cold, wintry weather here in England, we will first of all go where the swallows and many other birds have gone in search of warmth and sunshine, to North Africa.

It is not very far away, only four days' journey from England, but the customs and appearance of the natives are as different from ours as can possibly be.

Long centuries ago, North Africa was a flourishing and important part of the world. There are still to be seen some fine ancient buildings, giving evidence of departed wealth and glory. In some of the principal cities there are fine modern houses and streets, but as a whole the towns are dirty and decaying.

The people of North Africa are mostly Mohammedans. That is, they believe in God, but they reject the Lord Jesus Christ as the Son of God and the Saviour of the world. Their sacred book is called the "Koran," and the boys, who are sent to school when five years of age, have to learn it as their one text-book. If they do not know their lesson correctly, the

old schoolmaster will rap them soundly on the head, so their false religion is beaten into their heads in such a fashion as makes them remember it. Many a Mohammedan boy can repeat far longer portions of the Koran than some of us can repeat of God's Holy Word.

Out of school hours the boys have jolly times, much as boys everywhere manage to get. Kites and balls are common playthings with them, and they very early learn musketry, for at fourteen years of age they join the Moorish infantry soldiers.

The girls are not so well off; and as we go on in our visiting of different countries you will see that in all lands where the Christian religion has not a hold upon the people, the girls and women have a very hard lot.

At eight years old a little girl in North Africa may no longer play in the streets, neither may she go to school. It is not thought worth while to teach girls to read or write. Their work in life is to attend to household matters, and to work in the fields. Many a girl of eight or nine spends her days with a baby brother or sister tied on to her back while she learns to grind the wheat, knead the bread, and carry it to the public oven.

If a girl wants a doll, she makes one for herself out of two bits of stick, with some of her own black hair tied on to one end for the head. Besides grinding and sifting the corn, if she lives in the country there are cattle to mind, water to carry from the well, wood to chop for the fire, and also clay to dig for water-jars and cooking utensils. These are all made by the hands of the girls and women.

In the country life is freer, and girls and women can go about with unveiled faces; in the towns they may not appear in the streets without being entirely covered with a large veil or haik, with one hole for one eye to look through.

When a girl is fourteen years of age, if she is not already married, her father or brother will sell her to some man as his wife, in exchange for sheep, or goats, camels, or mules, and her life, already hard, becomes very much harder.

Now, do you think you would like to change places with one of these little maidens, and give up your comfortable home for her loveless life?

An old-fashioned hymn that our grandmothers used to learn, says:—

"I thank the goodness and the grace,  
Which on my birth have smiled;  
And made me, in an English home,  
A happy English child."

Yes! you may indeed thank God that in His love to you He has surrounded your childhood's days with so much that is true and good and happy.

There is a bright spot, however, in the lives of some of the North African boys and girls.

Earnest Christian missionaries, with their hearts full of love to the Lord Jesus Christ, have gone over to that needy country, and opened schools where many happy hours are spent by the young folks in learning all manner of useful things, and above all, learning out of God's Word the sweet story of the Saviour who loves them, and who wants them to come to Him.

E. A.



## ON WHICH PAGE ARE YOU?

**M**OST of those who read OUR CHILDREN know what the "Wordless Book" is, and what its black, red, white and golden pages mean.

A Sunday School class of small children were sitting round their teacher lately while she was talking to them about its pages.

They could all tell her that the black page meant *sin*, the red page—the *blood* of Jesus which cleanseth from all sin and can make you *whiter* than snow, and that the golden page meant the *glory* of God. So she went on to tell them that they were on the black page, and unfit for the glory of God until their sins were washed away in the blood of Jesus.

Then the teacher told them that once she was on the black page herself, but that her sins had been forgiven, and now she was "rejoicing in hope of the glory of God."

A sharp little boy held up his hand and said, "Please, teacher, is it because you teach us?"

You see, he had the idea that so many grown-up people, as well as children have, that we can make ourselves fit for heaven by being good and doing what we think good things.

Perhaps some boy or girl who is reading this thinks that because they go to Sunday School and answer the "Scripture Searching" questions in this paper every month, besides saying their prayers every night, they must be all right and on the white page. In the Bible we find, "There is none that doeth good, no not one" (Rom. iii. 12). "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (v. 23), and many other verses that prove how black our hearts are with sin. God knows all about our sins, both at home and at school, even those that no one else knows anything about, and nothing that you can do can blot them out of God's book.

This was why the Lord Jesus left the golden page, that is, the glory of God, where He had always been, and lived in this world for more than thirty years a holy, spotless life, always on the white page, until He went to the cross to take our sins upon Him, bearing all God's judgment for them, and shed His precious blood.

Now He is back again in the glory at God's right hand, having finished the work perfectly, and the message to you is:—

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

E. W. T.



"Children, come to Me!"  
Sounds the Gospel out;  
Jesus says to thee,  
"Those who come to Me,  
I will not cast out."

"Jesus died for me,"  
Every child may say;  
"Sinful though I be,  
Unto Thee I flee,  
Save me, Lord, I pray."

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,  
Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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No. 145.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for January, 1917.

Subject—Moses (Exodus 1.-4.).

1. Who found Moses by the river?
2. Who gave Moses his name, and why?
3. What was the *first* thing Moses did for his brethren?
4. Who said these words: "Surely this thing is known"?
5. What did Moses do in Midian?
6. How did the angel of the Lord appear to him in Horeb?
7. "Certainly I will be with thee." When, and to whom were these words spoken?
8. What three signs did God give to Moses?
9. Why were Moses' parents not afraid of the king's commandment? (Heb.).
10. What did Moses refuse, and what did he choose? (Heb.).

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
4. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 4d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

### DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

A happy New Year to you all! Perhaps you will say, How are we to be happy? Prov. 16. 20 tells us, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." If you have never trusted the Lord yet, do it now, as you read this letter.

One searcher tells me she has persuaded two more to answer the questions this year. I hope a good many of you will follow her example. Then we shall have many more young people searching the Scriptures. I am always thankful that my parents taught me to read the Bible when I was a little child.

My love to you all.

Your friend,

J. L.

## November Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, F. Abel, J. Blair, V. Baud, D. Briggs, L. Brice, W. Bridge, L. Brunskill, G. Caws, M. Collins, A. Curdy, E. Dawe, H. Drevery, E. Doble, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, D. Jones, E. Knight, B. Langridge, D. Lever, E. Mephram, E. Palmer, W. Phillips, I. Rickard, R. Rickards, Madge Slee, M. Slee, C. Sheppard, R. Thomson, A. Todd, V. Turner, E. Upton, L. Ward, M. Whitaker, A. Williams, G. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—V. Rose, E. Luck, G. Williams, H. Williams.

**3rd Class.**—E. Daniels, R. Morrison, H. Slee.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—M. Alderton, I. Briggs, L. Brymer, M. Collins, R. Cowl, E. Fairbairn, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, I. Jones, H. Jones, D. Legeaux, J. Macdonald, L. Mais, H. Peman, A. Small, M. Stevens, P. Vickery, J. Wade, W. Young.

**2nd Class.**—H. Bartlett.

**3rd Class.**—J. Foster, A. Punter, A. Rolfe.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—S. Bussey, E. Darrah, E. Durant, E. Fell, P. Gwynn, W. Lever, A. Martin, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, R. Pennington, R. Phillips, H. Powell, W. Slee, H. Selley, W. Seller, I. Scott, G. Scott, M. Todd, G. Ward, B. Wade, L. Westmoreland, A. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—

**3rd Class.**—R. Annandale, F. Butler, R. Mais, Reg. Mais, A. Pates.

## ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—Aaron.

1. Of Aaron (Ex. 4. 14).
2. Go into the wilderness to meet Moses (Ex. 4. 27).
3. Nadab, Abihu, Eleazar, and Ithamar (Ex. 6. 23).
4. Aaron's rod swallowed up the rods of the magicians (Ex. 7. 12).
5. A pot of manna (Ex. 16. 34).
6. Aaron was to bear the names of the children of Israel before the Lord (Ex. 28. 12).
7. What did this people unto thee, that thou hast brought so great a sin upon them (Ex. 32. 21).
8. Numbers 16. 48, Aaron.
9. Because he spoke angrily to the people (Num. 20. 10).
10. The people said to Aaron, Make us gods to go before us (Acts 7. 40).

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"THE LIFEBOATMEN WERE READY."

## "SAVE YOURSELVES!"

**H**M.S. *Victoria* was, in her day, the finest battleship ever launched on the river Tyne, but her career was one of the shortest and her end most tragic, for she went to the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea after a disastrous collision with another warship, carrying with her the Admiral, twenty-one officers, and 337 men of the British Navy.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, then Commander Jellicoe, was one of the few whose lives were saved on that occasion.

The disaster occurred so rapidly that nothing could be done to save the crew, and Sir George Tryon's last order to his men seems to have been: "Save yourselves."

Alas, none of them could do this, though a few survivors were saved by small boats sent to their rescue by the rest of the fleet.

How thankful we should be that God's message to us is not: "Save yourselves."

It would be quite impossible for us to do so, though ever so many boys and girls, as well as "grown-ups," are trying to save themselves by being good and doing what they think are good things. But there is no need for us to try to save ourselves, because God has sent His only Son to be our Saviour.

His Word says: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).

To do this He had to die, because our sins deserved death and judgment; but He has been raised from the dead and lives to save all who come to Him. None but Jesus can save a sinner sinking in his sins.

How foolish then it is to act as if God had said: "Save yourselves." Let us imagine that one of those sinking sailors from H.M.S. *Victoria* is doing his level best to swim to the shore when a lifeboat from another ship overtakes him. What do you think he would do then? Do you think he would keep on swimming, and say to the men who have come to save him: "I hope I will be saved in the end. I am doing my very best to reach the shore, and no one can do more than that"? How ridiculous that would be when the lifeboat was there to save him; but that is just what so many are doing with the Lord Jesus, who draws near and invites them to trust in Him.

Some of those who live on the rockbound coast of Cornwall may remember a furious gale which raged one night with great violence. Immense Atlantic rollers broke with a sound like thunder on the shore, making the sea one mass of seething foam.

When the watchers sighted a small sailing ship being rapidly driven shorewards, there

seemed little hope that the crew would survive the raging billows.

The lifeboatmen, however, were ready, and in a very short time the boat was launched by willing hands and was battling its way towards the wreck. At the same time the captain and crew of the doomed ship, realizing their danger, were preparing to launch the ship's jolly-boat, to make an attempt to reach the shore themselves. It is probable that they never saw the lifeboat, and did not know that salvation was so near at hand. At any rate, they succeeded in leaving the ship in their frail boat, which was carried on the crest of the wave rapidly towards the shore.

Amid the cheers of the crowd and the prayers of many who were watching, a hard struggle was made, but all in vain, to reach land. Behind her rose a mountainous breaker which soon overtook the boat, whirled her round and left her, keel upwards, with her helpless crew struggling in the surf. As if to mock all human effort, the sea immediately around them was for a moment almost as calm as a glassy lake, and the drowning men were in a gulf of smooth water; but, alas, it was to them but the dark gulf of death!

How much better it would have been for them had they waited till the lifeboat came alongside the wreck. They could then have trusted themselves to it, instead of perishing in a vain attempt to save themselves.

Perhaps you have not understood yet how you are to be saved. It is simply by trusting yourself to Jesus. He died long ago to pay the price of sin, but He lives to-day a loving Saviour who draws near to you as you read these lines, like the lifeboat to the side of a wrecked ship, and God's message to you is: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Perhaps you say, "I have always believed in Jesus"; but that is not quite the same thing as trusting Him to save you. Believing all about the lifeboat and its wonderful life-saving properties would not save a shipwrecked sailor's life; he must leave the sinking ship and trust himself to the lifeboat.

I knew a boy who was very anxious to be sure that he had really trusted Jesus. Very often something within seemed to say to him: "You're not a Christian at all. You haven't really believed in Jesus."

Every time he felt like that he used to kneel down and say to the Saviour: "Lord Jesus, if I have not really trusted Thee before, I do fully trust Thee now."

Have you ever trusted Him like that? He says to you: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

J. A. S.

## THE BLACK MAN'S TRUST.

"I SAW a black man to-day," said Hilda. "I like black men. They look as if they were made of velvet."

"I don't 'ike b'ack mans," declared Ruth, aged three and a half, "I tink vey are *oebul*."

A burst of laughter greeted Ruth's emphatic assertion of dislike, especially when she made such an awful hash of the word "horrible."

"Well," said mother, "we read of a very nice kind black man in the Bible. He had a strange name. We won't ask Ruth to say it, but it was E-bed-me-lech. He was a man who, we read, *put his trust in the Lord* (Jer. xxxviii.-xxxix.). People who do this are wise. The Lord made this black man safe from all harm because he put his trust in Him. Shall I tell you any more about him?"

"Yes, yes," cried Hilda and Ruth together.

"Well, once there was a poor man down a dark pit. He had nothing to eat, and was dying of hunger. The black man who trusted in the Lord got some ropes and went to the pit and let them down to the man at the bottom. When he had fastened the ropes under his arms, the black man and his friends pulled him up."

"Good b'ack man," said Ruth.

"Yes, he was a good, kind black man," said mother, "and those who put their trust in the Lord should always be good and kind to others."

H. P. B.



## THE QUILT'S MESSAGE.

A POOR boy lay ill in a Southern hospital. Over him was a quilt, made of bits of calico and white squares, on which were written texts of Scripture. It was the gift of a Northern woman, whose son was in the Army. The boy was seen to kiss over and over a bit of calico, a crimson leaf with a dark background. They thought his mind wandered. After a little he asked: "Where did the quilt come from?" "It was sent by a good woman with a note pinned to it."

At his request they brought the note. His hand trembled and his cheek grew white as he saw the writing. "Read it slowly, please," he said, "it is from my mother; that bit of calico was part of her dress."

When they finished he pointed to the text: "I have sinned . . . and am no more worthy." They read the parable to him. A few days afterward he said: "I was a great way off; but God met me, had compassion on me, and His love fills me with peace."

## ATTACKED BY WILD BOARS.

IT would be a good thing if young folks could sometimes see themselves in a looking-glass when they are angry. I know a father who cured his little son of a shocking bad temper by carrying him up to a mirror, and letting him see how his sin was making his nice face into a hideous fright. The sight cured him, and no wonder. To rush up to a mirror with an angry face would be to see a nasty face rushing at you.

This reminds me of an interesting story. Little Harry Sanford was only three years old. He lived in a distant part of America, where wild boars abounded.

Most of you know that a wild boar is just a wild pig, with strong tusks which he uses to dig up the roots on which he feeds. These tusks are very powerful, and with them they have been known to rip up horses and even kill men.

Fortunately there are no wild boars in Britain.

Well, little Harry was left alone in his father's cottage. His father was away at work, and his mother had been ob'ged to go out some distance, so the little fellow was left alone.

He was playing on the floor, when two boars came rushing into the room. They immediately attacked the little fellow, and began tearing the clothes off his body. In his terror Harry managed to crawl across the room close up to a wall, on which hung a mirror, which reached down to the ground.

The wild boars rushed up to Harry, and, as they did so, saw their reflection in the mirror. As they rushed towards it, the reflection looked like two fierce boars rushing at them.

When they saw this it so alarmed the wild beasts that they fled, and so Harry escaped. At least this was the one explanation that offered itself as to why the wild beasts so suddenly fled from the cottage.

But after all, the wild beasts could not run away from themselves, could they? And in the same way, you cannot run away from your sins, of which temper is only one form.

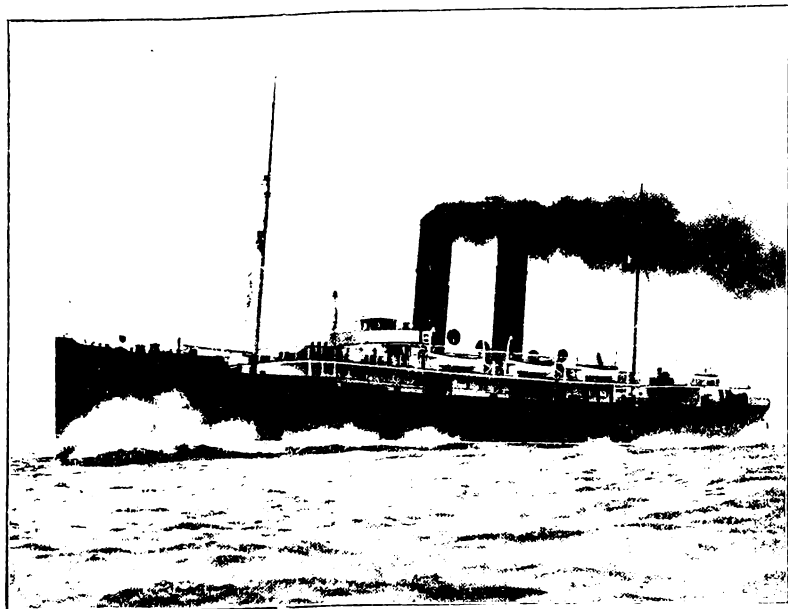
No; there is only one way in which sin can be got rid of; that is by accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and finding that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth . . . from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Have you done this yet?

A. J. P.



Our hearts are too large to be filled by this poor world and what it has to offer. But Christ is sufficient and more than sufficient.



"HIS PARENTS SENT HIM OVER THE SEAS."

### WHITER THAN SNOW.

"**Y**OU need not get ready to come. We don't want any black boys with us."

It was the first half-holiday of the term at Lingford School, and a picnic having been arranged amongst the boys, this disagreeable speech was addressed by one of their number to a new arrival at the school, whose dusky skin indicated that he was not a native of these shores.

As a matter of fact, he came from far-off India. His parents, anxious to do their best for his education, had sent him over the seas to be educated like an English boy. They had told the little fellow what a fine time he would have at an English school; that he would learn the games, and read the books that an English boy enjoys, and that he would soon make many friends.

From the very first night all his expectations had been falsified. Those English boys, who talked so fast and laughed so loudly, would have nothing at all to do with the "black-amoor." They agreed that he should not be asked to join in their games or walks, or in anything they might be doing, and all because he had a dark skin.

They went off that afternoon for the picnic,

a merry, lively party, and left the little Indian boy alone — a lonely little stranger, far away from home, in a strange land.

"I shall go for a walk," he said, and soon he was wandering down the road alone, a most disconsolate figure.

Very soon he passed a gaily-coloured hoarding covered with advertisements. One of these, which at once rivetted his attention, ran something like this: "Matchless Soap—splendid for the complexion. Gives a beautiful white skin."

Now there was nothing in the world which he so much wanted as

"a beautiful white skin," and in quick time he was seeking the nearest chemist's shop to buy a cake of "Matchless Soap."

This was easily procured, and running back to the school and up to the bathroom, he at once began to test it on his brown hands and arms. Rolling up his sleeves, he scrubbed and rubbed until there was very little of the cake of soap left; but after all his efforts his skin was as dark as ever!

Quickly he removed every trace of his operations—he had discovered that Matchless Soap was as great a disappointment as English boys, and he had no wish to let those same boys into the secret of his afternoon's work.

Several weeks passed by, and the little "black-a-moor" became more and more despairing. He was home-sick and miserable, and longed to go back to his own sunny country and to those who loved him.

One day, when taking another lonely walk, on passing the same spot where he had seen the soap advertisement, he noticed a little crowd of people who were singing. As he came up these words caught his ear:—

"Whiter than snow, I shall be whiter than snow."

"Oh! now I have got it at last!" he thought. "They will be able to tell me how to make my



face whiter than snow, and then the boys will be friends with me."

When the singing ceased, he followed the crowd into a mission hall close by, and eagerly listened to an address, waiting to hear what the preacher would say about black skins and white. The service ended, of course, without any allusion to this important subject, and the poor boy's head went down on his arms as he gave way to his bitter disappointment.

The preacher caught sight of the school-boy sobbing in the corner, and laying a kind hand on his shoulder, said, "What is it, my boy?"

The story of his loneliness, his troubles at school, and his disappointments, of which the reader knows, was soon told.

When the recital ended, the gentleman startled him by saying, "Do you know, my boy, that you have something blacker even than your face?"

"Blacker than my face!"

"Yes, far more black. Shall I tell you what it is? It is your sinful heart."

This was something so new to the little "black-a-moor," that all his other troubles seemed to vanish, as he listened while the seriousness of sin, and the necessity for forgiveness and cleansing by the precious blood of Jesus, were explained to him by his new friend. Very soon they both knelt down, and the boy, now much more concerned about his sins than his face, sought forgiveness, and trusted Jesus as his own Saviour.

It was a changed boy who ran back to school that afternoon, and at night, when his companions in the dormitory were treating him with their usual contempt, he boldly told them the whole story, repeating last of all what the preacher had told him of the Saviour.

"I have come to Him, and I want you all to come, too," he said. Which of those British boys would have had the courage to do that?

One by one their hearts were touched, and before long not a few were led to trust the Saviour for themselves. They discovered that even boys with white faces have black hearts, and that all without exception need the cleansing which only the death of Jesus has made possible.

His precious blood cleanseth us from *all* sin as soon as we trust ourselves to Him—as the Bible says: "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). W. L. C. (ADAPTED).

\* \* \* \*

If you were to sail as a missionary for China to-day, more than a million of Chinese would have died before you reached the country.

## GOD'S WAY AND MAN'S WAY.

"I THINK if I were able to preach the Gospel," said an old Christian, "I would often preach it from those words: "It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Lev. xvii. 11), and "Without shedding of blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22), because they cut at the root of man's natural thoughts of how he must be saved, which is always by something he has to do himself."

Yes, these verses show me that I am *not* saved by "doing my best"; that I am *not* saved by leading a good religious life; that I am *not* saved by "taking the sacrament"; that I am *not* saved by my prayers, good works, or by anything I can do.

God's Word shows me that I can only be saved on the ground of Christ's atoning death for me as a sinner.

"We have redemption through His blood—the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7).

"It is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul." Christ's blood, which He shed on Calvary's cross, made an atonement for *my* soul, for *my* sins, and on that ground, and that ground alone, God forgives me and justifies me from all things.

My acceptance or rejection of this forgiveness determines whether my eternity will be spent in heaven or hell.

F. A.

\* \* \*

## A SAFE HIDING-PLACE.

NOT long ago, a railway train was going over the Alleghany Mountains. It had reached a place where there was a deep precipice on one side and a steep wall of rock rising up sheer to a great height on the other. The train was running along quite close to this rocky wall. All at once the whistle sounded, and the brakes were applied.

The passengers were alarmed. They raised the windows and looked out, expecting some disaster. The engineer had discovered a little girl and her young brother playing upon the metals, just a little way on from the engine. It was impossible to stop the train, and it seemed as if the poor children must be crushed to death.

But just at this moment the little girl caught sight of a niche in the wall of rock, so snatching up her little brother she pressed him into the niche, and the passengers could hear the voice of the little girl saying, "Cling to the rock, Johnny, cling close to the rock."

How beautiful this was! And it shows us how our Lord Jesus makes His people safe, for He is the Rock in which we can find a hiding-place from the judgment storm that is soon coming on this poor world.



## Other People's Children.

### II.—IN TELUGA-LAND.

**W**E will pay a 'thought visit' again this month to a warm, sunny country, south-east India.

The Telugu Country, in which is the large and important city of Madras, one of the three chief cities of India, contains about eighteen millions of people. Some of these are Mohammedans, of whom you heard last month in North Africa, the greater number, however, are Hindoos, who know nothing at all about the true God.

There are two great classes of Hindoo children—the 'caste' and the 'out-caste.' The 'out-caste' are very poor, very dirty, and very neglected. The 'caste' boys and girls are generally healthy and tolerably clean. Their homes are better, though if you were to see them you would not think them very comfortable.

The boys go to school, where they sing out their lessons from palm-leaf books, write with their fingers on the sand, and do sums on pieces of board blackened and used as slates. This is in the villages. In many of the towns there are now fine Government schools and colleges where the boys are educated and trained as they are in our schools at home. Girls, too, are being educated now, whereas it was considered a disgrace, even a few years ago, for girls to be able to read.

When a boy baby comes into a home, everyone is greatly pleased: girls are not so welcome; and if a girl baby happens to be sickly and delicate, instead of being tenderly nursed and

cared for, she will often be neglected and left to die.

Little girls in caste homes have few playthings, rough wooden dolls dressed in native style, being the most prized. When the missionary ladies get a box of dressed English dolls out from England, to distribute among the children in the Mission schools, the delight is very great amongst those girls who are fortunate enough to have one given them.

The games played by boys and girls are very much like those you play at home. Marbles, hop-scotch, 'tag,' and such like are favourites; they are very fond, too, of action songs, in which they move round to the music, working out patterns and clapping their hands. Some of them can plait ropes while keeping time to the singing, something like our maypole dance.

Cooking forms a very important part of their training. It is interesting to see quite tiny girls with tiny pots and fireplaces preparing food like their older sisters or their mothers. Then there is the daily worship to be performed in the home, to their household gods. This means a lot of ceremonies which have to be gone through very carefully, so as not to anger the gods by mistakes or carelessness.

In one of the village homes there lived a little girl, about nine years old, named Pearl. She did not go to school, so she had lots of time for play, and perhaps you will think she must have been very happy. But there was one serious fault in her—she had a very quick temper and a very domineering disposition. She wanted to always choose the games, and to win them, too, and as she got very angry

when someone else won, the other children left off playing with her. This made her very sad, for she was a loving-hearted little girl, and she began to wonder who had made her, and if she could get her temper changed. So one day she said to her father, "Who made me?" But her father could not tell her.

One day her mother sent her to a neighbouring village, and as she came near to it, she saw a big crowd and a white man preaching. She had never seen a white man, and curiosity drew her nearer to listen to what he said. He was just reading the words, "Turn to the living God, which made heaven and earth, and all things" (Acts xiv. 15).

Here was the answer to her question, and without waiting to hear more, she ran home and burst into the hut, saying, "Father! I know who made me—the living God." But her father answered crossly that she was to have nothing to do with the white man's God, and that she was not to go again to listen to his preaching.

Pearl, however, had not been taught obedience, and the very next day she was off again to hear more. This time she heard that the great living God was good and loved her, and the sweet story of Jesus came into her hungry little heart.

She did not notice how time was passing, until it was getting dark. Then she started off home, running for fear she would be too late for supper, and as she ran she looked up into the sky and said, "O, living God, who made me, keep my mother from beating me when I get home." Her request was heard, for when she reached home her mother was so delighted to see her safely back that she forgot to scold her for being late and for going to hear the white preacher.

By and by Pearl was taken into the Missionaries' school and taught all the good news about the Lord Jesus Christ and the one true God.

She is a big girl now, and loves to teach others about Jesus and His great love. E. A.



### HIS FIRST ATTENDANCE.

A GENTLEMAN found a barefooted boy at the corner of a street, without hat or coat. His hair was fiery red and unkempt. He was asked if he would like to come to the Sunday school. "No, sir," he replied. "You ought to go to Sunday school." "What for?" the boy asked. "To learn the way to be saved." "But I do not want to." "Why not?" was asked. "Because I am hungry." "Haven't you had any breakfast yet?" "No, sir."

"Will you eat some bread, if I go and get some?" "Yes, sir, that I will, and be glad to get it." The gentleman brought some, and set it before him, and the way he ate it showed how hungry he was. He was asked if he would like some more. "A little more, if you please, sir." He got some more, and was asked if he would go to the school. "You have been so kind to me, I'll go anywhere with you."

The poor boy had never been to school before. He thought the school a place where boys got punished and slapped, but when he found himself in the hands of a kind lady, who treated him kindly, he was greatly surprised, and became a regular attendant, and listening to the simple talks out of the Bible from her lips, he became deeply concerned about his soul, and was led to accept of Christ as his own Saviour.

## Prize List, December, 1916.

### Age over 12 years.

- 1.—ELSE DAVE, age 11, 3, New Orphan House, Ashley Down, Bristol.
- 2.—ADELINE TODD, age 13, 29, Park Hill Road, Wallington, Surrey.
- 3.—LUCY GERREL, age 17, The Cottage, Manor Park Road, Southwold, Suffolk.
- 1.—WINFRED BRIDGE, age 13, 1, Quarry Road, Tunbridge Wells.

#### COMMENDED.

1. Brunsell, M. Collins, E. Gillespie, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Palmer, H. Williams.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 years.

- 1.—HELEN JONES, age 11, Keston, Franciscan Road, Tooting
- 2.—RUTH COWL, 19, Rowington Road, Norwich.
- 3.—ETHEL FAIRBAIRN, age 11, Whittingham, Northumberland.
- 4.—WILLIAM GOLDSMITH, 15, Thanet Road, Margate.

#### COMMENDED.

1. Baxter, May Collins, L. Gwynn, I. Jones, H. Perman, A. Swall.

### Age 10 years and under.

- 1.—MARGARET TODD, age 9, 29, Park Hill Road, Wallington, Surrey.
- 2.—AMELIA WILLIAMS, age 10, 181, Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth.
- 3.—LOUIE WESTMORELAND, age 9, 5, Devonshire Road, South Ealing, W.
- 4.—IVY SCOTT, 158, Glencoe Road, Chatham, Kent.

#### COMMENDED.

- G. Bussey, F. Gwynn, H. Selley, W. Selley, H. Powell.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for February, 1917.

Subject—**Moses** (Exodus 5.-12.).

1. What message did the Lord God send to Pharaoh?
2. What was Pharaoh's answer?
3. "I will redeem," "I will take," "I will be." Find the three sentences which begin with these words in chap. 6., and write them out.
4. How old was Moses when he spake to Pharaoh?
5. Mention three plagues which God sent upon Egypt.
6. Which was the first plague which the magicians could not imitate?
7. What did they then say to Pharaoh?
8. "I will see thy face again no more." Find these words, and say who spoke them.
9. What was the last plague upon Egypt?
10. How were the Israelites sheltered during this plague?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 1d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I am glad to find that the Prize-winners are very near together as usual; there are only one or two marks between them. Most of the prizes are won by the girls this time, so the boys must bestir themselves and try and win their share during the next six months. I do want you to be really interested in the Bible and to learn to love it. Try and read a few verses every day, and ask God to help you to understand them. His Word will be a "lamp to your feet and a light to your path" (Ps. 119. 105), and is "able to make you wise unto salvation" (2 Tim. 3. 15).

My love to you all.

Your friend,

J. L.

## December Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, J. Blair, V. Baul, L. Brice, W. Bridge, L. Bruns-kill, E. Carter, M. Collins, A. Curdy, E. Daniels, E. Dave, H. Drewery, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, N. Horsey, D. Jones, B. Langridge, D. Lever, M. Lowe, S. Major, C. Mopham, R. Morrison, E. Palmer, L. Patten, R. Rickards, V. Rose, H. Slee, Madge Slee, M. Slee, R. Thom-son, A. Todd, V. Turner, L. Ward, M. Whitaker, A. Williams, G. Williams, H. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—E. Knight, W. Phillips, C. Sheppard.

**3rd Class.**—I. Baxter, E. Luck.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—M. Alderton, J. Carter, May Collins, R. Cowl, G. Darrah, G. Devenish, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, J. Jones, H. Jones, H. Perman, N. Perkins, H. Pennington, A. Punter, V. Routhan, A. Swall, D. Swall, M. Stevens, K. Sykes, E. Upton, B. Wade, W. Young.

**2nd Class.**—L. Baxter, J. Macdonald, A. Rolfe, P. Vickery.

**3rd Class.**—H. Grisdale.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—S. Bussey, E. Darrah, J. Dunbar, E. Fell, F. Gwynn, W. Lever, A. Martin, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, I. Merritt, R. Pennington, W. Slee, H. Selley, W. Selley, I. Scott, M. Todd, L. Westmoreland, A. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—V. Baxter, E. Durrant, A. Merritt, R. Phillips, H. Powell.

**3rd Class.**—F. Buller, R. Cook, H. Morgan, A. Pates, W. Ranger, R. Wells.

## ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—**Aaron.**

1. Lev. 8. 36 written out.
2. The glory of the Lord appeared (Lev. 9. 23).
3. With a sin offering and a burnt offering (Lev. 16. 3).
4. Aaron died in Mount Hor. He was 123 years old (Num. 33. 38, 39.).
5. The Lord said, I sent Moses also, and Aaron (Josh. 24. 5).
6. The golden pots that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant (Heb. 9. 4).
7. It is the Lord that advanced Moses and Aaron (1 Sam. 12. 6).
8. By the hand of Moses and Aaron (Ps. 77. 20).
9. The saints of the Lord (Ps. 106. 16).
10. The order of Melchisedec and the order of Aaron (Heb. 7. 11).

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"WE DECIDED TO GO BY THE STEAMER."

## WHITHER BOUND !

**A**BOUT seven years ago a friend of mine and myself wished to spend a holiday at Edinburgh. We could have gone to that city from Newcastle-upon-Tyne by rail, by road, or by sea, and after a little consideration, we decided to go by the latter route.

We embarked one Monday night about 10 o'clock. The night, though very dark, was calm, and as the vessel glided down the river most of the passengers went below to rest, but we stayed on deck watching the lights of the various towns and the glare of the ironworks on the banks of the Tyne.

As the steamer neared the mouth of the river, our attention was arrested by a voice which came out of the darkness, we could not see who was speaking, but across the water there came the following question: "What is your name?" The officer on the navigating bridge, making a trumpet with his hands, replied promptly "Bernicia," that being the name of the steamship.

The echo had scarcely died away when the unseen questioner asked "Where are you bound?" We looked towards the bridge, eager to hear what reply the officer would give to this question. In a good Scotch voice, without hesitation, he shouted out "Leith."

There was no uncertainty in his reply, and it proved that the officer knew where he was bound for. What would you think of a captain who took to sea a fine ship, worth many thousands of pounds, if he had not previously decided where he was going to? You would think that he was very foolish indeed.

Dear reader, you are in charge of something more valuable than all the ships afloat combined, *your precious soul*, and let me, as the voice from the hailing station, ask, "Where are you bound?"

You have commenced the voyage of life; where is it leading to? Are you going to Heaven, where Jesus is, or do you not know where you are proceeding to?

If you will in simple faith trust the Lord Jesus, then Heaven will be your destination. Before any sinner could enter that bright place, it was necessary for someone else to take a journey; and Jesus, the Son of God, came right down to where poor sinners are, that He might show His compassion and manifest His love for them, and that He might shed His precious blood so that they may be cleansed and made fit to enter the place where Jesus now is.

And now, dear unsaved reader, let me invite you to trust this loving Saviour who has died for your sake, and then if you are asked "Whither Bound," you will be able to answer joyfully "HEAVEN."

J. T. Y.

## HOW BILL KEPT IT UP.

**N**O, sir, it's no use me coming any more; just making a hypocrite of myself, professing to be what I arn't."

So said Private William Mason when asked about his absence from the soldiers' meeting and coffee supper, a weekly event, at which he had been a regular attendant.

"Surely you enjoy the supper provided for you?" said Mr. Alexander.

"Oh, yes; many a time, these cold, wet nights it's been like a little bit o' home."

"Well, you arn't such a hypocrite as you make out then, for all you profess in coming is that you are grateful for what is provided."

"Yes, sir, but you know I tried to be a Christian; but I can't keep it up. The life in these 'ere billets, sir, is all against it, believe me sir, and I am about as miserable as I can be."

The fact was that some time before being drafted to the town, Pte. Mason had trusted himself, body, soul, and spirit, to the One who says: "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." For a time his joy was full, but then a period of testing set in, and one little fall led to others, until, disheartened by his failures, he was ashamed to attend even the soldiers' gospel meeting.

"I'm glad you are miserable about it, anyhow," said Mr. Alexander. "If you were not, I should wonder whether you were really converted; but a true Christian is never happy away from the Lord. Come along on Sunday night, won't you?"

"I'll see about it, sir. I won't promise."

Sunday night came, and the bright gospel hall was alive with busy workers. Sandwiches were being cut and a fragrant odour of hot coffee strayed out of the open door, giving a potent invitation to soldiers sauntering along the road.

The benches gradually filled, and during the preliminary hymn singing, Private Bill crept into a back seat, accompanied by a "pal."

Many will remember that night; the hearty singing from three hundred lusty throats; the short, pointed address, "man to man," giving in plain, unvarnished language the issues of life and death, heaven and hell; and then the earnest appeal for decision for the Saviour without delay.

Bill's pal was hard hit. It was a new experience for him, and he felt it was now or never with his soul's salvation. He was one of the first to accept the Saviour.

This was more than Mason could bear. With a mixture of joy for his friend's conversion, and shame for his own unfaithfulness, he poured out his heart in the interval of prayer that followed, telling the Lord all about it and asking grace for the future to serve Him truly.

Very soon after this, one of those mysterious orders, which only become known at the last minute, set a whole division of Kitchener's men moving one fine spring morning. In less time than seems possible, Mason's regiment found themselves "Somewhere in France." They were greatly interested in their new surroundings, and except that the language spoken was not their accustomed plain English—or rather broad Yorkshire—there was little to distinguish the country from their native land.

This was at first when everything was novel, and only the distant rumble of the guns told of the struggle going on up country.

But stern work was at hand.

That ghastly invention, poison gas, made its first appearance one morning along the British lines, and in the indescribable confusion which followed the effect of it and the ensuing enemy attack, the Germans gained ground.

Urgent messages resulted in hurried movements of reinforcements, and Pte. Mason found himself in the very hottest part of the line, which had been re-formed to withstand the attack.

The line stood the shock, and though many a brave fellow went under in that awful encounter, Mason came through unscathed.

God answered his prayer, too, for he was enabled to point more than one of his comrades to the Saviour. Those who laughed at him in the billets, sought him out in the trenches, where danger added point to serious thought.

He is known as "Scripture Bill," and is usually well supplied with tracts: "Munitions of war, I call them," he says, and if you asked him whether he could keep it up now, his probable reply would be: "I could not keep up for a minute if the Lord did not hold me up. But, praise His name, He's doing it all the time."

J. A. S.



## HOW ELSIE WAS "STRUCK."

**W**HILE you were speaking, it struck me very much that I had better trust in Jesus to-night."

I looked at the speaker. Was it really my little friend Elsie who was making this rather "grown-up" kind of speech?

Yes, it was really she. She had sat listening while I was talking to the "grown-ups" about the Saviour, and reminding them that they might never have another chance of hearing about Him. And Elsie's heart had been "struck" as she called it. I believe she really trusted the Saviour that evening.

Happy girl! I wish that all my young friends who read OUR CHILDREN were struck in the same way!

H. P. B.

## SIMPLY TRUSTING.

**I**F any of our readers have not read that wonderful missionary book, *The Story of John G. Paton*, a great treat is in store for them when they do so. The author carried the Gospel to the cannibals of the Southern Pacific islands, and his story proves once more what God can do both with and for those who trust Him—*first of all* for their souls' salvation, and *at all times* with their needs. The following are some incidents related in the book:—

"One morning at daybreak I found my house surrounded by armed men, and a chief intimated that they had assembled to take my life. Seeing that I was in their hands, I knelt down and gave myself away body and soul to the Lord Jesus for what seemed the last time on earth.

"Rising, I went out to them, and began calmly talking about their unkind treatment of me, and contrasting it with my kindness to them.

"At last some of the chiefs rose and said, 'Our conduct has been bad; but now we will fight for you, and kill all those who hate you.'

"Grasping hold of their leader, I held him fast till he promised never to kill anyone on my account, for Jesus taught us to love our enemies and always to return good for evil!

"During this scene many of the armed men slunk away into the bush, and those who remained entered into a bond to be friendly and to protect us.

"But my enemies seldom slackened their hateful designs against my life, however calmed or baffled for the moment. Within a few days of the above events, when natives in large numbers were assembled at my house, a man furiously rushed on me with his axe, but a chief snatched a spade with which I had been working, and dexterously defended me from instant death.

"Next day, a wild chief followed me about for four hours with his loaded musket, and, though often directed towards me, God restrained his hand. I spoke kindly to him, and attended to my work as if he had not been there, fully persuaded that my God had placed me there, and would protect me till my allotted task was finished. Looking up in unceasing prayer to our dear Lord Jesus, I left all in His hands, and felt immortal till my work was done.

"Without the abiding consciousness of the presence and power of my dear Lord and Saviour, nothing else in all the world would have preserved me from losing my reason and perishing miserably. His words, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' became so real to me that it would not have startled me to behold Him, as Stephen did, gazing down upon the scene. I felt His

supporting power, as did St. Paul when he cried, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'

"The dangers darkened round me. One day, while toiling away at my house, the war chief and his brother, and a large party of armed men, surrounded the plot where I was working.

"They all had muskets, besides their own native weapons. They watched me for some time in silence, and then every man levelled a musket straight at my head. Escape was impossible. Speech would only have increased my danger. My eyesight came and went for a few moments. I prayed to my Lord Jesus, either Himself to protect me or to take me home to His glory.

"I tried to keep working at my task, as if no one was near me. In that moment, as never before, the words came to me—"Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, I will do it"; and I knew that I was safe.

"Retiring a little from their first position, no word having been spoken, they took up the same attitude further off, and seemed to be urging one another to fire the first shot. But my dear Lord restrained them once again, and they withdrew, leaving me with a new reason for trusting Him with all that concerned me for time and eternity."



## TWO KINDS OF MERRY-MAKING—WHICH ARE YOU CHOOSING?

*The rich man said:—*

"Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry."

*But God said:—*

"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

*Result:—And in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.*



"THEY HAD ASSEMBLED TO TAKE MY LIFE."

*The returning prodigal son said:—*

"Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

*The Father said:—*

"Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and bring hither the fatted calf and kill it; and let us eat and be merry."

*Result:—And they began to be merry.*



## FAST ASLEEP.

WHAT a dreadful night it was! The rain literally splashing down, and the wind blowing furiously! On such nights as these I expect most of us send up a prayer for "those in peril on the sea."

There are some people who can sleep through it all, knowing nothing whatever of the gale outside. What a wonderful blessing sleep is!

Not long ago, on just such a night as I have described, two little girls, Elsie and Netta, were sleeping together in the same bed. Windows were shaking, doors were banging, tiles and slates came crashing down from the roofs of houses, fences were blown down,—and still the little girls slept on.

Towards morning Elsie woke. By that time the storm had abated, and everything was quiet.

Stretching herself her arm happened to touch something cold and hard. What could it be? She rubbed her eyes, and opened them wide. She could see Netta, still asleep, but between herself and her sister there was—well, what do you think?—*a huge piece of broken glass*. What could have happened?

"Netta!" called the little girl, "Netta, Netta!"

"Go to sleep," murmured Netta. "It is not time to get up yet. Don't talk."

"But Netta, look!" persisted Elsie.

"Well, what is it?" As Netta turned to look at Elsie, she too touched something cold. She shivered, and said crossly, "Don't be silly, Elsie; whatever are you doing?"

"I'm not being silly. It's glass, and it is stuck right in the bed. I can't move it. You try, Netta."

Netta was wide awake by this time. She could see that the glass had fallen from a window almost immediately overhead. Pictures and ornaments had been blown down. Indeed, it looked as if the storm had been raging inside as well as out. The glass had cut right into the bed, and there it stood between the two children.

"Fancy that!" said Netta. "I wonder we were not hurt. Elsie, we ought to thank God. I will run and fetch mother."

Mother soon came, and father too. As both parents gave thanks to God who had watched over and protected their little ones, the little girls felt how little they deserved His loving care.

Their narrow escape led them to trust the Lord Jesus Christ, whose precious blood "cleanses from all sin," and there was joy in the presence of the angels of God that morning.

How wonderful are God's ways!

Only a short time ago, during one of those dreadful air-raids, a little girl, named Doris Caston, became terribly alarmed.

She heard the awful explosions, and she prayed that God would spare her life. In agony she prayed! Her sister Nellie was with her, and other members of the family, in the dark cellar. The eldest boy, Bert, a good Christian lad, did his best to comfort his frightened sisters. "We must trust in God," he said. "It will be all right. We will ask Him to protect us." Thereupon he prayed for his mother and sisters. But the prayer brought no comfort to Doris.

In that cellar she quietly cried for mercy. How wicked she had been! How could *she* expect to be spared?

"Nellie," she said, "I am not afraid of the bombs, but I am afraid to die. I have told lies. I have stolen things, and I have mocked God, Oh, Nellie, I am *so* frightened. What shall I do?"

Poor little Nellie! She took her sister's hand, and said, "Doris, when we were at school we learnt, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' I am sure you are not too bad to come to Jesus. I trusted myself to Him just a few minutes ago. You do it, Doris."

The light suddenly dawned—not in the cellar, but in Doris's soul. A tremendous weight seemed to have been lifted off her heart. "Dear Lord Jesus, just as I am, I come," she said, and as she spoke tears of real sorrow for her mis-spent life flowed down her cheeks.

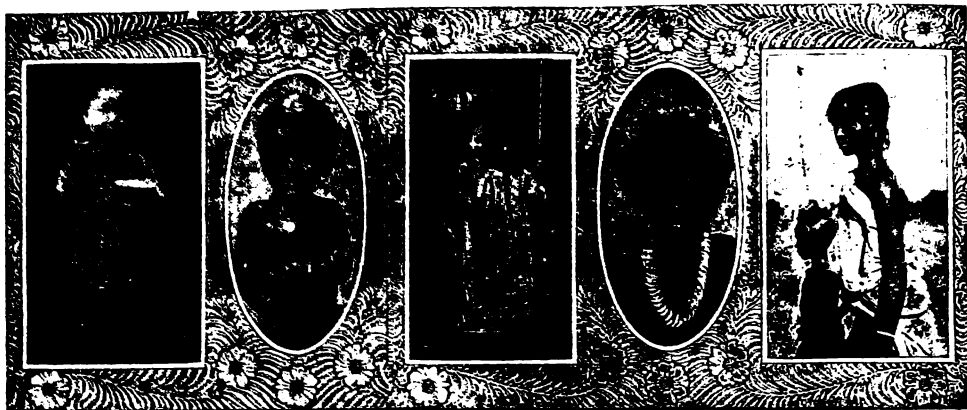
Doris, too, had been asleep, asleep in her sinfulness, and not until God spoke to her in a Zeppelin raid did she awake. Then there was joy again in Heaven.

A. M. G.



## THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.

THE first printed volume is said to have been the version of Holy Scriptures which issued from Guttenberg's press at Mentz, about 1450. One copy of it, known as the Mazarin Bible, still exists. How fitting that the first book in importance and blessing to the human race should be the first to be printed. Happy indeed would be our nation if each individual proved by his life that the Bible is the first Book to him, for it tells of God's mighty power to both save and keep those who trust the Saviour, whose precious blood "cleanseth from all sin."



## Other People's Children.

### III.—AMONGST SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

**F**AR away, in the marvellous continent of South America, there is a country called Brazil. Brazil is nearly as large as the whole of Europe, and is inhabited by many different Europeans and other white peoples; but among the forests and along the banks of the great rivers there are various tribes of dark-skinned men and women who are called Indians.

Among the forests there are to be found, too, a great variety of most beautiful trees and flowers, butterflies, birds, and snakes. There are also some wild animals.

The homes of the South American Indians are not particularly comfortable places. Imagine a queer hut on a hill. It is made of four upright poles and a dried-grass roof. In the centre is a fire, which burns day and night. There is no chimney, so the smoke has to find its way out by the doorway. Around the fire are trunks of trees, which do duty as seats, and tables, and beds.

Very early in the morning, as soon as the birds are stirring, all the family get up, and go to the river for a bath, and then come back to receive their orders from the head of the house for their day's doings.

When a baby comes into one of these homes, he is laid in a basket made of wild vines, and with him in the basket is laid, by his proud father, a little bow and arrows, a tomahawk and a lance. By-and-bye, when the little brown Indian is big enough to run about, he can play with the chickens, tame raccoons and monkeys

that swarm around. He is never troubled with clothes, except when going for a long tramp through the forests, and then his legs are covered with strips of leather to protect them from snake bites. Everything which he sees his father do, he imitates, and while still quite young he learns how to trap different kinds of game, how to make bows and arrows, and aim straight and successfully with them. He loves to go fishing, and like all children of the woods, he understands very thoroughly the habits of all manner of live creatures.

Time passes, and he becomes a man. He gets a wife and has a home of his own, and in his turn teaches his own little boys the things his father taught him.

But one day our Indian falls ill. His suffering body is tightly bound with leather thongs and laid upon herbs, under which a fire is lighted—may be the smoke will do him good! He does not get better, however, and soon he dies, and his friends make a great feast in honour of his good deeds. For eight days a great deal of noisy crying and mourning goes on, mixed up with eating and drinking, and then there is an end of him. But is it the end?

These Indian tribes who inhabit the forest of South America know nothing of a life after this earthly existence. They have not heard of the beautiful Home that the Lord Jesus has gone to prepare for those who love and obey Him. They have never read of that wondrous city with golden streets and gates of pearl that you love to read and sing about.

All their thoughts are bounded by their own small doings—hunting and fishing, and fighting

against other tribes. And when anyone dies in their homes, they have not the glad hope that they may one day see them again. They have no comfort in their sorrow, and no loving Saviour to befriend them in times of loneliness and difficulty. Are they not to be greatly pitied for their sad lot?

Some of God's servants have thought so, and not only have they pitied the Indians, but they have tried, and are trying now, to reach them with God's message of love.

It is not an easy matter to reach them, because they are shy people, and afraid of strange white men. But missionaries are not daunted by difficulties, and with the help of God, and His love in their hearts, they are seeking out these lost sheep, to bring them into the fold of the Good Shepherd. By means of boats they travel up and down portions of the rivers, and visit the villages on the river banks, and try to win the confidence of the people so that they will listen to the story they have to tell them.

Will you ask God to help the missionaries to reach the Brazilian Indians, and that very many of them may come to believe in the One and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. E. A.

\* \* \*

### QUEEN VICTORIA'S WISH.

QUEEN VICTORIA had attended service and the chaplain had preached on the Lord's second coming, when He will come into the air to take those who have trusted Him here to be with Him in heaven above.

After the service the chaplain had lunch at the Castle, and later the Queen called him to her to talk about the things of God, and especially the subject of his recent address.

During the course of conversation the Queen said, "Oh, I do wish that the Lord Jesus would come in *my* life-time!"

"And may I ask why, your Majesty," said the chaplain.

"Because," said Queen Victoria, "I think it would be perfectly lovely to take my crown, lay it at His blessed feet and 'crown Him Lord of all.'"

Though we cannot take a jewelled crown from our heads and present it to the Master, yet we can give Him what He values infinitely more,—the jewel of our lives,—lives spent in His glorious service.

"The wise may bring their learning,  
The rich may bring their gold.  
And some may bring their greatness,  
And glories new and old;  
We'll bring Him hearts that love Him,  
We'll bring Him thankful praise,  
And young souls meekly striving  
To walk in holy ways.

And these shall be the treasures  
We offer to our King,  
And these are gifts that even  
The poorest child may bring."

But we cannot give our lives to the service of the Lord Jesus until we have first come to Him for forgiveness, to have our sins all washed away in His precious blood.

The Lord Jesus is ready and willing to wash away our sins and to come and dwell in our hearts, but often people shut Him out and do not want Him as their Saviour.

In Rev. 3. we read these words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Do you know what a Jew would understand by this verse?

The houses that Jesus saw when He lived in Palestine had no handle on the outside of the door, so it was no good going to a door expecting to get in by turning the handle. You will remember that Peter had to knock and knock at the door after he was delivered from prison until someone from the inside let him in (Acts 12. 13). So it is with us if we are not converted. Jesus is waiting for us to let Him in. He will not come in unless we really want Him. He must be an invited guest, and the door must be opened from within.

Will those who have not let the Lord Jesus in turn the handle to-day? M. J. S.

\* \* \*

### AN OLD STORY.

A LITTLE girl, whose brother's hobby was to set traps to catch sparrows, often prayed earnestly to God to prevent any birds being caught.

Have you heard this before? Never mind, some haven't.

Once, when praying, it occurred to her that she could *do* something herself, and she accordingly went out into the garden and smashed those traps.

If *you* are saved yourself, pray for your friends and companions, but don't forget that you can *do* something too.

God will help you to tell them of Jesus who can save them from Satan's many snares.

J. A. S.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,  
Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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No. 147.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for March, 1917.

Subject—Moses (Exodus 13-33).

1. In what way did the Lord go before the Israelites?

2. "The children of Israel went." Find a verse beginning with these words, and write it out.

3. Why did the people murmur at Marah?

4. What did God promise the people from heaven? What did they call it?

5. What happened at the rock Horeb?

6. Why did the people stand afar off?

7. Who were told to worship afar off?

8. "It is a stiff-necked people." Why did the Lord say this to Moses?

9. "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." Who said this, and to whom?

10. Write out your favourite verse in the song of Moses and the children of Israel.

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.

2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.

3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.

4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.

5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp (unless over 20z.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Will you please read the rules **carefully** before you begin your questions, and notice the **new rule**—No. 3. **Think** over your answers. Some of you who are now over 12 years old must do all the questions, not 8 as before. You will, I think, find it a help to read over the answers given each month in the magazine. Try to give short and pointed answers.

The Bible tells us "These things were our examples" (1 Cor. 10, 6). What things are these? Just the things we are going through now in our Scripture searching, so I hope you will be **prayerful** while you search these chapters, and God will surely **teach you** from them.

My warm welcome to the new searchers and love to you all.

Your friend,  
J. L.

## January Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, L. Atkins, M. Alderton, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, V. Baud, A. Bendall, L. Barker, D. Briggs, L. Briggs, W. Bridge, L. Bailes, E. Brown, G. Baxter, L. Branskill, B. Bruce, J. Craig, E. Craig, L. Courtier, M. Collins, A. Collins, A. Curly, E. Cowl, E. Daniels, D. Dowle, T. Dungates, M. Forrester, E. Gaubert, E. Gaubert, M. Gee, L. Gerrell, D. Harlleet, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, G. Jackson, D. Jones, M. Kennedy, B. Langridge, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, E. Lancaster, F. Lewes, L. Lough, C. Mephum, R. Morrison, H. Newton, J. Norwood, C. O'Neil, E. O'Neil, L. Patten, E. Palmer, W. Powell, R. Richards, V. Rose, A. Rostron, H. Slee, Madge Slee, M. Slee, C. Sheppard, O. Silvester, J. Stevenson, R. Thomson, A. Todd, E. Upton, G. Virtue, J. Ward, A. Watts.

**2nd Class.**—F. Abel, N. Horsey, E. Knight, W. Philips, A. Reeve, P. Vickery.

**3rd Class.**—G. Biggs, I. Jones, B. Larter, E. Plumley, A. Swall, M. Stevens, E. Tuck.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Antrum, E. Attwood, I. Aitchison, A. Aitchison, H. Bartlett, J. Barnes, B. Brook, E. Bond, K. Bull, May Collins, M. Cooper, G. Devenish, T. Eddy, E. Fairbairn, I. Friend, F. Grant, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, J. Harkness, E. Harris, H. Jones, S. Jones, W. Johnson, J. Macdonald, E. Moffat, J. Newham, R. Phillips, H. Phillips, D. Pretty, L. Richards, G. Raeburn, J. Recordon, O. Sanderson, H. Selley, M. Sengal, J. Shell, K. Sykes, P. Turner, I. Virtue, J. Wade, E. Ward, D. Wright, J. Wingfield, A. Walton, A. Yates.

**2nd Class.**—L. Copping, D. Duff, M. Lever, A. Merritt, H. Peman, V. Patch, O. Richard, V. Ronthan, W. Wakeford.

**3rd Class.**—F. Berry, J. Foster, H. Powell, A. Punter, D. Swall.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, M. Bailes, P. Brewer, S. Bussey, E. Buttle, F. Darrah, D. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, E. Fell, F. Gwynn, F. Harris, M. Hall, L. Hall, N. Harlleet, M. Harris, H. Hughes, R. Johnson, E. Lever, A. Martin, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, I. Merritt, D. Matthews, E. Nicholson, S. Osman, A. Pates, E. Parks, B. Read, W. Selley, G. Scott, I. Storey, E. Slee, N. Smith, M. Smith, M. Todd, B. Wade, E. Wade, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams, D. Wilson, A. Wilkins.

**2nd Class.**—S. Ayers, L. Bennett, B. Bonson, E. Cook, E. Gray, W. Ringwood.

**3rd Class.**—None.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Moses.

1. Pharaoh's daughter (Ex. 2. 5).
2. Pharaoh's daughter. Because she drew him out of the water (Ex. 2. 10).
3. He slew an Egyptian (Ex. 2. 12).
4. Moses (Ex. 2. 14).
5. He kept the flock of Jethro (Ex. 3. 1).
6. In a flame of fire, out of the midst of a bush (Ex. 3. 2).
7. They were spoken to Moses, when God said He would send him to deliver the children of Israel from Egypt (Ex. 3. 12).
8. His rod became a serpent.  
His hand became leprous.  
The water was turned into blood (Ex. 4. 3-9).
9. Because they had faith (Heb. 11. 23).
10. Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter. He chose to suffer affliction with the people of God (Heb. 11, 24, 25).

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HE WAS HANDED OVER TO THE BURNING STAKE."

## HOW IT CAME TO US.

**A**T the age of ten years, Edward VI succeeded to the throne of England, and from the first showed great reverence for the Bible and a desire for its spread in his kingdom.

At his Coronation, when the three swords of the three kingdoms were brought to be borne before him, the King observed that one was still wanting, and he called for a Bible.

"That," said he, "is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us. Without that sword we are nothing. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

In his reign encouragement was given to the printing of the Scriptures, for until then only very few copies of the Bible were in use, and some of them were chained to the reading desks in the churches. Many of them were in Latin, which only the learned could understand, and poor people knew nothing of God's love in giving Jesus to be their Saviour and friend.

The good work of spreading the Scriptures was arrested, however, by the early death of the young king at the age of sixteen, and Queen Mary, his successor to the throne, set about to undo all that had been done to give the poor people the pure word of God.

History tells us that hundreds of God's servants were imprisoned, and many were even burned at the stake rather than deny their faith in the Saviour of whom the Bible speaks.

One of these was Cranmer, who had been the friend and adviser of the boy-king Edward VI. While in prison a pardon was offered him on condition that he should recant. In a weak moment he agreed to do so, but when brought out to make a public confession, instead of doing this he declared his belief in Christ as the only Saviour and the Scriptures as God's Holy Word.

His enemies were of course furious, and soon he was handed over to the burning stake.

"This hand has offended," said he, holding his right hand in the flames—the hand which had signed the paper agreeing to recant—and very soon he was released from the sufferings of a martyr's death to rest from his labours in the presence of his Master.

It is thus that the open Bible we enjoy to-day has been purchased for us. Men, and women too, have died to defend it from those who would have kept it and its glorious message hidden from us. Surely we should read and treasure the Bible more and more each day.

J. A. S.

## THE MILDEWED TESTAMENT.

**I**N the city of Lyons there lived a widow, who became so poor that she had to leave her comfortable home and go to live in a miserable garret. One day, in great distress, she was looking around her poor abode, and as her eye travelled over the walls she could distinctly see behind the whitewash the outline of a small door. At once she thought, "Suppose it is a secret cupboard, and if so perhaps therein may be hidden secret treasure." With agitated mind and trembling fingers, she proceeded to obtain an entrance, in which, when she had succeeded, she met with disappointment, for she drew forth nothing but an old book, covered with dust, and mildewed with age.

Presently the thought came, "Perhaps there may be bank-notes hidden between its leaves." She eagerly turned them over one by one, yet no bank-note gladdened her eyes, but her mind was struck with some words that she saw—words doubtless familiar to readers of these pages, but which were entirely new to this poor widow, who only knew what the priests taught her—"Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat, neither for the body what ye shall put on: the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

How sweet such words seemed to her! She read on, most deeply interested, far into the night, and the next day she resumed her perusal, and lo, light dawned upon her dark mind: she saw the way of salvation by the Lord Jesus, and by Him only, and resting in Him she found her true riches, and in the promises real bank-notes, payable at the bank of heaven.

She learned for the first time that if she was to be saved it could not be by her own works and prayers, but by the Saviour's atoning death for her, and that "Whosoever, shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

This Book that brought such gladness to the widow's heart was a New Testament that had once been used by some French Huguenots, who were obliged to hide their books in such secret places. It would have been a thrilling story that the old mildewed Testament could have told of those days of trial and triumph, could it speak, but none more wonderful than the story it does tell of grace and glory, through the Man God is "delighting to honour," the Lord Jesus Christ. May you, dear reader, in this day prize it, and find salvation through its life-giving words. "The Gospel of Christ . . . is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" (Rom. i. 18).

*Selected.*

## A DYING SOLDIER AND HIS CAPTAIN.

**A**N army chaplain tells a touching story of a captain and one of his men. In the battle of the Aisne, one evening a poor soldier, wounded by a bursting shell, lay dying in the trench. The captain was an avowed infidel, and had been a great debater and a man who openly declared his belief that Jesus Christ was an imposter.

Going up to the soldier, he asked, kindly, "Can I do anything for you, lad?"

"You might read something about Him," said the dying man, tugging away at the Testament in his pocket.

There were the shells all round, there was the roar of battle, and the captain felt dazed. But he could not refuse. He opened the Testament and began to read the fourteenth chapter of John: "In My Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself."

There was a pause. . . . "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you." He looked at the man's face. There was a dying pallor over it, but such a bright smile! "Lad, is there anything more you would like me to do?" the captain asked. There was no answer—the soldier lad had gone "home."

He went away to do his part in the fight. Presently he was drawn back to the trench. Looking upon that face, beautiful in death, he said, "Oh, lad, you have got something that I have not got. I could not go out like that. I wish you would come back and tell me all about it." Shortly afterward the captain became a follower of the Lord Jesus.

No doubt he found that infidelity gives no comfort when death is near. One noted infidel said in face of it, "I feel the ground slipping under my feet," and another during his last illness wrote on the flyleaf of the book he was reading, "I am going, I am going, *I don't know where!*"

Only the Christian can approach death with peace and confidence, for he knows as his Saviour one who has been into death and is risen again. His death has paid sin's penalty, and therefore salvation is freely offered to us to-day.

"Be it known unto you, therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses" (Acts xiii. 38, 39).

## FIFTEEN YEARS' HARD WORK FOR A BIBLE.

**I**N the year 1848 two missionaries landed on Ancityum, the most southerly island of the New Hebrides, and marvellous as it may seem, the natives showed interest in God's messengers and their teaching from the very first.

In a few years Dr. Inglis and Dr. Geddie saw about 3,500 savages throwing away their idols and renouncing their heathen customs. Slowly they unlearned their heathenism; surely and hopefully they learned the truths of Christianity. It has been said that when these missionaries came to this island, there were no Christians there; when they left it, there were no heathen.

Further, these poor Ancityumese, having tasted of the Word of God, determined to have the Holy Bible in their own native language, the first book they had ever had at all.

The consecrated brain and hand of the missionaries kept toiling day and night in translating the book of God; and the willing hands and feet of the natives kept toiling through fifteen long years planting and preparing arrowroot to pay the £1200 required to be laid out in the printing and publishing of the book.

Year after year the arrowroot, too sacred to be used for their daily food, was set apart as the Lord's portion: the missionaries sent it to Australia and Scotland, where it was sold by friends and the money it brought kept for this purpose.

On the completion of the printing by the Bible Society, it was found that the natives had earned as much as to pay every penny of the cost, and their first Bibles went out to them, purchased with the consecrated toil of fifteen years.

Let those who lightly esteem their Bibles think on these things. Eight shillings for every leaf, or the labour and proceeds of fifteen years for the whole Bible, did not appear, to these poor converted savages, too much to pay for the Word of God, which had sent to them the missionaries, which had revealed to them the grace of God in Christ, and which had opened their eyes to the wonders and glories of redeeming love.

\* \* \* \*

"I REJOICE at Thy word as one that findeth great spoil" (Psalm cxix. 162).

"THE entrance of Thy word giveth light" (Psalm cxix. 130.)



(By kind permission of the "Open-Air Mission.")

DISTRIBUTING TESTAMENTS.

### "OUR FRIEND!"

**E**ARLY in the spring of 1916 I was travelling on the Underground Railway in London, when a "Good morning!" caught my ear. It came from a soldier, fully equipped, returning to the trenches after his seven days' leave.

"You have seen me before?" I said, as I took my seat beside him, warmly grasping his hand.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I shall never forget that Sunday night (July 18th, 1915), when you told the story in the Y.M. Hut at Sutton Veney, of the Sergeant who said: 'Wait till the battle is over, and I will take Christ'—and who was shot during the bayonet charge. It was that night when you asked us to bow our heads, and those who wished to come to Christ to raise our hands. I was one of many who decided that night. For nearly eight months I have been on the Western Front, and have taken part in the battle of Loos, 'Hill 70,' and other engagements, and am trusting Christ now more than ever before."

Pulling from his breast-pocket a New Testament, well worn and much torn, he asked me if I remembered it.

"Ah! you were one of the lucky six hundred who got one of the Testaments sent by the Pocket Testament League in answer to our telegram."

"Yes, and I was one of the men who helped to carry them from the station to the Y.M.C.A."

"You have used it well," I said, as I returned it to him with another to take its place; for the Secretary keeps me supplied with copies.

"Every day," said the soldier, "after breakfast, if the enemy was not too active, the 'boys' would come along to the dug-out, and I would read to them a chapter (for I was a teacher before I joined up), and sometimes I have read a whole book."

"Did they listen?"

"Listen!" said he, "one could hear nothing but the voice of the reader. All was as still as the grave, except now and again you could hear the big guns firing or an aeroplane buzzing overhead. After reading a chapter or two, one or more of the men would ask (especially if any of our comrades had been killed during the night): What has 'our Friend' to say about the mansions above?"

"Who do they mean when they say 'our Friend'? Is it you?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Every soldier in our company called his Testament his 'Friend'!"

What a delight it was to hear this story of a New Testament given eight months ago, and how the soldiers call God's Word their 'Friend' and turn to it in their time of danger and need!

*British Evangelist.*

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### "ALL IS WELL."

**A** MISSIONARY was once walking along a road in India, which you know is a land full of heathen and idols, and the wickedness of the people is very great. As he was walking along, he came suddenly upon a man lying by the roadside. He was a Hindoo, at the point of death. He had been left by his companions by the roadside to die, so cruel is heathenism.

The missionary stooped down and asked him, "Friend, how is it with your soul?" The dying man opened his glazing eyes, and looking on the speaker, faintly said, "All is well." "What is it that gives you this hope?" asked the missionary. With a great effort the poor man raised his hand and exclaimed, "All is well!" and his hand fell down again, and he died.

The missionary opened his clenched hand and found a piece of paper firmly grasped



between his fingers. It was a leaf of the Bible, and on it a text. Perhaps it was the only part of the Book of God the poor man had ever seen, and yet it was enough, and more than enough, for by God's grace he could say even in death, "All is well!"

How mighty is the power of God's precious Word! Dear fellow reader, do not despise it, but treasure it in your heart. *Selected.*



## ETERNAL SECURITY.

"I AM saved *at last*, Robert," said a girl joyfully, to a Christian man who knew that for a long time she had been in great anxiety about her soul.

"Praise the Lord for that, Miss," was his hearty response, while the tears filled his eyes.

He had done his best to help her in her efforts to get peace with God, but had really greatly hindered her by occupying her mind with her own strivings and doings, instead of urging her to accept at once the full, free salvation, which Christ had provided for her by His atoning death on Calvary's Cross.

"And oh! Robert, it is 'everlasting life.' I can never be lost!"

A look of severity passed over Robert's face as he replied almost sternly, "Nay, nay, Miss, you are all wrong *there*."

"But I *know* it deep down in my own soul, and too, Christ says, 'I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.'"

"It is eternal life *while we keep it*, but if we don't live near to God, we shall lose it."

"But I *could* not keep it, if my salvation depended on *me* for one hour, I should be lost, but I can never believe that any one who has been really saved can be lost again!"

"Facts are against you, Miss," was Robert's reply.

With these views so firmly held it was not surprising that Robert had no settled abiding peace with God. He was what is called a "doubting Christian," and could tell of "fearful dark times, when the enemy had well nigh got the mastery," when, if it had not been for his agonized wrestling with God in prayer, his soul would (as he thought) have been lost! He knew Christ as the Saviour, but not as the One who "ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. vii. 25).

We are assured that nothing tends to backsliding so much as this disbelief of God's Word as to the eternal security of the believer in Christ.

"I was very happy for some time after I was saved, but gradually I got cold and indifferent, and at last got away from God altogether."

Is not this the sad experience of very many who think, as Robert did, that their "*keeping saved*" rests with themselves?

Will such be lost? Let God's word answer, "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" (Phil. i. 5).

Christ died and shed His blood to atone to God for their sins, and He says, "They shall never perish."

As "children of God," doubtless God will chasten them for being "naughty" children, but nothing can sever their relationship to Him. But oh! the useless, wasted lives of such, Godward, and the disastrous effect on those who saw the bright start, who must now conclude "there is nothing in religion after all."

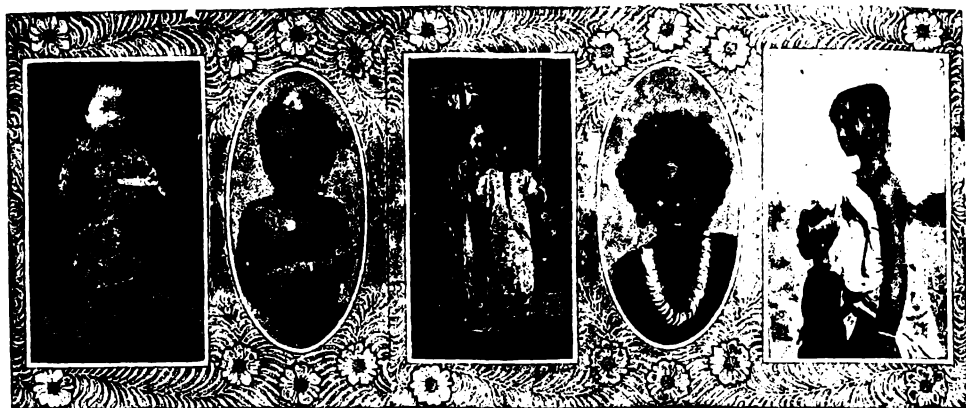
Years after, when the two friends met again, the old subject of discussion—the eternal security of the believer—often came up.

Many earnest talks the two had over it, but though often staggered by the Scriptures brought before him, Robert found it hard to give up such long-cherished thoughts.

"Read that, Robert," said his friend to him one evening, placing his own large family Bible in his hand, and pointing to Romans viii. 38-39: "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." And while he slowly read through the verses, she raised her heart in earnest prayer to God, that He would enable His child to bow to the precious truth they contained.

As he heared the end, a look of glad surprise overspread his face. Springing up, and holding out his Bible to her, he almost shouted in his excitement—"See that now. 'Nor things *present*, nor things *to come*, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Well! Well! Why, I always thought it was 'shall be able to separate our love from God,' and that always seemed such an easy matter, but you see it is 'nothing shall be able to separate *God's love from me*.' And yet the sermons and sermons I have heard, always putting it the other way about."

For many weeks after this Robert could talk of nothing but "the wonderful new truth" he had found in the Bible, and his "Well! Well!" of surprise and delight was good to hear.



## Other People's Children.

### IV.—THE CHILDREN OF MADAGASCAR.

"**A**RAHABA! nomen' Andriamanitra ny-fara!" Such is the greeting given to the parents when a baby comes into a home in Madagascar. It means, "Hail! God has given you a successor!" and this is a very important matter in Malagasy minds. For a father to have no son to carry on the family name is considered a terrible calamity. When baby is a week old, a fortune teller is brought in to say how the child may avoid all ill-luck in its life, and when it is a little older it is taken out for its first airing, which is quite a ceremony.

If it be a little boy, slaves go before it carrying spears, a hatchet, a spade or other tools; if a girl, then a basket with silks, needles, spinning and weaving apparatus, and so forth are carried before it. Many presents are also brought for baby, and the friend who can make it laugh outright for the first time is expected also to give it a present. Other strange customs are observed in the early life of our small friends in Madagascar. In common with most other warm countries, little trouble is taken with clothing for the first three or four years of life, and the food is rice, rice, rice, year in and year out. Anything more than rice is called *laska*, that is, relish.

Malagasy boys go to work very early. The youngest mind poultry, and nearly all the shepherds are little lads from six or seven years and upwards. Large herds of oxen are controlled by quite young boys. The girls stay and help their mothers in household matters.

Of course, like children everywhere, they all enjoy games, and play many which are akin to those we have at home. There is much love between parents and children in Madagascar, and as a rule the home life is kind and gentle.

Christian mission work on the island has been carried on for many years, and though there have been, and still are, many great difficulties and hindrances to its progress, the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is known and loved by a large number of the Malagasy, as the natives are called. In addition to the missionaries labouring there, there are Colporteurs who travel about among the villages and towns selling the Scriptures, and as they go, they preach the Gospel. One of these Colporteurs is named Rajose, and he tells the following story:

"There is a man here called Rainibozaka, who, when he was a child, learnt to read a little. He grew up to be a very bad man. One day the Colporteur visited him, talked to him, and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah to him. The following Sunday morning the people were surprised to see Rainibozaka in church, when it had never before been his habit to attend.

After a little while the Colporteur visited him again and sold him a Bible. The two men agreed to read one chapter every day, beginning with the Gospel according to St. John. Rainibozaka could not read very well, but he was very diligent and he soon got on. From the time he bought the Bible, he became a changed man, and every day he had prayers with his family. Every one in his village was

talking about him. His knowledge of the Bible is now wonderful."

The Gospel was first taken to Madagascar in 1820, nearly one hundred years ago. At that time the people were heathen, worshipping their ancestors, and doing very many evil things. When the missionaries first went among them, besides preaching the Gospel, they taught them how to weave cotton and silk, how to make tiles and soap, how to work in stone, wood, iron, and leather, and also better methods of agriculture. After sixteen years of earnest, patient toil, God's messengers had the joy of seeing many of the heathen turning to Christ and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ. Then followed a time of terrible religious persecution. The missionaries were expelled the country, and the native Christians suffered martyrdom for their new faith. For twenty-five years, great cruelties were practised on the Christians to make them give up Christ. Then a new Queen came to the throne. Ranavalona II was herself a Christian. She had the Royal idols publicly burnt, and missionaries were allowed to come back and labour among the people.

Much good work is going on in the island at the present time, yet there are still large numbers of the people who do not love God.

Shall we ask God that His Holy Spirit may do His work in their hearts, that they may turn from their sins and seek salvation through Christ Jesus.

E. A.

\* \* \*

## LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"**C**H, it is just as different as can be!" said one of my young friends.

"What is?" I asked.

"Why, being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected."

"What did you expect?"

"When you used to talk to me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself: 'No, I can't now; for I should have to do so many hard things!'"

"Oh, I used to think, 'Now, if I become a Christian, I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to the prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought!"

"Why, James, what do you mean? You go to the prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray?"

"Oh, yes; but then *I love to do them*. That makes all the difference. I love Jesus, and love to do all He wishes me to do."

## THE BIBLE'S ADVENTURES.

**A** BIBLE on the Continent once had a remarkable experience. The poor woman who owned it prized it very highly, and the priest wanted to have it destroyed. One day, as she was kneading her dough, she saw the priest coming, and at once placed her precious treasure inside a lump of dough, which in due time was sent into the oven. But the Bible was preserved none the worse, and the priest was disappointed.

There is in England a Bible which has gone through some strange experiences. When Sir H. M. Stanley started to cross the Continent of Africa on his memorable journey, he had seventy-three books in three packs, weighing 180 pounds. After he had gone 300 miles he was obliged to throw away some of his books on account of the fatigue of those carrying his baggage. As he continued on his journey, his library gradually diminished, until he had only one book left. We can imagine what that book was. It was his Bible! He read the Book through three times on that journey.

The Bible thus should accompany us through the changing and trying journey of life. Let us prize it very highly, for it is the means by the Holy Spirit of leading us to Christ and enabling us to trust entirely to Him, and thus find peace possessing our souls.

\* \* \*

"Be not weary in well doing, your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The most earnest servant, the most devoted labourer, may find himself the greatest loser *here*, but the greatest winner when the account is made up *there*.

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Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR.

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT,  
12, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

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# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for April, 1917.

**Subject—Moses (Exodus 34-40.).**

1. What was Moses told to hew?
2. "Pardon our iniquity" . . . Find these words and write them out to the end of the verse.
3. How long was Moses on the mount with the Lord?
4. Whom did Moses say the Lord had called by name?
5. What did they say to Moses about the offerings of the people for the work?
6. What did Moses do when he looked upon all the work which the people had done?
7. Who was told to set up the tabernacle?
8. What happened when Moses finished the work?
9. Why could not Moses enter the tent?
10. What short sentence beginning with "As" describes the way in which the work was done?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 3d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

### DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I am very disappointed to find that I have received 40 papers less this month than in January. Will you not try and continue these seeking for six months at any rate? Send in the February answers with the March ones, and I will give you your marks just to encourage you to go on.

One searcher writes to tell me that she is sheltered by the precious blood of the Lord Jesus. I am so glad to hear this good news. We have been learning about the Israelites being sheltered by the blood of the lamb in Egypt. Heb. 11, tells us that it was by faith they sprinkled the blood, and each of you may have faith in the Lord Jesus.

A paper has reached me from Louie, Aberdeen, without any name on it. Please send the name next time!

My love to you all.

Your friend,

J. L.

## February Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Alderton, S. Allan, A. Atherton, P. Autrum, J. Baxter, L. Baxter, V. Baul, G. Bellamy, W. Bridge, J. Billimore, L. Brunsell, L. Courtice, M. Collins, A. Curly, E. Dawe, M. Forrester, J. Gauthier, E. Gaubert, M. Gee, L. Gerrel, D. Harlett, K. Hepburn, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, G. Jackson, D. Jones, M. Kennedy, E. Knight, B. Langridge, D. Lefauy, F. Lewes, D. Lever, L. Mais, C. Mepharm, A. Morris, J. Norwood, C. O'Neill, L. Patten, E. Palmers, W. Powell, R. Rickards, A. Rostron, J. Stephenson, A. Silk, R. Thomson, A. Todd, E. Tuck, E. Upton, G. Virtue, H. Williams, G. Williams, L. Wilkins.

**2nd Class.**—G. Biggs, E. Lancaster, J. Marshall, V. Rose, L. Robins, J. Ward.

**3rd Class.**—L. Atkins, E. Brown, M. Henderson, I. Jones.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—R. Brook, E. Bond, E. Brown, E. Buchanan, G. Burgess, M. Collins, M. Cooper, E. Davidson, G. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, F. Grant, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwyn, J. Harkness, E. Harris, S. Jones, W. Johnson, M. Lever, J. Macdonald, M. Mason, C. Mungau, V. Martin, R. Mais, E. McFoot, D. Palmer, H. Powell, A. Punter, L. Richards, V. Routhan, I. Ross, D. Swall, J. Shull, H. Selley, S. Simmons, M. Scougall, M. Sutherland, K. Sykes, P. Turner, M. Tyler, R. Virtue, P. Vickery, A. Walton, E. Ward, J. Wade, A. Williams, D. Wright.

**2nd Class.**—None.

**3rd Class.**—H. Pernau, W. Ranger, M. Stevens.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, V. Crane, W. Camp, E. Durrant, D. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, A. Firth, E. Gray, M. Gee, F. Gwyn, N. Harlett, M. Harris, G. Hedges, H. Hughes, E. Lever, M. Longfield, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, G. Osman, A. Pates, W. Selley, E. Slee, M. Todd, V. Tyler, N. Wade, L. Westmoreland.

**2nd Class.**—L. Bennett, S. Bussey, E. Durant, F. Harris, Q. Hickson, G. Scott, T. Storey.

**3rd Class.**—W. Fowler, K. Horton.

## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

### Subject—Moses.

1. Let My people go, that they may hold a feast to Me in the wilderness (Ex. 5. 1).
2. Who is the Lord, that I should obey His voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go (Ex. 5. 2).
3. I will redeem you with a stretched-out arm. I will take you to Me for a people. I will be to you a God (Ex. 6. 6-7).
4. Four score years (Ex. 7. 7).
5. Any 3 out of the 10 plagues.
6. The plague of lice (Ex. 8. 18).
7. This is the finger of God (Ex. 8. 19).
8. Moses said these words (Ex. 10. 20).
9. The slaying of the firstborn (Ex. 12. 20).
10. By sprinkling the blood of the lamb outside their doors (Ex. 12. 22-23).

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"IN CHARGE OF A SIGNAL-BOX."

## DANGER SIGNALS.

JAMES was very fond of playing with his engines, and when he got a new set of rails given to him with train, signal-box, and station all complete, his enthusiasm knew no bounds.

"When I'm grown up I want to be an engine driver," he said to his mother, but after a visit to the signal-box at the station one day, when the signalman explained all the mysterious levers to him, he decided that it was much more important to be in charge of a signal-box than to drive the engine of a train.

James was quite right, for the signalman, if he is careless, might cause dreadful accidents. It is his duty to signal to each train coming along the line whether it is safe to go on. If it is not, he signals, "Danger," and the driver pulls up the train until the signal tells him the line is safe again.

But accidents are not always caused by the signalman's carelessness. Some years ago a dreadful collision took place which resulted in many lives being lost. Afterwards it was found that the engine driver of one of the trains had passed three signals which were against him. Instead of stopping he had gone straight on, with such a tragic result.

Every boy and girl who reads OUR CHILDREN is like a train running along the line of TIME straight to ETERNITY, and if you have never been saved and your sins are still unforgiven, God's Word signals to you, "Stop!"

Danger lies ahead for anyone who travels another yard of life's way without Jesus as his or her personal Saviour.

Can anyone really *know* that they are saved? Yes, if we believe what the Bible says, in spite of all those who say that "No one can know till the end."

Perhaps you have read about the signalman at the end of the Tay Bridge when a violent storm swept most of the bridge away one wild December night; creeping along the line, peering through the darkness, he at last saw the awful gap caused by the tempest.

You may be sure he hurried back to his signal cabin to warn the next train of the dreadful danger ahead. But what would you have thought of the driver of the next train if, ignoring the signals and warnings of the signalman, he had persisted in going forward, saying: "I don't believe the bridge is down: nobody can know till we get there; We must just take our chance"? That would be sheer madness, yet many are going on to eternity just as foolishly when all the time God warns them to stop, to turn to Jesus and be saved. ~~He~~

His blood, given for sinners, cleanses from

all sin those who trust in Him, and it is only when you have done this that God's Word can signal to you: "Safe—all clear—forward!"

That is what is meant by such verses as, "By Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38), and "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him" (Heb. vii. 25).

J. A. S.



## THE STRAY VERSE.

"I HAVE been thinking over a circumstance which happened some years ago," said a young man who was lying ill with consumption, to one who had been the means of leading him to trust Christ as his Saviour. "It puzzled me very much at the time, but it is all plain now.

"Well, sir, I used to work on the roads with an old man. He was a wicked old fellow, always drinking and swearing and doing everything that was bad.

"We were coming home from work one evening when he noticed a bit of paper on the roadside.

"Pick that up," said he to me.

"Oh, it is only a bit of religion," I said, looking down at it.

"Pick it up, I tell you, and read it." So I picked it up, for I feared the old fellow, and this is what I read:—

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

"What's that?" he almost shouted, in a surprised and startled tone. "Read it over again."

"So I read it over again, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"He did not speak again, but walked on in deep thought, until he came to his house; then he said quietly, 'Come in and find out where that is.'

"He brought an old Bible, and after looking for a long time I found it, and read it again two or three times. Every evening as we came from work he made me come in and read that verse.

"Well, sir, after that time my mate was a changed man. I never knew him get drunk or say a bad word again. But as I said, I never understood how it was until now. *He just believed that verse and was saved*, just as I believed it a few weeks ago, when you showed me how Christ had died for me—a sinner."

F. A.



"THE MACHINE THAT GRACEFULLY SKIMS THROUGH THE AIR."

### GIRDLES.

**H**OW we love to see aeroplanes flying about! When we hear the now familiar whirr of the engines, we eagerly crane our necks upward to catch a glimpse of the machine that so gracefully skims through the air like some big bird, and it is difficult to realize that some intrepid airman is inside that frail craft.

How brave our flying men are, and what wonderful things they do! But sometimes we hear of a sad mishap, where the aviator is thrown out and his machine wrecked. Perhaps he has not been using the girdle or leather strap provided to attach him to the seat. Through past successes and triumphs he may have become a little too self-confident and reckless, so one day he discards this and the accident happens. Something goes wrong, the aeroplane dives, he loses his balance, and in a few moments all is over.

In our Christian life God provides us with girdles to keep us safe on our heavenward way. There is first of all the *girdle of truth*. "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth" (Eph. vi. 14). We shall never go wrong so long as we take the Bible as our guide and always abide by what God says through His own Word.

God also gives us a *girdle of strength* for our

daily needs. "It is God that girdeth me with strength" (Ps. xviii. 32). We could never meet Satan and all his temptations in our own might, but in God's strength we can go forward and win the battle.

Then there is the *girdle of gladness* (Ps. xxx. 11), so that we may be bright and happy boys and girls, with gladness shining out of our eyes—not gloomy Christians.

The story is told of a little girl—a poor street child—who was taken ill one Christmas and carried to the hospital. There she learned about the Lord Jesus coming into this world to save us. One day she whispered to the nurse, "I am having a real good time here! S'pose I'll have to go 'way just as soon as I get well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it, anyhow. Do you know about Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes, I know," said the nurse. "Sh—sh—sh, don't talk any more."

"Do you? I thought you looked as if you didn't, and I was going to tell you."

"Why, how do I look?" asked the nurse, her curiosity aroused.

"Oh! just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you knew about Jesus bein' born."

May we ever let the blessed sunshine of Jesus' love into our hearts.

A. W.

### "I COULDN'T!"

SO said two young friends of mine, one a bright Yorkshire lassie, thirteen years of age, and the other a sturdy Canadian, who had just finished his school days and had entered a merchant's office as junior clerk.

And to make their declaration the more emphatic, each added an adverb. "I couldn't possibly!" said Winnie B—. "I really couldn't!" said Frank J—.

Now if it were something wrong that my young friends were asked to do, it would have been a pleasure indeed to hear their voices ring out with a decided refusal. It is right to say, "I couldn't!" when tempted to sin. When Stanley was in Africa, on one of his journeys of exploration, a native was dragged before him, charged with stealing a gun. Stanley saw that the gun belonged to his party, but the poor native denied the charge. "I am a child of God," he said, "*I couldn't steal.*" This he repeated again and again.

Stanley was interested, believing the man to be a missionary convert and innocent of any intentional theft, so he gave him back the gun and let him go. At the next halting place they found the gun awaiting them. It had not been stolen, but dropped by its owner and found by the native. On his release he had gone to the missionary for counsel, and by his advice had brought back the gun. And the word that he had spoken was not forgotten: "I am a child of God; *I couldn't steal.*" How good it would be if every young Christian who reads these pages were to realize the utter incompatibility of *relationship to God* and *sin*, and to say "I couldn't!" in every temptation.

But it was not in connection with doing wrong that my two young friends exclaimed "I couldn't!" Both *imagined* that something was impossible to them, but both made a foolish mistake.

Winnie B— was eating her dinner when she spoke. "I couldn't possibly," she said, "*eat my dinner without Yorkshire pudding!*" Everybody smiled. We all knew that if Winnie were to try, she could very easily accomplish what she declared was so impossible.

Frank J—'s declaration was equally ill-founded. He had been greatly impressed as he sat listening one Sunday evening to the story of the cross. He had felt, not only how **great** was his ingratitude in having treated with neglect and indifference the Saviour's love, but **also** how great was his *need* of cleansing by the *precious* blood of Christ. Together, at the close of the meeting, we had knelt in prayer, and Frank had risen from his knees a believer in Jesus, one who had accepted Him as his

personal Saviour and trusted Him for cleansing, for pardon, for help, for all that He promises to those who put their confidence in Him.

"Now, Frank," said a young man who had been much interested in what was going on, and was delighted to hear his friend confess his faith in Christ, "mind you let the fellows at the office know!"

Frank's happy face clouded over. The smile of joy gave place to a look of blank dismay. "*I—I really couldn't!*" he exclaimed.

"Yes, you can, old chap!" replied his friend. "Go home and read Philippians iv. 13, and I will pray God to give you courage."

"We will all do that," I said; and again we knelt, and asked that Frank might be strengthened and boldness given him to confess his Lord. "Good night, Frank," sang out his friend, "and remember, *Phil. four thirteen!*"

We were glad to hear afterwards that Frank had bravely hoisted his colours at the office. His "I couldn't" had no more foundation than Winnie B—'s. He was able to let office know that he had enlisted under Christ's banner, and it made him radiantly happy.

Do you want to know the secret of his being able to do this? It lies in Phil. iv. 13. H. P. B.



### AN IRISH BOY'S WISH.

A COLPORTEUR is a man who goes from door to door selling Bibles and good books, and speaking to people about the way of salvation.

One day a Colporteur went into a house near Dublin, and tried to sell a woman a Bible, but she had no wish to possess a Bible. But there was a little boy standing by listening to what the Colporteur said. He longed to read the Word of God for himself, and at last got courage to say, "I want one of these good books. How much are they?" "The cheapest Testament I have is twopence," was the answer, but the poor boy had no money, so he turned away with a sigh, and the Colporteur left the house.

Some time after this, when he was in the same neighbourhood, he heard some one running after him, and calling, "Please, sir, stop;" it was the little boy, his face beaming with joy. He said, "I prayed to God for one of those books, and I found a shilling on the road, and as no one owned it, please, give me a Bible." The Colporteur said, "You can have one for sixpence." "No," added the boy, "God gave me the shilling for it, and you must keep it all," and the little boy ran away rejoicing as one who had found great spoil.

And so he had: I wonder if you would say the same of the Bible?



## TOLD ON A WET SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

"Do tell us a story, Daddy," said both the little girls at once as their father came into the room one wet Sunday afternoon.

"That is just what I was going to do," said their father. "I wonder if you would like to hear one about a little Russian girl I have been reading about?"

"Oh, yes," said Lena, the elder of the two; "Will it be about sledging in the snow and being pursued by wolves, and all that?"

"Well, I think that does come into the story, but you must listen while I tell it from the beginning. Little Gracia Barakoff lived in far away Siberia, a country under Russian rule, where the winters are long and cold, and the country wild and infested with wolves and robbers.

"As long as she could remember she had lived with her parents in a little settlement, and it was only when she grew older that she found out why they were living in such a dreadful place and why her father was always so sad and downcast. He had been an officer in the Russian army and had come under the displeasure of the Czar, who had banished Captain Barakoff to Siberia for life.

"You may be sure that Gracia thought a great deal about this, and she also prayed about it too, for her parents had taught her to take all her difficulties to God, who hears and answers prayer.

"Father, don't you think the Czar would pardon you if you sent a petition to him?" she said one day.

"Alas, my dear, I have sent many, but no reply has come as yet. I fear it is hopeless," was the reply.

"Well, then, could I not go to St. Petersburg and see the Czar for you? I am sure I could persuade him."

"He would not see a child like you; and, besides, how could you go all that distance alone?"

"I would pray to God about it, and I am sure He would bring me safely there," said Gracia.

"Captain Barakoff did not like to discourage his little daughter, but he was both surprised and angry when Gracia announced a few weeks later that she had succeeded in getting a passport to visit St. Petersburg, and it was a long time before he reluctantly consented to her taking the journey. Finally, she started in company with some others who were going part of the way.

"Now the journey was long and dangerous,

and as she had very little money, she had to go almost entirely on foot. At night she had to seek shelter under some friendly roof, and she was often exposed to the bitter cold and frightened by the sound of wolves in the distant forests. Still she kept on, and, trusting God for guidance each day no harm befell her. His protecting care was seen each day and each night in providing her with kind friends who gave her shelter and food, as well as advice when she commenced the next day's journey.

"After travelling in this way for a year and a half she actually reached the great city of St. Petersburg, and though she found many to help and sympathize with her, all seemed to think her errand a hopeless one.

"It is of no use your trying to speak with the Czar," said one of her friends, pointing to a bronze statue in the Square, "As well might you expect that statue to answer your petition."

"Now what do you think she did then, children?" said father, pausing to look into the faces of the little girls, who were listening breathlessly.

"I should think that she began to cry," said little Enid.

"I think she would pray about it again," said Lena quietly.

"You are quite right, my dear, and she answered her friend that God could make even that bronze man stoop down to listen to her, if He so willed it. Such was her faith in God, and her prayer was shortly afterwards answered.

"A lady high in society heard of the girl's remarkable journey, and the story was told in court circles until it eventually reached the ears of the Empress, who was much interested.

"Gracia was soon sent for, and she received the desire of her heart, her father's pardon signed by the Czar.

"Her first thoughts in those moments of joy were thoughts of praise and thankfulness to God, who had answered her prayers every day of her long journey, and had at last granted her prayer for her father's release from Siberia.

"I am quite sure she never could have overcome so many difficulties and dangers if she had not trusted God about everything. Don't you think so, too, children?"

"Yes, father," said Lena, thoughtfully, and as it was not quite tea-time, they sang a little chorus together which they had often sung before, but they understood it much better when they thought of the story of Gracia.

The words of the chorus were:—

I believe God answers prayer,  
I am sure God answers prayer,  
I have proved God answers prayer,  
Glory to His Name!



## Other People's Children.

### V.—CHILDREN IN PERSIA.

**T**HERE is a Christian Church in Persia, but most of the people are Parsees in their religion. They know about the one true God, but they believe in a prophet named Zoroaster, who lived long before our Lord Jesus Christ came into the world, and so knew nothing about Him. Zoroaster seems to have taught the people of his day much that was good, but during the centuries that have passed since his time, all sorts of superstitions have gathered round his teachings. There are also many Mohammedans in Persia. These are the people who, while they also believe in God, worship Mohammed and reject the Lord Jesus Christ.

Mohammed was born in the town of Mecca, in Arabia, in the year 570 A.D. He was an orphan and lived with his rich grandfather, who was very fond of him. Mecca was a fascinating town for a little boy to live in, for there was a great idol temple there to which great crowds of pilgrims used to come from all parts of Arabia, and as Mohammed's grandfather kept the keys of this temple, and attended to the worship in it, the little lad had a good chance of seeing all there was to be seen.

By and by the old grandfather died, and he went to live with his uncle, who was a prosperous merchant and travelled across the deserts to far-off towns, with camels laden with merchandise. Mohammed went with his uncle on these adventurous journeys, thereby seeing many foreign countries, and learning how to become a good business man.

He saw as well something of foreign religions,

and he became discontented with his own country and his own religion. For a very long while he could not make up his mind what to do, or what to believe; but at last he came forward publicly, declaring that he was the one great prophet of God, and people were to follow him and obey his words.

At first he was only laughed at, but he bore the ridicule, and persisted in his declaration, until finally, in the town of Medina, he founded his religion and became a very great man.

But sad to say, he became cruel and self-indulgent, doing many sinful things which he said God allowed him to do, but which were very wrong indeed if other people did them. So you can see from this that poor Mohammed was all wrong himself. He did not love God, or want to obey Him, and so Satan got hold of his heart and led him more deeply into sin.

The people who followed Mohammed's religion were very keen in getting others to join them. They travelled far and wide, making converts, and they have been doing it ever since. There is now in Cairo a large college for training these Mohammedan missionaries, and they send out thousands yearly to try and win the people of Africa and India to their religion. And they are very successful too. If we who love and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ had only been half as much in earnest in spreading the good news about Him, there would have been far less sin and sorrow in the world. The Mohammedan Bible is called the Koran. It is full of the sayings of Mohammed, and it does not help the people who read

it to be good, neither does it make them happy.

Persia was one of the first countries conquered by the Mohammedans. They did not go about as messengers of *peace*; they went armed for war, and compelled people to submit to them and accept their religion at the point of the sword. When they entered Persia, they killed the King Yazdigird, who was a Parsee, and set up their own Kaliph, Omar, as ruler.

Next month we hope to hear about the boys and girls in Persia, who are all Mohammedans, except for those who are learning, in the Christian Mission Schools, to love and serve the one and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. You remember, do you not, that long, long ago He said as He took the children up in His arms and blessed them, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Have you heard Him say this to *you*, and have you come?

E. A.

\* \* \*

### JOE'S ENEMY.

A SLAVE owner in the Southern States had a favourite slave, named Joe, whom he consulted about everything. The master was going to the market one day to buy more slaves, and took Joe with him. They were not long in the market when an old man with grey hair was put up for sale, but nobody would bid for him.

Joe said to his master, "Massa, I would like you to buy that ole man." "He is of no value to me; he is too old to work," replied his master. Joe, however, pleaded with his master, and at last succeeded, Joe promising to find something for him to do. The old slave was taken home and shortly afterwards was taken ill, and Joe took him into his own tent, and laid him on his own bed, and nursed him as a mother would her only son.

Meanwhile the master was looking on, and addressed Joe: "Joe, why is it that you are treating this old slave with such kindness. Is he an old friend? I think he must be your father by the way you take care of him in his old age." "No, Massa," said Joe, "he is not an old friend, he is an old enemy. When I was a little boy, playing at my father's door, he came and stole me away, and sold me as a slave; and when I saw the poor old man with grey hair, a voice in my heart said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.'"

Joe was a Christian, and treated the old slave just as God had dealt with him.

### THEY'RE GOOD.

SOME time ago I sat beside a small boy at a well-spread tea table. Just before his father gave thanks for the meal, he gave me a nudge and said, "Do you see that plate by the cakes? They're sausage rolls, and they're good." "How do you know?" I asked. "Because I've tasted them," was his conclusive answer.

When the meal began I asked him, "What will you have?" He replied, "Sausage rolls," and for some time after I had handed him the plate he was silent. Presently he whispered to me, "Will you please pass me sausage rolls?" I did as I was bidden, and he again lapsed into silence. Then I got a sharp nudge from him, with the request that I would again hand the plate of sausage rolls, and as I had not yet helped myself from his favourite plate he added, "You should have one; they're good." And pleased he was when I did so and he found that he had really got somebody who would enjoy what he liked with him and talk about it.

I said to him afterwards, "Edward, I'm going to learn a lesson from you. When you are sure that a thing is good you stick to it and want other people to do the same; that's a very good thing to do. I have found out that it is good to know the Lord Jesus. He is a great Saviour and a precious Friend, and I intend to stick to Him, as I know that He will stick to me, and just as you pressed me to have the sausage rolls because you knew they were good, so I want to press you to 'taste and see that the Lord is good.'"

If all the boys and girls would only do that—if they would only come to the Saviour for themselves, they would prove for themselves and often say to others, "The Lord is good; happy are all who put their trust in Him."

J. T. M.

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Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for May, 1917.

Subject—Moses.

1. What invitation did Moses give to Hobab? (Num. 10.)
2. What did Moses say when the ark rested? (Num. 10.)
3. Why did the Lord appoint 70 men to bear the burden of the people with Moses? (Num. 11.)
4. "My servant . . . mouth." Find this passage and write it out. (Num. 12.)
5. To whom did Moses say, "Get you up this way . . ." (Num. 13.)
6. Did they bring back a good report or an evil one? (Num. 13.)
7. "Pardon . . . mercy." Write out this passage and say who spoke the words. (Num. 14.)
8. Say in a few words what was the punishment of the people for refusing to go up to Canaan. (Num. 14.)
9. What did Korah and his company say to Moses? (Num. 16.)
10. What was Moses' answer. (Num. 16.)

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I hope you are not tired of studying the life of Moses. We will try to finish it in June. Have you noticed what a wonderful character he had? The Bible tells us he was "the meekest man in all the earth." Another verse tells us that "a meek spirit is in the sight of God, of great price," and yet another says, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." I wonder how many of us are meek!

Two papers have come from Hampton, without names. E. Upton has done 8 questions instead of 10.

My love to you all.

Your friend,

J. I.

# March Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Alderton, S. Allan, P. Antrum, I. Baxter, L. Barker, G. Baxter, G. Bellamy, D. Briggs, I. Briggs, W. Bridge, G. Biggs, I. Billimore, E. Bruce, J. Craig, E. Craig, L. Courtice, M. Collins, R. Cowl, A. Curdy, E. Dawe, M. Forrester, I. Gaubert, E. Gaubert, M. Gee, L. Gerrel, D. Harleat, J. Harrower, M. Hardisty, K. Hepburn, M. Hewitt, G. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Hodgson, G. Jackson, D. Jones, M. Kennedy, E. Knight, B. Langridge, E. Lancaster, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, P. Lewes, D. Lever, A. Morris, J. Norwood, C. O'Neil, E. O'Neil, E. Palmer, W. Powell, R. Richards, L. Robins, B. Russell, J. Stephenson, O. Silvester, A. Silk, R. Thomson, A. Todd, E. Tuck, G. Virtue, J. Ward, A. Walton, H. Williams, G. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—L. Baxter, G. Burgess, I. Marshall, D. Switt.

**3rd Class.**—E. Upton.

## Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—E. Bond, M. Collins, E. Davidson, G. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, H. Grisdale, L. Gwynn, J. Harkness, E. Harris, I. Hewson, M. Hodson, I. Jones, S. Jones, M. Lever, J. Macdonald, M. Mason, E. Moffat, T. Osborne, H. Perman, W. Phillips, H. Powell, G. Raeburn, L. Richards, V. Routhan, I. Ross, D. Swall, M. Scougall, K. Sykes, P. Turner, M. Tyler, I. Virtue, P. Vickery, E. Ward, J. Wade, A. Williams, D. Wright.

**2nd Class.**—F. Baldwin, F. Grant, W. Goldsmith, A. Martin, A. Punter, M. Stevens.

**3rd Class.**—F. Berry, L. Copping, J. Foster.

## Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, S. Bussey, E. Darruh, E. Duran, D. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, A. Firth, F. Gwynn, F. Harris, M. Hall, L. Hall, N. Harleat, M. Harris, J. Hewson, L. Hickson, H. Hughes, M. Longfield, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, D. Matthews, F. Milson, S. Osman, M. Rolson, E. Slee, N. Smith, M. Smith, G. Scott, J. Taylor, M. Todd, V. Tyler, B. Wade, N. Wade, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—B. Bonson, W. Dawson, A. Pates.

**3rd Class.**—W. Camp, G. Phillips.

## ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

Subject—Moses (Exodus 18.—33.)

1. By day in a pillar of cloud to lead them the way : and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light. (Ex. 13. 21.)
2. Ex. 14. 22 written out.
3. Because the waters were bitter. (Ex. 15. 23.)
4. God promised to give them bread from heaven. They called it Manna. (Ex. 16. 14-15.)
5. Moses smote the rock and the water came out of it for the people. (Ex. 17. 6.)
6. The people stood afar off because of the thunder and lightning and the noise of the trumpet when God spoke to them. (Ex. 20. 18.)
7. Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu and 70 of the elders of Israel. (Ex. 24. 1.)
8. Because the people had worshipped the golden calf. (Ex. 32. 4-9.)
9. The Lord said it to Moses. (Ex. 33. 14.)
10. Ex. 15.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



## A CHAT BY THE RIVER.

"YES, I think he's a grand preacher, and it was wonderful to see how everyone listened to him; but I wish he had chosen a brighter subject."

The speaker was a fine, well-made youth of sixteen or seventeen, and the words were addressed to his uncle, who was an officer in the army, shortly going to rejoin his regiment. The two strolled through the streets of an old-fashioned town, after evening service, that perfect Sunday evening, and Captain Kaye said:—

"Ah! there I don't agree with you, Harold. I was so glad that Mr. Leslie preached as he did: death is a solemn subject, and none of us know when we may have to do with it."

"Yes," answered Harold, "a soldier like you certainly has to face death, and of course invalids and old people must think of it. But you will scarcely tell me that I look like dying yet. You must confess that I am pretty fit to-day."

"Yes," answered Captain Kaye, "but for all that, let me tell you it is the coward who fears to face the thought of death; the wise man prepares for it."

"You're no croak, uncle," answered his nephew, "or I should say you reminded me of some little old books I used to read at my great aunt's. In them all the good children died young."

"Oh, yes, I know the style," said Captain Kaye, with a smile. "But, Harold," he continued, "have you ever heard that your grandfather, who fell in the Indian Mutiny, and whose name you are so justly proud of bearing, got right with God when he was barely thirteen? Do you know that good Lord Cairns died the same when he was only eleven, after hearing a sermon on 'God claims You'? And dear old George Müller, whose orphanages you know at Bristol, was converted when he was sixteen. These, and many more instances that I could give you, do away with the absurd notion to which some of us give a sneaking half-belief, that those who come to Christ in their youth often die early."

"When I was a few months older than you are, Harold," the Captain went on, "I so well remember saying to a friend of my father's something about my being too young and strong to die. He laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Come for a turn on the terrace, lad, and I'll tell you what an officer of the 37th Indiana Regiment told me he himself saw during the American War. In one of the lulls of a terrible encounter, he and some of his men heard a youthful voice calling for help.

But it was immediately drowned in the renewed tumult of battle. After the fight was over some soldiers went to look for the sufferer. They made their way through some high bushes, and then saw a youth of about seventeen sitting up against a tree. They found that they came too late: he was wounded in the neck, also both his feet had been carried away by a cannon ball; but on his knees rested a small, open Bible. His lifeless eyes were raised to heaven, and a look of joy and peace was on his face. One of his fingers, stiff and cold in death, was laid on the fourth verse of the 23rd Psalm: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.'

"Oh, Harold! as Captain Sinclair told me this little incident, God pressed every word home to my heart. As he left me, the dear old man said, 'My lad, remember death may come to you at any time, though you may never be near a battlefield. If you want to be brave and happy, be as ready to meet your God as was that young soldier. Then, whether God calls you at his age, or you reach my threescore years and ten, death will be to you but the gate of everlasting life.'

"Thank you, uncle," said Harold, in a low voice.

By this time they had reached the river that flows through Winton, and had seated themselves on a style by the fast-flowing water. After a pause, Harold said:—

"Did you become good when you were quite young?"

"I never 'became good,' Harold, and never shall. But when I was sixteen, God the Holy Spirit showed me, through Captain Sinclair's words, that 'there is none that doeth good, no, not one,' and that I was not ready to meet God. But He also showed me that the Lord Jesus Christ died for my sins. Oh, Harold! I know that you will believe me when I tell you what a blessed thing I have found it to serve God! You see, I didn't die young," he added with a smile. "God has given me splendid health and strength; and I was thirty-eight last week. But, anyway, His children are quite content to leave the issues of life and death in His hands."

Captain Kaye left Winton the following morning; but before he had been back long the English mail brought him a very welcome note from Harold, saying: "I am so glad that Mr. Leslie preached about death that last Sunday evening you were with us; for it led to that grand chat by the river, and that talk led me to the Saviour! I do thank God that He has accepted my poor heart and life!"

"So do I," murmured his uncle, as he folded up the letter. "Oh, that the young knew the real joy of entering His service in the days of their youthful freshness and vigour!" From *Our Own Magazine*.

\* \* \*

### "TAKE ME."

**Q**UENE Sunday morning, not long ago, in the city of Chicago, United States, I was on my way to give a talk to the boys and girls of a Sunday school.

As I walked along the street, a little child alone on the side-walk looked up at me in such a way that I could not help smiling at him. He smiled back, and putting up his chubby little arms said, "Take me." Of course I did not take him, as a bad gipsy man might do, for what would his poor mother think? and what should I do with him if I took him?

But there is One who receives all who come to Him. It is Jesus. I would not take that little boy, and for several reasons. I did not love him specially, and would not know what to do with him, even if I wished to take him, for I was then fifteen hundred miles away from my home. And besides, I had five little children of my own there, and did not have room for another in my house.

But the blessed Lord Jesus loves all the little children, and has plenty of room for them in His great house up in the sky. He knows what to do with them all; "He shall gather the lambs in His arms," the Bible says. So if any boy or girl will just come to Him by faith, He will receive them and make them His own, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

But there is more to tell. When I was talking to the children at the Sunday school, I told them about this little boy who said "Take me," and a *very* little boy, sitting in the front seats, on one of the red kindergarten chairs, became frightened, and ran back to his mother and said, "Oh, Mammy, I'm afraid; the man wants to take me!" Dear little fellow, he did not understand me. And just so, many children do not understand the Gospel, and run away from it.

But there is nothing to be afraid of. Jesus loves all the little children, and the Bible says, "Perfect love casteth out fear." This means we are no more afraid when we know His love, His perfect love, to us. And we know He loves us, because He died for us.

■ Oh, what a blessed Saviour our Jesus is!  
 ■ Come to Him right away, just now, and say, "Lord Jesus, take me." C. K.

### TRUE HAPPINESS.

**D**O not stay away from the Saviour, thinking that if you do you will be happier than if you came to Him. That is a delusion that many people, both young and old, are suffering from. No; all real, lasting happiness is in Jesus. A boy who had trusted in Jesus said to me, "I feel as though I had a bell ringing in my heart." And a few weeks ago I met a girl, of not more than thirteen years, in the train, and she told me that she had been converted just twelve weeks. "I am sure they have been happy weeks," I said. "I should just think they have," she replied. "Why, I'm either singing hymns all day, or else praying." "And what is your favourite hymn?" I asked. "Well, I like that chorus—

"He can save, save,  
 Christ can fully save  
 All who put their trust in Him."

And she added, "It's true; mother was saved first, after she heard that father was missing at the war; it's four months since we heard anything about him; and then I came to Jesus, and then my sister and brother."

And though they had much sorrow because they had lost a dear father, they had great joy because they had found a dear Saviour, whom they could never lose and who will never lose them. For He carries His lambs in His bosom, and says, "They shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand."

This is the Saviour *you* need—Jesus the Lord. Turn to Him all of you, and don't delay.

J. T. M.

\* \* \*

### MAX AND ABIJAH.

**Y**OU see," said Max, "my father and mother are not your sort, so I should find it rather hard to be a Christian."

"Well, Max, did you ever hear of Abijah?"

"No; who was she?"

"It wasn't a *she*, it was a *he*; a boy of about your own age. His father, King Jeroboam, was a thoroughly wicked man, and Abijah was brought up amid all the godless gaiety of the palace. In spite of this, however, in him was found some good thing towards God. So the Bible tells us, God had touched his heart, and even amid such surroundings, he tried to please Him. Now, Max, what do you say to that?"

"I think I'll have a try to do the same."

"And may God help you, dear boy. But remember that *trusting* Jesus as your Saviour must come before *trying* to please Him as your Lord." H. P. B.



IN THE JUNE SUNSHINE.



## ARE WE CONCERNED?

ONE fine afternoon, three of us, two girls and a boy, set off in high spirits towards a large field where sports were about to be held. We had not been forbidden to go, but we felt sure that father would disapprove if he knew, and so we hurried off while mother was upstairs with a bad headache.

Throughout the afternoon we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. The various competitions were extremely amusing, and we were tempted to stay longer than we had intended, because of the attractive programme, which included "fireworks" as the last item.

As the evening wore on, a thick mist almost hid the fireworks from view, and not until then did we realize that a great many people had already left the field.

We tried to find our way out, all eager to get home, and on we stumbled through the mist.

Suddenly we halted. "Go back, go back," someone shouted, "you are walking into the river." Back we went, almost ready to cry with fear and disappointment. I cannot tell you how long we were wandering about trying to find our way. After a very long time we arrived upon the right road, a long way from home, but thankful that we were there.

As we walked on quickly we wondered what father and mother would say to us. We were really sorry that we had been so thoughtless, and we promised each other that we would never do this sort of thing again, for the sake of our dear parents. It was a great comfort to see a gentleman in front going our way, and we followed up close behind. Suddenly he turned round. "Thank God," he murmured, "all three safe!" We were too ashamed and too astonished to speak. Father's voice said, "I was just returning to tell mother I could not find you. After having been out three times to look for you, I felt sure you had walked into the river; and do you know, children, I felt I *couldn't* tell such news to mother. I was just praying again, when I heard your voices. Mother will be thankful. God is good."

We could not speak, but we just got closer and squeezed his hand, and only God saw the tears.

There was no scolding that night. Had we been punished severely, we should have well deserved it. All hearts were full of gratitude to God for His loving, protecting care.

Next day the newspaper published a sad account of that day's fête. When father read that several people had walked into the river, and some had actually been drowned, we were deeply impressed. Unkind and thoughtless as we had been, we had been watched over all the

evening, because father and mother had "continued in prayer" since our absence from the tea-table had been explained.

That is just the way with hundreds of people to-day just seeking their own pleasure, and forgetting God. God speaks to them. He warns them. He sends them teachers. He sent His only Beloved Son to die for them. And still they go their own way, forgetting that "the end thereof are the ways of death." The time will come when it will be *too late*.

Let us thank God for those who have taught us, for their prayers, for all the means of grace that God in His love has given to us.

And, children, let us plead together for the wayward ones, the careless and indifferent. Let us try to be really concerned about them, as if they were our own brothers and sisters walking straight into a dark river. How we should pray if this were true, should we not?

There are *thousands* walking straight into danger a million times worse than this, and God loves them every one, with a love far greater than human love can ever be. He *so* loved them—you know the rest—and there is joy among the angels in heaven: joy in the great loving heart of God over one repenting sinner.

A. M. G.

\* \* \*

## MERITS OR ATONEMENT?

"I WAS asking one of my Sunday-school boys how he must get to heaven," said a gentleman, "and he answered, 'By being *good*,' but I told him he could not get there by 'being good,' but only through the merits of Christ."

We can only trust that this gentleman's belief may have been more scriptural than his words implied; but as they stood, the Sunday-school teacher was as wide of the mark as was the Sunday-school scholar!

I do *not* get to heaven through the *merits* of Christ, but through *His atoning death and blood-shedding*. Scripture declares that, "Without shedding of blood is *no remission*" (Heb. ix. 22).

"We have redemption *through His blood*, the forgiveness of sins" (Eph. i. 7).

If I could have been saved through the *merits* of Christ, there would have been no need for Him to have laid down His life, and have died a cruel death, "even the death of the cross."

Christ's perfect life is to be my example *after* I am saved, but it is in His *atoning death and blood-shedding* alone that He becomes my Saviour.

F. A.



## Other People's Children.

### VI. CHILDREN OF PERSIA (*continued*).

**W**HEN the Mohammedans settled in Persia they found it a green, well-cultivated land. They did not keep it so, however, and the result, after centuries of neglect, is that to-day a great deal of the country has relapsed into desert. In many places the boys and girls do not know what is meant by fields and woods and parks. They think you are talking an impossible fairy tale if you tell them of travelling mile after mile through meadows and orchards. Their villages are green spots in a vast sheet of dry sand or sun-baked earth. Some of the villages contain hundreds of people—many are much smaller, and there is one village, marked on the map, which has in it just two families, seven persons in all, including two children. Their nearest neighbours live six miles off, over the sand.

Life for a Persian boy or girl begins just as it does in all other lands—with babyhood. And funny little bundles the babies look. Rolled up tight in shawls and wrappings, its face alone visible, and tied round with braid to keep its legs and arms in safety, lest if they were left loose they should get broken! It is well for baby to be thus protected, for many of the Persian mothers are far too young to know how to take care of them. When they grow a little older they are laid in a broad, safe, leather hammock, slung between rings in the wall of the house. In this way they are out of harm while mother is busy. When a new baby comes into a home, the first thing to be done is to weigh it, and its weight in sweets is handed round to the people in the house.

Do you wonder that many visitors arrive to see the new comer? Perhaps some of you think that would be a nice fashion to introduce into our English homes!

School days, and play time, also, have their part in child-life in Persia. For the boys there is nothing like our cricket and football, but there is a kind of 'rounders,' played by boys and men for a fortnight only at the New Year. And if you were to take a walk into the desert just outside the town, any evening during that fortnight, you would see a large crowd, some playing and some watching this game.

Dolls are the object of affection to all the girls, but they are mostly very shapeless rag-dolls, made at home. Only the quite rich children possess European dolls.

When a little Persian boy goes to school, he learns to read the Koran in Arabic, and very hard work he finds it. He has to commit to memory large portions of it, without having any explanation given to him.

Then comes writing. Instead of sitting at a table or desk, he sits on his heels and holds the paper on his knee. His pen is a bit of cane, cut like a quill. His inkpot has no ink in it to upset. A piece of tangled silk soaked in ink is in it, and when it dries up, he moistens it with water, and dips his pen among the wet silk. All his up and down strokes must be fine, and the horizontal strokes are broad, quite different from our way of writing, you see.

There is one thing, however, which boys and girls all have to learn to say their prayers. They need not begin this till they are seven

years old, or even ten years old. You who read this do not remember learning to pray, do you? You have come to God with your simple petitions ever since you could understand that the Heavenly Father loves you and likes to hear your prayers, have you not?

But Persian prayers are quite a different matter. First comes an elaborate washing of face, hands, arms, feet, and legs. The right way of doing it must be most carefully observed. Then when this is mastered, there come the prayers themselves, which are in Arabic, so that the child himself does not understand the words, or what he is saying. He must stand facing a certain direction, and has to take certain postures in bowing and kneeling and kissing the ground, and holding his hands in various ways. He has to go through this ceremony three times a day, when the prayer call sounds from the roof of the mosque, and whatever he happens to be doing at the time must be left at once. He is taught that if he very carefully does all these things God will be pleased with him and reward him for it.

Do you not think it is very necessary that Christian missionaries should go to open schools where these boys and girls can be taught what is good and noble and true and useful, and also taught what it is to *pray*, not merely to 'say prayers.' For there is all the difference possible between the two things.

You have all heard of Persian carpets. They are much admired for their beautiful colouring and designs, and also for their durability. Children have a quite important part in their manufacture. In the villages whole families work at one carpet, and quite little tots take their share in the work, and are proud and happy to do it.

But in some of the towns there are large carpet factories filled with children, from four years old upward, underfed, overworked, and cruelly treated. Unloved and uncared for, their life is a sad one.

Persia needs the light and love of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

God wants our prayers for Persia.

Will you remember this?

E. A.

\* \* \*

## TOO LATE.

**A**T a seaside place in North Wales, one Sunday evening, there was an 8 o'clock open-air service on the green, which was well attended by visitors and soldiers alike.

Some of the soldiers were in khaki and some in the well-known British red.

The speaker was a very earnest servant of

Christ, and probably it was just when looking at these men who were so soon to face such untold suffering and perhaps even death, that the story he told came into his mind.

There was a young lad who was very unruly at home and got himself into a great deal of trouble. Finally he ran away and enlisted, and though his father searched for him high and low, for years he could not be traced. At length the father found the whereabouts of his regiment in a far distant land. He at once wrote to his son, saying, "All would be forgiven, he would receive a welcome home, and there was an estate awaiting him if he would only come."

The letter arrived, the boy looked to see if it contained any money, but finding that it did not he flung it unread into his box.

Some time later the young fellow was taken ill, and the doctor said he would never be able to return to England. He then thought of his father's letter, so he asked one of his mates to find it and read it to him. He did so, and at the close the dying man said, "If you see my father and he asks anything about a letter, tell him I never got it" - then there was a pause. "No, a dying man cannot send that message - it isn't true." "Tell him I got the letter, but didn't believe what he said" - another pause. "No, a dying man cannot send that message - it isn't true." "Tell him I got the message but left it until it was too late."

Boys and girls who have not come to the Lord Jesus for forgiveness! You are like the son who has gone into that far country! You have often heard *God's* message, so that you cannot say, 'I never got it.' You cannot say, 'I do not believe it,' because you know quite well you do believe it, and you know that God's message is for *you*; but is it going to be said that 'you left it until it was *too late*'?

2 Cor. vi. 2 says, "Now is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

M. J. S.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor: -

J. A. SINCLAIR,

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for June, 1917.

Subject - **Moses.**

1. Why was God displeased because Moses struck the rock? (Num. 20.).
2. "Get thee . . . Israel." Find this passage and write it out (Num. 27.).
3. Give a *short* verse from Deut. 3. in which Moses asked to go over Jordan.
4. What short sentence from Deut. 3. gave the Lord's answer?
5. Name three things which Moses told the Israelites to do with the words he gave them (Deut. 11.).
6. "Take heed . . . thy God." Find this passage and write it out (Deut. 27.).
7. What is Moses called in Deut. 33.?
8. What did God show Moses before his death? (Deut. 34.).
9. Give two names given to Moses in Deut. 34.
10. When did Moses speak of the "beloved of the Lord"? (Deut. 33.).

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10. answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age this year on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 4d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

We find in our questions on Moses this month, but I am sure there is much to help us in the story of his life if we study it more carefully. I hope the little you have learned will make you want to know more.

I am sorry that a few of the February papers have gone astray, but we must not be surprised if some of our letters are lost in these difficult days. Let us rather be thankful that the answers are delivered safely.

Some of you ask if I can send questions for January, as the winter is now. I am sorry I cannot.

F. Berry and the Posters send our eight questions now.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## April Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.** P. Allibone, M. Alderton, S. Allan, P. Auld, L. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bond, G. Bolham, D. Brier, W. Bridge, C. Biggs, L. Billimore, L. Brinsford, L. Brier, G. Burgess, L. Courtice, M. Collins, R. Cowl, A. Cuth, D. Cuthmore, E. Dave, M. Forrester, L. Gaubert, E. Gaubert, L. Gerick, D. Harcourt, J. Harrower, M. Harlig, M. Hamilton, D. Hill, G. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, G. Jackson, D. Jones, M. Kennedy, D. Lefevre, N. Lee, L. Lewis, D. Lever, J. Milton, A. Morris, C. O'Neil, I. O'Neil, L. Patten, L. Palmer, W. Powell, E. Rickard, V. Rose, A. Rostrom, L. Robins, H. Rostrom, G. Roy, L. Russell, A. Swall, A. Summard, R. St. Louis, J. Stephens, P. Shedd, A. Silke, B. Stockdale, A. Todd, L. Todd, L. Tipton, A. Walton, H. Williams, G. Williams.

**2nd Class.** J. Pearson.

**3rd Class.** F. Franz, T. Eddy, G. Virtue, A. Wilson.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.** E. Bond, A. Crane, M. Collins, G. Devenish, E. Duff, E. Fairbairn, E. Grant, M. Gee, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, J. Harkness, E. Harris, L. Horne, L. Jones, H. Jones, S. Jones, J. Macdonald, M. Moss, A. Martin, R. Nichol, A. Punter, G. Ruchman, J. Records, L. Rickard, A. Routhan, L. Ross, E. Robinson, L. Rose, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Stevens, M. Strangall, J. Sue, M. Sutherland, K. Sykes, P. Turner, P. Vickery, E. Woz, L. Warham, A. Williams, D. Wright.

**2nd Class.**—C. Carter, A. Merritt, M. Tyler.

**3rd Class.** P. Berry, P. Brewer, M. Dandless, J. Foss, W. Ronger, D. Swall, L. Vaine.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.** S. Ayres, V. Baxter, B. Benson, S. Buxey, A. Camp, E. Duffah, E. Durant, B. Edwards, A. Eubank, E. Gray, M. Gee, E. Gwynn, J. Harris, M. Hall, L. Hall, N. Harcourt, M. Harris, J. Hewson, H. Hughes, W. Lay, J. Lister, M. Longfield, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, J. Matthews, L. Merritt, E. Midson, S. O'man, J. Roy, W. Selley, E. Shee, L. Stephenson, N. Smith, M. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, A. Tyler, M. Walton, L. W. Wetherhead, L. Williams.

**2nd Class.** A. Firth, G. Haddon.

**3rd Class.** None.

## ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

Subject **Moses (Exodus 13. 33.)**

1. Two tables of stone like unto the first (Exod. 34. 1).
2. Parts of Exod. 34. 9 written out.
3. Forty days and forty nights (Exod. 34. 28).
4. Bezabel (Exod. 35. 30).
5. The people brought much more than enough for the service of the work which the Lord commanded to make (Exod. 36. 5).
6. Moses blessed them (Exod. 39. 43).
7. Moses (Exod. 40. 1, 2).
8. The glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle (Exod. 40. 34).
9. Because the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle (Exod. 40. 35).
10. "As the Lord commanded Moses."

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



### THREE BIRTHDAY GIFTS.

#### PRECIOUS MEMORIES OF THE YEARS GONE BY.

**A**N old-time farmhouse, thatch-roofed, with wide windows, around which the roses twined, was our holiday home in my early years. Around, were lovely green fields, in which sheep and cattle fed, a broad clear river swarming with spotted trout, with fir and pine woods behind, in which woodcocks, pheasants, and game of all kinds were plentiful.

Week days were full of glee, and on the Lord's Days—which the farmer and his household called the Sabbath—there was rest and quiet, with singing of Psalms and Bible stories morning and evening. I have seen a good deal of life in many lands since these years of my childhood, but I know of nothing so hallowed and truly happy as the simple, godly life of those pious peasants of the Grampian glen in which these ever-remembered years of my childhood's summers were spent. May God long preserve the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and the habit of reading His precious Word to the dwellers of these glens, and to us all, for I am sure there is nothing of so great value alike for time and eternity.

Among the farmer's pets were a lot of pretty kittens, whose exploits provided us young folks with endless amusement.

On the morning of my birthday, and just before our return to town, the farmer's youngest daughter, our playmate, appeared, carrying a pair of the kittens, which she presented to me as a birthday gift.

I was delighted, and thanking her for them I hastened to the house to show them to my sister, who claimed one of them as her own.

Having become a receiver, I was a joyful possessor, and was thus able to become a giver. Such in brief is my story of the kittens, which you will keep in mind, in order to learn its lessons, won't you?

\* \* \* \*

Nine years had passed, and the old farmhouse, in the Grampian glen, is exchanged for a new holiday home on the sunny slopes of Lake Ontario, in Canada. On the morning of my fifteenth birthday, a packet, addressed in the handwriting of my grandfather, bearing the postmark of Edinburgh, was delivered to me. On opening it, I found a pretty Bible, with my name inscribed on the flyleaf, and under it the following lines—

"Search the Scriptures, here alone  
Truth is found from error free;  
Here God makes salvation known:  
This your guide to heaven will be."

I valued the Book for the sake of the giver, and in order to please him, I promised to read it from

Genesis to Revelation, which I did. But it was not this that saved my soul, nor set me on the way to heaven. I learned that I was a lost and guilty sinner (Rom. iii. 19), in need of a Saviour, and that God had given His Son to die for me as such (Rom. v. 8). Receiving Him as God's gift to me (John iii. 16), and as the One Who died for me (Gal. ii. 20), I was saved, and then I read the Word, not only for the sake of my dear grandfather who sent me the Book, but from love to God, its Author, and to Christ of Whom it tells.

I call that Bible my second birthday gift, for it so happens that I was converted just a year after I got it, so that my third and best birthday gift was "eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23, n.v.), the best and greatest of all.

And the story I have told has its object that the reader may learn that God's free gift is for him (or her) also, and that it has simply to be received, in order to be possessed and enjoyed, to-day.

I had nothing to do, and nothing to pay, for either of my three birthday gifts: simply to take them, and knowing them to be mine, to thank the givers.

SELECTED.

\* \* \*

### THE BIBLE.

It is	<b>A</b>	
	<b>Book.</b>	Rev. xxii. 18, 19.
It is	<b>Completely</b>	
	<b>Divine.</b>	2 Tim. iii. 16.
It is	<b>Everybody's</b>	
	<b>Friend.</b>	John iii. 16.
It is the	<b>Guide to</b>	
	<b>Heaven.</b>	John x. 9.
It contains	<b>Information about</b>	
	<b>Jesus,</b>	John v. 39.
and the	<b>Knowledge of</b>	
	<b>Life eternal,</b>	John xx. 31.
Revealing	<b>Man's</b>	
	<b>Need and God's</b>	Rom. iii. 23.
	<b>Offer of</b>	
	<b>Pardon;</b>	Isa. i. 18.
also the	<b>Quick</b>	
	<b>Return of the Lord</b>	
	<b>for His</b>	Rev. xxii. 20.
	<b>Saved</b>	
	<b>Trophies.</b>	1 Thess. i. 10.
It is of	<b>Unfathomable</b>	
	<b>Value</b>	2 Tim. iii. 15.
and contains	<b>Wonderful</b>	
	<b>Experiences.</b>	Ps. xxiii.
Do	<b>You</b>	
	<b>Zealously study it?</b>	2 Tim. ii. 15.

B. J. D.

## A DISAGREEABLE SUBJECT.

"The wages of sin is death."—Rom. vi. 23.

"WHAT a dreadful thing a funeral is," said a little girl to her father, after seeing one pass along the street.

It had made her think of death, a subject no one likes to think about, though the Bible tells us it is wise to number our days and be prepared to meet God at any time.

Let me tell you about a young nobleman who was afraid of death. In order, as he thought, to prepare for it, he renounced the pleasures of life and entered a famous monastery.

His father was greatly incensed at this step, and after pleading with his son to return, he threatened to burn the monastery to the ground in the event of his refusal to do so.

The son replied that he would return on one condition only.

"State your condition and it shall be granted," said the father.

The son replied: "In your domains a very ancient custom prevails, and until it ceases I will not return."

The nobleman gave his word of honour, that however ancient the custom, it should be discontinued forthwith if his son would go back with him at once.

"Well, my father," said the young man, "the custom to which I object is that *the young die as well as the old*, and until this custom ceases I cannot settle in your domains."

Look again at the text which heads this article, and please notice the word "wages." That tells us why we cannot escape death; it is because *we have earned it*.

I remember a poor girl who worked in a large city factory, whose wages were only a few shillings a week. One Saturday, when she opened the little envelope containing her wages, she was surprised to see several golden sovereigns drop out.

Of course she knew that some mistake had been made, so she took the money straight back, and received her own wages as well as a reward for her honesty.

I could not help thinking of the time when Jesus took *our* wages and gave us instead—that is, those who believe—what we never could have earned, eternal life as a free gift.

There was no mistake about that, for He loved us so much that He took our dreadful wages willingly, and died on the cross instead of us.

Nothing we can ever do or be can alter our wages, but faith in Jesus, as Lord and Saviour, secures the gift of eternal life which death can never take away.

J. A. S.

## A MESSAGE FROM CENTRAL AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY friend in Central Africa has sent us these verses, which we gladly insert as a message to the readers of OUR CHILDREN from one who is telling others in that far-off heathen land of the same Saviour he urges *you* to trust.

From his hut of leaves and rushes,  
See, a dusky native goes,  
Searches 'mid the trees and bushes,  
Where the mighty Congo flows;  
Finds a tree which suits his fancy,  
Cuts a log, and homeward goes.

Isa. xlv. 14.

Now with chisel and with mallet,  
Fashions he the piece of wood,  
Then from out a dirty wallet  
Takes his 'Bwanga' strong and good,  
Smears it on the ugly fetish,  
Which has now become his god.

Isa. xlv. 17.

And a more degraded creature  
'T would indeed be hard to find,  
Sin is stamped on every feature  
Of his body and his mind.  
As his fetish, so his heart is,  
Filthy, wretched, naked, blind.

Ps. cxv. 8.

But at last he hears the story  
Of the wondrous grace of God,  
Of the One who left the glory,  
And this world of darkness trod;  
How He died for guilty sinners,  
To redeem them by His blood.

John iii. 16.

Now we see the native turning  
From his idols and his sin;  
His enlightened heart is burning  
With a strange new love within;  
He who once was poor and wretched,  
Now is happy, ransomed, clean.

1 Thess. i. 5, 9, 10.

God, the source of every blessing,  
Now receives the praise and laud,  
And the *Holy Spirit's* teaching  
Guides his footsteps by '*the Word*';  
*Christ*, at God's right hand exalted,  
Is his *Saviour* and his *Lord*.

Children, have you turned, repenting,  
To that Saviour kind and true?  
He who saves and keeps the heathen  
By His power, is seeking *you*.  
Turn then to Him, do not spurn Him,  
Seek His gracious will to do.

## THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

THE naval engineer had well earned a home-leave, but he and his shipmates would have preferred this to have come naturally, rather than in the way it was thrust upon them.

The details of the little "accident" to their boat will have to be told after the war is over; in the meantime, all that need be said is that after a long period of very successful work, the home-leave was precipitated by a variety of causes, amongst which a stormy sea, a snowy night, and a collision in the dark all played their part.

However, home-leave is home-leave, whatever the cause, and our friend was glad to be in the family circle again, and also to be amongst his Christian friends.

"We were praying for you the very night it happened," said one.

"Well, I am sure I felt the power of your prayers," was the hearty response. "And you may be sure we all prayed too—even men who never prayed at all as a rule."

"Do you notice any change in the men who are facing such dangers each day?" he was asked.

"Oh, yes, thank God, there are men here and there turning to Him for mercy and receiving Christ as their Saviour. I can tell you of one very interesting case. He was our coxswain, and though he had lived without God, a wicked blaspheming man, the repetition of hair-breadth escapes began to tell on him.

"It's time I did a bit of thinking your way," he said one day, when more than the usual share of war risks had fallen to the lot of the destroyer. 'I am beginning to realize that there is a hand over everything preserving us all, or we would have been in the "missing" list before this.'

"This was a great advance for a man who had hitherto scoffed at serious things, and you may be sure I followed it up. He was ready and eager to talk of matters concerning the salvation of his soul at any time the opportunity offered.

"I can't say when he really got it. Got what? Why, the assurance of salvation, the knowledge that his sins were all forgiven, that Christ was his Saviour, God was his Father, and heaven his eternal home. But he did get hold of it somehow, and in his own way.

"I don't think his mates suspected what was going on, but it all came out in a rather novel way. The coxswain's mess funds having a balance in hand, it was decided that this should be remedied by laying in a supply of new records for the gramophone which provided the mess with music.

"Our friend was entrusted with the cash to make the purchases, and naturally his mind

inclining to serious things, he thought a few good hymns would be a useful addition to the gramophone's repertoire. It never occurred to him what his messmates would think of it, but he very soon found out.

"In language far from polite and quite unprintable, he was told to refund the price of the hymn records, or have them exchanged at the first opportunity. As this could not be done until the next trip to port, Charlie made good use of the time by turning on the hymn records as often as possible.

"Half the mess cleared out on such occasions with remarks about 'poor Charlie's' attack of religious mania, but he didn't mind; and it was a treat to hear him singing in a rich voice,—

'Jesu, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly:  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,  
Till the storm of life be past,  
Safe into the haven guide,  
Oh, receive my soul at last.'

"It was his way of nailing his colours to the mast, and it was very effective.

"Strange to say, as we stood on the deck with our ship rapidly sinking beneath us, sounds of music were wafted up to us, and it was Charlie who nudged me and said, 'There's our old gramophone playing one of my hymn records!'

Then there was a young Scotch lad in the engine-room, who often spoke to me. I learned that he had a good home and had been religiously brought up. He was a Sunday-school teacher in his own town, and was most particular—never swore or drank, and would not read the newspapers on Sunday.

"One day I asked him if he would be all right if anything happened to us. 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'I don't think I could miss getting to heaven.' I asked him the reason he was so certain of this, and he replied, 'Well, you see, my religion is the same as my father's, that is to do as much good as possible to every man you meet, and I have always carried it out to the best of my ability.'

"He was quite surprised when I told him this would never take him to heaven; that, first of all, it wouldn't do for God, then that God wasn't saving people that way at all.

"When I showed him that verse in Rom. iv.: 'To him that worketh not, but believeth,' and explained it to him, he was silent for some minutes afterwards. Then he said, as one on whom new light had dawned, 'Well, to think I should have been so foolish. Now I see that all has been done for me by Christ, and I have nothing to do but accept Him as my Saviour.'

"After that we often had some pleasant talks





(By kind permission of the Duro Fabrics Syndicate.)

“GREATER THAN EVEN A MOTHER’S LOVE.”

over various verses, such as, ‘By grace are ye saved through faith—not of works, lest any man should boast’ (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

“Charlie and Scottie both got off on the raft I came off with, and we landed together at —.”

“I can’t help thinking how interesting it is to see that though one was so good and religious, and the other so godless and thoughtless, they both had to be saved in the same way, quite apart from their own merits—that is entirely by the atoning death of Jesus.”

Let us remember in our prayers our engineer friend, and those like him who are often “in peril on the sea”; and while we are in security at home, may we too realize our need of that same Saviour.

“Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other Name under heaven given amongst men whereby we must be saved.”

“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”

J. A. S.

## HAVE YOU BEEN BLESSED?

**U**T in the fields for a romp with mother. What fun it is! The bright sunshine seems to make everything glad. And boys and girls who love the Lord Jesus may well be happy as they know His care and love for them. For His love is greater than even mother’s love. Some mothers may forget to look after their little ones, but He will never forget one of those who trust in Him. Even when mother cannot be with them, He is near them, and in the dark, when they cannot see Him, He can see them, and watches over them, for He neither slumbers nor sleeps.

The Lord blessed the little ones who were brought to Him when He was on earth, and He blesses little children still. You can go to Him and ask Him to bless you, and He will at once.

I. F.



## Other People's Children.

### VII.—CHILDREN IN INNUITLAND.

**W**HILE we in England are rejoicing in the beauties of the summer flowers and sunshine, suppose we readers of OUR CHILDREN take a thought-visit to a land far, far north, where the sun never rises very high above the horizon. For a short portion of the year the sun shines all day and nearly all night too, but the rest of the time it is scarcely seen at all. The people live in a kind of twilight, and the few weeks that they have sunshine are not long enough for any fruit or vegetables to grow. And yet, though to us their land seems the most forbidding and forlorn part of the earth, they are some of the most contented and happy folk in the world.

They call themselves Innuits, other people call them Eskimo. They are divided into several tribes, and inhabit the frozen lands, right up to the Arctic circle, of North America, Europe, and Asia. In some places they live in small towns, or villages; but large numbers of them have no settled place of abode. They wander about, in search of fish or game, and settle down in tents, if it happens to be during their short summer, or in "iglos" (snow huts) in winter, just where it happens to suit them.

How would you like to live in a little house, half underground, made entirely of snow? Snow floor, snow walls and roof, and even a snow bed? All hard frozen, and very cold! No fire can be lighted, for of course that would make the house melt—and only the very tiniest oil lamp can be used for illuminating the darkness, for the same reason. You can hardly imagine it, can you? And what would you

think of a place so cold that it is impossible to bring water to boiling point, and other places where they can indeed boil the kettle and make a cup of tea, but it freezes in the cup before they can drink it? Yet there are such places, and men and women and children living there, and not finding it miserable, either!

Of course the first necessity for dwellers in these cold regions is warm clothing; and very warm they manage to get it, too. Sealskin, caught and dressed, and made into garments by themselves is the most usual material. They also procure from traders, when the opportunity comes, the very thickest blanket stuff. And an Eskimo woman thinks herself uncommonly smart and well-got-up if she can manage to get a nice white blanket suit, with the stripes arranged as trimming and her black hair tied with bright ribbons.

The Eskimo mothers are mostly fond of their babies, and take care of them. The little mites are wrapped round and round with the softest of reindeer skins, and then slipped into the hood of the mother's coat, where they are safe and warm while mother is busy.

The first toy that a baby is allowed is a small whip, with which he learns from his earliest days how to drive the dogs—for you must know that dogs form a most important part of life to the Eskimo. They are used to draw the sledges on which they travel, and without these useful animals life would be almost impossible.

At the door of the snow houses of which you have just read is built another and smaller house, which forms the double purpose of

keeping the dwelling-house warmer, and of sheltering the dogs from the bitter winds. The doorway is so low that you would have to crawl on your hands and knees to get inside; and when you had entered, you would not find much room to move about, for between the dogs and the people there is quite a crowd.

Not many toys come into Eskimo-land, but such as there are afford a great amount of pleasure to the good-natured happy boys and girls. One of their favourite sports is coasting downhill on sleds. But they would not dream of having a sled made of wood, for that material is so very scarce that they see very little indeed of it. No! they go to the nearest pond or river and cut a sled out of the solid ice. It is so solid that it does not break readily, and the only drawback to this capital sport is that their winters are so very, very long, and they get rather tired of it before the sunshine comes and melts the ice for a few weeks.

As in most countries, playtime has to be followed by work, and these little snow-dwellers have to begin to take their share in the family toil in early life.

The girls learn to make the reindeer skin garments and to do the very simple cooking for the meals; the boys have to help in the building of the homes; in hunting and fishing for food; and perhaps, most important of all, in learning how to drive skilfully and manage a dog team under all conditions and circumstances.

In olden times the Eskimo people lived in great depravity, and little better than their dogs. But brave Christian men and women, from Denmark, as well as from England and America, went out with the message of God's love to them; and though they had to bear fearful hardships, and toil long, before they saw any result, they bravely held on, and to-day in many of the villages there are to be found Christian churches and mission schools, and the boys and girls are learning to lead useful lives, and best of all to love and trust and obey the Saviour Who loves them and is still calling them to come to Him. E. A.

\* \* \*

### A STRANGE ANSWER.

**F**AR away across the sea is a place called Florida. It is one of the United States of America, and is a land of sunshine and orange groves, with many lakes in which live alligators, and where the mocking bird sings not only all day long but even during the night at times. In the mysterious everglades, Seminole Indians still live by hunting and fishing. In its deep dark cypress swamps the

awkward pelican nests and rears its young; there, too, the terrible rattlesnake, whose bite is fatal, abounds. It is noted, too, for its groves of giant and solemn-looking water oaks, hung with immense festoons of Spanish moss, resembling to the fancy aged patriarchal men with great grey beards hanging from their giant heads.

But I did not want so much to tell you of the country itself as of a little boy who lives there named Copeland. He goes to Sunday school and has a teacher whom he loves very much, as do all the scholars in her class.

One day this teacher asked Copeland if he would not like to go to heaven. To her great surprise he answered: "No"!

She had been telling them about what a beautiful place heaven was and how very happy every one was there; besides he had Christian parents and grandparents and must have known that if he did not go to heaven he would never again see them in the other world or hear their voices any more.

Why did he tell his teacher he did not want to go to heaven?

His teacher asked him the question, and he gave this strange, yet not strange, answer: "*Because I am not converted.*"

The dear child did not really mean that he did not wish to go to heaven, but that he wished to be converted first, so that he might be fit to be there. Later his father explained to him that every one who really trusted or believed in Jesus as their Saviour was converted.

To be converted we have only to believe that the blessed and loving Saviour died for us upon the cross and that His precious blood washes our sins away. Every child who so believes is converted or saved or born again, whichever way we wish to put it.

Jesus did say to people, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

C. K.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

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Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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No. 151.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

**Questions for July 1917.**

**Subject—Joshua.**

1. What is the first thing we read about Joshua? (Exod. 17.)

2. Whose minister or servant was Joshua? (Exod. 24.)

3. What are we told about Joshua in Ex. 33?

4. Why was it that Joshua "lived still"? (Num. 14.)

5. "Take thee . . . upon him." Find this passage and write it out. (Num. 27.)

6. "Charge Joshua." What did the Lord tell Moses to say beginning with these words? (Deut. 3.)

7. Who were to divide the land among the Israelites? (Num. 34.)

8. What did the people do all the days of Joshua? (Judges 2.)

9. What do we read about Joshua in 1 Kings 16?

10. Write out a verse from Hebrews, in which Joshua is mentioned in the margin of the Bible.

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.

2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.

3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.

4. Put your name and address and age *this* year on first lines of your paper.

5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 1d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

We begin this month to study the life of Joshua, and I have given you questions outside the book of Joshua. Next month we will study the book itself. I am sure you will find it interesting.

Joshua lived in difficult times, just as we are doing now, and you will find how often we are told of his being encouraged. Like David, he encouraged himself in the Lord, and we may do the same (1 Sam. 30, 6). "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee" (Ps. 56, 3).

A paper has reached me from Whittingham with no name on it. Please send name next time.

My love to you all.

Your friend,

J. L.

## May Searchers.

**Age over 12 Years.**

1st Class.—M. Alderton, P. Antrum, V. Band, D. Briggs, W. Bridge, I. Billimore, L. Brunskill, E. Bruce, G. Burgess, L. Courtice, M. Collins, A. Curdy, E. Dawe, V. Ewings, E. Gaubert, L. Gerrel, J. Harrower, M. Hardisty, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Hodgson, G. Jackson, D. Jones, M. Kennedy, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, F. Lewes, D. Lever, J. Milton, R. Morrison, A. Morris, L. Patten, E. Palmer, W. Powell, R. Richards, V. Rose, J. Roy, P. Sheaf, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, A. Todd, E. Tuck, G. Virtue, A. Walton, H. Williams, G. Williams.

2nd Class.—S. Allan, D. Cudmore, D. Dunkley, M. Forrester, E. Knight, L. Mais, B. Russell, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, E. Upton, A. Wilson.

3rd Class.—R. Cowl.

**Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.**

1st Class.—M. Bawtree, E. Bond, V. Crane, G. Devenish, D. Duff, T. Eddy, E. Fairbairn, F. Grant, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, I. Jones, H. Jones, S. Jones, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, L. Rickards, I. Ross, E. Rose, J. Shell, M. Scougall, K. Sykes, M. Tyler, I. Virtue, E. Ward, J. Wade, A. Williams, D. Wright.

2nd Class.—G. Chippett, M. Collins, M. Douglass, M. Hodgson, R. Mais, E. Moffoot, R. Nichol, H. Powell, A. Punter, V. Routhan, P. Vickery, L. Wareham.

3rd Class.—C. Ashmore, F. Berry, P. Brewer, C. Carter, L. Copping, W. Dawson, J. Foster, H. Selley, M. Stevens, D. Swall.

**Age 10 Years and under.**

1st Class.—C. Bawtree, S. Bussey, W. Champ, E. Darrah, D. Edwards, A. Firth, F. Gwynn, N. Harleat, M. Harris, Q. Hickson, W. Lever, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, D. Matthews, R. Mais, S. Osman, W. Sellar, N. Smith, M. Smith, G. Scott, J. Taylor, M. Todd, V. Tyler, B. Wade, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland, F. Wilson.

2nd Class.—L. Davies, E. Durant, M. Longfield, E. Slee, N. Wade, A. Ward, E. Williams.

3rd Class.—None

## ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

**Subject—Moses.**

1. Come thou with us, and we will do thee good. (Num. 10, 29.)

2. Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel. (Num. 10, 36.)

3. Because Moses said, "I am not able to bear all this people alone." (Num. 11, 14.)

4. Num. 12, 7 and part of 8 written out.

5. To the twelve men sent to search the land of Canaan. (Num. 13, 17.)

6. They brought back an evil report. (Num. 13, 32.)

7. Part of Num. 14, 19 written out. Moses spoke these words.

8. They had to die in the wilderness during the 40 years of wandering. (Num. 14, 32, 33.)

9. Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy—wherefore then lift ye up yourselves above the congregation of the Lord? (Num. 16, 3.)

10. Even to-morrow the Lord will show who are His and who is holy. (Num. 16, 5.)

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



## "STICK TO THE BIBLE!"

"THERE'S the fishing fleet going out again," said Harry, as he watched the smacks, with their russet brown sails spread to the fresh breeze, making for the open sea. "How I wish I could go out with them for a trip!"

They had certainly looked very tempting as they were moored to the quay in the morning. The catch of the night before had been brought ashore and sold to keen buyers, and the burly Scotch fishermen strode about discussing the success of their outing, or descended into their snug little cabins for breakfast. On an invitation to "come doon," Harry had made his way down, and seen all that was to be seen of one of those trim little craft, afterwards deciding that the owner of a good fishing smack was someone to be envied.

"I know of one boy," said an older friend, "who went to sea in one of these boats who lived to regret it."

"Was he drowned," said Harry.

"No, he lived to a good old age, and was a captain of a big ship when he retired.

"Tell me all about him," said the boy.

"Well, this lad always hankered after the sea, and finally left his home to gratify his wish. He did not run away, but he went against the wishes of his widowed mother and left her, sad and lonely, behind him.

"One day they put in at a port where he joined a ship going on a long voyage, and on his return found his mother dead and buried.

"Years afterwards he returned to his native village, and was often to be seen telling the story of his first voyage and his later career to the boys and girls who gathered round the old captain as he sat out in the sun on fine days."

"Had he many adventures to tell?"

"No doubt he had, but one he often repeated was about the night he decided to jump overboard and drown himself. He determined to end his life because he was utterly miserable and wretched, having lived a careless life of sin and pleasure. Before he could carry out his threat a voice seemed to whisper to him, 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die.'"

"Of course he knew these words were in the Bible, and they reminded him that if he carried out his rash intention he would die an unpardoned sinner.

"Then he thought of a book which had lain at the bottom of his box ever since he left home—a Bible his mother had begged him to take and read—and for the first time he got it out.

"One of the first things he noticed was that many of the verses were underlined in pencil, and one of these was, 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.'

"The old captain always said that God spoke to him that night, and led him to trust the Saviour just as he was.

"Since then," he would say, 'I know that I am a saved sinner—saved by the One who died for me, led to know it by my mother's prayers and the blessed Book she gave me with those underlined verses.' After a pause he would add, 'Children, stick to the Bible! Ask God to show you what His message for you is. Then you too will be saved and happy.'"

A. S.—R.



## A TESTING QUESTION.

THE members of a Christian family had concluded their accustomed reading of the Scriptures before retiring for the night, when one of them, turning to a visitor who was present, remarked, "You have never told us anything about your conversion, Mrs. W.—. When were you converted?"

"Converted!" exclaimed the shocked and indignant lady. "I have never been converted. We don't use such terms!"

"But you told me you were not afraid to die, and that you were quite happy, yet Christ says, '*Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*'" But before the words were finished the angry lady had swept from the room and closed the door.

If the question put to her had been, "When did you become a drunkard?" she could hardly have shown more indignation.

With this Scripture before us, which shows the absolute necessity of conversion, may I ask you, my reader, "Have you been converted?" Has there ever been a time in your life when you turned to God (for that is conversion), and then received the Lord Jesus Christ—the One Who "came into the world to save sinners," as your own personal Saviour?

The one of whom we read in Luke xi. was converted when he "came to himself," and said, "I will arise and go to my father." And, my reader, the attitude of God towards every poor sinner who comes to Him in all his guilt and helplessness is exactly the same as that of the father towards the repentant son. "When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

The experience of one soul may differ considerably from that of another, but if you know nothing of this conversion or turning to God, be warned, I beseech you, for you are as yet one of those of whom Christ said, "*Ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*"

F. A.

# "INASMUCH." MATT. XXV. 40.

## A WORD FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

**A**MONGST the passengers in a train from Newhaven to London, was a French young lady, who was evidently quite unaccustomed to English people. She looked shy and nervous, as she sat quietly in one corner of the compartment pretending to read. As she looked at her book, she felt sad and lonely. This was her first journey out of her own country.

When a porter at Newhaven questioned her about her luggage, her replies much amused two English girls standing by, who did not attempt to hide their amusement, but went so far as to mimic her, and even to follow her into the railway carriage, where they seated themselves just opposite, in order to get as much "fun" out of her as they could.

They were very ill-bred girls, or they could not have behaved as they did. By the time the train reached London Bridge the young foreigner had formed her first impression of English people. She hated them. And when a motherly lady met her at the station, and spoke kindly to her, the touch of sympathy was more than she could bear.

"Oh, I hate England! I shall never like it here; I wish I had not come," she sobbed.

"Come, what is the matter?" said the lady.

By dint of much patience and questioning, she learned how cruelly the poor girl had been annoyed.

"I am so sorry, dear," replied the lady. "But the English people are not all like that. I am extremely ashamed to think that any girls could behave in such a horrid way. But try to forget their behaviour. I feel sure you will never meet with such treatment again."

I am glad to say she did not, but it took a few weeks to alter her impression of English people. She met with much kindness, and became much attached to some good Christian friends, who not only helped her to understand English people, but, by their own loving deeds and tender sympathy, proved to her that they were more than "Christians" in name; it was their love for Christ that prompted them to treat her so kindly. She, too, learnt to know and to love Him, and to feel with others who know Him too, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Does not this show how careful we ought to be in our treatment of strangers?

You know the text that begins with "Inasmuch" and ends with "ye have done it unto ME"? Think! If the action has been a kind one, is it not a beautiful and inspiring thought

that "Ye have done it unto Me"? If it has been an *unkind* action—well, I cannot bear to think of it, can you?

Right away in France, a young English soldier lay wounded on the battlefield, both legs badly injured.

A German, wearing the Red Cross, was on his way to the British trenches to give himself up to our men, when he noticed the suffering lad. Bending over him as tenderly as a mother, he sobbed as if his heart would break. He gave him a drink of water, and spoke so kindly to him. The lad was agreeably surprised when the German said compassionately, "Are you better, my lad? Will you let me carry you to your base?" Bandaging his wounds, he gently raised the poor fellow in his arms, and slowly and steadily wended his way over the uneven ground, heedless of the shells that were falling around him, until he was met by our own Red Cross officers, who relieved him of his burden.

It was a Christ-like act. "Inasmuch . . . ye have done it unto ME." Does that verse apply to *him* too? A German? I am sure it does, because when Jesus spoke about the "cup of cold water," He said "*Whosoever*."

A. M. G.



## LOST OR SAVED?

**I** CAN be saved when I like," is the language of many a sinner blinded by Satan, the god of this world. One thus blinded thought that a few minutes at the close of life would enable him to get ready for eternity. But he was taken away suddenly by the stroke of God, with no time to prepare. God's time is now.

A lady sat in a fashionable church listening to a discourse, very pointed, but just as she was leaving the church, a hand was gently put on her shoulder and she heard the question, "My friend, are you saved?" With a confused look she said, "I hope so!" "Is that all?" said the minister. "You must be either saved or lost; there is no hoping in the matter."

On reaching home the words rang in her ears, "Lost or saved? lost or saved?" She knew she was not saved, and the burden of her sins lay heavily on her; but taking up her Bible one day her eyes fell on the words, "In Whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins." Gladly her eager, anxious soul drank in the message of God's love to her, and throwing herself on her knees she said, "Oh, blessed Lord Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I thank Thee that I am saved."

Is the reader lost or saved?

## A SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

THE sultry summer term was almost over, and both masters and boys at Royboro' looked forward eagerly to the welcome holiday. "Only four days more," were the words on every lip as the boys settled down to write their home letters on the last Sunday afternoon—brief notes in most cases, containing little more than the exact time of arrival on the great day.

"I say, Fellowes, what are you doing these holidays?" said Roland Downes to a boy of his own age as they crossed the quadrangle together to post their letters in the school letter-box. "I have had a letter from my brother, saying he's getting up a party to camp out in Brimham woods for a fortnight, and he says I may join and bring someone else. Could you come?"

"Just what I'd like, thanks, but I'm afraid it can't be done. My mother particularly wants me to spend the first two weeks at Redcliff.

"But you were at Redcliff last year, and so was I. I prefer a change myself."

"Yes, I know; but the fact is, my people are fearfully keen on those seaside services, and though I hate the whole thing myself, I really can't get out of it."

"You have my sympathy, old man. Only hope you don't get goody-goody, that's all. Be very careful. I believe they have a wonderful way of talking you round at these sort of things. Keep the preachers at a safe distance whatever you do."

Alfred Fellowes had not such an inveterate hatred of "the whole thing" as he pretended, and the previous summer his contact with the little band of workers who were having services for boys and girls on Redcliff beach had been quite agreeable. He had found that Christianity was not inconsistent with manliness and athletics, for the young men who gave their time to this work were quite as ready when the service was over to go for a swim or row in the bay, or to organize a cricket match in the afternoon. Of course, there were the services to

attend, but he generally sat on the outskirts of the little circle, and was rather relieved when these came to an end.

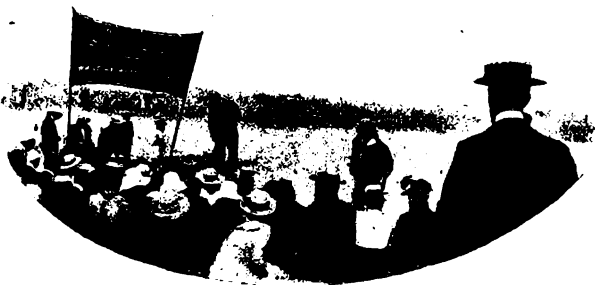
\* \* \* \* \*

"Hello, Fellowes, glad to see you here again this year. We shall want you to captain a side at cricket this afternoon." Turning round, Alfred found himself face to face with a young Cambridge undergraduate who had been a great favourite with the boys the previous year.

"Thank you, Mr. Maddox, but I hope I shall be in your team," he said. It turned out, however, that Mr. Maddox elected to be umpire, and two sides were chosen amongst the boys.

No one made big scores that afternoon, the match being played on the hard sand below the tide mark, and the "pitch" enabled the bowlers to bring off some wonderfully tricky effects—not altogether due to skilful manipulation of the ball.

The rest of that holiday was as enjoyable as a seaside holiday can be when there is congenial company and plenty of interesting recreation. Alfred quite forgot his friends' warning after the first few days, and was rarely separated from Mr. Maddox, who, he found, took an interest in outdoor games and other things dear to the hearts



"OF COURSE THERE WERE THE SERVICES."

of all boys, that was not assumed for the occasion. Many were the boating excursions and long evening rambles they had together, but, strange to say, their conversation never got round to the subject of personal religion.

Mr. Maddox often reproached himself for this, for was not his sole object, in seeking the confidence of these boys, to win them for his Saviour? He often prayed about the matter, but when opportunities for serious talk did occur, somehow the words would not come.

"Good-bye, Alfred," he said, when the end came, and the happy holiday party were separating in different directions at the station. "Be sure you write to me regularly—and I do hope you have got some good at these services. I should be so glad to hear you were on the Saviour's side, too."

A few earnest words followed, and Alfred's face fell. As he made no reply, Mr. Maddox



could see that he was unprepared for this, and said: "Never mind, my dear fellow. I don't want to put you in a corner, but remember whenever you do trust the Saviour, I must be amongst the first to hear the news."

When the train had gone out, and Alfred was left on the platform, he half wished that he had the happiness which his older friend possessed, but he easily threw off the impression left by the parting words Mr. Maddox had spoken, and was soon in the train speeding in the direction of home, where the last week was to be spent.

\* \* \* \*

"Hello, Fellowes. How have you enjoyed the holiday?" The voice was Roland's, one of the first he encountered on the first night at school. "Have you joined the pious band? Be careful now; anything you say will be used in evidence against you. Did the service people get to the right side of you?"

Alfred reddened at this raillery, not so much because it affected him, but he felt as if a dear personal friend was being insulted. Mr. Maddox was not "pious" in the sense in which a school-boy uses the term. In his vocabulary it is synonymous with "cant."

"It would have done *you* good to have been at Redcliff, too," was the only answer he could muster.

"Not a bad sermon for your first," said Roland—that is, if it is your first. I expect you are an old hand at testifying now."

Alfred could not help laughing at this, and easily convinced his friend that his views had undergone very little change.

But the good seed had really fallen into Alfred's heart. All unconsciously the little he could remember of those short pointed addresses on Redcliff beach began to do its work, and it was not long before he began to wish he had listened more carefully.

"If I died in bed to-night," he said to himself as he lay awake one night, "I certainly would be lost, for I've never done anything for God yet, and I'm nearly sixteen."

It is strange how even boys and girls invariably think when they are anxious about their souls that they must "do something for God."

Alfred Fellowes had to learn, what is the wonderful fact of God's Gospel story, that Jesus has done it all—that is, all that God requires for our salvation—and further, that God saves all who trust Jesus because of His death for them.

"I quite see it now," he said, after a letter from Mr. Maddox, in which the writer sought to persuade him to trust the Saviour. "He died for me, bore the punishment of my sins, so that God freely forgives me."

Thus he trusted the Saviour, and, remembering

his promise, he decided to write to tell Mr. Maddox.

"Better wait a bit to see if it lasts," he thought, and delayed sending his letter for a week or two.

Mr. Maddox was not, however, to learn of Alfred's conversion, for after a short week of illness, the loving Saviour called home his devoted young servant.

Alfred Fellowes, now grown to manhood, often looks at the only portrait he possesses of his late friend as it stands on his mantelpiece, and as he does so his heart goes up silently in thankfulness to God for all like him who care for the souls of those who give so little thought to serious matters themselves.

J. A. S.

\* \* \*

## COME !

A SUNDAY school teacher was showing her class a bright picture of the "Mothers of Salem" bringing their little ones to Jesus, that He might lay His hands on them and bless them. Some of the mothers were represented as pushing their children along toward the Saviour. "Now how do you like the picture?" said the teacher. "Will you point out the parts of it you do not understand, and I will try and explain them to you."

One little fellow walked across the floor to where the picture hung, and laying his finger on a little one who was being pushed along the road to the place where Jesus sat, he asked seriously, "Why does he need to be driven to the Saviour? He should go without pushing when Jesus invited him."

Very true and very beautiful are the dear boy's words, and the earnest teacher sought to make good use of them that day by reminding her class that "the *very* same Jesus" was still saying to the boys and girls, "Come unto Me." She gave them two beautiful invitations, all spoken by Jesus, to carry away with them—

"Come unto Me" (Mark x. 14).

"Come unto Me . . . and I will give you REST" (Matt. xi. 28).

Now tell me, dear boys and girls, have you accepted these sweet invitations? Have you gone to Jesus, by faith, believing what He says, and received rest, salvation, and joy?

\* \* \*

BIBLE promises are like sunbeams, they shine as freely through the windows of the poor man's cottage as through the windows of the rich man's palace.



## Other People's Children.

### VIII.—AN AFRICAN HOME.

**H**OME is home, all the world over. And although some of the places, in other parts of the world, which boys and girls call "home," are entirely different from our English ideas on the matter, they are none the less dear to them.

In Africa there are many sorts of homes. As you know, it is a vast country, peopled by many different races of men, all of whom have different customs, as well as different languages. The home that we will pay a 'thought-visit' to this month is a Christian home in East Africa. The father and mother serve God whole-heartedly, and their lives are a bright witness to their heathen neighbours. They are looked up to by everyone, and Andrey, the father, is known and respected, by chiefs and people, heathen and Christian alike. Andrey's father was a chief, and Andrey would have become a chief too, but he could not be a heathen chief and a Christian at the same time, so he gave up his right to the chieftainship to become a Christian. And now he is able to teach his country people about the one true God; some days he teaches in a mission school; on others he helps the doctor in the dispensary; but whatever he is doing he never misses an opportunity of telling his people about the Saviour who loves them.

Are you wanting to know about the children in this home? There are two sisters and several brothers. Esita is a tall, bright-faced girl, happy and useful, and finding plenty to do to help her mother in the care of the home. Perhaps you ask what sort of a house do they live in?

Try and picture a long, low building, the framework of which is made of wood, filled in with mud beaten quite smooth, and baked in the hot sun. The door is made of wicker work. It has neither lock nor hinges; during the day it stands out of the way against the wall.

There is very little furniture, but the hard baked mud floor is beautifully dry and clean, and so are all the cooking pots and pans. All the rooms are on the ground floor—there is no 'upstairs.' Three bedrooms open out of the living room, one for the father and mother, one for Esita and her sister, and the third for the brothers. The bedsteads are made with a wooden frame, and ropes of cocoanut fibre strung across. On this is placed, instead of a mattress, an ox skin for the grown-ups, and for the smaller people a goat skin. No sheets or blankets are needed in the warm climate. So you see bed-making is a very simple matter!

Esita's home is a very merry place, and the boys' bedroom is often crowded out, for when Father Andrey finds a boy in a distant village who wants to learn more about the Lord Jesus Christ, he asks him to come home with him on a visit, so that he may have a longer opportunity of teaching him. Sometimes there will be as many as six boys there, and that means that Esita and her mother must get up extra early, for the baker does not call, and there is not even a shop where flour can be bought. Every bit of grain has to be pounded and ground at home before they can cook it.

In Andrey's house they always say their Christian grace before meals, and they have

family prayers, too, before the little ones go off to school.

The biggest meal of the day is in the evening, and when mother is preparing it, she measures out a handful of flour for each person, and then another handful is put into a basket. If you asked her what that was for, she would tell you, "That is God's daily portion." Every day this handful is put aside, then now and again she sells the flour, and once every month she takes the money she gets for it to the missionary, and gives it to God. All the Christian families in this particular part of Africa do the same, and with these offerings they support a number of Christian young men who go as teachers to heathen villages.

When the great war broke out, the mission work in German East Africa greatly suffered. The English missionaries were kept as prisoners, and not allowed to do their mission work. The native Christians had hard times, for they were at once treated with suspicion, because they were friends of English people. Many of them were cruelly beaten by the black soldiers in the German Army with whips made of hippopotamus hide. Some of the teachers managed to escape to British territory, but many others were imprisoned. It is not known what has happened to Andreya, but the missionaries feel sure he has been faithful to his heavenly Master, whatever he has had to bear in consequence. E. A.

## PRIZE LIST, JUNE, 1917.

### Age over 12 years.

- 1ST.—ANNIE WALTON, age 13, Roselles Cottage, Bank Street, Malvern.
- 2ND.—HARRIET WILLIAMS, age 14, 184, Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth.
- 3RD.—GEORGE WILLIAMS, age 15, 184, Powerscourt Road, Portsmouth.
- 4TH.—ESTHER GAUBERT, age 16, c/o Mr. Rackstraw, 210, Upper Street, London, N.1.

#### COMMENDED.

- P. Antrum, E. Bruce, A. Curdy, I. Gaubert, L. Gerrel, E. Palmer, W. Powell, A. Todd.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 years.

- 1ST.—LYDIA GWYNN, age 12, 231, Coronation Road, Bristol.
- 2ND.—J. MACDONALD, age 11, 3, Rose Hill Terrace, Larkhall, Bath.
- 3RD.—LEONARD RICHARDS, age 11, 11, Springfield Terrace, Pontypool Road, Monmouth.
- 4TH.—EDWARD BOND, age 11, 56, Leighton Road, Southville, Bristol.

#### COMMENDED.

- E. Fairbairn, F. Grant, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, V. Routhan, E. Ward, A. Williams.

### Age 10 years and under.

- 1ST.—FRED GWYNN, age 10, 231, Coronation Road, Bristol.
- 2ND.—CLIFFORD MARTIN, age 9, Milford Lodge, Newport Road, Ventnor, I.O.W.
- 3RD.—D. MATTHEWS, age 10, 53, Earlham Road, Norwich.
- 4TH.—DOROTHY EDWARDS, age 9, Howrah Villa, Bushbury Lane, nr. Wolverhampton.

#### COMMENDED.

- E. Darragh, M. Harris, D. Macdonald, S. Osman, M. Todd, L. Westmoreland.

## A WISE CAPTAIN.

SOME years ago the tea ships from China, generally very fast sailing boats, used to make all speed to get to London first, for the ship which reached the port first was rewarded with a large sum of money which was divided among the crew.

One day the captain noticed the mercury in the barometer beginning to fall. He went up on deck, but the sky was cloudless, and a fine breeze blowing, with the sea as calm as a lake. Some hours after he again marked a further fall in the mercury, and now came a conflict in his mind: was he to believe the cloudless sky or the unfauling barometer? Moreover, if he shortened sail the ship would be delayed getting to port, and so the money might be lost; but if he did not shorten sail, the storm might come and the ship might be wrecked.

He trusted the barometer, which cannot tell a lie; he at once ordered the crew to furl every inch of canvas, and but a little while after it was done the storm burst upon them, and they would assuredly have gone to the bottom of the sea had he not believed what the glass foretold.

So, dear young friends, God's Word cannot deceive us, for God cannot tell a lie. Our feelings and thoughts of "no danger" are not to be trusted, so let us believe what our gracious God says to us, when He tells us to flee from the wrath to come, and the only place of shelter is in the arms of our Lord and Saviour.



FAITH looks to Jesus as the *absent One*,  
Hope looks for Jesus as the *coming One*,  
Love communes with Him as the *present One*,  
Faith is the root, hope the stem, and love the fruit.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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No. 152.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for August, 1917.

Subject—Joshua (Joshua 1.-7.)

1. If Joshua meditated in the book of the law, what result did God promise him?
2. How many times was Joshua told to be strong in chapter 1? Give the verses.
3. "The Lord . . . beneath." Find this passage and write it out.
4. What went before the people into the waters of Jordan?
5. How many stones did Joshua pitch in Gilgal, and what for?
6. What do we read about the hand of the Lord in Josh. 4?
7. What did Joshua say to the people at the seventh time that they compassed the city of Jericho?
8. Why did Joshua rend his clothes?
9. Find a sentence of *three* words which the Lord spoke to Joshua giving the reason for Israel's defeat.
10. What did Joshua say to Achan in the valley of Achor?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

This month you will be all looking at the Prize List. I am glad the boys have been more successful this time, and six of them have won prizes. Those mentioned as commended have done very well indeed; a little more care will make some of them prize-winners at the end of the year.

As you find your answers this month, I think you will notice how hard of one man hindered all the people. Let us all be more afraid of sinning against God, and let us seek more earnestly to please Him. "Ever follow that which is good" (1 Thos. 5, 15).

My love to you all.

Your Friend, J. L.

## June Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Alderton, P. Antrum, V. Baid, W. Bridge, G. Baze, L. Brumkill, E. Bruce, L. Courter, M. Collins, R. Cowl, A. Curdy, M. Forrester, I. Gaubert, E. Gaubert, L. Gerrel, D. Harleett, J. Harrower, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, G. Jackson, D. Jones, I. Jones, M. Kennedy, E. Knight, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, F. Lewis, D. Lever, J. Millar, R. Morrison, A. Morris, C. O'Neil, E. O'Neil, L. Patten, E. Palmer, W. Powell, R. Richards, V. Rose, A. Rostron, L. Robins, Q. Roy, R. Russell, A. Small, A. Sanford, J. Stephenson, P. Sheaf, A. Silk, A. Todd, E. Tuck, A. Walton, H. Williams, G. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—S. Allan, D. Cudmore, E. Dawe, E. Daniels, M. Eude, R. Jupp, J. Milton, J. Pearson, R. Stockdale, E. Upton, P. Vickery, G. Virtue, A. Wilson.

**3rd Class.**—None.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—M. Bawtree, E. Bond, V. Crane, C. Carter, M. Collins, P. Crookes, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, F. Grant, M. Gardner, H. Grisdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynne, L. Hobbs, H. Jones, T. Lackenby, J. Macdonald, R. Nichol, H. Powell, A. Putter, L. Richards, V. Routhan, E. Rose, D. Swall, H. Selley, M. Stevens, K. Sykes, P. Turner, M. Tyler, I. Virtue, E. Ward, A. Williams, D. Wright.

**2nd Class.**—C. Ashmore, P. Berry, P. Brewer, T. Eddy, I. Hewson, S. Jones, A. Martin, I. Ross, M. Scougall, J. Wade.

**3rd Class.**—None.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—S. Ayers, D. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, F. Gwynn, N. Harleett, M. Harris, H. Hughes, W. Lever, C. Martin, D. Matthews, S. Osman, W. Selley, N. Smith, M. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, V. Tyler, E. Wade, M. Walton, E. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—C. Bawtree, B. Bonson, S. Bussey, E. Darrah, E. Durant, J. Hewson, D. Macdonald, I. Merritt, E. Sle, N. Wade, L. Westmoreland, F. Wilson.

## ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

Subject—Moses.

1. Because God told him to speak to the rock. (Num. 20. 8.)
2. Part of Num. 27, 12 written out.
3. Deut. 3. 25 written out.
4. Let it suffice thee, speak no more unto Me of this matter. (Deut. 3. 26.)
5. They were to lay them up in their hearts, to bind them upon their hands, and to teach them to their children. (Deut. 11. 18, 19.)
6. Part of Deut. 27. 9 written out.
7. The man of God. (Deut. 33. 1.)
8. God showed him the land of Israel. (Deut. 34. 4.)
9. The servant of the Lord. (Deut. 34. 5.)
10. A prophet. (Deut. 34. 10.)
10. When he was blessing the tribe of Benjamin. (Deut. 33. 12.)

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



LIFE IN IRELAND NINETY YEARS AGO.

## LIFE IN IRELAND NINETY YEARS

## AGO.

I STILL remember the one picture in my grandmother's bedroom—an engraving of a stately mansion with a lake in its grounds. It was Rockingham, the seat of Lord Lorton, in Ireland.

What memories of God's saving grace, and afterwards of His protecting power, must that picture have recalled to my grandmother's mind!

In a house near the Hall, she and my grandfather, who was Lord Lorton's land steward, had lived with their family for many years.

I never heard any particulars of their conversion—how they were brought to know Christ as their Saviour—but I believe it was through his lordship's chaplain, a most earnest, devoted Christian, one who seemed to have a deep sense of the value of a never-dying soul. He once said he would willingly travel from Ireland to England to point an anxious soul to Christ, and that, nearly one hundred years ago, was a much greater undertaking than it would be now. Doubtless he was the means of pointing many an anxious soul to Christ, telling them of the full, free forgiveness God had for them, if they would turn to Him, and that not on the ground of any work or merit in *themselves*, but because *Christ had died* and shed His blood on Calvary's cross to atone to Him for their sins.

My grandfather always had reading of the Scriptures and prayer with his family every evening, and then they would join in singing some of the beautiful hymns. All had good voices, and through the opened window the sweet sounds could be heard from afar; but alas, they were not welcomed sounds!

His lordship's household and my grandfather's family were the only Protestants in the midst of a Roman Catholic population of a most bigoted type, who hated them with a cruel hatred simply because they were Protestants.

Now it is possible that someone reading this may think that the term "*a Protestant*" is but another name for "*a Christian*," that both are one and the same thing. There is, however, a *vital* difference between the two, both in their relationship to God, and in their position as to eternity.

A Protestant protests against the practices, errors, and superstitions of the Romish Church, without there being necessarily any Divine work in the soul, but to be a *Christian* one must be "born again"—"born of the Spirit," which is the work of God Himself in the soul. I must come to Him as a poor lost sinner, and trust in Christ alone for salvation.

All my grandfather's family were Protestants, but several of them did not become Christians until late in life. Another died a Protestant, but unsaved.

The hatred of these fanatical neighbours grew intense, and it was secretly decided to exterminate the "*heretics*" by murdering them. God's protecting hand, however, was over them, and in His mercy He ordered it that both households should be warned of the plot in time to prepare for defence. Thus their murderous designs were frustrated for this time, for when after dark they came to carry them out, they found all prepared with guns and weapons to defend their lives.

My grandfather had a faithful young manservant called Fred, to whom the family had been very kind. One evening, soon after the first attempt, Fred noticed some men crouching behind an old wall in earnest conversation. Feeling sure more mischief was brewing, Fred stole up to the other side of the wall and listened. He soon heard enough to tell him that another plot to murder the "*heretics*" was arranged, and that it was to be carried out that night.

Fred ran quickly away, but not before he had been seen by one of these men. He at once told my grandfather and his lordship's household of their impending danger, so again, when the would-be murderers came, they found all armed and ready for their reception.

Frustrated again, they left determined to take vengeance on the one they knew must have betrayed them.

Next morning Fred was missing. The neighbourhood was searched, but all professed to know nothing about him. Several days went by, but Fred could not be found. Then his lordship ordered the lake to be dragged, and there they found the body of poor murdered Fred! His faithfulness had cost him his life. His murderers were arrested and brought to trial, but I cannot remember what sentence was passed on them.

This story of bygone years—still often spoken of in my young days—left a vivid impression on my memory, and now I have written it out, in the hope, and with the prayer, that some little word in its narration may be the means of leading a soul to Christ. F. A.

\* \* \*

## "REDEEMING THE TIME."

NEVER a day is given,  
But it tones the after years,  
And it carries up to heaven  
Its sunshine or its tears;  
While the to-morrows stand and wait—  
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

## AN INCIDENT DURING THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR.

I FOUND at the hospital a Massachusetts soldier, once a Sabbath scholar, who was in the last stages of disease. He held in his pale, thin fingers a letter, written apparently by an aged and trembling hand. I read the address—"My dear son." It looked worn, as if it had been read many times. Evidently he had just been over it again, and as he lay back on his knapsack pillow, there was something inexpressibly solemn and sad in his countenance, added to this the death shadow was evidently stealing upon him. I passed my hand softly over his forehead, parting back the hair from as noble a brow as I have ever seen. He looked at me, and his eyes filled with tears—a rare occurrence when life is just ebbing. It was a stranger's hand, but laid on his in kindness; perhaps it reminded him of a mother's gentle stroke.

I said in a low voice, after other conversation:—

"You are almost through this world."

"Am I?" said he.

"Yes, and I hope you are ready for the next."

"No, I am not—not ready, not ready."

"Well, my dear friend, Jesus is all ready, and waiting right here. Come now. Shall I pray?"

"Oh no, no, it is too late! too late! I ought to have come long ago."

And then he told me, as calmly as he could, of the time when he was "almost a Christian," and decided to let it pass till another winter.

"That was the time—I might have come then, why didn't I?—why didn't I?—why didn't I?" and pulling the blanket over his face, he sobbed aloud.

I tried to show him Jesus, waiting now to save him, but he cried out,—

"Don't talk to me any more—it's too late! I can't bear it," and he motioned me away.

The next morning, bed No. 8 was empty, and in the military mail-bag was a letter, full of sorrow, on its way to a Christian home in Massachusetts. The old father was expecting an answer to his last letter. This was it. Oh, how that voice, between those sobs from under that soldier's blanket falls upon my ears, and rings through my soul to this day.

"Too late—too late! Why didn't I? Why didn't I?" As I lifted the blanket from his face, and took for that father the last look at that manly form on the stretcher, laid out for burial, I said to myself:—

"I will tell all my young friends, it is not enough to belong to the Sunday school, you must belong to Jesus."

## WHEN THE DINNER BELL RINGS.

THE boys and girls who read this paper probably go to Sunday school, and often listen to Bible stories; perhaps before they were big enough to read at all they knew all about David and Joseph and Daniel, and a great deal about Jesus. They hear the Bible words very often.

You are not like some children I saw once in the south of Ireland. We were preaching about the Saviour in the market place of a town there, when I saw a group of children going by with their fingers in their ears. They, poor children, would not listen to what we were saying. But they knew no better, they had been told to do it, and we felt very sad about them, for we were telling how Jesus when on earth forgave the big sinner and blessed the little ones; but while the good news was being told, they stopped their ears and would not hear it.

You do not do that, but I wonder if you have believed the words you hear so often? Have you believed that they are for you? When the dinner bell rings, or when mother's or sister's voice announces that dinner is ready, you believe it, and you believe that it is for you, and you lose no time in rushing to the room where the table is spread.

When you hear that Jesus shed His precious blood for sinful children, do you say, "I believe, Lord, that it was for me"? When you hear that He has said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," do you say, "Lord, I will come to Thee"? Does the word of Jesus the Saviour affect you as the dinner bell does? Does it make you want to get to Him as quickly as possible?

Remember that it is not the one who hears only. You might hear the word every day, and just be as far from the blessing as the little Roman Catholic children in Cork. You must believe it as well as hear it, and to believe it means that you come to Jesus whose word it is.

J. T. M.

\* \* \*

## "CLEANSE THOU ME FROM SECRET FAULTS."

PSA. xix. 12.

YOU have seen a ship out on the bay, swinging with the tide, and seeming as if it would follow it: and yet it cannot, for down beneath the water it is anchored. So many a soul sways in its desires towards the Lord, feels that it ought to be wholly for Him and often longs so to be, but the desires and longings are futile because it is anchored to some secret sin.

C. H. S.



THE BARNARDO FIRE BRIGADE.

## "DEATH OF DR. BARNARDO."

**S**UCH was the simple announcement on the side-boards of the newspaper carts as they drove into Fenchurch Street railway station the afternoon following that good man's death.

The newspaper boys were accustomed to join in rough horseplay till the carts arrived, and then indulge in a wild scrimmage as to who would get their supplies first.

But on this occasion the boys were checked in their good-natured boisterousness as they saw the announcement. Silent and still, not one boy moved or fought to get his papers.

A friend of Dr. Barnardo standing by was much affected by the sight. Approaching one little fellow and putting his hand on his shoulder, he said, "My lad, the boys of London have lost a friend." "Yes, sir," was his quick reply, "and a good 'un, too."

One's mind quickly travelled to another announcement, not found on the newspaper boards, but in the Bible. We refer to the announcement of the death of the Lord Jesus.

Dr. Barnardo lived to serve the waifs and strays of London: the Lord Jesus died to serve mankind, that He might be the Saviour of all those who trust Him.

Dr. Barnardo's death put an end to his career as a friend of the boys of London. Christ's death was necessary if we were to be saved.

Dr. Barnardo died in the natural course of things; the Lord Jesus died as bearing the penalty of sins, so that sinners might be righteously saved.

Dr. Barnardo himself trusted the Lord Jesus as Saviour, and was one of the first to acknowledge that his own good life did not fit him for heaven, but that he owed his right to go there to the atoning death of his Saviour. Indeed, he would not claim to have lived

a good life. Others might say it of him; but all the description that he could give of himself was that he was a sinner saved by grace.

A. J. P.



## THE TWO BIRTHDAYS.

"Ye must be born again."—JOHN iii. 7.

**A** YOUNG man came out of a crowded service, one Sunday evening, alarmed at having learned something he never knew before. To a dear friend he confided his trouble: "I have never been born again, and I feel that unless I am I shall be lost."

A little girl once asked me the date of my birthday, and was rather puzzled when I said: "Which birthday do you mean? I have two birthdays, you know."

I had to explain to her that my natural birthday was on such-and-such a date, but that I had a second birthday, commemorating the time when I trusted the Saviour—having been "born again."

Sad to say, many boys and girls do not realize that they need to be born again. Of course they know that they commit sins against God, but they do not see that this proves that they have a sinful nature, for sins



are like the fruit on a tree, which proves of what kind the tree really is.

#### ORANGES ON A PEAR TREE.

Once, when I moved into a new house, there was a large tree growing up the garden wall. One of my visitors said he was sure it was a plum tree, and another was quite certain that it was an apple tree, but the owner of the house had told me that it was a pear tree, and he knew, because he had got lots of pears from it.

Now, to try to do good works and live better lives will never change our hearts. That would be just the same as tying oranges on to my pear tree—it would not change the tree into an orange tree, it would remain a pear tree all the time. So our hearts must be changed by the Saviour, and then we can bear the fruits of a new nature.

Very many boys and girls are not conscious that they have this sinful nature, but even the youngest child has it, and sooner or later its fruits will be seen.

Let me tell you the story of a queen who nursed a tiger.

#### THE TIGER STORY.

It was Queen Alexandra, and the tiger was only a baby one, some seven weeks old, which looked just like a big cat as it lay in her lap at the Zoological Gardens.

No doubt at that age it was a pretty pet; but it was a tiger all the time, with a tiger's savage nature, and by this time visitors at the Zoo will be very glad that there are strong iron bars between them and the ferocious beast which once seemed so harmless.

If that tiger could speak, he might say, "I have never done anyone any harm, I have always been very good"; but his nature is still the same, and his good behaviour is due to being under such close restraint.

Now we may have had few opportunities for doing *very* wrong things; we may have been carefully brought up and kept from dangerous temptations, but our nature none the less is unchanged. God's Word tells us, "There is none that doeth good; no, not one," and to even the best of us His message is, "Ye must be born again."

#### THE SNAKE STORY.

A travelling show once visited a country town, and many people went to see a snake-charmer perform with a large, poisonous serpent.

Ever since it was a few days old this man had trained it, and he claimed that it was now quite harmless.

During the performance it would coil itself round and round his body; then at a sign it uncoiled itself again.

One night it coiled itself round the charmer's

body as usual, but when he gave the signal for it to uncoil, to the horror of the spectators, the snake, instead of unfolding itself, coiled more and more tightly round the terrified man, until he was crushed to death.

Satan would tell us that our sinful desires can be restrained until they finally disappear, but God tells us the exact opposite: "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death" (James. i. 15). He says nothing about our charming it or keeping it under, but His message is: "Ye must be born again."

#### THE LAMB AND THE FISHES.

Another reason why we must have a second birthday is that we could neither enjoy God's things nor be happy in heaven unless our hearts were changed.

Have you ever heard the fable of the lambs and the fishes? Of course it is only a fable, that is, not a true story, but it has an important lesson in it.

"Once upon a time, a very, very long while ago, when the lambs and fishes used to talk, one scorching day in the summer a flock of sheep were grazing in a field with a river running close by, and one little lamb began to grumble: 'Oh, dear! how very hot it is; it looks so nice and cool in the river. Mother! I have a great mind to go and live there!' And down he went to the water-edge. Just then a fish began to grumble too: 'Oh, dear! what shall I do! it is so cold and so wet in this water; how I wish that I lived on the grass where those lambs are.'

"So the silly lamb ran down into the water, and the fish gave a jump and fell on the grass. But they both became dreadfully uncomfortable, the poor fish panting on the grass, and the lamb bleating and moaning in the river.

"Why, what was the matter with them? They were out of their element, of course, and neither could have any enjoyment in their new position *unless they received a new nature.*"

#### THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

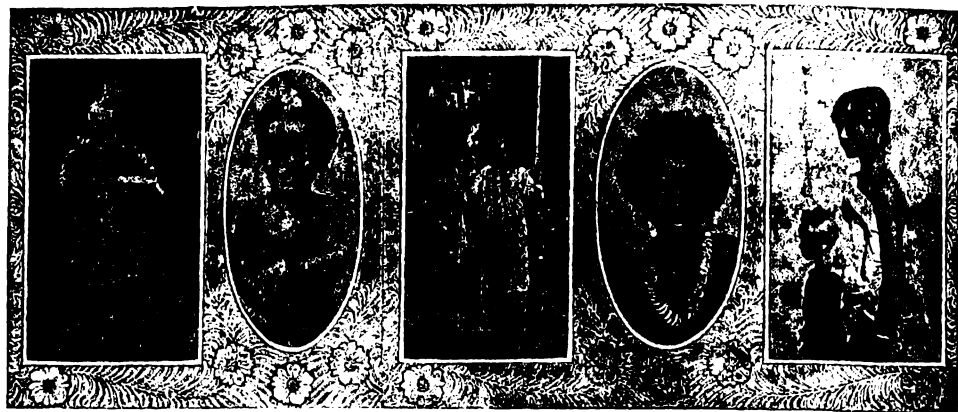
One night a young soldier came to me after a meeting and said: "I want you to help me, sir; I have no power against sin, no matter how much I try."

I told him it was no use *trying*, but the way to get right was by *trusting*—trusting the Saviour, who can cleanse away our sins and give us a new nature which desires to please Him.

When we knelt down to pray together, he said: "O Lord Jesus, save me. I can't do anything myself," and he went away so happy, because Jesus has said: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

Won't you trust Jesus now, and be saved?

J. A. S.



## Other People's Children.

### IX.—CHILD LIFE IN OUR LORD'S OWN LAND.

**T**HAT, as you all know, is Palestine, and the multitudes of the people who thronged our Lord when He lived among men must have been much the same as the country people of Palestine to-day. We know, from the New Testament story, that the most of them were very poor, and that many of them were sick and in need of healing. And the boys and girls used to play in the streets, as they do to-day in every land, and life then was a mixture of sorrow and joy, of play and work, as it is with us now.

If a child is born into a wealthy home, there are great rejoicings, especially if it is a boy; and soft silken clothing, and luxurious surroundings and obsequious servants are a matter of course from its earliest days. But the mass of children in the Holy Land are extremely poor. Born into dark, smoky hovels, with no comfort for mother or baby, the little one grows up with very little idea of comfort or civilization. But they are happy enough in their way. They live most of the time in the open air, as do the children in the greater part of the world.

Their education does not trouble their parents much. Boys are sent to the local sheik to be taught reading and writing and to say their prayers; but the daughters are kept at home to help their mothers. Fetching water from the well, cutting and carrying home from the hills and woods great bundles of firewood, making the bread and cooking other food, all come to the quite little girls to do.

Some European games have been introduced

among the boys and girls, but as a rule they find endless pleasure in their own simple games and toys. Pebbles, an empty sardine box, a broken jug, bits of wood and twine, are treasures to them; and if by any good chance a doll, especially a negro doll, comes into their possession, they are rich beyond their dreams.

In many respects their life is very similar to that of the children of Persia, of whom you read a few months ago in these pages; for as they are also under Turkish rule, the Mohammedan religion is forced upon them. But it would be very sad, would it not, if they were never told of that wonderful Saviour, Who, long long years ago lived in their land, and Who still loves them? And so you will like to know that Christian missionaries have gone to tell them the good news, which has been forgotten by them, and have founded Mission Schools in Palestine.

One of these is on Mount Zion, in Jerusalem, the spot where Solomon built his magnificent Temple 3000 years ago. Would you like to hear how the boys in this school spend their time?

Morning school is from 8.30 to 12.30, with fifteen minutes break for games. Then comes dinner of lentils and beans and rice—sometimes meat and onions. Healthy appetites find it very welcome, and after dinner some of the boys clear away the tables, others wash the dishes, and then comes a game of cricket till the school bell rings at 2.0. At 4.0 school is over. Each boy is given a piece of bread, and all go for a walk with the teacher. Supper comes at 6.30, followed by evening prayers,

taken alternate nights in Arabic and English; for although the boys are Syrian and speak Arabic, they all like to learn English, and very quickly manage to do so.

Many of the old boys from this school are now out in the towns and villages of Palestine, teaching and preaching among their country people about the Lord Jesus Christ. Some have become tradesmen, and have taken up some good way of earning their living, but they all look back to the happy days spent in the school on Mount Zion, and they are very anxious that their little sons should go to the same school and learn the same lessons that have given them blessing in this life and a bright hope for the life beyond. E. A.



### "DADDY PUT ME HERE."

THE tidal heights of the ocean so far surpassed those of previous years, that crowds had gathered to witness the action of the breakers; while not a few local residents seemed to find the greatest enjoyment in watching those who, unheeding the menacing breakers, ventured too near the water's edge and were drenched by the dashing spray.

Among the spectators was a party who had taken the precaution to be high and dry, after being once besprayed, and thus their vantage ground gave them the opportunity to observe the more venturesome ones, who ran screaming as the breakers bounding high rolled over walls and bulkheads, and nearly carried them off their feet.

"Served them right," cried one, "for they are old enough to know better! But look," added she, in a distressed tone, "at that wee fellow who is playing in the sand as unconcerned as if out of harm's reach. Someone must go to his rescue, or he may be carried out by the next billow."

"I will go and remove him to a place of safety," said a male companion, "if he is as much alone as he appears to be," and, suiting the action to the word, the speaker made haste to reach the child. A moment later he returned, saying, in a tone of impatience, "I never met such a stubborn child! I could neither coax nor hire him to leave, and all I could get out of him was a decided, 'No! My Daddy put me here!'"

"Then, I'll go," exclaimed the woman, who had an unyielding will. "There is no time to be lost."

The suggestion to assist in removing the child by force was about to be acted upon when his latest pleader returned, saying in an awed tone, "It is a case of unquestioning faith, not stub-

bornness! Why, that four-year-old preached me such a sermon as I have not heard for many a day!"

"How so?" cried all in unison.

"By his beautiful, unshakable trust in his father," was the tremulous reply. "At first I just coaxed him to come with me. Then I tried to reason with him, after he had said repeatedly: 'Daddy put me here,' urging, 'Yes, dear, but your daddy may not be where he can see how high the tide is getting, and it may come and carry you away out to sea.'"

"'Daddy,' persisted the little fellow stoutly, 'won't let big waves carry me off, 'cause I'm his little boy, an'—an' he loves me!'"

The speaker's voice broke—. But an instant later there was such an evident increase in the height of the tide that the speaker, with a more determined air, sprang to her feet, crying, "I will neither coax nor reason this time, but bring him away by force."

She left hurriedly, but, before she reached the confiding child, his father, who from long familiarity with high tides knew just the danger point for his son, appeared on the scene, and taking the child into his strong arms, carried him to a place of safety.

"And then," confessed the woman who had pleaded with the little fellow in vain, "my sermon was complete as I saw the love-light in that father's eyes, and heard, in that sweet, childish voice, 'I couldn't see you, daddy, dear, an' dey say you'd fordot, but I jus' knew daddy wouldn't fordot baby!'"

"I will receive you, and will be a father to you," says the blessed God.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord."

"Fear not . . . it is your Father's good pleasure . . . the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

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Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,  
Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for September, 1917.

**Subject—Joshua (Joshua 8.-20.)**

1. "And Joshua . . . day." Find this verse and write it out.
2. Where did Joshua build an altar?
3. When he had written a copy of the law of Moses on the stones, what did he do "afterward"?
4. "Joshua made peace with them." Can you explain in a few words why they made this mistake?
5. What did the Lord say to Joshua when the Gibeonites sent to him for help?
6. What did Joshua say to the sun and moon?
7. Why was it that Joshua took many kings and their land at one time?
8. Why did Joshua give Hebron to Caleb?
9. What did Joshua do in Shiloh?
10. How many cities of refuge did Joshua appoint?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching." Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 1d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

### DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

I think you will notice as you do your answers this month how wonderfully God blessed the people when they were obedient to Him. None of their enemies could stand before them. What an encouragement this is to us to be obedient to Him in all things to-day! God still has great blessings to bestow on those who obey Him. We read of one in Heb. x. 9. "The Lord Jesus became the Author of eternal salvation unto them that obey Him." Is this salvation yours?

My welcome to all new searchers; I hope they will persevere. Please read the rules *carefully*.

My love to you all.

Your friend, J. L.

## July Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, W. Bridge, J. Brunsell, E. Bruce, E. Craig, M. Collins, May Collins, R. Cowl, A. Curdy, D. Cudmore, E. Dawe, G. Devenish, D. Dunkley, D. Ewings, M. Forrester, E. Gaubert, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, D. Harleel, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, L. Herring, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Hodgeson, B. Holdsworth, G. Jackson, D. Jones, I. Jones, R. Jupp, D. Lefcaux, D. Lees, B. Lever, D. Lewes, G. Ludlow, I. Marshall, M. Mages, J. Milton, R. Morrison, A. Morris, V. Routhan, P. Rickards, V. Rose, A. Rostron, E. Russell, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, P. Sheaf, A. Silk, A. Todd, E. Tuck, A. Walton, G. Wallach, H. Williams, G. Williams, E. Winter.

**2nd Class.**—S. Allan, M. Am-Eude, G. Burgess, E. Edwards, A. Godwin, E. Palmer, L. Phillips, Q. Roy, G. Rutledge, A. Sanford, P. Vickery, L. White, A. Wilton.

**3rd Class.**—L. Patten, A. Rigby, H. Slee, M. Slee.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—M. Bawtree, F. Berry, V. Crane, P. Crooke, R. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duft, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, H. Girdale, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, E. Harris, I. Hewson, M. Hodgeson, H. Jones, W. Lever, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, W. Manderson, R. Nichol, G. Robern, L. Rickards, J. Rowland, E. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, B. Selley, M. Stevens, M. Smith, K. Sykes, P. Turner, M. Tyler, E. Ward, J. Wade, L. Wareham, H. Ward, A. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—C. Ashmore, C. Carter, T. Eddy, A. Punter.

**3rd Class.**—S. Bussey, E. Gray, Joseph Slee.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—C. Bawtree, E. Darrah, E. Durrant, A. Fairbairn, E. Gwynn, F. Harris, J. Hewson, Q. Hickson, H. Hodgeson, H. Hughes, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, D. Matthews, I. Milson, S. Osman, W. Selley, E. Slee, N. Smith, G. Scott, A. Taylor, M. Todd, V. Tyler, N. Wade, M. Walton, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—W. Camp.

**3rd Class.**—H. Gray.

## ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

**Subject—Joshua.**

1. Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword (Ex. xvii. 13).
2. The minister of Moses (Ex. xxiv. 13).
3. Joshua departed not out of the tabernacle (Ex. xxxiii. 11).
4. Because he brought a good report of the land (Num. xiv. 38).
5. Part of Num. xxvii. 18 written out.
6. Deut. iii. 28 written out.
7. Eleazar and Joshua (Num. xxxiv. 17).
8. They served the Lord (Judges ii. 7).
9. His prophecy about the rebuilding of Jericho was fulfilled (1 Kings xvi. 34).
10. Heb. iv. 8, written out.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"EIGHT OR NINE OF US SECURED A BOAT."

## PAGES FROM A SAILOR'S LIFE.

ONE evening, my husband brought into our sitting room a man who had accosted him in the street, saying that he had walked from the north of Scotland, and was on his way to Bridlington to see an uncle who would help him.

He was a strange, weird-looking being, short and stiff-made, with a very dark skin, and was wearing a very large, peculiar-looking pair of spectacles, almost like goggles.

My husband pointed out to him from the map of Yorkshire the towns through which he would have to pass on his way to Bridlington, and then turning to him, said, "What has been the matter with your eyes?"

"An explosion in the engine-room of the ship I was on almost blinded me," he said. "I was in the hospital for ten months, and then when I came out it took all my savings to buy these glasses. They magnify very highly indeed, and I could not see at all without them."

On rising to leave, he declined taking either money or food, but, on being closely questioned, he admitted he had not tasted any food that day!

We induced him to have a meal, and the poor man was ravenous! After he had somewhat appeased his hunger, I said, "To what Church do you belong?"

"To the Scotch Kirk," he replied.

"And what does your Scotch Kirk tell you is the way to be saved?"

He raised his voice a little, and said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Knowing that the Scotch are brought up in the knowledge of the *letter* of the Gospel, my husband said, "But that is not enough; there must be the *coming to Him*, and the believing on Him in the heart."

"I know that," he said.

"And has that change ever come to you?" I asked.

"It has."

"How was it? Will you tell us all about it?"

"The vessel I was on then, the *Athol*, was wrecked, and eight or nine of us secured a boat, and we were in that boat fourteen days without food or water. One man went mad, and jumped into the sea, and was drowned. The rest of us, every man in that boat, turned to Christ, and was saved."

"Then we had got to the point of desperation, a vessel came in sight, was signalled as best we could, and they came to us and got us on board."

Under what different circumstances men are

brought to trust in Christ as Saviour. These poor men had the certainty of a terrible death before them; and with the thought of facing God, the remembrance of their past sins would come up before them. It is not death man fears so much as that which comes *after* death—the judgment!

"Every man in that boat turned to Christ, and was saved."

With all his sins upon him, each one, in repentance, "turned to Christ," and, on the ground that Christ had died and shed His blood on Calvary's Cross to *atone for his sins*, "was saved."

He told us other interesting details, but it is many years ago, and I could not now give them correctly. Poor fellow! He was one of those with whom life seemed to have gone hardly, but I trust he would recognise God's loving care over him in thus bringing him in touch with fellow-Christians who have been glad to help him on his way.

F. A.



## "A SMALL CUP, BUT—ON THE NAIL!"

"WELL, Edna, what about you?"

"Oh, I'm only a small cup, but I'm on the nail!"

"Thank God; I am delighted to hear it."

Very likely my young friends are a wee bit mystified. I think I hear a chorus of voices: "Whatever did Edna mean by being on the nail? How can a girl be a cup? How could you tell what she meant? Why were you delighted to hear it?"

Let me tell you. I had been talking to the children on the sands about the man who was fastened as "a nail in a sure place." (Can you find the reference in your Bible? It is in Isaiah.) This man was a picture of the Saviour. A nail fastened in a sure place does not let anything that is hung upon it fall. Nor can anyone fall to the ground and be lost if he "hangs his helpless soul" on Christ.

Now we read of two kinds of things that were hung on the "nail fastened in a sure place." There were the big "flagons" and the little "cups." Edna felt that, being so small, she was only a "cup." But as she had trusted her soul to the Saviour, she was "on the nail," and He would never, never let her fall to the ground.

Thank God, there is room on the "nail" for all the big "flagons" and all the small "cups" that want to be there. The Lord Jesus never casts out those who put their trust in Him.

Are you, my young friend, hanging on the "nail in a sure place"?

H. P. B.

## PEGGY'S MISTAKE.

PEGGY was only a wee girlie, or she would never have made the mistake she did.

She was returning home from Sunday-school, and was overtaken by her teacher, who asked: "Would you like an egg for your ten, Peggy?" "Yes, please, sir," was her prompt reply. "Come along with me, and you shall choose one for yourself," he said; and taking her little hand in his, he led her to a room near the fowl-pen in his garden, where in a large basket were lots of eggs: white ones, cream ones, brown ones, small ones, and large ones.

Peggy's eyes at once rested on one of them, and stretching forth her hand she took it, and smilingly said, "Thank you."

"I don't think I should take that one," said her teacher. "Try again; take one of the others." But Peggy did not appear to like the thought of parting with the one she had selected, and a very determined look came over her face as she firmly said, "I should like this one."

"Very well, Peggy," replied her teacher. "You may take that one if you wish, but I advise you to change it for one of the others."

You see Peggy thought she knew better than her teacher, and he, seeing that her mind was made up, and that she would not willingly take his advice, said no more. She trotted home carrying, oh, so carefully, her precious egg. Rushing into the room where mother was busy preparing tea, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her cheeks flushed with excitement, she handed to her mother the egg, saying: "See, mother, this is for my tea to-day."

Her mother glanced at it, and quietly remarked, "You cannot eat this, my child, for it is not a real egg—it is a *china nest-egg*."

You see Peggy's egg was not what it appeared to be; it was only a make-believe—a sham one. Then little Peggy saw her mistake, and wished she had taken teacher's advice.

It was a very subdued little girlie who wended her way back to the kind teacher's home, carrying the imitation egg in her hand, and a very meek little voice which asked if he would please change it for another one. And she really was sorry for persisting in her own way, instead of taking the advice of one who knew better than she, and who wished her to have a nice new-laid egg for her tea—not an imitation one.

Boys and girls have to make a choice. I do not mean only as to the sweets they may buy, or the colour of their new hair-ribbon, or neck-tie; but I mean when they are invited to come to the Saviour as needy boys and girls to be saved and blessed by Him. When they are asked to enter the only door of salvation, and to tread the narrow way to glory. You

know that it was the Lord Jesus who said: "I am the door." "I am the way," and it is He who speaks softly and clearly to you, saying, "Come unto Me." Some obey the call—others disobey. I wonder if the sweet lines you heard mother singing a few days ago—

"My heart is fixed, eternal God,  
Fixed on Thee;  
And my immortal choice is made,—  
Christ for me!"—

are true of you. I do hope so. For to choose to disobey the call of such a loving, living Saviour is infinitely worse than choosing the wrong egg, spilling the ink, or failing in your examination; these misfortunes may all be overcome, but disobeying the Saviour's call, if persisted in, means to lose your soul, and none can repair that loss.

There is a sweet text to learn: "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life" (John xiv. 6). For

"Without the Way, you could not go,  
the Truth, you could not know,  
the Life, you could not grow."

A. G.

\* \* \*

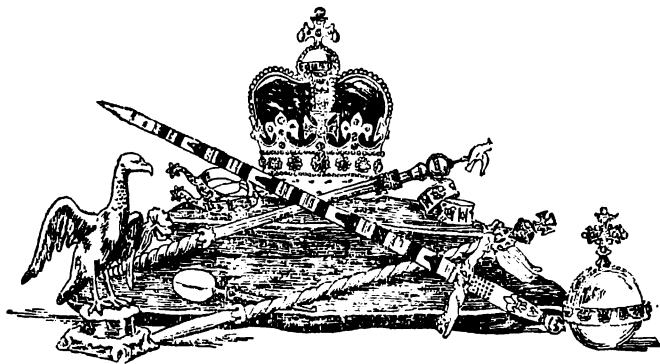
## WHY HE DIDN'T COME.

ONE morning, about a month ago, a carpenter failed to put in an appearance at the house where he was working. Upon enquiry it was discovered that his wife had been left ninety-six thousand pounds, and that, in his altered position, our friend the carpenter had decided to hammer no more. He had got something better. This is the principle upon which Christians renounce the world. When they receive Christ they possess something infinitely better and richer than anything the world can give (Heb. x. 34).

\* \* \*

## A DREAM.

THE author of "I heard the voice of Jesus say," says that he dreamed that angels took his zeal and weighed it, and told him that it was excellent, for it weighed exactly one hundred, which was all that could be asked. He was greatly gratified at the result. Next they wished to analyze it. They put it in a crucible, and tested it in various ways, with this result: Fourteen parts were selfishness, fifteen parts sectarianism, twenty-two ambition, twenty-three love to man, and twenty-six love to God. He awoke humbled, and determined on a new consecration.



THE CROWN JEWELS.

## CROWNS.

**W**E have often looked at the portrait of some king or queen in their State robes, and have thought how beautiful was the crown they were wearing, and perhaps we have longed to be a Sovereign, so that we might wear one too.

God has some crowns laid up for His children in the heavenly home. He promises a *crown of life* to them that love Him (Jas. i. 12), and surely, as we think of all God's goodness and wonderful love to us, and His unspeakable gift of the Lord Jesus, a well of love must spring up in our hearts towards Him.

A *crown of righteousness* will be given "unto all them that love His appearing" (2 Tim. iv. 8). Jesus has told us that He is coming again, and if we are living in the light of His return, doing our duty faithfully, waiting to eagerly welcome Him, with no cause to be ashamed when He does come, then one day this crown will be ours.

If we are faithful unto death, God will give us a *crown of life* (Rev. ii. 10). Let us take our stand for Christ, boldly confessing Him at all costs.

When we win others for Christ, and bring them to the Saviour, they will one day be a *crown of rejoicing* to us (1 Thess. ii. 19) when we see them in the home above, praising God in fellowship with us.

Let us run the race of this life looking unto Jesus, so that we may obtain an *incorruptible crown* (1 Cor. ix. 25, 26), a *crown of glory* that *fadeth not away* (1 Pet. v. 4).

But let our motive for wishing a crown be a *pure one*—not for our own personal glory, but that we may cast them at the feet of Jesus, our wonderful Saviour (Rev. iv. 10, 11).

Mary Slessor, the great missionary, who was

known as the 'White Queen of Calabar,' was one of the humblest of Christians. In her last illness, a friend, thinking to cheer her, spoke of the land of glory and of the starry crown awaiting her there. She replied, "And what would I do with starry crowns, but just lay them all at His feet?" A. W.

\* \* \*

## A STORY OF A HYMN.

**W**OULD you kindly sing, 'Jesu, lover of my soul'?"

asked an ex-soldier just before a meeting commenced.

"Certainly," I replied.

"To-day," he continued, "is an interesting anniversary. Just a year ago I was in France. With two other soldiers I was resting behind a mound of earth. We were singing this hymn very softly, because we did not wish the Germans to locate us. We forgot ourselves, however, sang a little louder, and we were 'spotted'; just as we were singing the words,—

"Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

a shell came over, dislodged the mound of earth and buried us. In time we were dug out, none the worse, and we thanked God for covering us, for shell after shell came over, and had we not been protected thus—well, I would not have been here to tell you about it."

My soldier friend loved the Lord Jesus, he at once realized that it was He Who had answered the prayer of these lines.

Most of the readers of OUR CHILDREN are too young to be soldiers of King George. None are too young—or too old—to be soldiers of Jesus Christ, and for the storms of life, the temptations, the trials, and the thousand things to be encountered, all require the protection that only our Lord Jesus Christ can afford.

We come to Him as our Saviour, we trust Him as our Keeper, we confide in Him as our Friend, we confess Him as our Lord, we serve Him as our Master, we admire Him as "the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely," and we wait for His coming Who loves us, Who died for us, Who lives for us, and Who desires to have us with Himself where He is.

W. B. D.

\* \* \*



## ABOUT A SEASIDE HOLIDAY.

5th Sept., 1917.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

During the month of August there have been seaside services for children held at many holiday resorts.

We have been down in Wales and had lovely services there. I wonder if you have ever been to children's meetings held on the beach? They are ever so nice, and I am sure when I have told you about them, you will want to go to some yourselves some day.

To begin with, you know, we had singing, accompanied by a dear little harmonium that folds up and can be carried about just like a box. We learnt heaps of choruses, such catchy little tunes that we carried them back in our memories to teach the little children who couldn't go away for a nice holiday.

After we had finished singing, we used to read a little portion from God's Word. One of our gentlemen friends would read the first verse, and then we read the next all together, and so on alternately.

Then came the best part—the address—and it wasn't a dull kind of sermon—but a very happy little chat mixed up with lovely stories.

One gentleman especially could tell them beautifully. His little boy was asked one day what he wanted to be when he was grown up. His reply was, "I want to be a teler." When he was asked his reason, he said, "Because I want to be able to tell tales like father does."

One story we heard was about a little girl who had a dream. She was going along the road, and in the distance she saw a palace with a glorious shining entrance. The girlie thought that she would like to get to the beautiful home, so she went up and knocked at the door. A porter came, but when he saw who it was, he took an enormous lantern and shone it on to her dress. The little girl looked down, and saw that the dress she thought was white, was covered with filthy stains. The porter told her that no one could enter who did not wear a spotless garment, so the child went away and scrubbed her dress, as she thought, quite clean, and then returned. The man again shone the light on her dress, but still dirty marks showed, and the little one thought that she could not have rubbed hard enough, so she ran off to have another good try. This time she was quite confident that it was clean, and she rushed back expecting to get into the palace at once. Again the lantern was taken from its shelf, and there the marks still remained, and the poor child-seeing that her efforts had been all in vain—had to go away. She went to a field close by and sat down and cried bitterly.

Soon someone bent over her shoulder, and she looked up, and there was a man with such a very loving face, asking her what was the matter.

She told the kind stranger her story, and he told her not to cry any more, and then he gave her a dress as white as snow. She thanked him very much, and then he took her by the hand and led her to the entrance again. This time she felt quite certain that she would be able to enter, and she was able to get in without any trouble, and she felt so happy.

Then she woke up.

Each one of us wants to get to that beautiful home, don't we? It was Heaven, you know, and the kind Stranger was the Lord Jesus, and the snowy garment He gave the little girl is what He has procured for us through the shedding of His precious blood.

Another story was about a party of young fellows who decided to climb up a high mountain in Switzerland, and they refused to take a guide with them. The hotel-keeper begged them not to go without someone who knew the way, as the mountain was very dangerous, and he even offered to send a man with them at his own expense. However, they refused every suggestion, saying that it was half the fun to go alone.

Night drew on and they did not return, and the proprietor grew very anxious. The first thing in the morning he sent a guide to discover what had become of the lost party. He found them almost at the summit—frozen to death. They had almost reached the goal, but they did not know, and a terrible snow-storm had overtaken them, and there they lay—dead! How foolish they had been—they had refused the offer of a free guide—and they had perished through their own folly.

The Lord Jesus has offered to be our guide, for has He not said—"I am the way." There is a verse that says, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Salvation is without money and without price, so let us take the Lord Jesus as our own personal Saviour, and say, "My God, wilt Thou not from this time be the *guide* of my youth?"

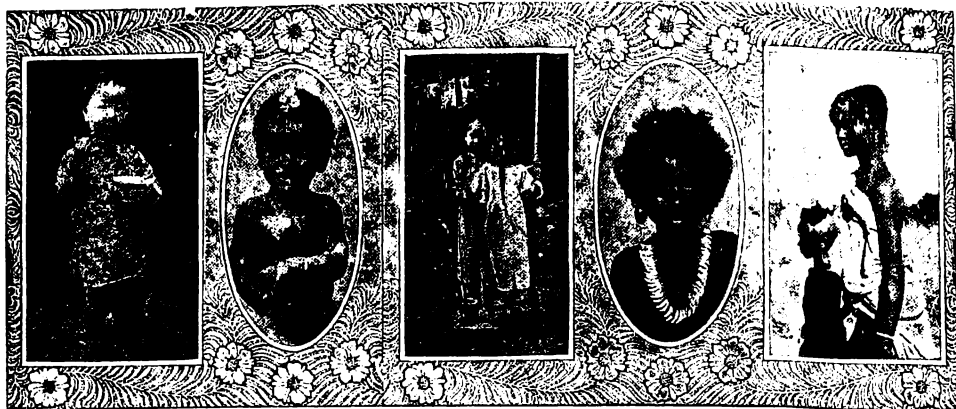
From,

Your friend, M. J. S.

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SUNSHINE.—Those who bring sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it out of their own.

If you would not gather the forbidden fruit, then beware how you look on the tree where it grows.



## Other People's Children.

### X.—BOYS OF THE SUNNY ISLAND.

**D**O you know its other name, and where to find it? If you look on a map of India, you will find it at the southernmost point, and it is usually called "Ceylon." But it may well be named "Sunny," for except when the rainy season is on, the skies are blue and the sun shines brightly.

There are many Europeans living in Ceylon—traders and others—and Colombo, the capital, has much of a Western appearance; a large number of Tamils, a race from Southern India, have migrated across the Straits and settled on the island. The natives of the place, however, are the Singhalese, and you will be surprised to hear that they are relations of your own. Centuries and centuries ago our common forefathers lived in North India. From there our part of the family migrated across Asia and Europe, and finally crossed over to Britain, and the others filtered down through India and settled in Ceylon."

When they landed they took possession of the island, but they adopted the religion of the people they had subjugated—namely, devil-worship. About 400 B.C. a prince came from North India as a missionary of the doctrines of Buddha. His sister followed him: she was the first lady missionary to Ceylon. These two worked so devotedly that before they died the whole island professed to worship Buddha.

Is it not sad that their earnest and energetic labours were not for a better end? But they knew nothing of the true God, and the result of their teaching was disastrous to the life of the people.

Long centuries passed away, during which men and women lived their hopeless lives, with nothing to cheer them in their sorrows or help them bear their burdens. At last a brighter day dawned upon them. The message of eternal life and the love of God reached them, and as is the case nearly everywhere that Christian missionaries go, schools were opened for the instruction of boys and girls in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ.

You must not imagine that the boys and girls all enjoy the school-work. Oh, dear no! They have a great capacity for doing nothing, and they can keep on doing it, too. But they are bright, intelligent little people, and when they really set their mind to the matter, they can learn quickly and well.

Of course the one chief aim and desire of the Christian masters and mistresses in these schools is to bring the young folks into the knowledge of the love of God, as set forth in His Word: but along with the Scripture teaching they go in for education, very much the same as we do here at home; and also for healthy games. So the Singhalese boys, who are slim, nice looking fellows, with black eyes and hair, and skin only a little darker than English boys, take delight in cricket, football, tennis, debating societies—and also in many cases in the Oxford and Cambridge exams. And they do remarkably well, too, at all these, so that it is very important that as they are fitting themselves for useful and perhaps public life later, so they should "embrace" that highest and best of all wisdom of which King Solomon speaks in Proverbs iv. 7-9, and iii. 13-18.

The Buddhist priests are very jealous of the love that many of the boys have for the mission-schools and teachers, and they try, by opposition schools, to get them away and make them into priests. Unfortunately they too often succeed, and there are many youths dedicated to the Temple services of the god Buddha; and as they walk about in their yellow robes, miniature reproductions of the older priests, they will sometimes jeer and laugh at the lads who still continue faithful to the Christian teaching.

In common with most other heathen lands, girls are not usually considered worth educating. But happily many of them are now under Christian training for mind and body and soul, and the following true incident, related by a lady missionary, shows that they learn to purpose.

"A friend and I were visiting one of the beautiful Kandyan villages, and were struck by two attractive-looking girls chattering together outside their hut. We went up to them, and they invited us to come inside. But their mother was not very well pleased, for when she understood who we were, she broke into a torrent of unkind and untrue words about the Christian religion. Before we could reply to her, one of the girls hurriedly crossed over to her mother, and laying her hand on her shoulder pleaded, 'Oh, mother! don't say these things. I was once at a Christian school, and I *know* Jesus was good.'"

May we not hope and pray that this dear girl, and many more of the boys and girls of the "Sunny Island," will become brave and strong witnesses to their Lord and Saviour, and win many of their country people to Him.

E. A.



### "DEAD FLIES."

IN Ecclesiastes x. we read a strange text:—"Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour."

A little folly, it says, is like a dead fly in a beautiful box of precious ointment that spoils it, turning it bad, so that instead of a sweet perfume it has a disgusting smell.

You see, God likens our life if it is "in Christ" to a sweet ointment sending out a delightful fragrance, and in another place He tells us what sort of savour our ointment is to have. It is to be "a sweet savour of Christ." Yes, our life may be so full of Christ that wherever we go our influence and testimony and gentle, unconscious action and manner speak of Christ, so that people take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

When a devoted heart once brought a box of ointment and broke it over our Lord's feet, He was pleased, and it was said that the savour of the ointment filled the whole house. But Jesus said it should fill the whole world! For although the smell has long ago died away, the memory is spoken of, and the kind act of love to Jesus still lingers in the world like a sweet perfume.

So may our actions be sweet to God, because they remind Him of His beloved Son by Whom we are changed and live.

But that sweet smell may be spoilt by a *little folly*.

Let me mention some little bits of folly that often spoil our testimony, and mar the sweet influence of our lives—

*Trifling* is one. I think. I know a Christian girl whose life was very sweet, and spoke so much of Christ that people were encouraged in their work among the young by her brightness, and spoke of the grace of Christ seen in her. But alas, careless and vain people began to flatter her, and tell her how others noticed her, and soon a self-conscious vanity like a dead fly spoils the ointment. She began to look about to see who noticed her, and was found whispering and talking with anybody who praised her till the sweetness and simplicity were gone, and dresses and laughing and trifling spoils the sweet savour of Christ that once there was. But, thank God, this need not be.

Often it is quite a harmless thing that becomes the little folly. A *piece of dress*, a vain-looking hat, has caused someone to sorrow over the lost sweetness and loving simplicity in Christ.

A *silly book*, a *misspent holiday*, *wasted money*; a thousand "little follies" might be named. Oh, to pray often and continually: "Hold Thou me up," that God will give a tender heart, lest any little folly rob Him of the sweet savour of Christ in our lives.

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Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,  
Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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No. 154.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for October, 1917.

Subject—Gideon (Judges 6-8.)

1. What was Gideon doing when the angel of the Lord appeared to him?
2. What were the angel's first words to him?
3. What did the angel do to the offering Gideon brought to him?
4. Why did Gideon throw down the altar of Baal at night?
5. Why did the Lord say the people who followed Gideon were too many?
6. How many were left after He had tried them?
7. What did Gideon tell them to do when he blew his trumpet?
8. What was Gideon's answer when the men of Israel asked him to rule over them?
9. What became a snare to Gideon?
10. "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon." What does this refer to?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 12, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Some one writes to tell me he is very disappointed because he did not get a prize, as he was in 1st class every month. I think you will find, if you count the names, that there are from thirty to sixty in the 1st class every month. Only four of these get a prize, and generally the searcher who wins the 1st prize loses only two or three marks in six months, and the others only one or two more, so I think you will understand that your papers must be quite correct and very neatly written if you mean to win a prize. But do not be discouraged, because all who do the searching regularly win a prize for themselves in learning more of the Word of God. Remember what Jeremiah tells us in chap. 15, 10: "Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart."

A paper has come from Newcastle-on-Tyne without a name.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

## August Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Antrum, L. Brunskill, E. Bruce, L. Courtice, R. Cowl, A. Carly, D. Cudmore, G. Devenish, M. Forrester, I. Gaubert, E. Gaubert, P. Grant, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, H. Gridale, A. Godwin, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, B. Holdsworth, D. Jones, J. Jones, S. Jones, M. Kennedy, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, D. Lewes, D. Leverage, G. Ludlow, M. Mages, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, L. Patten, E. Palmer, J. Pearson, V. Routhan, V. Rose, B. Russell, A. Swall, A. Sanford, J. Stephenson, P. Sheal, A. Silk, A. Todd, A. Walton, G. Wallach, D. Wright, H. Williams, G. Williams, E. Winter.

**2nd Class.**—P. Allibone, D. Dunkley, E. Edwards, R. Jupp, I. Marshall.

**3rd Class.**—M. Ormsby, B. Stockdale, P. Vickery, A. Wilson.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—F. Berry, E. Bond, S. Bussey, C. Carter, P. Crookes, R. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, J. Foster, W. Goldsmith, L. Gwynn, E. Harris, L. Hobbs, H. Jones, W. Lever, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, R. Nichol, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, I. Ross, E. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, K. Sykes, P. Turner, E. Ward, Ethel Ward, A. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—A. Punter, M. Stevens.

**3rd Class.**—C. Ashmore, E. Gray, L. Wareham.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—S. Ayers, E. Darrah, E. Durrant, F. Gwynn, H. Hughes, D. Macdonald, C. Martin, F. Milsom, A. Milsom, S. Osman, W. Selley, N. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, M. Walton, A. Ward, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—W. Champ, Q. Hickson, P. Moore.

**3rd Class.**—H. Gray, V. Hale.

## ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

Subject—Joshua.

1. That his way would be prosperous and he should have good success (Josh. 1. 8).
2. Four times (verses 6, 7, 9, 18).
3. Joshua 2. 11 written out.
4. The ark of the Lord (Josh. 3. 13).
5. Twelve. For a sign that the children of Israel came over Jordan on dry land (Josh. 4. 22).
6. That all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord that it is mighty (Josh. 4. 24).
7. Shout; for the Lord hath given you the city (Josh. 6. 16).
8. Because Israel fled before the men of Ai (Josh. 7. 6).
9. Israel hath sinned (Josh. 7. 11).
10. Why hast thou troubled us? The Lord shall trouble thee this day (Josh. 7. 25).

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



Nov. 1917

## "IF THE NOBLEMAN HAD——"

"TELL us that story again about the little Russian girl," said Lena to her father one evening.

"Aren't you tired of that one?" said he, "because if you are, I think I could tell you another story about Russia."

"Oh, yes, do please, Daddy," said little Enid.

"Well, this story is rather a terrifying story, because it is about a race with a pack of savage wolves; so before I begin the story I want to tell you that there are no wolves in England. Wolves only live in those far-away countries over the sea where there are large forests and long snowy winters. You need never be afraid of wolves in England."

"In far-away Russia one wintry afternoon, if you had been walking along a high road some distance from any town, you would have noticed a sleigh drawn by three magnificent horses pass swiftly along. The sleigh contained a nobleman, his wife and child, and a faithful servant. All were well wrapped up in furs, for they had a long journey and it was intensely cold."

"The sleigh bells tinkled merrily, but as they travelled on another sound struck the ears of the travellers. After a little time of anxious uncertainty the sound came louder and more insistent than before. No one spoke, and the horses who, too, had heard, galloped madly along, for all knew that it was now a race for life—a pack of savage wolves were on their track."

"Wolves are very fleet of foot, and when starving during a severe winter they become very daring and ferocious. Many travellers overtaken by these beasts have never reached their journey's end."

"In a very short time the travellers could see the little cluster of dark objects steadily gaining upon the sleigh; very soon they could see their fierce eyes and sharp teeth, and it looked as though they would soon be surrounded by their ravenous foes."

"In such circumstances there is only one thing to be done. A horse must be sacrificed to the wolves. This poor animal was released from the traces, and while the wolves were devouring him the sleigh gained a little time. The wolves, however, overtook them, and a second horse had to share the same dreadful fate as its companion."

"The count now urged on his one remaining horse, which plunged along as though conscious that the lives of all depended upon him."

"Not far away were the lights of home, but it seemed as if they were not to reach it after

all, for the wolves were once more approaching them."

"Just then the servant, seeing the hopeless situation they were in, turned to his master and said, 'Sir, you have been a good master to me, you will provide for my wife and children, I will give my life for you,' and before the Count could restrain him the brave fellow leapt amongst the wolves, fighting till he was overpowered by them. His brief struggle with the wolves was sufficient to allow the sleigh to reach home. The poor exhausted horse made one last dash, and as the gates closed after them each of the travellers must have felt deeply thankful that they were safe at last."

"Of course they were very sad when they thought of the servant who had lost his life to save them, but they were very grateful too, and would never forget that his death was the price paid for their escape."

"Don't you think, children, that his devotion and death remind us of the One who died to save us, the Lord Jesus?"

"Yes, father," said Lena, thoughtfully, "He died to save us."

"Well, children, I have just been thinking that the death of the poor servant for his nobleman was very *unlike* the death of Jesus in some ways."

"Which way do you mean, Daddy?" said Enid.

"Well, now, instead of the poor dying for the rich, Jesus, Who was rich in glory, died for us poor sinners. If the nobleman had died for the servant—and we will suppose that the servant had been anything but an obedient, grateful, and devoted servant—that would have been more like the death of Jesus, because His death was the just for the unjust, the worthy for the unworthy, the spotless for the sin-stained. He gave Himself first to bring salvation to us, and then to win our confidence and trust."

J. A. S.



## KITTY AND DORIS AND SUE.

A WORD PICTURE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

THREE girlies so neat, who have trysted to meet

Where the daisies and daffodils grew,  
Are enjoying a talk by the riverside walk,  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.

Says Kitty, How nice 'tis to heed the advice  
Of our teacher, so kind and so true;  
How she said to us three, Now just listen to me,  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.



"OUR KIND TEACHER TOLD US, 'T'WAS FOR KITTY AND DORIS AND ME."

As you gather the flowers under nature's green  
bowers,  
Remember God's lesson for you,  
Is to think of His love, who came down from  
above  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.

He made the green trees—see them swing in the  
breeze—  
And the flowers are His workmanship too,  
But far greater than all is the Gospel's loud call,  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.

The lilies so pure speak of pleasures secure  
In the home of the Saviour so true,  
He stepped down from His throne, died to make  
you His own,  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.

Poor sinners were we, but to set us  
all free  
(For God knew our hearts through  
and through),  
And He gave up His Son that your  
souls might be won,  
Dear Kitty and Doris, and Sue.

The flowers you admire, in their  
gorgeous attire,  
Will wither and pass from your  
view,  
But no longer you'll grieve, if but  
Christ you receive,  
Dear Kitty and Doris and Sue.

Says Doris, I've heard, that it only  
referred  
To the sinful and wicked and low,  
That those who are good, and have  
done all they could,  
Would be saved from all evil and  
woe.

Says Susie, Look here, the words  
were quite clear,  
That our kind teacher told us all  
three,  
It was not for the good, Jesus shed  
His life's blood,  
'Twas for Kitty and Doris and me.

For all are alike, and God's judg-  
ment must strike  
Everyone, whether Gentiles or  
Jews,  
Who refuses to bow to His loving  
voice now,  
In this day of the Gospel's glad  
news.

And this must be right, teacher told  
us last night,  
That as sinners we all have to flee  
To the One now enthroned, though  
on earth still disowned,  
The Saviour who died on the tree.

Says Kitty, Dear Sue, what you say is quite true,  
And we all ought to take it to heart,  
If we die in our sins, endless sorrow begins,  
And from Jesus for ever we'll part.

Yes, says Doris, I see that no hope can there be  
For those who are doing their best.  
Our hearts are so bad, and our outlook so sad,  
And the Saviour alone can give rest.

Dear Kitty and Sue, let's be honest and true,  
And tell the Lord Jesus our case.  
That we long to be right, and be freed from  
sin's blight,  
But we're helpless apart from His grace.

Says Kitty, That's wise, there's no need for surprise,

For I'm longing, dear Doris, like you,  
To tell Jesus my state, for 'twill soon be too late;  
Let us have your opinion, dear Sue.

I'm so thankful to see that each one of us three,  
Says Susie, are longing for rest:

'Twas the Saviour who said, I can banish all dread:

Let the weary ones come to My breast.

Says Doris, I feel that we all three should kneel  
With hearts and voice lifted on high,

To tell God our need as for mercy we plead;  
He will surely attend to our cry.

On the grassy green sward, where no voice could be heard,

But the little birds trilling their lays,  
Kneel Kitty so true, with dear Doris and Sue,  
As to God their petitions they raise.

And God hears their cry, for He cannot deny  
Those who plead His Son's merits and might,  
And they rise from their knees, 'neath the shade of the trees,

With their hearts full of praise and delight.

Now our "picture" you've seen, not on canvas or screen,

But a plain simple story for you,  
To tell you the way to spend life's little day,  
Like Kitty and Doris and Sue. G. F. E.

\* \* \*

## NONE TOO YOUNG.

"I BELIEVE I should have been saved when I was seven years old if only some one had talked to me, and told me what to do," said one who did not become a Christian until many years after. "I was very anxious about my soul then, and was longing to be saved, but no one ever spoke to me about it. They all seemed to think I was too young to think of such things."

The Lord Jesus said, "Suffer the *little* children to come unto Me." In the light of His words none are too young to come to Him and trust in Him as their Saviour. He died and shed His blood to save them, and has said, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 27).

"Oh! how simple it is!" said one who had just trusted in Him thus. "Just taking what Christ has done for me." F. A.

PROMISE are wells of comfort, but prayer is the vessel to draw the water with.

## TWO SLEEPLESS MEN.

IN Upper Silesia, on a rocky height, stands the citadel of Glatz, a strong fortress formerly used as a state prison. The massive walls and grated bars told the captive that escape was impossible. Each dungeon was a veritable tomb. He who entered there left hope behind.

In this fortress, in the early part of last century, there languished a prisoner, a Colonel in the Prussian Army, condemned to be confined for life for the crime of high treason against the King, Frederick William III. Absolutely alone, without any work to occupy his mind, days and months rolled wearily by.

It was a stormy night in November. The wind from the mountains howled round the fortress, and the rain falling in torrents swelled the Neisse, which flowed at its base. The Colonel could not sleep; the tempest which raged outside corresponded with that which agitated his heart. His past life rose before his eyes; he was constrained to admit to himself that his forgetfulness of God was the real source of all his misfortunes.

For the first time in his life his heart was contrite and tender, and tears moistened his eyes. He took up the Bible and read these words in the Psalms: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." Other words he saw that suited his condition and expressed his feelings, but this one gracious promise addressed to the prayer of penitence and faith sank deep into his soul. He fell on his knees, and—what he had never done since his childhood—he prayed.

"Behold, he prayeth!" Angels may have seen him kneeling, and rejoiced over a penitent sinner. But we know that God heard that prayer which rose to heaven from the depths of the prison, above the noise of that night of tempest.

\* \* \* \*

On that same night, in his palace at Berlin, the King, Frederick William III., tortured with severe pain, turned himself uneasily on his bed, without finding rest. Oppressed with pain, he earnestly prayed that there might be granted to him were it only one hour of repose. Soon a tranquil sleep closed his eyelids.

When the King awoke, he said to the Queen: "Louise, God has so graciously heard my prayer that I should like to bear testimony to my gratitude. Who is the man who has most grievously offended me? I will pardon that man."

"It is the Colonel who is confined in the prison at Glatz," replied the Queen, who knew the greatness of his offence and how much he had roused the anger of the King. This was brought



to the King's remembrance. He immediately said: "It is right. Let him be released: I grant him a free pardon."

Daylight had scarcely begun to lighten the sky, when a courier had started from Berlin to Silesia to bear to the prisoner the news of his deliverance.

He who rules all things in heaven and earth is the God who hears and answers prayer. Man sees only the immediate causes of events. Man could see the strong fortress at Glatz, and the arrival of the royal messenger, and the opening of the prison gates; but man could not see the working of the Holy Spirit on that prisoner's soul that led to his prayer for deliverance, nor could man see how the same Spirit caused the answer to that prayer to be sent. Let us never doubt God again, but pray and trust Him fully.

A. M.

\* \* \*

### OWNERSHIP.

**T**HERE was once a colt that refused to be tamed, or "broken in," but would kick, kick, kick, on the slightest provocation. Even as he grew older he refused to be held in check, or submit to restraint, although resistance made things very bad for himself. He went from one horse-breaker and owner to another, but no one could break him of this habit of kicking.

At last he was sold to a young girl, who made a pet and companion of him, bringing him dainty morsels to eat, and for a time things went better, until one day, when cantering with his young mistress on his back, she checked him with the bridle, and the old habit proved too strong for him, and he kicked, kicked, kicked, till she was thrown to the ground.

Is not that the way boys and girls sometimes resist Christ who will not submit to His authority? though He made us, and then bought us with His precious blood on the cross, and He wants a willing, glad surrender, not a submission because we *have* to, but because we *want* to serve Him.

The story is told of a little boy who made a boat which he could sail at the seaside. He had spent much time and pains over it, so was very distressed when he lost it one day. Some time after he saw it for sale in a second-hand shop, where it had been brought by the finder. The shopkeeper would not give it to the boy, but offered it for sale. The little fellow went home and told his father, who gave him the money. He paid for the boat and carried it home in triumph, and someone heard him saying to himself: "Oh, my dear, dear boat, you are twice mine; first I made you, and now I have bought you."

Christ yearns over you like that. He has made you—He has bought you—He loves you. Think of all His tenderness, His loving-kindness, His protecting care over you; and because you belong to Him, yield yourself to Him willingly, doing His will and making His service your delight. Not like the colt who resisted authority—but finding in the way of submission to our loving Master the only true path of love, happiness, and peace.

A. W.

\* \* \*

### "I'M SAVED TO-NIGHT."

**I**T'S a long way from the British Isles to the West Indies. The boys and girls in the British Isles look very different to the boys and girls in those sunny islands far across the seas. Here they have fair faces, rosy cheeks, and flaxen hair; there their skin is black and their heads woolly. But there is one thing in which there is no difference between them—the children of the white skin are sinful, and so, also, are the dusky negroes; and being sinners, all of them, they all need a Saviour, and there is only one Saviour for all—black or white, and His name is JESUS.

I had often talked to children in England of the Saviour before crossing the seas for the West Indies. I must have done it scores of times, I expect, and they generally seemed glad to hear about Him; and when I crossed the seas to the West Indies, I did not need a fresh Saviour to talk about, and I found the black children wanted to hear about him even more than the white ones had done. I had been talking one night about the death and resurrection of the great Saviour—of the death and resurrection of Jesus, when one of these black children—a boy, perhaps ten years old, said to me, "I'm saved to night, sir." "Are you?" I asked. "How do you know?" "Well, it was the word that you spoke, sir," he replied. "'If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved.*' While you were speaking, sir, I believed all you said about Jesus in my heart, and when you finished I told Tommy about it." And I am sure that what the negro boy said was true.

The white children must come to the same Saviour, believe the same good news about Him, believe that He died for them, and rose again from the dead, that they might be forgiven and saved, and then tell the good news to others. Tell their friends that Jesus the Lord is their Saviour and Lord, and all who do believe in their hearts and do confess with their mouths, are saved. God has said it, and His word cannot lie.

J. T. M.



## Other People's Children.

### XI.—“IN SUNRISE LAND.”

**D**O you know where that is? We mostly call it Japan, but it was called “The Land of the Rising Sun” by a celebrated Italian traveller in the thirteenth century. In those long-ago days travelling was much rarer, and also much slower and more difficult, than it has been in these later times: and the records of men who ventured forth across unknown seas and into strange lands were almost like fairy tales to those who heard them.

Marco Polo, a young Venetian noble, accompanied his father and uncle in their adventurous expeditions across Asia, where they visited the court of a great Mongol prince, who sent Marco on a special errand still further East. It was on this journey that he came to Japan and gave it its name.

The empire of Japan consists of nearly 4000 islands, but only four of them count for much. These four are busy and populous. The people are for the most part industrious and kindly. Boys and girls are treated better in Japan than in any other part of the heathen world, for Japan is still, sad to say, in ignorance of the true God and given to idolatry. In spite of the western civilization which is making rapid headway in the towns, the hearts of the people are still in darkness. Christian missions have been at work for some years, and God’s message of salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ has found an entrance into many hearts, but the Christians are very few in number compared with the many heathen.

You would like to hear the story of Jiro and his little brother Sei, would you not?

Jiro was twelve years old, and Sei several years younger. They both went to school daily, and one afternoon at four o’clock, when school was over, and Jiro went to look for his cap and his clogs, the clogs were nowhere to be found. In Japan, the boys take off their clogs, as well as their caps, when they enter a house. Suddenly one of the other boys raised a shout, “Yasu, Yasu,” and all the others joined in. Jiro looked up, and saw that they were all pointing at him. He quickly went over to where his little brother stood, for Sei was frightened. He boldly asked his school-fellows where they had hidden his clogs, but they only laughed and shouted louder than ever, “Yasu, Yasu: Yasu no jiyika”—which in English means, “The Christian: the Cross of Jesus.”

Now Jiro was a wise boy. Instead of losing control, and showing vexation, he said nothing, but, quietly taking Sei’s hand, he started off, shoeless, for home. He knew the other boys were laughing at him because he went to the Christian Sunday school. They had done it before, and he had sometimes thought that he would stop going, for no boy likes to be made fun of. But he liked the Bible stories and the songs he heard there. There was one the missionary had taught them only last week about a splendid hero named Daniel, and as he walked home feeling rather sore at heart, the words came to his mind:—

“Dare to be a Daniel,  
Dare to stand alone:  
Dare to have a purpose firm,  
Dare to make it known.”

“Dare to stand alone.” The meaning of it

took hold of Jiro, and came as a challenge to him, and he resolved that he would never be laughed out of going to the Sunday school.

The two boys took a roundabout way home in order to get away from their tormentors, and presently, when they turned a corner, they noticed a group of people standing round a foreigner who was selling books. Going nearer, they heard music, and as they pressed their way into the crowd to see and hear better, they found that seated at a baby organ was their Sunday school teacher. Presently she noticed these two boys edging their way towards her, and when the singing was over she came and spoke to them, handing them a book which she asked them to take home to their father. With many polite bows, for the Japanese are a most courteous people, they left this kind friend and hurried home.

Now Jiro's father was an invalid, and he was pleased at the kind attention of the boys' friend, and took the book and began to read. He found it so fascinating that he could hardly leave off reading, and day after day, as he lay on his bed, he continued to read, until a wonderful thing happened.

You can guess what the book was, can you not? It was God's Word, and in its pages this suffering Japanese man found comfort, and hope, and joy of heart. So after all Jiro did not need to "stand alone" very long, for not only his father, but by-and-by the whole family, learned to love and fear God.

E. A.

\* \* \*

### "WORSER AND WORSER."

I WANT to tell you about a little boy whose name was Freddie—Freddie May. His parents were true Christians, believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, though his father was dead when what I am going to tell you happened.

We were having meetings in the town where Freddie lived, South Manchester, Connecticut, U.S.A., and God's Holy Spirit was at work convincing some of their sins, and leading them to trust in Jesus. Freddie's oldest brother Bob was one of those saved. One Sunday night after meeting his mother heard him crying in bed. She thought he had been eating green apples, and was suffering from colic. So she got up, and went to his room to see what she could do for him. She soon found out what was the matter, and had the remedy for him—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He received the remedy, believed on Christ as his Saviour, and confessed Him before men.

We hoped Freddie would be saved, too, then;

so one day I said to him, "Freddie, are you a good boy or a sinner?" "Oh, I'm a good boy," he answered quickly. "Well," I said, "Jesus did not come to save you, then, for the Bible says He came not to call the righteous but sinners." He did not say any more then, but went home, and said to his mother, "Mother, Mr. Knapp says Jesus did not come to save good people, so I am going to say bad words and get *worser and worser*, so He will save me."

What a foolish boy! you say. Yes, he was foolish, for he should have known, from his own ways as well as from the Bible, that he was a sinner already, so did not have to *try* to be one. "All have sinned." The Bible says in Rom. 3. So Freddie did not have to say bad words, or do other openly bad or forbidden things to make himself a sinner—he was one already. God looks upon the heart, and sees sin there in every one of us,—pride, rebellion, envy, selfishness, and much else that He must condemn. And even outwardly we have sinned, so have need of a Saviour.

Dear children, learn from Freddie's mistake that you are already lost, you have not to do openly bad and wicked things to be a sinner. You *are* one anyway, so just come to Jesus Who on the cross gave His life for sinners. C. K.

\* \* \*

### POLISHED SHACKLES.

IT is said of the inmates of a certain prison that they spend much time polishing their shackles, each being ambitious to have his fetters outshine those of his neighbour. Not a pleasing tale, yet how like people dwelling outside prison walls, who glory in the number and brilliancy of the very things that bind them to earth and hold in thrall their never-dying souls!

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,  
Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT,  
19, IVY LANE, PATERNOSTER ROW,  
LONDON, E.C. 4

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,  
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Owing to heavy increase in cost of paper we are regretfully obliged to increase the price of this magazine for 1918 to 1d. or 1/6 per annum, post free.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for November, 1917.

Subject—**Samuel** (1 Samuel 1.-8.)

1. What reason did Hannah give for calling her son Samuel?
2. To whom did Hannah lend Samuel?
3. To whom did Samuel minister?
4. In whose favour did Samuel grow?
5. How many times did the Lord call Samuel?
6. "All Israel . . . of the Lord." Find this passage and write it out.
7. What did Samuel tell the people to do if they wanted to return to the Lord?
8. What happened to the Philistines while Samuel was offering the burnt offering?
9. What were Samuel's sons like?
10. What request did the elders of Israel make to Samuel at Ramah?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 19, Ivy Lane, London, E.C. 4. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I hope you all read the letter last month, in which I explained to you about the prizes.

H. Gray, W. Champ, R. Johnson, E. Gray, have omitted the chapter and verse for the answers. I have given A. Morris marks for August.

All the questions about Samuel will interest you all, and especially the younger ones, because the Lord called Samuel when he was a little boy, and he answered to the call, and served the Lord faithfully.

I am sure the Lord has called each of you. What answer have you given to Him? (Ps. 27. 8.)

With love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

## September Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Antrun, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, E. Craig, L. Courtice, A. Curdy, E. Daniels, G. Devenish, M. Forrester, F. Grant, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, M. Hardist, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Hodgson, D. Holdsworth, D. Jones, I. Jones, R. Jupp, M. Kennedy, L. Lefauy, N. Lees, D. Lever, D. Lewis, G. Ludlow, I. Marshall, M. Muggs, R. Morrison, V. Routhan, H. Richards, V. Rose, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, A. Walton, G. Wallach, M. Westcott, E. Winter.

**2nd Class.**—R. Cowl, E. Edwards, J. Milton, A. Morris, E. Palmer, A. Todd, P. Vickery, D. Wright, A. Wilson.

**3rd Class.**—T. Eddy, B. Russell.

### Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—F. Berry, M. Bowley, S. Bussey, R. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, L. Gwynn, I. Hewson, M. Hockson, L. Hobbs, H. Jones, W. Lever, E. Laidley, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, R. Nichol, A. Punter, L. Rickards, D. Swall, J. Shell, P. Turner, M. Tyler, E. Ward, L. Wareham, H. Ward.

**2nd Class.**—C. Carter, J. Foster, E. Harris, M. Harris, L. Ross, H. Selley.

**3rd Class.**—C. Ashmore, F. Gray, R. Johnson, M. Stevens, M. Smith, J. Wade.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—M. Beck, E. Darragh, A. Fairbairn, F. Gwynn, I. Hewson, H. Hughes, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, F. Milson, A. Milson, S. Osman, W. Selley, N. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, V. Tyler, M. Walton, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—W. Champ, H. Gray, Q. Hickson, D. Matthews.

## ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—**Joshua** (Joshua 8.-20.)

1. Josh. 8. 28 written out.
2. On Mount Ebal. (Josh. 8. 30.)
3. "He read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings." (Josh. 8. 34.)
4. They asked not counsel at the mouth of the Lord. (Josh. 9. 14.)
5. "Fear them not: for I have delivered them into thine hand: there shall not a man of them stand before you." (Josh. 10. 8.)
6. "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon: and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon." (Josh. 10. 12.)
7. "Because the Lord God of Israel fought for Israel." (Josh. 10. 42.)
8. "Because he wholly followed the Lord God of Israel." (Josh. 14. 14.)
9. "Joshua cast lots in Shiloh before the Lord: and divided the land unto the children of Israel." (Josh. 18. 10.)
10. Six. (Josh. 20. 7, 8.)

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



No. 147

## "PLEASURES FOR EVER."

"WE really ought to go and see him this afternoon," said Agnes. "Nurse James says he will never be able to walk; he will be an invalid all his life."

"Poor little fellow," said her friend, as she thought of the little cripple boy whose story they had heard from the district nurse that morning. "Just fancy being compelled to lie down, and at the best get out in a wheeled chair occasionally, when all the time he must long to run about and play like other children."

"I wonder if he likes reading," said Agnes. "We might take him some magazines, at any rate he will like the pictures. I wish he knew Jesus as His Saviour, that would help him wonderfully."

That afternoon the two friends set out to see the little patient whose case had interested them very much. They had both of them found the Saviour some time before, having received His forgiveness as a free gift, and had afterwards given themselves to His service. Like many another, they had learned that it was no use serving God *in order to be saved*, and that no one can begin to serve God until he or she *is* saved, and knows it. Our two friends had this precious knowledge, and were most anxious that all they met, young or old, might share it with them. Their object in visiting the cripple boy was to tell him of Jesus who saves, keeps, and satisfies all who trust in Him.

Presently they arrived at Donald's humble home, and were shown into the room where he lay on a couch by his mother. Another visitor was by the bedside talking with the boy, who had kindly brought some toys to give the little fellow some pleasure in his loneliness. Agnes and her friend were anxious to give him their books and, more than that, to tell him of Jesus who can give us happiness now, and by-and-by "*pleasures for evermore*." The other visitor, however, stayed on, and it seemed as if they must give him their message another day. Delay is *always* dangerous, and many an opportunity passes which does not return. Some such thought as this compelled Agnes to say a few words about the Saviour whose death atones for sin, and who invites us to trust in Him for salvation, and then cast all our care upon Him who loves us so perfectly.

Donald was interested and pleased. None of his other visitors spoke of these things, and his little heart was often sad and disappointed as he lay alone on his couch. The gentleman visitor, however, plainly showed that he disapproved of such talk: in his opinion, no doubt,

it seemed much better to amuse him with toys and stories than to speak about "*religion*."

Donald was always pleased to hear of Jesus and His love, and on many other visits paid by the ladies he learned a great deal that helped him in his affliction.

How odd it is that so many people think that to speak of Jesus spoils all pleasure, and makes everything dull and miserable. No doubt the gentleman was not very comfortable when the name of Jesus was mentioned, because he did not know Him.

On another occasion a Christian gentleman was visiting a poor old man who was dying, and who was very anxious to go to heaven. The gentleman asked him if he knew anyone there?

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "my wife is there, and so are some of my children," and he named several others he had known who had gone to heaven. But the gentleman was listening for one Name, the precious name of "*Jesus*," through whom alone the sinner can enter heaven, and as the old man did not speak of Jesus, the gentleman went away feeling very sorrowful.

As he went down the street a run-away horse came tearing along, and not far in front of it was a little girl crossing the street quite unconscious of her danger.

The gentleman rushed into the road, quickly carried her to a place of safety, and thinking she had been rather careless, he said: "Where would you have been if you had been knocked down by the horse and killed?"

"I would have been in heaven, sir," she replied.

"And whom do you know in heaven?" he asked.

The little girl answered without any hesitation, "*Jesus*"; he is my Saviour."

You see, she *knew Him* as a personal Saviour and Friend, and that made all the difference.

Have *you* taken Him for *your* Saviour yet? If not, make Him your definite choice to-day.

A.

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## FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES ON FOOT.

MANY years ago there lived in a town of Northern Europe a young man who had long since cast off all thoughts of God, and lived in sin so open and terrible that he was remarkable amongst the ungodly and depraved as one who outdid them all. How wonderful are the ways of God! God made use of the exceeding sinfulness of this young man to

awaken in him the first desire after salvation. He became alarmed at his own wickedness. "I am worse than any other," he thought. "If it is true that the wicked go to hell, and only the good to heaven, it is plain where I am going. If ever a man was lost eternally, I must be that man!"

Night and day did this thought haunt the wretched sinner; his peace was gone, and he found no pleasure even in sin.

"If only," he thought, "it were possible to be saved!" What could he do? He had been told of penances and prayers, of convents where monks spent their days in works that might at last atone for sin; and he felt that no labour could be too great, no torture too severe, if he only might have the faint hope of pardon at last.

He resolved to become a monk, but he wished first to know in what convent in the whole world the rule was the strictest, and the penances the most terrible. If it were at the other end of the earth, he would go to it, and then he would spend the rest of his days in penance and in prayer.

He was told in answer to his inquiries that the monastery under the strictest rule was one in La Trappe, distant about 1500 miles from his home; he could not afford to pay the expense of his journey, and therefore resolved to walk the whole way, begging as he went. This alone would be the beginning of a penance, and might gain him one step towards heaven.

It was a long, weary journey, each day beneath a hotter sun and through strange lands. He felt scarcely alive by the time he came in sight of the old building where he hoped to gain rest for his soul—for his body it mattered not. Having rung at the gate, he waited till it was slowly opened by an aged monk, so feeble and infirm that he seemed scarcely able to walk.

"What is it that you want?" asked the old man.

"I want to be saved," replied the young man. "I thought that here I might find salvation."

The old monk invited him to come in, and led him into a room where they were alone together. "Tell me now what you mean," said the old man.

"I am a lost sinner," began the poor fellow. "I have lived a life more wicked than I can tell. It seems to me impossible that I can be saved, but all that *can* be done I am ready to do. I will submit to every penance, I will complain of nothing, if only I may be received into the Order. The harder the work, the worse the torture, the better it will be for me. You have only to tell me what to do, and whatever it may be, I will do it."

I would ask you who read this story, have

*you* known what it is thus to feel *yourself* a lost sinner? To know that you are on the road at the end of which there is but one place, and that place the eternal lake of fire? To feel that all toil, all suffering, all torture here, would be but an exchange to welcome, could you but gain by it the faintest hope of escaping from everlasting despair? If you are still without Christ, you are, whether you know it or not, on this dark road with its one terrible end; and should God in His great mercy have awakened you, so that you know the danger and the hopelessness of your position, you will be in a state to welcome, as a voice from God, the wonderful words which were spoken in answer to the trembling sinner—spoken by the monk of La Trappe,—

"If you tell me to do the most fearful penance, I am ready to do it," the young man had said; and the old monk replied, "If you are ready to do what I tell you, you will go straight home again, for the whole work has been done for you before you came, and *there is nothing left for you to do*. Another has done the work instead, and *it is finished*."

"It is finished?"

"Yes, it is finished. Do you not know that God sent down His own Son to be the Saviour of the world? Did He not come? Did He not finish the work the Father gave Him to do? Did He not say on the cross, 'It is finished'?"

"What was finished?"

"He undertook to bear the full punishment of sin, and He did bear it, and God is satisfied with the work done by His Son. And do you know this—Where is Jesus now?"

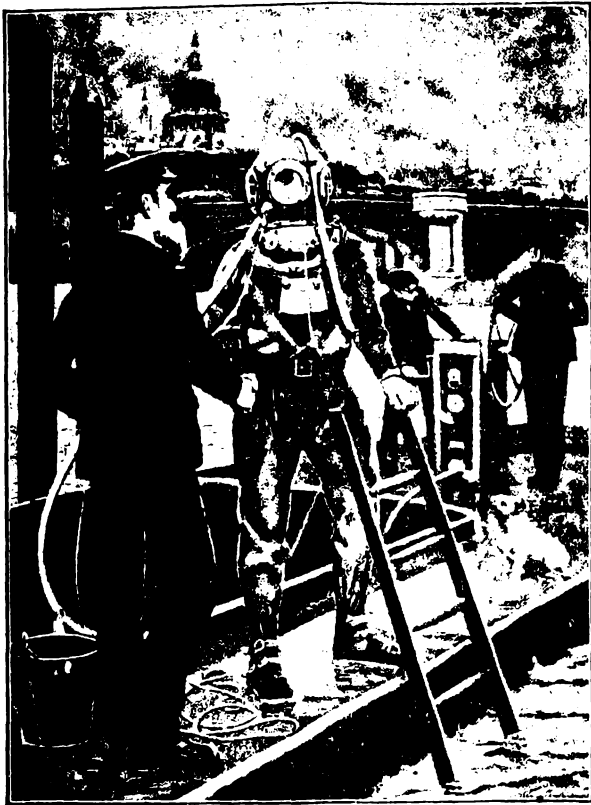
"He is in Heaven."

"He is in Heaven. But why is He there? Because He has finished the work. He would not be there otherwise. He would still be here, for He undertook to do it all, and He would not go back to His Father till *all* was done. He is there because God is satisfied with His work."

What astonishing tidings for the poor weary sinner! Did he believe them? He did; and after a short time of rest, during which He learnt more of the blessed Gospel from the lips of the old monk, he returned to his own land, there to make known amongst sinners, lost as he had been, the news of that love and grace of which he had first heard in the monastery of La Trappe.

Instead of walking 1500 miles to hear of the One who has completed the work of redemption on the cross, may the voice from La Trappe reach your heart, and bring peace and joy to you also.

"Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." (Rom. v. 1).



"IN LESS THAN A MINUTE HE APPEARED ABOVE."

### "LOOKING UNTO JESUS."

**A** FEW days ago I chanced to see a raft on which there were three or four men. Two were engaged in turning a large double-handled wheel, slowly and steadily. They did not cease their turning for one single moment, but sometimes they increased their speed and sometimes they turned more slowly.

On his knees, at the edge of the raft, was a third man, holding a rope in both hands. He was intent on his work, and had no time to attend to anything else. What great care he seemed to take, as something told him now to let a few inches of the rope go, now to haul in a little.

Being interested in what was going on, I stayed to watch. Soon there could be noticed bubbles of air coming to the surface of the water. They did not come from the same place, but appeared to rise from some object

moving about underneath the surface. It was apparent that a diver was below. No trace of him could one see, except for the bubbles of air, as the water was too deep, but oh! what care was being taken of him from above.

The man who had the rope was as watchful as a father is over his child. Every movement of the diver was known to him, and every need was signalled by means of the rope. If more air was required, a certain number of tugs at the rope were made by the diver, and the men at the wheel were told to turn more quickly, for it was their duty to pump fresh air down a pipe attached to the diver's helmet.

Finally, when his work was done, the diver sent up the required signal, and in less than a minute he appeared above.

Is this not a picture of a Christian's life on earth? When boys or girls learn that they are sinners and need salvation, then it is that Jesus tells them that He came to seek and to save that which was lost. But, in coming to Jesus, and putting their trust in Him who has shed His precious blood to wash them from their sins, they wish to love and follow and serve the One who has done so much for them. How can they do so?

Like the diver we have been talking about, they are down below and He is above, but they have two means of connection with Him. First there is the rope of prayer, by which they can make known every want, every trouble and danger and fear. Jesus is at the other end, holding the rope safely, and as soon as the want is made known, He feels it and answers it in the way that He knows best.

Then there is that other connection—the air tube. What would have happened to the man if those at the top had stopped pumping air to him? Of course, you say, he would have been suffocated.

What would have happened if too much air had been forced into his helmet? That is a harder question to answer, but I think he would soon have been unable to bear the pressure. What was needed was just the right amount of air, not too little and not too much.

Now you remember when the Lord raised up the little daughter of Jairus from the dead, the



first thing He did when He had given her a new life was to tell her parents to give her something to eat. In our case, dear children, we were dead like that girl, but dead in trespasses and sins. There is no good in us, but when we confess this to God, and trust in the blood of His Son which cleanseth from ALL sin, we, like the ruler's daughter, are raised from the dead and given a new life.

For this life we need food, just as the diver needed air, but here again Jesus never fails us. Our food comes down from Heaven like the manna in the wilderness, and it consists in learning more about Jesus and His love and goodness to us.

R. B.

\* \* \*

### IVAN'S PORTION.

IT was a neat little booklet, when the Scripture Gift Mission sent it out, printed in the square Russian character which would be incomprehensible to you or me, but was priceless to the soldier into whose hands it fell. We will call this man Ivan Petrowitch, for it would take me some time to find out his real name from those who know it.

Ivan was tramping, wearily and sadly, alony one of the war-swept highways of Russia, when he caught sight of a dirty little book. Probable it had been dropped by some wounded soldier, who must have mourned its loss.

So Ivan picked it up with delight, for he had found a treasure; but when he read its contents, I am sure that all thoughts of earthly matters must have slipped from him, for he found in that little portion of Scripture all that his poor heart needed—eternal life, a Saviour, and an Almighty Friend.

The little soiled portion contained Psalm xxxiii., where he read that God's eye is upon those that fear Him, and that it is a blessed thing to trust in Him. Then followed other verses of Scripture, amongst them the beautiful invitation of Matthew xi. 28, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden." Poor Ivan was very weary, he was tired out with the late awful battles, and his limbs ached with the weight of his soldier's kit. But these things were nothing to the burden of sin that lay on his soul.

He read on, and there followed the story of the thief on the cross, with his piteous prayer, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom"; and this was followed by that wide-doored promise, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Then, such as he might come—he was sure of it, and a great joy filled his soul.

He tells the story himself—how he knelt down in the dusty road, and prayed for the rest spoken of in one of the verses; how he took the words of the Lord Jesus as true for him with the faith of a little child. Ivan was *sure* that he was pardoned, not cast out, and he went on his way rejoicing.

How did we hear about this strange story? Well, Ivan was so grateful for all he had learned through that little portion, that he wanted to tell someone about it, and especially did he desire to find out who it was that had sent to Russia such a beautiful book. Whom was he to thank? He scrutinized his little treasure till he found on it the name of the Russian printer who had done the work for the Mission, and he wrote to *him*, telling him of his happiness. Through this printer the story came to us.

Pen, ink, and paper are not found in a soldier's kit, but Ivan had a pencil and a bit of khaki paper, so he sat down to write his letter of thanks as soon as he could, adding his name, rank, and number.

Very soon, to his immense delight, he received in reply a letter of Christian greeting, and a *whole Bible*. Happy Ivan!

The khaki letter, in Ivan's curious handwriting, has been seen by various friends at the headquarters of the Mission, and they are rejoicing at the blessing that God's Word has brought to the soldier.

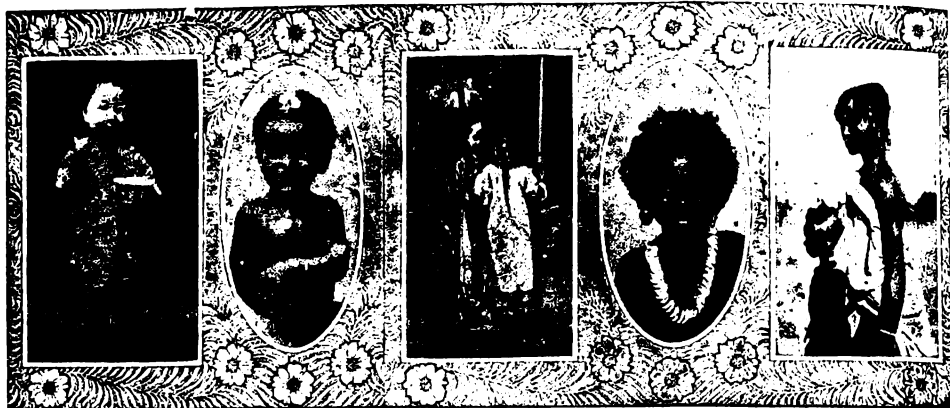
Adapted.

\* \* \*

### "FOR EVER AND EVER."

I REMEMBER being met on a road by a lad who was driving a small flock of sheep before him. He touched his cap and said, "Can you tell me the time, sir?" I looked at my watch, but before answering his question, I asked him if he thought that there would be any need of watches or clocks in eternity. He looked puzzled, and so, inferring that he did not know the meaning of that word, I explained it thus: Drawing with my walking-stick a short, straight line on the dust of the road, I bid him point out its end. This he did at once. I then drew a circle, as well as I could, taking care to make the ends meet, charging him to show me the end. He followed the circle round and round, but had at last to say that it had no end.

"Quite right, my lad," I replied. "The short, straight line, whose end you found so quickly, is like time; and in time watches and clocks are needed just to tell us 'the time'; but the circle that has no end is like eternity, and there neither watch nor clock is required. It is an eternal now!"



## Other People's Children.

### XII.—THE 'RED CROSS' IN FOREIGN MISSIONS.

**T**HERE is not a boy or girl to-day who does not know what the Red Cross stands for.

We have all heard so much about it, we continually see it on ambulance waggons, and also on the sleeves of many of the soldiers, and we know that it means help and comfort for our brave wounded men.

If it were not for the Red Cross Society, and its splendid work in all parts of the war area, the suffering and loss of life would be too terrible to think of.

Now while this noble and important work is being carried on in the army, the same helpful ministry of comfort and healing is going forward in many parts of the heathen world. A large number of God's missionary messengers are fully trained doctors and nurses, and they are doing Red Cross work among the masses of men and women and children in those dark lands where God is not known, and where Satan, the great enemy, has wounded these people very sorely.

During the past year we have been thinking about the boys and girls in other countries--the well ones, who are able to play and work, without aches and pains. But what about those who are sick and suffering in many painful ways? "Oh! I suppose they stay in bed, and are nursed and taken care of as we are when we are sick." Are you thinking like that?

and imagine what their lot must be, when you hear that there are no such things as good doctors and kind nurses, no comfortable beds with soft pillows, no nice dainty food, and

no refreshing drinks for their parched and thirsty mouths in the places where they live. No hospitals, no dispensaries, not even a chemist's shop, nor any proper knowledge of how to treat sick people.

It is only where Christian missionaries have taken these measures of help and healing, that they are to be found. And it is by this medical ministry that the love of God is shown in more practical ways than by any other means. It is love in action, and it helps these suffering people to understand and believe in His great love.

But in very many instances they have learnt the sweet story while they have been in a mission hospital. Then they have gone out glad in heart, as well as cured in body, and have in their turn carried the glad tidings of the Saviour-Friend to people in their own homes.

Besides working in hospitals--where they can build them--the missionary doctors and nurses do what they call "itinerating"--that is, they pack up a medicine box and start out for a tour round the villages, as far as they can reach. If there are fairly good roads, a bicycle, or a native bullock cart, will be their means of travel; but if, as is often the case, the road is not much more than a footpath through wild and lonely country, the missionary must walk. Then, of course, he cannot go so far, and the people beyond his reach have to suffer and die without any help.

Arrived in a village, the good doctor takes his stand under a large tree, arranging his medicines, etc., on a small table; or, if he intends staying a day or two, he pitches his tent, and very soon a crowd of curious villagers gathers

round him, and all manner of ailments are brought to him for cure. If he has been there before, the news of his coming spreads with marvellous rapidity, and sick people who have heard of his skill, come from far and near in the hope of being cured by him.

Do you not think that these medical missionaries are doing work very much like that which our Lord did when He was on the earth? We read over and over again how He went through the villages preaching to the people, and healing the sick. And while His messengers do all they possibly can to bring comfort and relief to pain-racked bodies, their chief aim and purpose are to preach the Gospel of God's grace, and bring light and hope into the hearts which are so sad and dark through sin.

When you pray for the missionaries, do not forget the unselfish, hard-working missionary nurses and doctors who are treading so closely in the footsteps of our Lord Jesus Christ.

E. A.

\* \* \*

### A BRAVE PILOT.

**A** GENTLEMAN was once travelling down the Ohio River in a steamboat. He was acquainted with the captain of the boat. As they were talking together, the captain pointed to the pilot who was standing by the wheel.

"That pilot," said the captain, "is a remarkably brave, good fellow. Some weeks ago he asked me to take the helm. I did so, and he jumped overboard to save the life of a boy whom he saw struggling in the water. He did it at the risk of his own life, but he saved the boy." I went up to the brave man to have a little talk with him. "Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" "Oh, yes, every trip we make he comes to see me." "And how do you feel towards him when you see him?" "More than I can tell you. I feel a deeper interest in that boy than even in any of my own children."

Some children were reading the twenty-third Psalm. And they went on talking about what Jesus, the Good Shepherd, does for His sheep and lambs. One said he guides them, and feeds them, and drives away the bears and lions from them. "Yes," said the smallest child among them, "and he carries them up the hills."

This is true, and shows how great the tenderness of our Lord is. I suppose the dear child was thinking of that verse which says, "He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

\* \* \*

### A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

**A** MAN travelling on horseback on a dark evening entered a tavern, requesting entertainment.

"Which way did you come?" said the landlord.

"I crossed the bridge from the west."

"That is impossible; for there is no bridge there. I'll take my lantern and show you."

The planks on a covered bridge had been removed, while the timbers remained. The bridge was high above a deep and rapid stream. The man's horse had refused at first to go, but the spurs pushed him, and he went over. And now when the man saw that his horse had crossed on one of those timbers, he fainted and fell into the arms of his enlightener.

It is written: "The God of this age hath blinded the minds of them that believe not." The reason you are not alarmed in regard to your soul is because you do not see your danger. If you saw it, you would be moved to seek the Saviour.

\* \* \*

### "WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND?"

Exodus iv. 2.

*Moses.* Only a rod. Divided the sea and smote the rock. Exad. xiv. 17.

*Gideon.* Only a pitcher, to hold the light and rout the foe. Judges vii.

*David.* Only a sling. Put to flight the Philistines. 1 Sam. xvii.

*Widow.* Only a pot of oil. Paid the debt and gave her a living. 2 Kings iv.

*Andrew.* Only five loaves and two fishes. With His blessing fed the multitude. John vi. 9.

*Mary.* Only a box of ointment. Its perfume filled the earth. John xii. 3.

*You.* Only a Bible, but it contains the Gospel which is God's power unto salvation to every one that believeth.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—

J. A. SINCLAIR,

Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT,

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*Owing to heavy increase in cost of paper we are regretfully obliged to increase the price of this magazine for 1918 to 1d. or 1 6 per annum, post free.*

No. 156.

# Scripture Searching.

**Rewards will be given in each class at the end of the half-year. Only ONE prize will be given to any one successful Searcher in the current year.**

## Questions for December, 1917.

Subject—**Samuel** (1 Samuel 9.-16.)

1. What had the Lord told Samuel "in his ear"?
2. What did the Lord say to Samuel when he saw Saul?
3. Whom did Samuel tell the people they had rejected?
4. What did Samuel "call unto the Lord" for?
5. Why did Samuel say that Saul's kingdom would not continue?
6. What did Saul say to Samuel after the battle with the Amalekites?
7. What was Samuel's answer?
8. Why did Samuel say to Saul: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice"?
9. "The Lord seeth not as man seeth." When were these words spoken?
10. In what chapter and verse do we read of Samuel's death?

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS.

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. Give the chapter and verse where you find each answer.
4. Put your name and address and age *this year* on first lines of your paper.
5. Address envelope—"Scripture Searching," Central Bible Truth Depot, 10, Ivy Lane, London, E.C.4. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

We finish our subject this month, so we shall begin a fresh one in 1918. By the time you get this Magazine, 1917 will be nearly gone, and I want to remind you of a verse from Jeremiah, chap. vi. 20. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Is this true of some of you? Have you allowed all the year to run away and you have not turned to the Lord Jesus? Do you remember how He said to the people when He was on earth, "These things I have said to you during the year that you might be saved. Turn to Him before this year is finished, and put your name in Him!"

My love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

# October Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Antrum, W. Bridge, I. Brook, I. Brunsell, E. Bruce, E. Craig, L. Courtice, R. Cowl, D. Cudmore, G. Devenish, E. Edwards, M. Forrester, F. Grant, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, I. Jones, R. Jupp, M. Kennedy, D. Lefcay, N. Lee, D. Lever, D. Lewis, G. Lullow, I. Marshall, M. Maes, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, E. Palmer, V. Ronthan, R. Rickards, A. Rose, B. Russell, A. Swall, M. Stevens, J. Stephenson, P. Shauf, A. Silk, A. Todd, P. Vickery, A. Walton, G. Wallach, D. Wright, H. Williams, G. Williams, E. Winter.

**2nd Class.**—B. Stockdale, A. Wilson.

**3rd Class.**—B. Holdsworth.

## Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—C. Ashmore, E. Bond, S. Bussey, C. Carter, I. Crookes, R. Devenish, M. Douglass, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, L. Gwynn, M. Harris, I. Hewson, L. Hobbs, W. Lever, D. Matthews, J. MacDonald, A. Martin, R. Nichol, L. Rickards, E. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, E. Selley, M. Smith, K. Sykes, P. Turner, M. Tyler, R. Tyler, E. Ward, L. Wareham, H. Ward, A. Williams.

**2nd Class.**—E. Lindley, A. Punter.

**3rd Class.**—E. Gray, P. Johnson.

## Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—E. Darragh, E. Durrant, A. Fairbairn, F. Gwynn, J. Hewson, Q. Hickson, H. Hughes, C. Martin, I. MacDonald, G. Miller, F. Milson, A. Milson, S. Osman, D. Packard, W. Selley, G. Scott, M. Todd, V. Tyler, M. Walton, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland.

**2nd Class.**—W. Champ, N. Smith, E. Williams.

**3rd Class.**—S. Ayers, H. Gray.

## ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

### Subject—Gideon.

1. Gideon was threshing wheat by the winepress. (Judges 6. 11.)
2. The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valour. (Judges 6. 12.)
3. He touched it with his staff, and fire came out of the rock and consumed it. (Judges 6. 21.)
4. Because he feared his father's household and the men of the city. (Judges 6. 27.)
5. Because they would vaunt themselves and say, "Mine own hand hath saved me." (Judges 7. 2.)
6. 300. (Judges 7. 6 or 8.)
7. They were to blow with their trumpets and say, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." (Judges 7. 18.)
8. I will not rule over you, neither shall my son rule over you, the Lord shall rule over you. (Judges 8. 23.)
9. The golden ephod which he made. (Judges 8. 27.)
10. One of the Midianites dreamed that he saw a barley cake tumble into the hosts of Midian, and it smote a tent and overturned it. His fellow said it was the sword of Gideon. (Judges 7. 13.)