

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"THE INMATES OF THE FLOATING CITY RESUMED THEIR USUAL OCCUPATIONS."

Jan'y 1918

SAVED JUST IN TIME.

"**H**OW long will it be, Captain, before we sight land?" asked one of the passengers on an ocean liner towards the end of a long voyage.

"The day after to-morrow, please God," answered the captain, one of the trusted officers of the P. & O. Line.

As all continued to go well, the inmates of the floating city resumed the usual occupations and recreations which help to pass the time on board ship, until they were recalled from their temporary sense of security by the sounding of the alarm, and during the next few moments the crew scrambled to their posts, and passengers fastened on their lifebelts, and everything was made ready for eventualities.

"What is it all about? Is it just a practice? Another false alarm, I expect," were the questions and comments heard on every hand.

This was no false alarm, however. The anxious looks of the officers showed that as they searched the sea with their glasses for a suspicious dot away over the sea which had been spotted by the look-out man.

"I'm sure I saw something like a periscope over there, sir," he said. "It appeared for a second, and then I lost it. Yes, there it is again!"

Sure enough, there was a black-pointed thing appearing and disappearing far away over the sea.

Every eye was fixed on the captain as he examined it through his telescope.

"It is not a submarine," he said at last, "though it's evidence of submarines, probably. It is a small boat, and they're holding up an oar to attract our attention."

Sharp orders were given and the liner soon overhauled the little boat, which seemed to have only one occupant, who clambered up a rope ladder which was thrown to him. He was very weak, and collapsed on the deck, so that he was carried below to be attended to by the doctor.

One of the sailors went down into the boat and found a dead man lying in the bottom of it. After he had been brought on board, the little boat was turned adrift with the plug removed, so that it soon sank, and the ship resumed her voyage.

Everyone was anxious to hear the poor sailor's story, and the captain was bombarded with questions when he came on deck later on. "He's getting better," he said in answer to the inquiries, "and he has told us all about it. First we couldn't understand him, but we found out he was a Frenchman—a Breton—so we had to get Mr. Lyall to act as

interpreter. He says he sailed in the *Belleville*, a French sailing ship, and when they were two days out a submarine began to shell them. They all took to the boats. The captain and the others got into one boat, and he and the poor dead chap put off in another. The captain's boat was sunk by a shell, and they all perished. The Breton and his mate escaped notice, but they had a terrible time in that open boat. They were three days without food or water, drifting about, hoping to be picked up, and the other fellow took to drinking sea-water and went mad. He tried to kill the other man before he died, and our friend would very soon have given out too if we had not caught sight of that oar raised up which gave us such a scare."

The poor sailor soon recovered, and when the ship arrived in port he was little the worse for his terrible experience. He was very grateful for all the kindness shown him, and returned home to tell how he was saved just in time, when he had almost given up hope.

Saved just in time!—and without having to do anything but trust himself to the big steamer which arrived so opportunely. How glad he was to leave his own cockle-shell boat half full of water, to be cared for, kept, and brought safely to land.

This story, told us by one of the passengers on the liner, reminded us of the salvation of the poor sinner. We too need to be saved, and are in danger of perishing in our sin. But salvation comes to us just as the steamer came to save the poor sailor. All we have to do is to trust ourselves to the one and only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

"How were you saved?" said one Christian to another.

"Simply by trusting myself as a hopelessly lost sinner to my Saviour," was the reply.

That is how you, too, can be saved to-day.

J. A. S.

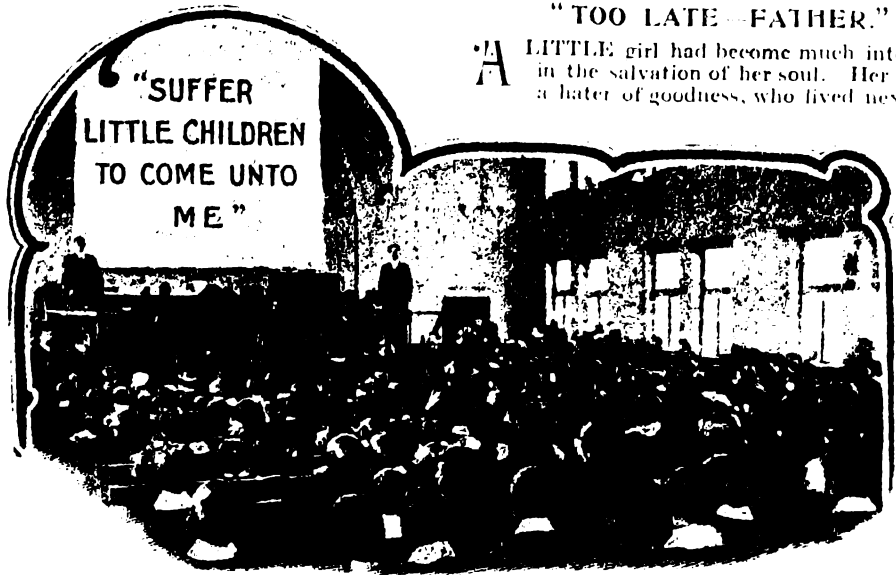
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FALSE CONFIDENCE.

A SAILOR once, who fell out of the rigging, in his fall caught with both hands a rope, and observers said, "He is saved!" But the rope itself had no fastening, and he fell further and faster as the rope payed out, till he struck the deck a mangled mass.

So it is with every false trust of men. As the Scripture records: "So are the paths of all that forget God, and the hypocrite's hope shall perish . . . he shall hold it fast, but it shall not endure" (Job viii. 13-15).

"He that trusteth in the Lord shall be safe. None others are!"



"TOO LATE - FATHER."

A LITTLE girl had become much interested in the salvation of her soul. Her father, a hater of goodness, who lived next door

A WOUNDED MESSIAH.

A LADY who said to a Jewish lad in Cairo, "Are you expecting your Messiah soon?" "Yes," he replied, "we believe He will come within six years."

"Will He have wounds in His hands?" she asked, and, as he looked at her inquiringly, she continued, "Your prophet Zechariah said of Messiah that when He comes, they shall say unto Him, 'What are these wounds in Thine hands?' Then He shall answer, 'Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends' (Zech. xiii. 6). Are you expecting to see your Messiah with wounds in His hands?"

The lad left, but appeared the following morning looking greatly distressed. He said: "I could not sleep last night. All night I was asking myself, 'If He has wounds in His hands, how did He get them?' I have come to ask you if you can tell me more."

Imagine her joy to tell one who was so eager to hear the wondrous story of the Cross, where He was wounded for our transgressions.

He received Jesus the Crucified One as his Messiah and Saviour, and has been the means of bringing three others to Him.

This I learned from the shadow of a tree
Which to and fro swayed on a garden wall.
Our shadow-selves, our influence may fall
Where we ourselves can never be.

to the place of meeting, discovering the state of the child's mind, strictly forbid her again entering the meeting.

However, she could not remain away, and the very next meeting night her angry father discovered that she had gone to attend it. So enraged was he that he entered himself, but only to drag her from the place. She was kneeling in prayer.

As he raised her from her knees, she looked up with a sweet smile, and said, "It is too late now, father; I have given my heart to the Saviour!"

* * *

"AND JESUS SAID."

WHAT power there is in the written Word of God! I remember a case in Ireland where a Testament had been torn up and the leaves thrown to the wind. A poor man who found several pieces of the leaves picked them up, and read, "And Jesus said," "And Jesus answered and said," "And Jesus said."

He thought to himself, "What! has the blessed Lord said so many things, and I did not know them?"

Struck by these simple, but solemn words, "Jesus said," he went off to the neighbouring town and bought a Testament, and was converted. He believed what "Jesus said," and was happy in a known Saviour. J. N. D.

Little Daniel;

Or, JUST SAY JESUS.

IMAGINE to yourself an old-fashioned cottage, very small and very plain, whose little windows are shaded by clear white curtains, and whose door-stone is always clean and smooth. The path to the garden gate is very straight and narrow, and lined on each side by rose-bushes.

Sometimes little girls would shout as they came in sight of the red cottage—I forgot to tell you it was red—for they became accustomed to see at one of the windows the pale, patient face of one who could not move round among the roses, and whose helpless limbs could never bound over the green sward. It was a pretty face; sickly, to be sure, but there a God-sent patience rested.

But there was often another face seen beside that of the sick child. Oh! it was such a rosy, round ball of a face, and the eyes laughed and the cheeks dimpled—for it was health that gave it beauty.

The boy with the rosy face was called Charley; the lame, sick child, two years older—though no one would have thought it—was named Daniel.

Little Daniel's father was dead, and his poor mother was greatly tried. Yet she was cheerful and quite happy, in spite of the weakness of poor little Daniel, who had never been well. She knew that the earth was made to stay in but a little while, and that if her sweet boy died, he would go to be with Jesus—go to be always beckoning her to the land where flowers fade not, and treasures are never lost.

She had most precious proof that the boy was a child of God. She had taught him the Scriptures from his infancy—she had led him to the feet of the Saviour, and had been enabled to explain away all his little doubts, and strengthen his sometimes wavering faith.

One day there were more visitors than usual to the beach. It was a warm, glowing noon, when a carriage stopped in front of the widow's house, and springing therefrom, a child of eight years came up the little gravelled walk to the cottage door. She was the daughter of luxury, her dress and air of extreme fashion proved so—but at the same time her manners were winning, and her face very gentle and pretty.

"If you please, may I have some water?" asked the child.

"Wouldn't you rather have milk?" asked Mrs. Marks.

"Oh! yes, indeed!" said the little one eagerly; "and I may stay just as long as I please to drink it; for poor papa, he's so very ill and tired, he must wait ever so long. See, the carriage has stopped under the great tree by the gate."

The child drank her milk, and then, with an amusing familiarity, she untied and threw off her bonnet.

"You're sick, too, are you not?" she asked, as she took her position by Daniel's side, drawn thither by the sweet expression on his pale face.

He smiled for a reply.

"I've seen you ever so many times as we drove past," she continued, "and father always says that you look like a picture in a rough frame. Don't you get tired of sitting? Father is often weary and unhappy, though he owns everything!"

"Does he love Jesus?" asked little Daniel.

"What! love who? Jesus! do you mean our Saviour? Oh! I don't know; I expect he does; but he never says anything about Him. Do you love Jesus?"

"I guess I do, for Jesus loves me!" cried Daniel. "I don't know what I should do if I didn't; for much as mother loves me, she can't keep awake with me, and Jesus is by my bedside watching."

"Jesus watching!"

"Oh, yes!" and under the thin white dress, the little chest dilated, and the large, soft eyes were suffused with a luminous splendour. "Jesus comes. He's there, I know He is! for though it's so dark, and I can't see the bed-posts or the white quilt, I see Jesus, and something so sweet comes into my heart! And so, when I hold my hands out and whisper, 'Jesus,' His warm, beautiful love covers me all over. Oh, yes! I know Jesus comes—I know He does!"

Who, looking upon him there, his white brow uplifted, his smiling eyes fastened upon the blue heavens, could doubt but he saw and held communion with the Lord?

"Oh! I wish my father could see Him at his bedside! But then he keeps a light all night; perhaps He only comes in the dark. I hear him groan sometimes when I wake up. I wish he could see Jesus"—but then her sad eyes dropped as she said: "He couldn't be with you and him at the same time, you know."

"Oh, yes! He can be everywhere. He'll always come—tell your father I say so; tell him I only have to say *Jesus* in my heart, and He's sure to come and make me forget my pain."

"I'll go and tell him now—this minute."

As the little girl had said, her father was out under the shadow of the great elm tree. They had placed the carriage cushions so that he rested comfortably; and now his sister stood near, humming a gay air, and his wife, little Lilly's mother, knelt, bending over the invalid, smoothing back the brown tresses.

"What in the world is Lilly running from the house in that style for?" cried Ellen Irving, the sick man's sister. "The child will be heated to death," she added, as breathlessly the beautiful little girl drew near and cried,—

"Oh, dear father—that little sick boy in there says if you'll only say 'Jesus' in your heart, He'll be *sure* to come and make you forget your pain."

The invalid looked with cold eyes—the mother gazed with a strange expression gathering over lip and brow—the fashionable sister stopped the gay *carol*—all seemed struck.

"Oh, father!—he looks so happy!" cried the child, "and he's a *great deal* thinner than you are—just as pale!—but he says that though he has always been sick, he don't mind it much, you know, because in the night he sees Jesus stand by his bedside, and He fills his heart full of love, so that he never once thinks of his pain. Now, father—you say 'Jesus,' and perhaps He'll come just so to you."

"Stand out of the sun, Lilly," replied her father after another long pause; and his lips trembled so that he could scarcely say it. "I believe we had better go now," he added, lifting himself; "come, Lilly, help father into the carriage."

"Oh, father, *just say 'Jesus'!* repeated Lilly.

"Well, well—wait awhile, dear, wait awhile—perhaps I will—I must see first—I must think first—ah! now we are snugly seated in the carriage. Do you believe the little boy would like to have you bring him a pretty plaything?"

"Perhaps so," said Lilly, diverted from her previous train of thought; "but he can't play much, he can't even walk."

The carriage rolled slowly into the city—slowly along the streets, and stopped at last before a beautiful house in the centre of a square. The mansion had marble steps in front, while the handles and the plate of the door were of silver, and glittered in the light.

Up every step the sick man took from that luxurious carriage to the elegant chamber where his couch stood waiting for him, a voice seemed to ring in his ears, "Oh! father, just say Jesus!" Sweet music would not drown it, although his wife sang and played for him. The sight of the fairest pictures that ever made sunshine on the walls of any house could not shut them out. Like three little angels, fresh

bathed in the light of glory, moving hand in hand through the portals of his brain, they came to and fro, continually whispering, "Just say Jesus!"

"Oh! that he *could* just say Jesus." The word was so strange to him! to him—the man of ease, of wealth, of fashion. Almost any other name would seem less out of place on his lips. He who had thought of nothing but the world till within a few short months—to whom life before that had seemed eternal; he who had sipped of pleasure in almost every land; who had drank the red wine in France and Italy; shuffled cards at the brilliant tables of the Parisian saloons; danced and shouted in the carnival of Venice; he to say Jesus!

Again and again, as he tossed on his couch through the night, he wished he had not stopped before that little red cottage. He could see it so distinctly, and the pale, sad face always at that one window! He could see the child of his adoration flying down the gravelled walk, her cheeks pink-tinted, her golden hair tossed by the wind in clouds and curls; he could hear—oh! yes, too plainly—the childish voice, saying to him, "Just say Jesus."

(To be continued.)

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LIFE'S LIMITATIONS.

ON a house still standing between Walsall and Tretsey, in Cheshire, built in 1636, of thick oak frame-work, is this inscription: "You would weep if you knew that your life was limited to one month, and yet you laugh, while you know not if it may be restricted to a day."

* * *

BLACK AND WHITE.

"I THINK a Christian can go *anywhere*." "Certainly she can," rejoined her friend;

"but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer. A party of friends went with me to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her she appealed to the old miner who was to act as guide to the party.

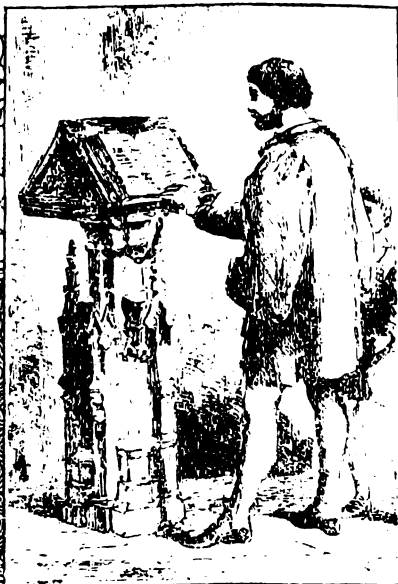
"'Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?' she asked petulantly.

"'Yes'm,' returned the old man. 'There's nothing to keep you from *wearin'* a white frock in going down, but *there'll* be much to keep you from *wearin'* one in coming back.'

Yes, a Christian *can* go anywhere, but not without risk of defilement, a bad conscience, and, in the end a fall.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



I. THE STORY OF THE MESSAGE.

IN our Missionary Chats month by month we have seen how God's Word has been carried into every part of the world, to all sorts and conditions of people. We have seen, further, how its message has found an entrance into the hearts of men and women, and boys and girls, bringing joy to sad lives, hope to the hopeless, and freedom to the slaves of sin and Satan.

Has it ever occurred to you to ask how we first got the message? For you must remember that the Bible has not always been in the form in which we have it now. There were not always shops where the Scriptures could be bought by people who had money, or Bible Societies to give them to those who had none.

How was it in the long-ago days for the men and women who wanted to know about the true God and about His will and purposes concerning them?

Perhaps some young reader will answer, "Oh, the Bible was written by the hands of holy men, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit."

Quite true; but that answer covers such varied circumstances, and such a vast length of time, that it does not convey very clearly all that really means.

In order that we may find out what the Bible is, and whence it came, we will trace it

back to its very beginnings; and as we do so let us ask God that His Holy Spirit may help us to see the glory and the marvel of the most wonderful book in the world.

That Book is a Revelation from God. The word Revelation means the rolling back of a veil to show what lies behind; just so does the Bible unveil to man what otherwise he could not know of the great God and of the Lord Jesus Christ.

For 2500 years after the creation of Adam and Eve, there was no written revelation, and Moses tells us in Gen. vi. that men had become so exceedingly wicked, that a just and holy God could no longer endure them, so the Flood came and swept them all away. All except Noah and his family. Even in the midst of such terrible wickedness there were a few men who preserved the knowledge of God.

We know that God talked much with Adam, and as Adam lived for 930 years, he could hand down the wonderful words that God spoke to him, to his sons and grandsons for several generations.

Enoch "walked with God," and we may be quite sure that during that long walk of 365 years, he and his Unseen Friend had many a talk together.

Noah, too, walked with God, and was a preacher of the truths he learned from Him

After the Flood, when the earth was again peopled, and the descendants of Noah and his three sons scattered in different directions, they would in all probability carry the knowledge of God. But as time passed by this knowledge became very dim, and by and by almost completely died out.

Men began to worship the sun and moon and stars; and their idolatry increased, so that they made images of birds and beasts and creeping things, and bowed down and worshipped them.

In the midst of these sad conditions, God saw one man to whom He could speak, and whom He called His friend.

Do you know who that was?

Gen. xii. 1 tells us that God had called Abram to leave his country and his home, and go into a strange land which He would show him, promising him a sevenfold blessing if he obeyed.

It was in the purpose of God to work out a wonderful plan of redemption for mankind, in spite of all their sin; and He chose the Jews, the children of Abraham, for three reasons:-

1. That they might be a witness to Himself among the other nations.

2. That He might entrust to them His written law; and

3. That they might be the channel through whom the Redeemer should come.

The whole of the Bible, from beginning to end, is the revelation of this purpose. And all the wonderful history it relates shows the working out of God's plan in marvellous ways.

All the wisest and best students of the Scriptures bow their hearts in reverent love before the matchless wisdom and grace of His dealings with men.

We may well prize our Bible as our most precious earthly possession.

"Cling to the Bible! this jewel and treasure
Brings life eternal and saves fallen man;
Surely its value no mortal can measure,
Seek for its blessing, O soul, while you can."

E. A.

* * *

WHAT MADE HIM SMILE!

A PRIEST once took a New Testament from a little boy and burnt it, telling him it was not a proper book for him to read. The little boy cried, but in a while he dried up his tears and began to smile. "Why do you smile?" asked the priest. The boy replied, "Because I was just thinking that you *cannot* burn those chapters which I have got off by heart."

No, no; those were his own, and could not be taken from him. With the Psalmist he could say, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart" (Ps. cxix. 11).

"NONE" OR "ALL"; OR, CHARLIE'S DIFFICULTY.

CHARLIE was about the handsomest boy I have ever seen. It was a pleasure to look at him—he looked so healthy and happy. Since then he has grown up into a handsome man, over six feet high, an earnest Christian, and is at present in France engaged in this truly awful war.

Many years ago we were taking a country walk together, when "Uncle" sounded in my ear. "What is it, Charlie?" I enquired.

"Uncle, nearly all my sins are forgiven, but not quite all of them."

I thought I had never heard such an extraordinary statement before. By what process of thought the little chap imagined he had got rid of nearly all of his sins, but that some still remained unforgiven, I could not fathom. Whether the unforgiven sins were specially grave sins that lay on my little nephew's conscience I cannot say.

I said to him, "Charlie, God's Word says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from ALL SIN' (1 John i. 7). Repeat that verse after me."

He did so. I then enquired, "How many sins does God cleanse away when He starts?"

Charlie answered, "ALL SIN."

I then said to him, "You either have ALL, or NONE, of your sins cleansed away. How do your sins get cleansed away?"

Charlie replied, "By believing on Jesus."

"Then do you believe on Jesus?" I asked.

He replied, "I do."

"Remember, then, either ALL or NONE of your sins are cleansed away. If they are ALL cleansed away by believing on Jesus, and you truly believe on Him, how many of your sins are washed away?"

The handsome little laddie looked up with a radiant face, and said, "ALL."

Can you say as much?

A. J. P.

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 16 per annum, post free.

No. 157.

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, 1918.

Subject—Elijah (1 Kings 17.-18.)

1. What was God's first message to Ahab by Elijah?
2. How was Elijah fed at Cherith?
3. Whom did God command to feed Elijah when the brook dried up?
4. "What have I . . . my son." Find this passage and write it out.
5. What word from the Lord came to Elijah in the third year?
6. What question did Ahab ask Elijah?
7. What was the cause of Israel's trouble?
8. What question did Elijah ask the people?
9. What happened to the sacrifice and the altar when Elijah prayed?
10. What do we read in James about Elijah in connection with these things?

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 4d. stamp (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I think you will like the questions about Elijah, his life is such an interesting one, and there is so much we may learn from it. Are any of you halting between two opinions, as the people were in Elijah's day? They could not make up their minds whether they would worship God or worship Baal. Have you made up your mind whether you will come to the Lord Jesus or not? If not, decide quickly and come to Him, ask Him to help you to follow Him and serve Him faithfully. It is time to seek the Lord (Joel 2. 1, 2). Try and get some of your friends to do the searching. It will be a help to them.

With you all a happy New Year,

Your friend,

J. L.

November Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Antrum, J. Allum, W. Bridge, I. Brook, L. Brunskill, E. Bruce, E. Craig, L. Courtice, M. Collins, M. Cowl, D. Cudmore, G. Devenish, E. Edwards, M. Forrester, F. Grant, K. Glenn, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, B. Holdsworth, M. Hodgkins, D. Jones, J. Jones, M. Kennedy, D. Lefaux, S. Lee, E. Lever, D. Lewis, G. Ludlow, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, L. Patten, D. Routhan, R. Rickards, V. Ross, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, A. Silk, P. Stockdale, A. Todd, P. Vickery, E. Ward, A. Walton, G. Wallach, D. Wright, H. Williams, E. Winter.

2nd Class.—I. Marshall, A. Wilson.

3rd Class.—M. Stevens, P. Sheaf.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—C. Ashmore, F. Berry, L. Bussey, C. Carter, J. Crookes, M. Cockerton, C. Dawson, E. Dawson, L. Dea, R. Devenish, D. Duff, M. Finch, J. Foster, W. Foster, J. Gray, L. Gwynn, E. Harris, M. Harris, H. Jones, R. Jug, W. Lever, E. Linley, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, J. Martin, R. Nichol, D. Nicholas, E. Penfold, V. Pricer, A. Punter, L. Rickards, E. Rose, D. Swall, O. Sander, W. Shelley, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, K. Syke, I. Turner, H. Ward, A. Williams.

2nd Class.—R. Johnson.

3rd Class.—L. Wareham.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—S. Ayers, W. Champ, E. Darrach, E. Durrant, I. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, A. Finch, J. Foster, H. Gray, F. Gwynn, G. Hickson, H. Hughes, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, F. Milson, A. Milson, S. Osman, A. Rea, W. Selley, N. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, M. Walsh, A. Ward, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland, E. Williams.

2nd Class.—None.

3rd Class.—E. Cook.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS

Subject—Samuel.

1. Because she had asked him of the Lord (1 Sam. 1. 20).
2. She lent him to the Lord (1 Sam. 1. 28).
3. Samuel ministered unto the Lord (1 Sam. 2. 11 or 18).
4. Samuel grew in favour with the Lord and also with men (1 Sam. 2. 26).
5. Four times (1 Sam. 3. 4-10).
6. Part of 1 Sam. 3. 20, written out.
7. To put away the strange gods, prepare their hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only (1 Sam. 7. 3).
8. The Lord thundered upon the Philistines and discomfited them (1 Sam. 7. 10).
9. They turned aside after lucre, and took bribes and perverted judgment (1 Sam. 8. 3).
10. Make us a king to judge us like the nations (1 Sam. 8. 5).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



A WELCOME LETTER.

Feb 1918

A WELCOME LETTER—

WHICH boy or girl does not like to have a letter of their very own? What excitement there is when the postman leaves a letter at your house and you see your name on the envelope, and how eager you are to open it and read the contents. I know I am. Some letters contain bad news which make you feel very sad, while others make you feel quite jolly, don't they?

A short time ago, I received a letter which made me feel very happy indeed. It was from a little girl who attends our Sunday School. She is very, very poor, for she has two brothers and a sister all younger than herself, and she and her mother (neither of them strong) have to work hard to earn sufficient money to buy food and clothes for them. Yet this little girl is extremely happy. Would you like to know why? She had been to my home one night, and we had had a nice little talk and sung some hymns together. She sent me the letter the following day which made me feel so glad, and this is what it said:

"I enjoyed myself very much on Sunday night. I am very happy now, because I have put my trust in Jesus. If Jesus comes, I am ready to go with Him. I should never have known Jesus and have been saved if I hadn't come to that little Meeting Room. I am very glad now that I brought E—, because it has brought her to know Jesus as well."

Do you wonder that my little friend was so happy? If you have put your trust in Jesus, you will be just as happy. I wonder if you can say, "If Jesus comes I am ready to go with Him"? Perhaps mother and father are ready, and you are not. When Jesus comes, how terrible it will be if He takes those you love and leaves you behind; and Jesus is coming very soon, you know, for all those who love Him. How lovely it will be for those who are ready to go with Him and to live for ever in that beautiful home He has prepared for us!

If you have not already done so, won't you just ask Jesus to wash all your sins away in His own precious blood, so that you will be fit for that home? He will if you only trust Him, for that is why He shed His blood and died.

I heard of a little girl who one night called upstairs to her mother, and receiving no answer after calling "Mother, mother," replied, "I thought the Lord had come and taken her." Her mother and father home, and left her behind. How miserable she was until she heard her mother's voice. She has since trusted

Jesus as her own precious Saviour, and is no longer afraid, but is waiting and watching for His coming.

Perhaps you *have* had your sins washed away. If so, are you, like my little friend, trying to lead others to Jesus? I also had a letter from E— in which she says, "I thank my friend for bringing me to such a Sunday School. If I had not gone there I would never have known Jesus as my Saviour." May we not only trust in Him ourselves, but seek to bring our friends to Him.

E. V. H.

* * *

— AND A POSTCARD.

(Sent to a soldier in France by his sister.)

"DEAR TOMMIE,

"I am just sending you this picture postcard for your birthday. You will get it, I hope, and if you do not receive it just in time, perhaps it won't matter much after all.

"*It would matter if you did not get Jesus as your Saviour!*

"That's the thing that matters, Tom.

"From your loving Sister,

"ETHEL."

No doubt "Tommie" received his picture postcard, and even if it came late it would not matter a great deal. But if he put off trusting Jesus as his Saviour until *too late*, it would be a serious matter. Never again would he have the chance of doing so, and he would have missed for ever all hope of salvation, heaven and happiness.

It will matter a great deal to you if you do not come to Jesus. He can save you *now*, but who can say whether you will have this chance to-morrow?

You know that you are a sinner, and into heaven you cannot go with your sins; but God loves you and sent His Son to die for you. Will you take Him *now* as your own Saviour?

T. C.

* * *

A TALK ABOUT SERPENTS.

I SUPPOSE every boy and girl knows what serpents are. They vary in size and colour and description; some are dangerous, others are less harmful. Now in God's Word we get some mention of serpents; I wish to say a little about four of them. The first is

THE SERPENT CONNECTED WITH SIN.

Open your Bibles at Genesis 3. We read there that Satan assumed this form, and came



to deceive Adam and Eve. They listened to him and disobeyed God, with the consequence that every one now is born in sin. More than that, everybody, young and old, practises sin. We cannot help ourselves, for there is never a day passes when we do not do what is wrong. Now, because we are sinners, we need a Saviour, and if you turn to Numbers 21, we see there

THE SERPENT CONNECTED WITH SALVATION.

It had to be made of brass, upon a wooden pole, and those who were suffering under the sting of sin had just to look, and they lived. This is only a picture of the cross of Calvary; and now what have boys and girls to do to get rid of their sins? Just to look by faith to Calvary's cross, for "There is life in a look at the Crucified One." The Israelites did not have to look at the pole, or to their neighbours, they had not to look to Moses, they had not to ask any questions, or raise any difficulties,—but simply to look to the brazen serpent. This is God's way of salvation. But boys and girls sometimes go groping in the darkness, doing and trying, trying and doing. What does the hymn say? "Doing ends in death." So we tell you through these pages to look to Jesus upon the cross. His blood was shed, atonement has

been made, peace has been procured, and now God, being satisfied, with the sacrifice, has accepted it, there remains no more to be done.

THE SERPENT CONNECTED WITH SUPERSTITION.

Read 2 Kings 18. 4. There we see this same precious token of God's salvation being worshipped as an idol: instead of the saving value and virtue, they regarded the wood and brass of more importance. To-day 'the Blood of Jesus' is often set aside for crucifixes, prayers, religion, morals, and good works. Instead of salvation and God's way, it is superstition and man's way.

God says, "This is the way; walk ye in it."

The Lord Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

God also says, "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but that way ends in death."

THE SERPENT CONNECTED WITH SERVICE.

In Acts 28. 3 we see a venomous viper fasten itself on the apostle's hand. He could shake it off; so when we who have looked to Jesus, and are living for Him, are confronted by that arch-enemy of our souls, the devil, we shall have grace to shake him off, for "Sin shall not have dominion over you."

B. G. D.

Little Daniel; Or, JUST SAY JESUS.

(Continued from last month.)

THE good mother in the little red cottage sat busily at work on some shirts she was making for a neighbour. At the window where the fair invalid used to sit, and where he had for so many years watched the sights along the road, there stood only an empty chair—his chair—the patient Daniel's, who, through all his sufferings, had so lightened and made cheerful her labours. Now the invalid lay beside her on a little low bed. He hardly moved, but his bright—uncarthly bright—eyes watched her.

"Mother," he said, and his voice was as full, clear, and beautiful as ever. "I shall learn in heaven what this beautiful feeling means that comes whenever I think of Jesus. And I shall learn how He can be everywhere, shan't I, mother? Mother, do you believe we can ever see angels?"

"I don't know, darling—yes—" she hesitated, adding softly, "we see them in the flesh sometimes."

"Because last night—I might have been just the least mite asleep, I don't know—but all at once this room was covered with shining stones, and from every stone there came a bright light. The sun that shone in from the door did not seem as it does now, but was all twisting and trembling, just as the water does when we see it away off. And then—oh! it was so beautiful!—right in the middle of the room there stood an angel. I thought I asked her what she wanted, and she said, 'Jesus has sent me to take you home.' Then I knew it would not be many days before I should go to heaven—and slowly all the light faded out of the stones—and when I opened my eyes the room was still and dark."

"It was a sweet dream, my boy," said the good mother.

"Hurrah! mother, Danny, there's that carriage stopped out here again, and that little boy is coming in with a gentleman. I must go and wash my hands," and off bounded Charley to the pump.

Presently the round, red cheeks of the pretty child appeared, the bright, eager eyes searching for the sick boy. "Oh! father, there he is; he's lying down. Come in."

"Be polite, my little girl," said a voice, very gravely and gently; "you do not tell the lady who your father is."

"This is Mr. Irving, my father," said Lilly, smoothing her smiles in her little face.

The mother dusted a chair for the gentleman. He was a very noble, handsome-looking man, was Lilly's father. Now that disease had touched his face, it had paler and thoughtful tints.

"My dear madam," he said kindly, as he seated himself, "my little Lilly here would not let me rest till I promised to come out and see you."

Meantime Miss Lilly had deliberately taken off her little bonnet, possessed herself of an unappropriated stool and carried it to the couch of the sick child, where she now sat.

"Has your child never been well?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Never, sir; he was sickly at his birth."

"My little daughter seems much impressed with the fact that he is very cheerful and happy."

"He is both, sir," was the reply; "and he suffers much pain, and that constantly. The only complaint I have ever heard him utter," she said softly, "was yesterday, when his agony was very severe. He exclaimed, 'Oh, mother, I do wish the dear Jesus would take me now.'"

The dark eyes of the stranger grew moist as he listened, and said: "He is indeed comforted if he has any supporting hope—dark days and cheerless days are mine."

"Perhaps, sir," said Mrs. Marks, in her own quiet way, "you have not learned that it is good to suffer, and that Christ sometimes leads us to Himself through thorny roads."

"But, madam, is He good in giving to that poor little creature anguish and pain all his life? That child never rebelled against Him—why lead him thus?"

"You can talk with him yourself, sir, and judge," said she. "he is my teacher and comforter in a great many things; and dark will be the day, sir, when this house sees him go." Grieving, the mother turned away, and the sick man drew near to the sick child.

"Well, my little boy, how is it?" he asked kindly. "Don't you get tired of lying here?"

"Sometimes, sir," replied the child with his sweet smile.

"But do you never long to use your hands and feet?"

A quick, bright flash illuminated the beautiful face. "Why, don't you know?"

"I don't know, my child; how can I know?"

"Why, don't you know Jesus?"

"I'm afraid I don't know Jesus as you do, my little one."

"It's easy," he said, with a bright smile—"It's good!"

There was soul in the way he said it.

"Easy for *you*, my child, but not for me."

"Why, it's only 'Come unto Me,' you know," said little Daniel. "Don't you see? It's only 'Come unto Me.' Mother, please you say the verse for the gentleman."

"'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,'" said Mary Marks, softly. "It means weary of sin, weary of a guilty conscience."

There was another silence, then up spoke little Lilly.

"Pa wants to feel happy in the long black nights."

"That's Jesus, too," answered the boy promptly. "That's because He comes to me; and, when I ache the most, I can smile and sing to myself softly my little hymn:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on His breast I lay my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"My dear little boy," said the man, as he lifted his head, "you have done me good. I see that all those who have lost all hope in the world can be happy, and even triumphant. Oh! for his faith!" he added, turning to the mother; "I would give half my fortune—yes, all, to be able to lie serene and cheerful as he lies there to-day."

"My dear sir, it need cost you nothing," said the mother, in her straightforward way. "Salvation and peace are without money and without price. It is only, 'Look to Christ and live.' We are not saved by our own works, but simply by believing on what Christ did when He died on the cross."

"Now, father, can't you say Jesus?" asked Lilly, springing to her feet, thinking all his sorrows past. The question came so suddenly, came with a flood of sweet and bitter recollections, that the man burst into tears. Then, finding himself unable to regain his self-control, he beckoned to Lilly to accompany him, and together they left the cottage.

(To be continued.)

* * *

"MY CUP RUNNETH OVER."

THAT was a sweet prayer of a young Christian: "Lord, fill me to overflowing. I cannot hold much. But I can overflow a great deal."

With many the desire concerning the Divine blessing is to *hold* and to *enjoy*; whereas with God it is to *give* and to *overflow* to others.

LITTLE GEORGE AND THE APPLE.

THE pretty villages of G--- and W--- stand about two miles apart from each other. The boys in these two villages, we are sorry to say, sometimes quarrelled with each other; and so, when a W--- boy came to G---, or a G--- boy came to W---, it was generally a time of great dread, especially if he was a little chap, lest he should come to grief from the big boys who might happen to cross his path.

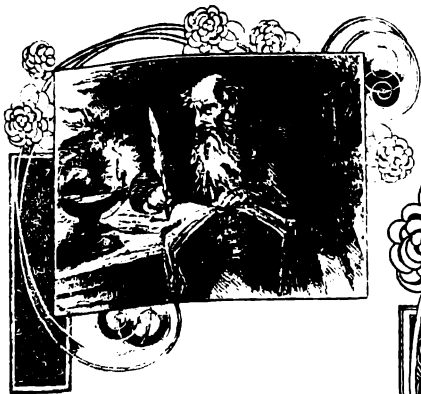
A little G--- boy, named George, was one day sent by his mother on an errand to W---. On his way down he was wondering how he would steer clear of the boys at W---; who, he felt sure, would be on the look-out for him, and so the little fellow was in great fear as he entered the village.

After delivering his message, he was turning his face homewards, thinking he had got nicely out of danger, when who should he see rapidly approaching, on the other side of the street, but a big, strapping W--- boy, who quickly crossed the street and made straight for little George. Of course the little chap was quaking, for he knew he was no match for that big stout lad, who, as he thought, would be certain to give him a sound thrashing. But what was George's surprise and delight, when the big W--- boy, with a hearty smile on his face, said pleasantly: "Hallo, lad, will you have an apple?" and suiting the action to the word, he pulled a large, rosy-checked specimen out of his pocket, and, handing it to the little boy, marched off, whistling, as if he had done nothing unusual.

His kind and unexpected action left an impression on George that he never forgot; and, in after years, when he had received Christ as his Saviour, he learnt that the W--- boy's kindness to him, when he was a little lad, was just like the way God treats poor sinners who do not deserve anything at His hands.

George looked upon the big W--- boy as an enemy, and made sure he was in for a beating; but he found out that, instead of doing him an injury, he met him with the greatest of kindness, and showed it in a practical way, by presenting him with one of the finest apples his father's orchard could produce. And God, against whom we have all sinned, has come out towards us in grace, and in the gospel freely offers to undeserving, guilty sinners the forgiveness of sins, peace with God, and everlasting life. And all this, and a great deal more, will be yours, dear young reader, this very hour, if you take God at His word, and in simple faith receive the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour.

G. F. E.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



II.—THE STORY OF THE MESSAGE.

AS we read the story of Abraham's life, given to us in Genesis, we see that God and he had many a talk together, and we can well imagine how the old patriarch would sit quietly after the day's work, pondering over God's words to him, and the great and wonderful promises given to him.

He might well wonder how these promises could come about, for they seemed almost impossible. But Abraham believed God, though he could not understand Him, and "it was counted to him for righteousness" (Rom. 4. 22).

If you read carefully Genesis, chapters 12. to 22. you will find that God repeated His promises no less than seven times, so that Abraham might be quite sure that his great unseen Friend was going to keep His word.

God's purpose was a great one, and He worked it out slowly. In the lives of Jacob and Joseph we can trace His workings, and how He was maintaining a witness to Himself among the nations. Four hundred years passed by, and the time drew on for Him to make Himself more fully known. He prepared for it in a very marvellous way. Away down in Egypt, far from the land where Abraham had received the promise, a baby boy was born into the home of one of the slaves of Levi. The natural rejoicings at such an event were sadly marred because a cruel king had commanded all infant boys to be killed.

No command of a king, even though he was a powerful Pharaoh, could interfere with the purpose of God, however, and little Moses, protected first by his mother and then by the king's own daughter, was allowed to live. It is with Moses that we come first into touch with the printed records of God's dealings with men.

The time when Moses lived was 1500 years and more before Christ our Saviour came into the world. In those days there were no books such as we have. Printing had not been discovered, neither had paper. The Egyptians made linen, and so prepared it that they could trace signs and symbols, called hieroglyphics, upon it.

It has been proved that the art of writing is very ancient. Besides the linen, they made a sort of paper from the reeds which grew plentifully by the Nile river. Slabs of clay and blocks of stone were also used to record the doings of those early ages.

We read (Acts 7. 22) that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." Doubtless he studied many of these old stone records of the doings of great kings and conquerors who lived before him, and he would find among them a tablet of very special interest to himself. This was a tablet on the tomb of a man named Reksharê. Reksharê is known to have been the chief architect of the temples and palaces at Thebes, built by the Israelites under their cruel

taskmasters, of whom we read in Exod. i. 11-14. On this tablet was depicted in hieroglyphic form the cruel bondage and 'rigour' with which the workmen were treated.

As the young man, Moses, studied these evidences of the hard slavery into which his brethren had come, and as he read the inscription at the top of the picture, "Captives brought by his majesty to build the temples of the great God," we can understand how a feeling of indignation rose within him, and he hastily attempted to avenge their wrongs, as we see in Exodus ii. 11, 12.

In his early days, when his mother Jochabed was tenderly nursing him for Pharaoh's daughter, she would tell him the story of God's choice of Abraham and his children to be His own special people among all the people of the earth. So the little lad would know, even through all the years as he was growing up to manhood and learning the wisdom of the Egyptians, that he and his people were to stand for God. He could have had no idea of the great and noble work God had for him to do, and in common with all the others who have lived great and noble lives, he had some hard lessons to learn.

"Hard lessons?" you say. Oh, yes, real hard lessons, for it is only as we learn patience, and obedience, and self-control, that we become fit for life's highest and best work. How God taught him, and how well he learnt them, we shall see in our next paper.

E. A.

* * *

A THREATENING LETTER.

ONE of London's wealthiest citizens was Nathan Rothschild, whose pursuit of riches was so passionate and so successful.

"Money-making," he declared, "is the business of life. I would wish my children to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business. It is the only way to be happy."

Many years afterwards, when his fortune had multiplied, and he was possessed of almost everything man could desire, a friend remarked, "You must be a happy man, Mr. Rothschild." "Happy? What! Happy, when just as you are going to dine you have a letter placed in your hands, saying, 'If you do not send me five hundred pounds, I will blow out your brains'?" No, sir; no one can call me happy."

One summer's morning the great millionaire passed away, having slept for years with loaded pistols under his pillow, unable to take a single shilling with him. Certainly, this man who made money-getting the main object of his life, proved that it cannot purchase happiness, though it can procure most other things in this world.

We do well to ponder the Scriptures which tell us to set our hearts on *treasure in heaven*, where no rust corrupts, and no thieves "break through and steal."

"I give you joy, madam," said John Newton to a lady who had suffered the loss of all her goods by fire.

"What?" she exclaimed. "Joy? Joy that all my property has been consumed?"

"Oh, no," Newton answered, "but joy that you have so much property that fire cannot touch!"

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

J. A. S.

PRIZE LIST.

Age over 12 years.

1. ROSALIE MORRISON, age 11. Home for Orphan Girls, 61, Lewisham Rd., S.E.
2. AGNES SWALL, age 13. Home for Orphan Girls, 61, Lewisham Rd., S.E.
3. DAVID HILL, age 11. 189, Greengate St., Barrow-in-Furness.
1. GLADYS DEVENISH, age 13. 61, Lewisham Rd., S.E.

COMMENDED.

1. Brimskill, E. Gillespie, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, I. Jones, N. Lees, V. Rose.

Age over 10, but not over 12 years.

1. PHYLLIS TURNER, 156, Sandwell St., Walsall.
2. AMELIA WILLIAMS, age 11. 181, Powerscourt Rd., Portsmouth.
3. ROSE DEVENISH, age 12. Home for Orphan Girls, 61, Lewisham Rd., S.E.
1. DOROTHY DUFF, age 12. Home for Orphan Girls, 61, Lewisham Rd., S.E.

COMMENDED.

1. Crookes, J. Foster, H. Jones, R. Nichol, L. Rickards, D. Swall, J. Shell, M. Smith.

Age 10 years and under.

1. MARGARET TODD, age 10. 29, Park Hill Rd., Wallington, Surrey.
2. W. SELLEY, age 9. 3, Sherbourne St., Cheltenham.
3. MARY WALTON, age 9. Roselle Cottage, Bank Street, Malvern.
1. EDNA DARRAH, age 10. Tal-y-llyn, Davenport Crescent, Stockport.

COMMENDED.

- H. Hughes, D. Macdonald, S. Osman, G. Scott, J. Wallach.

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 February, 1918.

Subject—**Elijah** (1 Kings 19.; 2 Kings 2.)

1. What message did Jezebel send to Elijah?
2. What did the angel say to Elijah?
3. What question did the Lord ask Elijah when he was in the cave?
4. Whom was Elijah told to anoint as prophet?
5. What did God tell Elijah about 7000 in Israel?
6. What did Ahab say to Elijah after Naboth was killed?
7. Who went with Elijah when he was going across Jordan?
8. How did they pass over on dry ground?
9. What happened to Elijah as they went on and talked?
10. What do we read about Elijah or Elias in the Gospel of Mark?

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,—

The time for prizes has come again, and, as usual, the prize-winners are very close together. The girls have won the most prizes. I hope this will make the boys try to get their share next time. I should like to have more searchers under 10 years old. Try and encourage your younger brothers and sisters to answer the questions.

I hope you have been interested in the life of Elijah. How brave he was! He owned God when it seemed that all Israel had turned away from Him. Do you own the Lord Jesus before your school friends and others? In Luke xii, 8 we read: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him shall the Son of Man also confess before the angels of God." What a wonderful promise this is!

Two angels have reached me without names.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

December Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—W. Bridge, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, M. Collins, R. Cowl, G. Devenish, M. Forrester, L. Gerrel, E. Gillespie, D. Ifill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, R. Holdsworth, D. Jones, L. Jones, R. Jupp, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, D. Lever, D. Lewis, G. Ludlow, I. Marshall, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Rose, B. Russell, A. Swall, A. Todd, P. Vickery, A. Walton, G. Wallach, H. Williams, G. Williams, A. Wilson.
- 2nd Class.**—D. Cadmore, E. Edwards, J. Stephenson, E. Sheaf, A. Silk, B. Stockdale.
- 3rd Class.**—M. Stevens.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—F. Berry, S. Bussey, C. Carter, P. Crookes, C. Dawson, R. Devenish, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, L. Gwynn, E. Harris, M. Harris, H. Jones, R. Johnson, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, R. Nichol, H. Pennington, A. Punter, L. Rickards, E. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, K. Sykes, P. Turner, E. Ward, L. Wareham, H. Ward, A. Williams.
- 2nd Class.**—E. Linley.
- 3rd Class.**—C. Ashmore.

Age 10 Years and under.

- 1st Class.**—C. Bawtree, W. Champ, E. Darrah, A. Fairbairn, F. Gwynn, H. Hughes, W. Lever, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, F. Milsom, A. Milsom, S. Osman, A. Sewell, W. Selley, N. Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, M. Walton, J. Wallach, L. Westmoreland.
- 2nd Class.**—Q. Hickson.
- 3rd Class.**—None.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—**Samuel.**

1. That to-morrow He would send a man out of Benjamin whom he was to anoint captain over Israel (1 Sam. 9. 16).
2. Behold the man whom I spoke to thee of: this same shall reign over My people (1 Sam. 9. 17).
3. They had rejected their God (1 Sam. 10. 19).
4. Samuel called unto the Lord; and the Lord sent thunder and rain that day (1 Sam. 12. 18).
5. Because Saul had not kept the commandment of the Lord (1 Sam. 13. 13 or 14).
6. Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord (1 Sam. 15. 13).
7. What meaneth then the bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen which I hear? (1 Sam. 15. 14).
8. Because he saved some of the sheep and oxen for sacrifices instead of destroying them as he was commanded (1 Sam. 15. 21, 22).
9. When he was told to anoint a king from among Jesse's sons (1 Sam. 16. 6, 7).
10. See 1 Sam. 25. 1.

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD COME," SHE SAID.

A SUDDEN CALL.

"THE doctor says there is no hope of her recovery, though she may live a few days. I was hoping all day yesterday that you would come, so that you might visit her before she dies," said a woman to me one day as I called to see her.

"I will go at once," I replied. "It is getting rather late now, but I have time to see her for a few minutes."

"I should be so glad if you would. Show Miss — the house, Johnnie," she said, turning to her little boy at her side; "it is only a minute's walk from here. I have hardly stopped praying for her all day, and I can't bear to think of her dying without someone speaking to her once again of the Saviour. She was the first one that I tried to win for Him after I was converted. She was ill at the time, and she said she would like to be saved and to be happy like I was; but when she got better she seemed to lose all her interest, and said she had too many other things to think of."

I went to the house of the dying woman, who had been taken ill rather suddenly a week or two previously, and was shown into the room, where she lay in bed with flushed cheeks and bright eyes. I went to the bedside and told her that her friend who had asked me to come, wanted me to tell her that the Shepherd Who had been seeking her so long, was still wanting to find His wandering sheep, and if only she would turn to Him in all her need, how gladly would He save her.

She was almost too ill to hear what I said, so I bent over her and slowly and distinctly repeated one or two Gospel texts: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," "Christ died for the ungodly," and "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As briefly as I could I begged her to turn at once to the Saviour Whose promise is, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

She listened intently to all that I said, and as I bade her "Good-bye," she whispered slowly, with a great effort, "I will ask Him to save me."

After a few words with her husband and children and some neighbours, who were all in the room, about the need of getting right with God while still in health and strength before we were too ill to think clearly about anything, I left the house, praying that the Spirit of God would come home to her heart something from God's Word that had been repeated to her.

She died — after this, and I saw her no

more; but the person who had asked me to visit her, told me that from the account that the neighbour who had nursed her and had been with her to the end, gave of her, she had every reason to believe that she had really turned in repentance to God and died trusting the Saviour.

How encouraging it was to her friend who had prayed and longed for her conversion for so many years, to know that her prayers had been heard and answered. "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days" (Eccles. xi. 1).

K. F. A.

* * *

"IF YOU SET EYES UPON HIM—"

"Looking off unto Jesus" (Heb. xii. 1).

PRINCE CHARLIE was waiting at the head of a glen to see if the Highlanders would come to his call and rally round his standard. Lochiel had heard of the landing of the Prince, and brought the Camerons to meet him. On his way he visited his brother, and the advice which his brother gave him was this: "Better go back. *If you set eyes upon him, you will do all he asks.*" So great was the attraction of that romantic figure.

It is true of a nobler and more stirring cause that those who set eyes upon the Leader are willing to follow and obey Him.

A gay, worldly officer was wounded during a siege, and became a cripple for life. As he lay through long weary months on his couch he read the Gospels and the lives of Christian heroes and martyrs, and he *set his eyes* upon Jesus Christ. Thenceforward he was His soldier, and tried to serve Him. He was irresistibly attracted to the Leader.

A certain Gallic nobleman was being led forth to die for his faith, together with some Christians of humble birth. He noticed that because of his rank he had not been bound with chains as they were. Then he said to the officer in whose charge he was, "Let me not be deprived of any of my honours. I too, for love of Jesus, would wear a chain." He had *set his eyes* upon Him, and willingly would suffer anything for Him.

A boy at school had a New Testament in his "play-box," and used to read a portion every night. The other boys sneered and laughed at him, but he kept on. He had *set eyes upon* Christ, and he did not care what others thought or said — he must do as He asked.

"Looking off unto Jesus" — that is the secret of the Christian life and all Christian service — to see Him, by faith, as Saviour and as Master. Have *you set eyes upon Him*?

T. B. A.



"THESE LETTERS WE CONSTANTLY READ."

great Apostle Paul, but because they are God's own word to us.

We must remember that God has used human instruments to convey His message to us. Moses, David, Isaiah, John, James, Paul and many others, were taken up successively by God the Holy Spirit, just as a writer picks up a new pen occasionally to inscribe his thoughts.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." "The Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto Salvation."

J. A. S.

LETTERS FROM GOD.

THE speaker, a Romish cardinal, had been discoursing to the visitors of the wonders of Rome, its Vatican, its fine Cathedral, and its historic associations.

"If there is one thing more than another that we are proud of," he concluded, "it is that we possess the bones of St. Paul."

"Indeed," said one of his listeners who hailed from Geneva, "and yet my city can boast of more precious relics of the great apostle than that."

"I should like to hear what they may be," said the Cardinal, with great interest.

"Certain letters written by him to various churches," replied the visitor, who was none other than Merle D'Aubigné, the historian of the Reformation, "and these letters we constantly read."

Thank God, we, too, can read these wonderful letters or epistles, which are so deeply instructive to every Christian and Bible student—not only because they are the work of the

CAN YOU GIVE THE NAMES?

- A was a monarch who reigned in the East.
- B was a Chaldee who made a great feast.
- C was veracious when others told lies.
- D was a woman, heroic and wise.
- E was a refuge where David spared Saul.
- F was a Roman—accuser of Paul.
- G was a garden—a frequent resort.
- H was a city where David held court.
- I was a mocker—a very bad boy.
- J was a city preferred as a joy.
- K was a father whose son was quite tall.
- L was a proud one who had a great fall.
- M was a nephew whose uncle was good.
- N was a city hid where it stood.
- O was a servant acknowledged a brother.
- P was a Christian, greeting another.
- R was a damsel, who knew a man's voice.
- S was a sovereign who made a bad choice.
- T was a seaport, where preaching was long.
- U was a teamster struck dead for his wrong.
- V was cast off and never restored.
- Z was a ruin, with sorrow deplored.

Little Daniel; Or, JUST SAY JESUS.

(Continued from last month.)

"O H, dear!" said Ellen Irving, sighing, as she threw down her book; "to think, one year ago brother was all life. all animation. Let me see, we were in Naples, weren't we?" she said to Mrs. Irving.

"Yes; and what times. Lilly, child, what are you doing?" she cried, as the little girl, her face flushed, her hair slung in disorder, appeared at the door, dragging a mammoth book, beautifully gilded and shining in the light.

"It was so heavy," said Lilly, still tugging at her task. "You take it up, won't you, on your lap?"

"For pity's sake, child," said her mother pausing, before she left the room, "what are you going to do with that great Bible?"

"Why, I want Auntie to find something for me," said the child, who had seated herself at Ellen Irving's feet.

"What shall I find?" asked her youthful aunt, smilingly.

"Where it says, 'Come unto Me.' The little sick boy told father, and I want to find it so that father can read it."

"You strange child, how can I tell where it is?"

"Why, don't you know? Haven't you read the Bible?"

Ellen turned the leaves abstractedly: "Isn't it somewhere in the New Testament?" she queried of her sister-in-law.

"I suppose so, though I'm sure I don't know."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed Ellen; "I have opened the book right there. Well, Lilly, I've found it—what now?"

"Oh!" and Lilly darted from her seat, but soon returned bringing a hymn-book, very large, and quite as beautiful as the Bible. "Now please to find the hymn where it says,

'Jesus can make a dying bed.'"

"Child! What do we want to hear about beds?"

"Poor little sick Danny sings it when Jesus comes to him in the night," persisted the child.

"Lilly, what are you talking about?"

"About Jesus!" was the prompt reply.

"Very well on Sundays. Hadn't you better go and play?"

"No," said Lilly. "I told father I'd find him the place of 'Come unto Me,' and 'Jesus can make'; and now look for the hymn, please, while I ask Sarah to carry up the book."

Away she went, and that blessed name rang through Ellen's brain. "Jesus."

"Here is Sarah—she will take the book to father," cried Lilly, entering the room with one of the domestics; and soon the wasted invalid was earnestly reading the Word, while his little daughter, perched at the foot of the lounge, fixed her bright eyes upon him as if the happy moment would come while he read, when he could say "Jesus."

* * * *

Little Daniel grew weaker every day.

"Mother," said he, one day, "won't you read me that 'Jerusalem' piece?"

She hushed her sorrow, and taking from her drawer a little book, she read:—

MOTHER, SING JERUSALEM.

A child lay in a twilight room, with pallid, waxen face—
A little child, whose tide of life had nearly run its race.

But ere it closed, he whispered low, 'Sing mother, sing,' and smiled.

The pale one knelt beside the couch—'What shall I sing, my child?'

'Jerusalem, my happy home,' the gasping boy replied;
And sadly sweet the clear notes rang upon the eventide.

'Jerusalem, my happy home, name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end in joy and peace and Thee?'

And on she sang, while breaking hearts beat slow, unequal time—

They felt the passing of the soul with that triumphant chime.

'Oh when, thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend?
They saw the shadows of the grave with his sweet beauty blend.

'Why should I shrink at pain or woe, or feel at death dismay?'
She ceased—the angels bore the child to realms of endless day.

The widow's voice ceased also.

"Do you think"—little Daniel's voice was fainter—"do you think the angels will come after me?"

"Yes, darling, I have no doubt they will."

"Oh, mother, Jesus is with me!"

She kissed the damp forehead, and dried the thin hands.

"Mother, it will be better for me to go to my heavenly home than to live here."

"Yes, dear, if it's God's will," replied Mary.

"And does it make you feel bad to give me up?"

"No, my child, for I give you into better hands than mine."

Little Charley was put to bed, and the widow prepared to sit all night by the side of the little sufferer. It was a beautiful moonlight night—

vid as the dawning day—and the soft beams lay on the white counterpane that covered the child. They had sweet messages to give between them, and the moments were hallowed. Most beautiful grew the child as the strange presence drew near.

Many times he murmured, "Good night, dear mother, till to-morrow;" and often did she think she saw the shadow that comes but once. At last he spoke no more, but smiling peacefully, dreading the change as little as his sleep, he fixed his full blue eyes upon her, and gradually the light faded out of them—into heaven.

"To suffer no more," she murmured, as she wept, and kissed the eyes she had closed.

When little Charley sprang from his bed in the morning, and wondered at the stillness of the room, his mother took him gently to where the sleeper lay, and said, softly, "Try and hear up, Charley; you are all mother has left."

"But my dear brother! I want him!" cried the child.

"Ah!" said the mother, sighing, "heaven wanted him too."

(To be continued.)

* * *

"CAN IT SPEAK?"

THE following interesting narrative is from the "Life of John G. Paton," missionary to the New Hebrides, a book which contains a thrilling record of missionary work amongst South Sea savages, and which ought to be read in every Christian home:

The printing of my first Aniwan book was a great event, not so much for the toil and worry which it cost me, though that was enough to have broken the heart of many a compositor, as rather for the joy it gave to the old Chief Namakei.

The old chief had eagerly helped me in translating and preparing this first book. He had a great desire "to hear it speak" as he graphically expressed it. It was made up chiefly of short passages from the Scripture, that might help me to introduce them to the treasures of Divine truth and love. Namakei came to me, morning after morning, saying—

"Missi, is it done? Can it speak?"

At last I was able to answer, "Yes!"

The old chief eagerly responded, "Does it speak my words?"

I said, "It does."

With rising interest, Namakei exclaimed—

"Make it speak to me, missi! Let me hear it speak."

I read to him a part of the book, and the old

man fairly shouted in an ecstasy of joy: "It does speak! It speaks my own language, too. Oh, give it to me!"

He grasped it hurriedly, turned it all round every way, pressed it to his bosom, and then, closing it with a look of great disappointment, handed it back to me, saying, "Missi, I cannot make it speak! It will never speak to me."

"No," said I; "you don't know how to read it yet, how to make it speak to you: but I will teach you to read, and then it will speak to you as it does to me."

"Oh, missi, dear missi, show me how to make it speak!" persisted the bewildered chief. He was straining his eyes so, that I suspected they were dim with age, and could not see the letters. I looked out for him a pair of spectacles, and managed to fit him well. He was much afraid of putting them on at first, manifestly in dread of some sort of sorcery. At last, when they were properly placed, he saw the letters and everything so clearly, that he exclaimed in great excitement and joy—

"I see it all now! This is what you told us about Jesus. He opened the eyes of a blind man. The word of Jesus has just come to Aniwa. He has sent me these glass eyes. I have gotten back again the sight that I had when a boy. Oh, missi, make the book speak to me now!"

I walked out with him to the public village ground. There I drew A B C in large characters upon the dust, showed him the same letters in the book.

This was repeated time after time. He mastered the whole alphabet, and soon began to spell out the smaller words. Indeed, he came so often, getting me to read it over and over, that before he himself could read it freely, he had it word for word committed to memory. When strangers passed him, or young people came around, he would get out the little book, and say—

"Come, and I will let you hear how the book speaks our own Aniwan words. You say, it is hard to learn to read and make it speak. But be strong to try! If an old man like me has done it, it ought to be much easier for you."

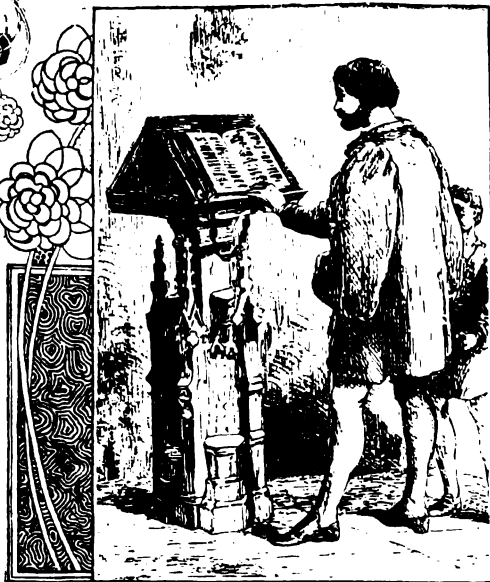
One day I heard him read to a company with wonderful fluency. Taking the book, I asked him to show me how he had done it so quickly. Immediately I perceived that he could recite the whole from memory. He became our right-hand helper in the conversion of Aniwa.

* * * *

CHRISTIAN conduct is to "do well"; *experience*, to "suffer for it"; *trial*, to "take it patiently"; *encouragement* and *recompense*, "this is acceptable with God" (1 Peter 11. 20).



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



III. -HOW MOSES CAME TO WRITE.

WHEN Moses was forty years old, and was living a life of great charm and pleasure at the Egyptian court, the time came, in God's purpose, for a great change to come into his life. We read in Exodus ii. 15 that he fled into the land of Midian, or as we call it now, Arabia.

In that land, far removed from his accustomed surroundings, the fiery temper and zeal that had brought him into trouble in Egypt, in the desire to deliver his people from their hard bondage, were mellowed into that spirit of humility and patience which fitted him for the great work God had for him to do. But just as you find school-tasks hard to learn and you cannot get on as quickly as you would like, so Moses found the lessons God was teaching him were very slowly mastered. For forty long years God kept him at school at Midian. It is thought that most probably Moses wrote the book of Job during these years. It is admitted by many learned men that the story of Job is of extreme antiquity. The Syrian Christians place it as the first book in their Bible. Midian was a neighbouring country to that in which Job lived, and we can imagine that Moses may have found some written records on stone tablets, which from his Egyptian wisdom he could understand, of the strange

and tragic events of this great man. In his quiet and secluded shepherd life, in the long days on the country side, he would have opportunity for writing out more fully the details of Job's life. Possibly, too, he wrote the book of Genesis in the land of Midian. Much of the history of the great men who lived before him would be told to him in his early boyhood by his mother; and we must always bear in mind that the men who wrote the Bible not only wrote what they knew from human sources, but they were taught by God what to write. That is what is meant when we say the Bible is 'inspired.' It is different from all other books, because its words are directly given by God the Holy Spirit. And if we want to understand it, and remember and obey it, we must ask God to teach us by His Holy Spirit, for Jesus Christ's sake.

By and by, God saw that Moses had learnt His lessons, and was ready for the work of leading the children of Israel out of Egypt and into the Promised Land. If you want to read the wonderful story of the plagues of Egypt, and the crossing of the Red Sea, you will find it all in Exodus, chapters vii. to xv.

When God had brought His people out from among the heathen nations, to be His own very special people, He gave them laws to obey. He told them what He wished them to do, and

what they were not to do. We call these laws the Ten Commandments, or "God's Ten Words." And we find (Deut. ix. 10) that God's very own hand wrote them on stone tablets, and gave them to Moses, that he might teach them to the people.

These first Tables of the Law were, you will remember, broken by Moses in his anger and distress at seeing the idolatry of the children of Israel when he came down from the Mount (Exod. xxxii.). God, in His great love and patience, again wrote the Law on two new tablets (Exod. xxxiv.). These tablets were carefully preserved by Moses, and later on were laid inside the golden ark which was put into the Holy of Holies in the Tabernacle. But God said very much more to Moses than was written on these stones. He gave very minute instructions concerning the life and conduct of the people, and it is thought that Moses prepared large, smooth pieces of goat-skin, which he fastened together, and formed into a roll, on which he wrote down, at God's dictation, the words spoken by God.

Some leather or parchment rolls of the Holy Scriptures are still in existence. One of these is in the British Museum in London. It is very, very old. It is written with great care on forty brown skins, in old Hebrew characters, and measures many yards in length when unrolled.

It is not the very roll which Moses wrote. It would be impossible for that roll to be still in existence. It is supposed that it was destroyed at the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 586.

Perhaps you will ask if the roll that Moses wrote was destroyed, how is it that we have God's law to read now? How has it come to us?

These questions will find their answer next month.

E. A.

* * *

THE SCEPTIC SILENCED.

A SCEPTIC recently said in speaking of the Bible that it was quite impossible in these days to believe in any book whose authorship is unknown.

A Christian (without even pointing out that the authorship of the Bible is due to the inspiration of the Spirit) asked him if the compiler of the multiplication table was known.

"No," he answered.

"Then, of course, you do not believe in it?"

"Oh, yes, I believe in it, because it works well."

"So does the Bible," was the rejoinder, and the sceptic had no answer to make.

WEAK THINGS CONFOUNDING THE MIGHTY.

(1 Cor. i.)

THERE was a fortress in India which a band of Moslems were holding with complete success against the British who attacked it. At last the British Indian Army thought of a plan. They got one of the great rock lizards, which abound in that district, and attached a slender rope to it. The animal began climbing upwards towards the fortress. At last, as the British expected would be the case, it went into a crevice.

A small boy climbed, by help of the dangling rope, to a high rock near the summit, and there fastened a strong rope to a tree.

Up the rope came the British, and soon they were at the door of the fortress. The unsuspecting Moslems were off their guard, and were defeated, and the fort was taken. Thus do the weak things of the earth sometimes confound the mighty.

Let not one of us imagine we are too weak to help in the battle of the Lord.

* * *

"WHEN JESUS HEARD."

NOT a cry of distress will ever escape His quick ear; Jesus knows the voice of every one of His flock, as well as a mother knows the voices of her children playing in the yard.

"When I pray," said a child to its mother, "then Jesus says, 'Hark, angels, I hear a little noise.' Then the angels all keep still till I get through, and say Amen."

Sweet child—was she not right in thought if not in word?

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 1915 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 March, 1918.

Subject—Elisha (2 Kings 2.-5.)

1. When did Elisha say, "Where is the Lord God of Elijah?"
2. How did Elisha heal the waters of Jericho?
3. "Here is Elisha . . . Elijah." Find this passage and write it out.
4. Why did Elisha say, "Make this valley full of ditches"?
5. What did the woman of Shunem say about Elisha to her husband?
6. What happened to the woman's child?
7. What did Elisha do to the child?
8. "Pour . . . eat." Find this passage and write it out.
9. What did the little maid tell Naaman's wife about Elisha?
10. What message did Elisha send to Naaman?

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 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 Elisha, and I am sure you will find it very interesting.

I must remind you again to read the rules *carefully*, as some of you have omitted the chapter and verse from your answers. If you find your name in 3rd class, this is probably the reason.

I hope you will all continue to do the Scripture searching through the year. I am sure it will be a help to you. Let me remind you of the text, "Be not weary in well-doing."

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

Your friend, J. L.

January Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.—M. Albright, N. Bailey, E. Bristol, W. Bridge, L. Bruce, G. Burgess, M. Collins, R. Cow, A. Cooper, D. Cudmore, O. Dawson, G. Dovenish,

L. Dean, D. Duff, C. Euer, M. Forrester, K. Glenn, L. Gerrard, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, M. Harris, M. Bailey, M. Hardesty, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Hodgson, M. Hodgekiss, A. Humphries, E. Holden, D. Jones, I. Jones, W. Lait, A. Laycock, D. Lefcaux, N. Lees, D. Lever, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, C. Older, L. Patten, E. Palmer, M. Phillips, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Punter, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Rose, E. Rose, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, M. Stevens, A. Silk, W. Smith, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, P. Vickery, A. Walton, W. Wakeford, H. Williams, G. Williams, A. Wilson, E. Winter, G. Wood, C. Wood.

2nd Class.—C. Carter, V. Draper, E. Englefield, M. Hodgson, R. Parton, B. Stockdale, L. Worcham.

3rd Class.—C. Ashmore, K. Adams, L. Haddon, T. Holden, S. Notman, E. Plumley, P. Sheaf, N. Wyatt.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—J. Blackburn, F. Berry, B. Brook, E. Bryant, W. Champ, P. Crookes, N. Cockburn, J. Cooling, E. Durrab, R. Devenish, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, W. Foster, N. Foster, E. Gray, E. Gwynn, M. Harris, H. Howmes, B. Horne, G. Holder, H. Hughes, J. King, E. Linley, R. Logan, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, A. Martin, S. Major, F. Milson, K. Minton, N. Millington, D. Morton, T. Morris, D. Nicholas, L. Notman, G. Raeburn, E. Redman, M. Reed, L. Rickards, C. Rose, E. Stuart, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, M. Scougall, G. Scott, M. Todd, P. Turner, B. Wade, H. Ward, F. Weatherburn, A. Williams.

2nd Class.—S. Bussey.

3rd Class.—M. Hobden, A. Overington, C. Smith.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—D. Edwards, A. Fairbairn, J. Foster, H. Gray, M. Geddes, Q. Hickson, H. Hodgson, M. Hobson, W. Jack, E. Lever, W. Lever, C. Martin, D. Macdonald, M. McKeenish, R. Meakin, A. Milson, A. Mitchell, E. Molineux, R. Shell, A. Sewell, W. Selley, N. Smith, H. Tensdale, E. Wade, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland, A. Wood.

2nd Class.—None.

3rd Class.—B. Banham, A. Eden, H. Hawkins, G. Miller, R. Shilker, A. Walker.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Elijah.

1. There shall not be dew nor rain these years but according to my word (1 Kings 17. 1).
2. The ravens brought him bread and flesh morning and evening (1 Kings 17. 6).
3. A widow of Zarephath (1 Kings 17. 9).
4. Part of 1 Kings 17. 18 written out.
5. The Lord said, Go, show thyself unto Ahab; and I will send rain upon the earth (1 Kings 18. 1).
6. Art thou he that troubleth Israel? (1 Kings 18. 17).
7. Ahab's sins (1 Kings 18. 18).
8. How long halt ye between two opinions? if the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him (1 Kings 18. 21).
9. The fire of the Lord fell and consumed the burnt sacrifice and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench (1 Kings 18. 38).
10. The rain was withheld and afterwards given in answer to Elijah's prayer (James 5. 17, 18).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST."

THERE is nothing more terrible than to be in a ship at the mercy of a raging storm, especially when wind and tide are driving the vessel straight towards the shore, and only *outside* help can avail.

Such was the terrible position of a ship called *The Fusilier*. It carried more than one hundred passengers—more than half of them being women and children.

Imagine being on board. You start at London, filled with thoughts as to the voyage to distant Australia. You clear the mouth of the Thames, when the wind stiffens, the fury of the tempest is let loose, the dreaded Goodwin Sands are near.

Things get worse and worse, till at last the good ship is at the mercy of the waves, and all hope of a safe voyage is over.

What is wanted then? No *inside* help is of any avail. All hope in that direction is gone. What is wanted? *Outside* help. A lifeboat! A lifeboat!!

Oh! the feelings that fill the breasts of the poor passengers as they see the lifeboat slowly battling to their rescue. Now tossed like a cork on the top of an angry wave, now lost to sight labouring in the trough of the sea, slowly it gets nearer and nearer. Added to all this, it is one o'clock in the morning. Fitful moonlight enables the lifeboat to be seen with difficulty.

Then, when it gets within hailing distance, the anxious question is put, "How many can you carry? We have more than a hundred souls on board—more than sixty women and children."

No wonder, under these circumstances, they call the passengers *souls*. That is the serious thing about death. If we were only bodies, and were done with when we die, death would not matter much. It is what all must go through, if the Lord tarry, sooner or later, and if sooner rather than later matters little as far as the body is concerned. But when we realize that the soul exists for ever, either in heaven or hell, it becomes a very serious question indeed. No wonder the captain called his passengers *souls*.

And what answer did the coxswain of the lifeboat give to the captain's enquiry?

"Between twenty and thirty at each trip," was the answer given. All could not be saved at once. Backwards and forwards toiled the lifeboat with its living freight.

How good it is to know that British captains on such occasions insist on "women and children

first." They must be put into a place of safety before ever the men can think of safety.

In the darkness and confusion and fearful pitching of the doomed vessel it is no uncommon thing for mothers to be separated from their children. A passenger on this occasion rushed frantically to a sailor, and cried, "Here, here," and thrust a bundle into his hands. The sailor thought it was a blanket which the gentleman wanted his wife to have, so he shouted, "Here, Bill, catch."

The bundle shot from the ship towards the lifeboat, when the sailor just succeeded in catching it as it was on the point of falling into the sea. How astonished he was when he heard a baby's cry proceed from the bundle, and a shriek from a woman, as she exclaimed, "My child! my child!" and took possession of the bundle.

At last, after tremendous difficulties and suspense, *one hundred and twenty souls* were safely landed on Ramsgate Pier, saved by the lifeboat.

But does this not remind you of something even more important? The waves of sin are rolling high, the icy blast of death is blowing through the rigging, the ship of this world is sinking fast, men and women and children are perishing, when the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Lifeboat, the Saviour of the perishing, comes alongside.

How many can this Lifeboat take in? Thank God, *ALL*—"whosoever will."

It is not a question of "women and children first," but of anybody and everybody. Who among those passengers would have refused to get into the lifeboat, or insisted upon going to sleep whilst their ship was being broken to pieces by the angry waves?

And yet! and yet how even boys and girls are unconcerned about their souls, and don't want to be saved by Jesus! How terrible this is!

And how beautifully easy it is to be saved. It cost Jesus His life, all the suffering of the cross. It costs us nothing. You ask:—

"What must I do to be saved?"

The answer is so sweet, simple, and sure:—

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31). —E. A. J. P.

* * *

SENT. (Acts xiii. 26.) Many receive the Gospel as a *tale* that is *told*, rather than as a *message* that is *sent*.

* * * * *

SATAN'S object with the Christian is that he should be as little of a Christian as possible.



THE KING'S CASTLE AT WINDSOR.

THE KING IS COMING.

WHAT a thrill of excitement went through the city as the whisper of this visit spread abroad—first a rumour, then the official announcement, and the keen expectation only increased as the time drew nearer. What preparation was made, and how eagerly every one awaited the day.

At length it arrived, and amidst what acclamation our Sovereign was received. Crowds thronged the streets to catch a glimpse of him as he passed. Thousands pressed round in the eager hope of seeing him decorate our war heroes—officers, soldiers, nurses. A day of rejoicing indeed.

And what about the King of kings who is coming, and whose return is very near?

God says, "Behold thy King cometh." What preparations are we making for Him? Are our hearts stirred with gladness at the thought of the Lord Jesus coming to call those who are His own—to meet Him in the air? Are we filled with joy at the prospect of Christ

coming with His saints to set up His kingdom upon this earth, and to begin His reign of righteousness?

"Oh, joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee, my own beloved Lord!"

Our Saviour King is coming to decorate His own with the crowns and rewards that He has promised to them in His Word.

What a day of gladness that will be! But if we are to have our share in it, we must be wearing the spotless robe of Christ's own righteousness. "All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), and nothing that defiles can ever enter into His holy presence. But let us come to the Saviour for cleansing. He has promised that "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. i. 18). Let us therefore be amongst those who wash their robes, and make them white in the blood of the Lamb, so that we may be able to stand in that day, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming" (1 John ii. 28).

A. W.

Little Daniel; Or, JUST SAY JESUS.

(Continued from last month.)

THERE was sorrow in the stately mansion as well as in the home of the cottager. The steps of the servants had grown more noiseless day by day, and before the door was spread the thick, soft tan, that no sound of hurrying wheels might disturb the sick man so near his end. Mrs. Irving was in despair. She had loved to shine in the ball-room, in the theatre, but she had never been prepared to meet trouble in any form. Now she must stand and see the end of earth; she must realize that she was born for something else besides living. She must think whether, had that time come to her, she had been prepared to give up the company she so loved, the pomps, and vanities, and shows she so delighted in; whether here the gay laugh would be fitting—the dazzling jewel—the costly robes—the sneer at things sacred. Oh, how great the contrast between that watcher, surrounded by obsequious nurses and servants, and the lowly woman and the little child!

Nell, too, little Lilly's aunt, was strangely disquieted. There had come to her some dim longings for Christ.

Lilly, the little child, seemed the only person who retained composure at that eventful time.

One day he called for Lilly, and as she came in, he whispered for the first time, a heavenly smile making his face brilliant, "Daughter, I can say 'Jesus' now."

"Oh, father, I'm so glad!" cried the child, leaning over to kiss him. "I'll go and tell my little lame boy. And does Jesus come and talk with you?"

"Yes, darling. He talked with me all last night."

"Didn't I tell you so!" cried the child in triumph-tones. "And how does He look, father?"

"Too glorious for mortal lips to describe, my daughter."

The child bent over more closely, as she

"Will father seek Jesus, too?"

"Ask my lamb," replied her father; "tell her He smoothes the pillow of death."

Mrs. Irving heard it, and wept unrestrainedly this child, whom they had devoted to the world, would she lead them all to Christ?

"Can you say, 'Jesus can make'?"

"Yes, darling," and he repeated it slowly.

"Oh, that is so good!—and now you will get well?"

"No, darling; father is going to heaven," he replied.

"What! going to leave me—to leave your little Lilly?"

"Not all alone, Lilly; for I leave Jesus with you. Oh! my Lilly, I wish I had learned to say 'Jesus' before."

Lilly went out into her aunt's room. "My child, where are you going?" asked her aunt.

"Going to tell my lame boy papa can say 'Jesus.'"

"But, my dear, it is no time to go," said her aunt.

"Papa told me I might. I asked him, and he said, 'Go, Lilly, it will comfort the dear boy.'"

After a little silent crying, her aunt arose, attired herself plainly, and procuring some jellies and other delicacies, she entered the carriage.

But when they arrived at the house, however, the extreme quiet, and a something unwontedly sad in the expression of Charley's usually merry face, struck Lilly's aunt with the fear that she had only left the dying to see the dead. As they stepped over the threshold, the evidence was before them, for, lying on the humble bed, strewn all over with roses, the gifts of little children who had loved him, lay the white face of little Daniel.

Lilly stood near, her hands clasped, her expressive countenance reflecting every shade on that of the mourning mother's. Her aunt looked in silence and in awe.

"Will he know that my father can say Jesus?" asked Lilly, solemnly.

"Perhaps so, dear," said the widow, smiling through her tears. "He spoke of you, of your father, too, last night."

"Did he? Oh! what did he say?" asked Lilly.

"Tell them to put their trust in Jesus, and to serve Him."

These words sank deep into the heart of Lilly's aunt. The light she followed she now saw was false. Poor, blinded soul! For the first time she thought, and the Holy Spirit wrought in her soul, and she said, through her tears, as the little girl was seated in the carriage beside her,

"Lilly, you and I will say—'Jesus.'"

* * * *

It was a beautiful day, that on which two funeral trains wound their way to the pretty cemetery. One was composed of humble people, a village procession on foot, following the body of dear little Daniel, the widow's son. The other glittered in all the pomp of wealth, and carriage after carriage drove with stately pace behind the splendidly draped hearse. In consequence of an expressed wish of Mr. Irving, the little boy who had been instrumental in his conversion was to be buried in his own family tomb; and now they were together on the green sward, side by side—the rich and the poor—the man of grasping intellect and the simple little child.

And there the mourners were gathered, standing silent, respectful, while the man of God spoke to them in eloquent words of time and eternity.

"They have gone to God," said the preacher, pointing to the silent forms of the dead, "the little child and the strong man in his prime. And it is a beautiful fact, that a word spoken now by this unconscious sleeper, was the means of strewing the dying pillow of our brother with blessings."

"I have only to say Jesus in my heart," said the child who is singing in triumph in heaven, "I have only to say 'Jesus,' and He's sure to come and make me forget my pain." Was there ever a brighter, a nobler illustration of Christian faith? This little child said 'Jesus,' and Jesus, wrapped in the garments of His glory, came to the lowly bed, and in His holy embrace pain was lulled to sleep. "I have seen the beauty of all countries," says the man as he sinks and as he dies; "I have tasted of all pleasures, but never have I known, in all the hours of my transport, anything so blissful as the love of Christ that fills my soul now."

Much more was said, while the great crowd listened, and many a man and woman of fashion felt beside the hallowed dead how empty were their lives, and how like shadows the pleasures they pursued!

* * * *

Sometimes the widow, with Lilly, goes to the quiet cemetery to place roses on the tomb where their dear ones rest. And Lilly always reads with humid eyes, the simple inscription to her father's memory:

"JUST SAY 'JESUS.'"

CONCLUDED.

(From a booklet published at 7, Armstrong Street, N., Ballarat, Australia.)

"PERHAPS TO-DAY."

THOSE words, engraved over the door of the hall in a Christian household, reminded the family and their guest that the Lord was coming—perhaps to-day.

Are you ready to meet Him?

A jailer was crossing his prison yard, and the great keys jangled in his hand. A man, newly-caught in wrong-doing, walked by his side, and the sight of the jailer and the sound of the keys made the prisoner shudder.

Suddenly a little girl tripped out from a doorway in the corner of the yard—the doorway of the jailer's house, in fact—and she ran to him with her hands held out, piping in her loving little voice, "Oh, daddy, I'm so glad you've come!"

To the happy child the jailer was her all—her father; to the criminal he was as a judge.

"I have studied the subject," said a friend to a young man who seemed to be a Christian, "and I am sure from all we read in the Bible and now see happening in the world, that Christ is coming very soon."

"How dreadful!" was all the young man said.

"Dreadful?" answered the other, with wide open eyes, "how can you say so? It is simply glorious."

The case was that of the prisoner and the child over again. What would you have said to such a statement? If we look upon the Lord only as a far-off King and a holy Judge, then His coming to us will be dreadful; but if we know Him as our Saviour and Lord of our life, then it is glorious to think that He is coming—perhaps to-day! M. H.

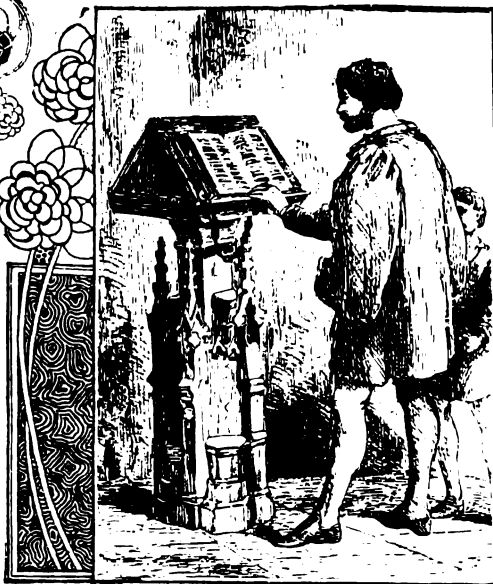
* * *

ONLY JESUS CAN SAVE.

WHEN the *Goliath* was torpedoed at the Dardanelles, and the men were struggling in the water, an Irish sailor cried out, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph, save me." A young Christian sailor shouted, "Why, man, Joseph and Mary cannot save you—only Jesus Christ can," and, somehow (as he said afterwards) the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin," flashed into his mind, and he shouted it aloud also. So those words, in a clear ringing voice, echoed around again and again, among that crowd in desperate danger. The shout was among the rescued, and he wrote home: "After this, Mother, I don't feel I can give a tenth of my life to God, He must have a hundredfold of it."



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



IV. ITS EARLY HISTORY.

THE first five books of our Bible—Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy—are called the Books of Moses, because they were written by him under the guidance of the Holy Spirit of God. In Deuteronomy we see over and over again God's desire expressed that the people should know His law; chaps. xxx. 11-14, and xxxi. 19, 21, are two instances. Suppose you try and find out some of the others; will you?

God also commanded (Deut. xvii. 18-20) that when in later years His people should choose a king for themselves, he was to write out a copy of the law, that he might know it and obey it.

It would scarcely seem that King Saul kept this law; but King David did, and so did Solomon, for we find in his prayer at the dedication of the Temple many references to the promises of God concerning His people Israel.

In the revelation of His great purposes, God used many different men—kings, lawgivers, prophets, statesmen, all of whom were fitted into His plan, and wrote, by His testimony, different parts of Holy Scripture.

In Jeremiah xxxvi. we have the story of one of the rolls written at a special time, and read before the people. The king, Jehoiakim, heard of it, and commanded it to be brought and

read to him. When he had heard the stern words from God which it contained, he took a penknife and, cutting some of it out, threw it into the fire. He was the first person who dared to destroy any part of God's Word, and he might therefore well be Judah's last king. God's Word is eternal; it can never pass away; and though men have in many ages attempted to get rid of it, their efforts have only resulted in the Scriptures taking a firmer hold on the hearts of the people.

The reverence of the Jews, in general, for their sacred writings has always been great. If, in copying the manuscripts they made a blot or mistake, they would begin all over again on a new roll. When they came to the sacred Name, they always wiped their pens and refilled them; and when a roll became old or injured, instead of carelessly allowing it to be flung aside as useless, they used to reverently bury it in a grave, lest it should be treated as a common thing.

We in these days of abundance of Scriptures might do well to treat every copy which we handle as a precious thing, for indeed it is precious, and not allow it to be handled as we handle our ordinary school-books.

Yet, after all, this outward show of reverence is not the chief thing, and is of very little value unless the heart turns to God in true devotion

and obedience to His commands. And in this important matter the Jews in old time failed. As we read their history, from Joshua to the end of 2 Chronicles, we see how over and over and over again they turned away from their allegiance to God and gave themselves over to idolatry.

At last even the patient love of God could bear no more, and He had to send sore punishment upon them, by allowing the Gentile king Nebuchadnezzar to come and besiege their land and carry them away captive to a strange heathen country, where their God was not known.

In their seventy years' exile in Babylon they were not without their Scriptures. The law, written by Moses, and the writings of the prophets Jeremiah and Ezekiel, were preserved by them, as well as the other portions.

We know that Daniel was a student of Holy Scripture (ch. ix. 2), and it is thought that possibly he was the writer of the long Psalm cxix.

On the return of the Jews to their own country when God's time was come, the great and good scribe Ezra gave them the law of God again, in case any of the people who had been born during the captivity had not been properly taught in it. And the prophets Haggai and Zechariah and Malachi were raised by God to continue the teaching. If you turn up Neh. viii. you will see how 50,000 people and more gathered to hear the reading, which doubtless included *all* the books of the Old Testament, for by the time of Ezra the Old Testament was completed with the exception of the current history.

E. A.

* * *

TIME.

TIME'S a hand-breath; 'tis a tale;

'Tis a vessel under sail;

'Tis an eagle on its way,

Darting down upon its prey;

'Tis an arrow in its flight,

Mocking the pursuing sight;

'Tis a short-lived, fading flower,

Transient creature of an hour;

'Tis a momentary ray,

Smiling in a winter's day;

'Tis a torrent's rapid stream;

'Tis a shadow; 'tis a dream;

'Tis the closing watch of night,

Dying at the rising light;

'Tis a bubble; 'tis a breath;

'Tis a vapour lost in death.

MOTHER WON'T LET ME.

ONE Sunday afternoon the children were seated around their various teachers listening to the stories of God's great love. The subject which the infants' teacher had chosen that afternoon for her young listeners was, "Heaven, and the importance of knowing how to get there."

The children were listening very attentively, and at the close of their talk the teacher, wishing to make sure that her words had not been spoken in vain, asked a few questions about the lesson.

One of the questions asked was, "Do you want to go to heaven?" Each of the four little girls answered very decidedly that they wanted to go very much, but when the teacher came to the little boy, his answer was not "Yes," but a very strange one. In his innocent little way, for he was only four years of age, he said, "My mother won't let me!"

He was too young, of course, to understand, and perhaps he thought that heaven was such a long way off that he would not be allowed to go that distance alone!

Jesus said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and no one is too young to trust Him. He is the only way to heaven, because He died for sinners.

Have you made Him *your* Saviour yet?

J. L. M.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

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BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 April, 1918.

Subject—Elisha (2 Kings 5-13.).

1. "Behold now . . . servant." Find this passage and write it out.
2. What did Elisha say to Gehazi about the leprosy of Naaman?
3. How did Elisha recover the axe-head?
4. How did the king of Israel know where the king of Syria was coming?
5. What did Elisha's servant see when he asked the Lord to open his eyes?
6. What answer did Elisha make to the question, "Shall I smite them"?
7. What prophecy did Elisha make about "To-morrow"?
8. What answer was given to Elisha about the prophecy?
9. Who was anointed king over Israel by the man Elisha sent to Ramoth-Gilead?
10. What happened to the man they were burying in Elisha's sepulchre?

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 **4d. stamp** (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—By the time you read this letter April will be here, and all the trees and plants will be showing signs of new life. Surely this has a voice to us all. The Lord Jesus said, "I am come that they might have life" (John 10, 10). Have each of you received this life? If not, I am so glad to have more searchers under 10. J. H. Hawkins, Peggy Wraith, W. Jack, M. G. Wraith, have given no answers, but only references. M. G. Wraith and E. Thimley have given answers and no references. Each should do 8 questions. Read carefully the answers sent each month, and answer your questions in the same way. As so pleased to have W. Selley's letter. Love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

February Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Allison, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, K. Bristow, L. Brunsell, E. Bruer, K. Bull, C. Carter, M. Collins, R. Cowl, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, L. Dean, D. Duff, T. Eddy, C. Fifer, M. Forrester, K. Glenoy, L. Gerrell, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, G. Hewson, I. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, L. Hobbs, M. Hodges, P. Holden, E. Holden, D. Hunt, D. Jones, I. Jones, R. Jupp, T. King, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, D. Mattson, J. Milton, R. Morrison, R. Nichol, C. Odder, L. Patten, E. Palmer, H. Pringle, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Punter, V. Routhan, E. Rickards, V. Rose, B. Russell, A. Swall, M. Stevens, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, P. Vickery, A. Walton, A. Wilson, G. Wood, C. Wood, E. Wyatt.

2nd Class.—D. Lever, J. Stephenson, W. Wakeford.

3rd Class.—A. Humphries.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—C. Ashmore, E. Baynes, F. Berry, M. Bean, R. Brook, S. Bussey, W. Clump, P. Crookes, J. Croling, E. Durrall, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, N. Foster, E. Gray, F. Gwynn, M. Harris, J. Hewson, H. Hewines, B. Horne, G. Holder, H. Hughes, J. King, W. Lever, E. Lunley, D. Matthews, H. Mackenzie, A. Martin, S. Major, K. Minton, D. Morton, L. Notman, E. Redman, R. Robson, C. Rose, D. Swall, H. Selley, M. Smith, C. Smith, M. Todd, C. Turner, P. Turner, L. Wareham, H. Ward, E. Weyman, F. Weatherburn, N. Younger.

2nd Class.—L. Rickards, J. Shell.

3rd Class.—E. Bryant, V. Draper, M. Holden, W. Jack, A. Overington, E. Plumley, M. Reed, P. Wraith, Peggy Wraith.

Age 10 Years and under.

- 1st Class.**—V. Baxter, M. Bussey, A. Bull, R. Bryant, E. Elliott, N. Evans, A. Fairbairn, B. Gray, M. Geddes, M. Gristdale, G. Hickson, N. Lefaux, G. Love, M. Mackenzie, C. Mackenzie, M. McKechnie, R. Meakin, A. Mitchell, E. Molineaux, E. Routhan, N. Robson, L. Swall, R. Shell, A. Sewell, W. Selley, N. Smith, G. Scott, W. Stuart, M. Sykes, H. Teasdale, A. Walker, I. Wareham, M. Walton, L. Westnoreland.

2nd Class.—E. Durrant, A. Eden, J. Ireson, S. Osman, A. Singer.

3rd Class.—H. Hawkins, N. Newton, A. Wood.

ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Elijah.

1. So let the gods do to me, and more also, if I make not thy life as the life of one of them by to-morrow about this time (1 Kings 19. 2).
2. Arise and eat (1 Kings 19. 5).
3. What doest thou here, Elijah? (1 Kings 19. 9).
4. Elisha (1 Kings 19. 10).
5. There were 7000 who had not bowed their knees to Baal (1 Kings 19. 18).
6. Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? (1 Kings 21. 20).
7. Elisha (2 Kings 2. 6).
8. Elijah took his mantle and smote the waters, and they were divided (2 Kings 2. 8).
9. A chariot and horses of fire parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven (2 Kings 2. 11).
10. That he was talking with Jesus (Mark 9. 4).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



THE SHIP'S PET.

THE LESSON WHICH A MONKEY TAUGHT.

IT was a pleasant summer morning, and moored to the pier side of an east coast port lay a torpedo-boat destroyer. A few of the sailors were working at odd jobs on deck, while the ship's pet, a monkey, had gone ashore on his own account, and was quietly sitting at the edge of the pier looking at and occasionally gnawing a morsel of some kind which he held in one of his hands.

An errand boy came idly sauntering along swinging an empty basket. Seeing the monkey apparently absorbed with his treasured morsel, he stopped, and then on tiptoe he began to creep in the monkey's direction evidently determined to give him so bad a fright that he should take a flying leap back to the boat—or perhaps even tumble into the sea.

The monkey went on gnawing; the boy crept closer. As he drew really close however the monkey turned his head and gazed steadily at him, and then without moving a muscle previously, in an instant, gave a big jump—not away and on to the ship, but directly at the approaching boy, giving a kind of hiss as he did so.

You should have seen that boy turn tail and run, as if for his life!

The monkey ran after him for a little way, and then sat down and began again to quietly gnaw his morsel. The boy stopped, and seeing the monkey quiet began to cherish thoughts of revenge, and went back towards him, swinging his basket to frighten the monkey and keep up his own courage. The monkey again let him come on without paying any attention, and then suddenly there was another hiss and spring. At this the frightened boy shouted with alarm and ran until he was clean off the pier and out of sight. The monkey quietly returned to his perch near the ship; the jack tars on deck fairly roared with laughter, and I confess to joining in the merriment myself.

Now if you had watched this amusing performance, and then meeting the boy ten minutes after he had boasted to you that he was afraid of nothing—not even of a shell from the big gun on the destroyer's deck which was pointing towards him—what would you have thought? Would you have believed him?

Not a bit of it! You would say: "The boy is frightened out of his wits by a small monkey. He is not likely to stand up to the big gun."

When I saw the monkey defeat the boy I laughed, but I do not feel like laughing when I think of the words of foolish people, many boys

and girls amongst them, who talk so boldly of not being afraid of God, or judgment, or hell fire, and yet if a little bit of sickness comes jumping in their direction, or they fancy they may be going to die, they are as frightened as anything.

I hope no young readers of this paper are of that sort. If a little bit of trouble or sorrow or sickness so soon defeats you, you will never be able to stand up against the judgment of God; and if you are wise you will not trifle with any of these things, but set yourself to earnestly make sure that you are saved from your sins and the judgment your sins deserve.

You may be saved, but only through the Lord Jesus Christ. The Bible says, "Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins" (Matt. i. 21).

F. B. HOLF.

* * *

AN IRISH MARTYR.

FAITHFUL unto death was dear old John O'Grady, the Irish Scripture reader.

Converted to God, from Romanism, he sought every opportunity to bring the light of the glorious Gospel of the Grace of God before his countrymen.

In his little cabin on the lonely mountain side, could you have looked in some dark wintry night, you would have seen many of the peasants from the district round about gathered there eagerly listening as John read to them the Bible in their own mother tongue: for John was a good Irish scholar. In this way much good was done. The district was permeated with the precious Word of God, which is able to make wise unto salvation.

At this the priests took alarm, and denounced John from the altar. After this John found it most difficult to get the country people to listen to the great message of salvation. They would cross themselves as he approached, and cry, "Devil" or "Heretic." Yet John went on his way cheerfully, bearing the cross, and returning kindness and love for evil.

One Sunday morning the priest harangued the excited crowd furiously, and denounced poor old John again. That same night his cabin was broken into, he was dragged out of bed, cruelly beaten, and the dear old man left in a dying state on his own hearth.

One of the small Protestant flock, passing by at an early hour, brought word of the tragedy.

It was agreed that two should watch beside old John, as they feared the priest might come in against his will.

"It was a dark stormy night," said one of these friends, "and the wind howled dismally.



"A LITTLE CABIN ON THE LONELY MOUNTAIN SIDE."

"I was sitting alongside old John, his bandaged head with the red marks on his brow still plainly seen, was resting on the pillow. He was praying even then; praying out loud, 'Lord, Saviour, Jesus, forgive them, and shine with the glorious light of thy Holy Gospel upon their hearts that they may see their lost state, and their need of being washed in Thy precious blood from all their sins!'"

"The night was wearing on, and it was near midnight. There was a sound as of a tramping of feet along the road, making for the cabin. I went into the kitchen and listened. I was not long kept in doubt, for presently a loud knock was heard, and a stern voice outside ordered the door to be opened. 'There is no admittance here,' said I. 'We are watching John O'Grady, who is dying, and you can't come in.'"

"There was whispering outside for a few moments, and then a crowbar was brought to

bear upon the door. Soon it flew open, and Father Murty stepped in, wrapped up in a riding cloak, with about twenty desperate-looking fellows with him. Pushing past me he entered John's room. I followed him, and got between him and the dying man. 'John O'Grady, I am come, as your priest, to order you to return into the Holy Catholic church, out of which there is no salvation,' he said in a stern voice. The old man, lifting himself up wearily, and gazing at him quietly, said, 'Jesus saith, I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' His words rang out clear and bold on the night air. 'I am the door, by me, if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture.' And then he sank back exhausted.

"Seeing the priest was preparing to anoint poor John, who waved him back with all the little strength he had left, I again stepped between, and said I would not allow such an outrage to be committed.

"The priest angrily waved me aside; still I crept closer and closer to old John, who again opened his eyes, and fixing them on the crowd at the foot of the bed he spoke: 'And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"His eyes closed. 'Depart,' he said. 'M— you see your work. I want none of your anointing, but I pray God for Christ's sake to forgive you. May He pardon you as I do.'

"Then turning again to the people he cried, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Come out from your darkness, leave saint- and idol-worship alone, and believe in Him who loved you, and shed His own precious blood for you.'

"The priest again stepped forward, and a look of baffled rage and disappointment stole over his face. John was Home."

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." G.

* * *

"ALL THINGS ARE READY." The King waiting! The Saviour waiting! The Spirit waiting! The feast waiting! The servants waiting!—Waiting!

A GREAT DISCOVERY.

MBUTU is an orphan black boy who lives in Central Africa. Before coming to the Mission station he lived with his uncle whose business was to obtain rubber in the depths of the forest. He used to make long journeys in search of the creeper from which the rubber is obtained.

These rubber-getters have to travel so far into the forest that they prefer to beat out the rubber and prepare it for sale where they find it, rather than carry the creepers all the way back to their villages.

Mbutu often went with his uncle on these rubber-hunting expeditions, and sometimes camped in the forest for months together with nothing but a leaf hut or shed as protection from the rain and storms.

Traps are set in order to keep a plentiful supply of meat food, and sometimes an animal is discovered which has been killed by a leopard and left uneaten. These are great finds, and are occasions of much rejoicing, for there is nothing a native likes so well as plenty of meat.

Mbutu was brought to the mission in order to learn to read and write, and while there he found the Saviour of sinners, and trusting Him was made very happy by his discovery.

The time drew near for him to return to his village, and the missionary was asking him what he intended to do when he returned.

A native rarely gives a direct answer to a question, but prefers asking another in return, leaving you to conclude from his question what his answer is.

Mbutu replied, "If one finds meat in the forest, will he eat it all himself?"

His answer was a beautiful one, for he meant he had made a great discovery in coming to the Saviour, and he wished everybody to share in the joy of it, so when he returned home he intended to tell all his friends what a Saviour and Friend is Jesus the Lord.

A few days ago an elephant trap set in a neighbouring forest resulted in the death of an elephant, and the news spread like wildfire throughout the district. There was a great rush to the one whose trap had killed the elephant, and he liberally shared his good find with others, so there was much rejoicing.

Have you yet made the greatest discovery it is possible to make in this world?

Have you discovered that you are a sinner, and that Jesus is a great Saviour who can take you to heaven?

Are you rejoicing and feasting on the Saviour's love—if so, are you inviting others to share with you in your great discovery? C. A.—P.

"NOBODY EVER TOLD ME THAT."

HOW were you brought to know Christ as your Saviour? "I said to a gardener who kept trim many of the little gardens in the neighbourhood, and whom I knew to be a Christian.

"Seeing a man's life did it," he replied. I looked at him enquiringly, and he went on, "I was very fond of Sunday-school when I was a lad, and when I left I determined I would lead a good life. I found, however, that I could not keep myself right. I don't think any one can till he gets Christ.

"Seeing this man's life was the turning-point with me. He worked in a signal-box on the railway. I went to him one day, and asked him if he would give me some oil for my bicycle.

"No, Fred. I am sorry I can't," he said.

"Why not?" said I. "You've got plenty there?"

"Yes, but it belongs to the railway company, and it would not be right for me to give it away."

"This, and other similar things about him, made a great impression on me. I longed to live a life like his, and I *tried*—tried to live a Christian life before I was a Christian, and I could not do it. I saw I was a sinner."

"But you knew the way to be saved?"

"No I did not. Nobody ever told me *that*! I got peace at last through a sermon. I can't remember the text, or a word that was said, but what I got out of it was, that *Christ had died for me*, and I was overjoyed."

It is sad that any Sunday-school scholar should be able to say, "*Nobody ever told me that*. No one ever told me that Christ had died and shed His blood on Calvary's Cross *to atone to God for my sins*, and that on the ground of His atonement for me, God was offering me the full forgiveness of all my sins, if only I would turn to Him as a lost sinner."

Alas! many Sunday-school teachers themselves have never turned to God, and know nothing of the full free salvation He offers to all who do so. These, guided by their own natural reason and judgment, will teach the boys and girls that salvation must be *earned* before it can be gained; that their being saved can only be the result of their being "good."

God's Word teaches me that I am saved solely by what Christ has done for me.

"His own self *bare our sins* in His own body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24).

"Through this man [*Christ Jesus*] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38-39).

F. A.

BAGS.

IN God's word we read of several incidents where bags play a prominent part, and the attention of the reader is drawn to four of them : two bad and two good ones.

1.—**BAG OF SINS** (Job xiv. 17). Supposing that God sealed up all your transgressions in a bag, would you not shudder at the sight of it ? Yet as surely as He sealed or numbered Job's transgressions so surely does He know every one of yours.

2.—**BAG OF SILVER** (Matt. xxvii. 3). How fond we are of silver ; we cannot do without money ; but while it has been the cause of many a man passing into eternity unforgiven, it has never been the cause of any man entering God's glory. Judas, who had the bag and thirty pieces of silver, sold his Lord and Master for that paltry sum.

3.—**BAG OF STONES** (1 Sam. xvii. 40). Everybody knows the story of David, and how he took five smooth stones out of the brook of Elah, with one of which he overcame the Giant Goliath. The great thing evident in this instance is faith. David trusted, not in the wealth of munitions nor in the excellence of armour, but in the living God. These five stones spell **FAITH**, to be remembered like this :—

**FORSAKING
ALL
I
TAKE
HIM.**

Now to refer to the first bag. How can you lose your sins ? How can you get rid of them ? By using the contents of the second bag ? No, a thousand times NO ; but by the contents of the third, " Redemption by faith in Christ Jesus."

One stone was sufficient to slay the Giant of Gath, one look at Jesus is sufficient to cleanse you from your sins (Numbers xxi. 9).

4.—**BAG OF SAYINGS** (Psa. cxix. 11, and Luke ii. 19). Where do you keep your Bible : on the shelf, in your pocket, on your bedroom table, or in a host of other places ? We read in God's word of two people, a man in the old Testament and a woman in the New, who kept their Bibles in a red bag.

After you have disposed of the first bag by the means of the third bag, then we want you to keep God's *living* word in a red bag. We do not mean a bag of red cloth, or made of anything red, but like David and Mary get it into your heart, so that you will be able to carry it about with you everywhere you go.

B. G. D.

"WE LOVE HIM BECAUSE HE FIRST LOVED US."

A GENTLEMAN, who had a house surrounded by beautiful grounds, was looking from his drawing-room one evening, when he saw a boy come across the lawn, evidently bent on mischief. He was trampling down the flowers, treading over the beds, and pulling down the branches from the trees.

The gentleman went down the steps, across the lawn, and, before the boy had seen his approach, he had placed his hand firmly on his shoulder.

The boy struggled vehemently to escape, but his attempts were useless ; a strong hand had secured him.

"Now, my boy," said the gentleman, "answer me one question. Which is the best flower in this garden ?"

The boy struggled, but finding there was no escape from the quiet eye and firm grasp of the man he had injured, he looked round, and, after a few minute's pause, he answered, "That rose is the best"; pointing to a beautiful moss-rose, just bursting into full bloom. The gentleman, still keeping one hand on the boy's shoulder, reached out his other hand, and, plucking the rose in all its beauty, gave it to the boy, and releasing him as he did it, "There, take it, my boy," he said.

The boy was amazed. Looking into the face of his strange benefactor, he asked, "Ain't you going to have me punished, sir ?"

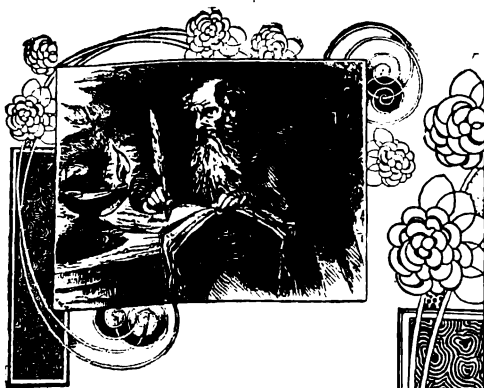
"No," was the reply, "I am giving you the best flower in my garden. You will never come and trample down my flower-beds again, will you ?"

"Never, sir, as long as I live!" was the emphatic reply ; "but, please, sir, ain't there some *little errand* I could do for you ?"

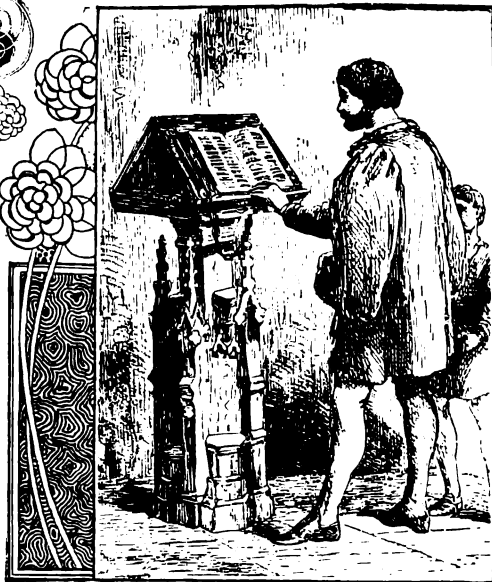
Free forgiveness and a token of love had won the pardoned boy's heart. From that hour he was the willing servant of his FRIEND. And many a time that boy would be seen, cap in hand, standing at that gentleman's gate, with the loving petition on his lips, "Please, sir, is there any little job I could do for you ?" You may be sure the request was not refused.

Have not we as sinners trampled down on God's holy will and word, and grieved Him many, many times ? And how has He treated us ? He forgave us, and gave us Jesus, His own dear Son, the choicest Gift His love could give. Shall we not in return give Him our all ?

LADY HOPE.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



V.—HOW WE GOT THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BETWEEN the days of Malachi, and the beginning of the New Testament story, was a period of about 400 years. The Jews during that time held fast to their Old Testament writings, the precious rolls which had been written, and copied, and treasured by themselves and their forefathers for so many centuries. And it was during this time that the Old Testament was collected together in its entirety as we have it now.

But these people who were all the time carrying out two of God's three great purposes in having chosen them—viz., to be the possessors of His written word, and to be His witnesses among the heathen—had to suffer cruel persecution under some of their heathen conquerors. Many were the martyrs for God's Word in those early days, but as in later days of persecution for the Truth, God's people held to their belief in Him. In vain did the wicked enemy lay hands on the Scripture Rolls. Although many of these were burnt, God endured His people with courage and wisdom to safeguard many more and to continue copying them, so that they were preserved.

Then, in the fulness of time, that most wonderful event happened—the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ in Bethlehem, and His life among the people of Palestine. All this had been

minutely foretold by the prophets, and we find (Luke ii. 25, 37), that there were some faithful souls who were on the look-out for the fulfilment of the prophecies.

In the books of the New Testament we find a further revelation of the great heart and mind of God, and this great treasure has been committed by Him not to any one special nation as the Old Testament was, but to His Church throughout the whole world. And when we think of His Church we must not imagine it to be any one particular gathering of His people, but we must remember that it means the gathering together out of *all* lands and *all* time since our Lord was on the earth, of those who truly love and trust Him as Saviour and Lord.

The New Testament was written during a period of about seventy years and by nine different men, all guided in their writing by the same Holy Spirit who guided the writing of the Old Testament. The men who wrote it were some of them personal friends of the Lord Jesus Christ when He was on earth; some of them suffered martyrdom for their love to Him.

The different books and letters which make it up may possibly have been collected by the Apostle John, whose life was preserved for about a century by God, for the comfort of Christians then living, and he was further in-

spired to write the magnificent prophecies of the Book of the Revelation.

When he was very old and unable to preach much, he continually repeated to his hearers, "Children, love one another." If you read his three epistles you will find how often the word 'Love' is in them, and the reason for that is because love had so great a place in his heart.

During the life-time of the Apostle John, many cruel and bitter persecutions were waged against the Christians in the Roman Empire, which indeed was then the only known part of the world.

St. Paul was sent to Rome, and suffered martyrdom there; the British prince, Caractacus, and his father Bran, were also kept in Rome for seven years. These two probably heard the Gospel story from St. Paul, for it is thought that Bran brought back the true Gospel light to Wales, on his return.

Centuries passed away, during which Satan raised many assaults against God's Word and the people who held to it. At last, growing weary of his failures to do away with it, he resolved on two daring and blasphemous schemes to stop its power.

One of these schemes was to hold the Book itself back from the people, and only allow it to be read by the priests. The second scheme was to bring forth a false revelation—a mock Bible—called the Koran.

Of this wicked attempt of our great spiritual foe to deprive us of God's Scriptures of Truth we will hear further next month.

E. A.

* * *

THE THREE WISHES.

I ASKED a student what three things he most wished. He said: "Give me books, health, and quiet, and I care for nothing else." I asked a keen business man, and he said: "Money, money, money." I next encountered one of the unemployed, and he said: "Let me get bread for my wife and family." I asked a man who staggered by what he most desired, and he loudly shouted, "Drink!" I asked the multitude thronging round me, and from many lips came a confused cry, in which I heard the words, "Pleasure, wealth, success."

At last I found one who was remarkable for the placid calm of his spirit and life. I asked him if there was anything he specially desired. He replied, "I greatly desire these three things:

"First, that I may be found in Christ (Phil. iii. 9); secondly, that I may be like Christ (1 Jno. iii. 2); thirdly, that I may be with Christ (Phil. i. 23)."

WHAT MONTH WERE YOU BORN IN?

Of course, you would reply, January, February, March, or so on. What month were you "born again" in? Can you reply equally clearly? Surely you can tell within a month when the great transaction took place, if it has taken place. Listen to the testimony of a young girl who was born again.

"I was born at Dartmoor, a small village near Auchinlock, on the 16th day of December, 1890. I was ignorant of my sins for thirteen years, but at the end of that time I found out that I was a big sinner before God. On the eighth day of April I was at a meeting for children. Mr. James Forbes was preaching. I waited behind, and it was through him speaking to me that I found out that I was a guilty sinner."

"When I found out this, I asked God to forgive me for all the sins I had committed, and I believed on Jesus, and now I am saved. I looked to the Cross, and there I saw the Just suffering for the unjust, and I know I am saved because Jesus says in the sixth chapter of John, forty-seventh verse—'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life.'"

"I have believed in Him. I am looking forward to the time when I shall look on my Saviour, and I will know Him by the nail-prints in His hands and feet."

What a simple, plain testimony, but oh! what a solid basis to rest upon.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 May, 1918.

Subject—Isaiah.

1. Give the names of the kings of Judah who reigned during Isaiah's life (Isaiah 1.).
2. "Cease . . . well." Find this passage and write it out. (Isa. 1.).
3. Whom did Isaiah see upon a throne? (Isa. 6.).
4. What were the first seven words he spoke when he saw the Lord? (Isa. 6.).
5. What did Isaiah answer when the Lord said, "Whom shall I send?" (Isa. 6.).
6. What message did Isaiah give to Hezekiah from the Lord? (Isa. 38.).
7. What prophecy of Isaiah (Esaia) is quoted in Matt. 15.?
8. "He hath blinded their eyes." When did Isaiah (Esaia) say these words? (John 12.).
9. What question is quoted from Isaiah (Esaia) in Rom. 10.?
10. What did Isaiah (Esaia) say of Him that should reign over the Gentiles? (Rom. 15.).

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 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 2oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

This month we have questions about the prophet Isaiah, but we are not told very much about his life. Some of the older searchers will find it very interesting to read through the Book of Isaiah and write out all the prophecies about the Messiah that they can find. I hope you all read a portion of the Bible every day, it will be such a help to you. I was taught from when a child, and I am so thankful. Job tells us, "I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food" (Job 23: 12). How many of us value the Word of God as this?

My love to

Your friend,

J. L.

March Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Allibone, A. Blanchard, I. Brook, E. Bruce, C. Carter, G. Cook, L. Dean, D. Dunkley, T. Eddy, E. Fairbairn, C. Fifer, W. Foster, M. Forrester, G. Gage, K. Gleamy, L. Gerrel, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, M. Hailey, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, I. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, L. Hobbs, M. Hodgson, E. Hodgson, M. Hodgkiss, A. Humphries, E. Holden, A. Laycock, N. Lees, D. Lever, F. Metcalf, J. Milton, R. Nichol, C. Odder, E. Palmer, R. Parton, H. Pringle, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Punter, R. Rickards, J. Stephenson, M. Stevens, A. Silk, E. Smith, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, P. Vickery, A. Walton, W. Wakeford, A. Wilson, E. Winter, G. Wood, C. Wood, E. Wyatt.

2nd Class.—C. Dawson, N. Legg.

3rd Class.—E. Plumley.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—C. Ashmore, M. Bailey, B. Brook, S. Bussey, W. Champ, P. Crookes, V. Draper, E. Durrant, E. Gray, F. Gwynn, M. Harris, J. Hewson, H. Hewines, G. Holder, M. Holden, H. Hughes, Hilda Hughes, W. Lever, J. Macdonald, D. Macdonald, A. Martin, C. Meeks, K. Minton, J. Nelson, M. Reed, L. Rickards, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, Isabel Smith, M. Smith, C. Smith, M. Todd, P. Turner, L. Wareham, F. Weatherburn, N. Younger.

2nd Class.—F. Milsom, L. Notman.

3rd Class.—J. Cooling, W. Jack, L. Little, D. Morton, A. Overington, A. Owen.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—D. Brook, M. Bussey, E. Durrant, A. Eden, A. Fairbairn, H. Gray, M. Geldes, Q. Hickson, C. Martin, H. McKechnie, G. Miller, S. Osman, N. Robson, R. Shell, W. Selley, M. Silk, N. Smith, G. Scott, W. Stuart, H. Teasdale, A. Walker, I. Wareham, M. Walton.

2nd Class.—M. Bean, J. Ireson, A. Milsom, A. Singer.

3rd Class.—H. Hawkins, A. Ward, A. Wood.

ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

Subject—Elisha.

1. When he took the mantle of Elijah and smote the waters of Jordan (2 Kings 2. 14).
2. By casting salt into them (2 Kings 2. 21).
3. Part of 2 Kings 3. 11 written out.
4. Because the Lord was going to fill them with water (2 Kings 3. 17 or 20).
5. Behold now I perceive that this is an holy man of God which passeth by us continually (2 Kings 4. 9).
6. He died (2 Kings 4. 20).
7. He prayed to the Lord, and the child was raised to life again (2 Kings 4. 35).
8. Pour out for the people that they may eat (2 Kings 4. 41).
9. Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leprosy (2 Kings 5. 3).
10. Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean (2 Kings 5. 10).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



OLD JOE.

OLD JOE; OR, THE ANCHOR HOLDS.

AN old fisherman, who was an earnest, happy Christian, in his declining years used to spend his afternoons on the sea beach giving away Gospel papers among the people, and speaking to them, as he had opportunity about Jesus.

The children were very fond of "Old Joe," as he was familiarly called; he had such lots of stories to tell of the sea and its dangers.

Perhaps the one he told most frequently was the story of his own conversion, which took place at sea one stormy night, through resting his soul on Christ through the words of John iii. 16. "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"My anchor held there," he would say, "and I know of no better anchorage for a sinner than that grand, glorious verse. Many a weary storm-tossed soul has anchored there, and found rest and peace through believing that God loved them."

Reader, have you anchored there, or are you tossed about, afraid to meet God, because you do not know Him?

"Old Joe" took suddenly ill one day; his place on the beach was empty, and many who knew and loved him called at the house to ask how he was. His pilgrim days were done; and just before he passed away he raised his hand, and pointing to a framed card on the wall with the words of John iii. 16 on it, he said in triumph, "The anchor holds! the anchor holds!"

Wasn't it good anchorage? Let it be yours, my reader; all else will fail, but "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever."

It was quite different with another man, a good part of whose life had been spent in trying to prove that the Bible was a deception and a fraud.

When his time came to die, his infidel ideas became shaken and he felt less confidence in his own boasted theories.

As death drew near he became dreadfully alarmed, and some of his friends besought him to "hold on."

"Hold on?" he cried in despair, "I have nothing left to hold on to."

* * *

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. ii. 3).

* * *

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2).

BEDOUIN ARAB GIRLS.

FAR away among the groves of Southern Tunisia, where lofty palm trees and luxurious olives cast their shade, these Bedouin "children of the desert" pitch their tents.

Mothers grind their corn by means of primitive mills, such as you have seen in pictorial Bibles, and such as the Lord had in view when He said concerning the day of His coming again, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill."

Few of these dear girls have ever heard the Saviour's Name. They are Moslems, and visit the shrines of "holy men," who are supposed to have great power in procuring them deliverance from all evil.

Some believe that the spirits of the dead remain near their graves, and they go to meet them there on Fridays, the Moslem day of rest. The spirits of the "holy men" are believed to intercede for those who offer incense.

How different all this is from the Gospel of Christ, which brings life and light and love to all who receive it.

A missionary visiting in the region of Gafsa, in South Tunisia, where many caravans pass through, came on a group of these Bedouin children, to whom he told the story of a Saviour's love. They listened with great attention; for all was new to them. Never before had they heard of the One Who came from heaven to earth to seek and to save the lost (Luke xix. 10).

* * *

CHARLIE, THE BORDERER'S BOY.

IN the early days of the war, when the call to join the colours sounded through Scotland's quiet glens, an officer of the King's Scottish Borderers bade farewell to his wife and little boy, and set forth on the service of his king and country, saying, as he waved his hand at the gate of their little garden, "Look out for daddy, Charlie."

Day by day the little fellow stands with his guardian big dog, "Prince," looking along the road for his father's return. When a passing neighbour asks who he is waiting for, the little chap quickly answers, "For my own daddy."

He is "waiting and watching," just as those who love the Saviour should be, for He has said, "Surely, I come quickly."

Who is He coming for?

For all who know and trust Him as their Saviour.

Do you know Jesus?

WHOSOEVER.

JAMES had left his good Christian home, wearied of a kind mother's tender care for his soul's good.

Careless indeed he was, ruled by the desire to see life, as he put it, forgetful that God's Word plainly told him that the way he was taking led down to death.

James went to sea, and free from the restraint of home, for many years he led a wicked life. But God in His rich grace and mercy heard his heart-broken mother's prayers for her wandering boy.

While away out on the Pacific Ocean one night, God's Spirit spoke to James. After turning in for the night he felt compelled to review his past life, and as he did so his terror rose to such a pitch that he dared not sleep lest he should awake in hell. At length, however, overcome by weakness and weariness, he fell asleep and dreamt that he was again in India (where he had often been), and that he was hearing a missionary preach from the solemn words, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

He was so moved by the words that he tried to run away, and in the effort he awoke.

Then, as he said: "The perspiration was pouring from my face, and I was in great agony of mind. I sought and found my small Bible, long neglected (for there was no one to help me), and read the third chapter of John's Gospel, and there I saw what I needed—that I must be born again. I read on, and came to the sixteenth verse: 'For God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'

"Does that include me? Yes, I thought, 'whosoever' means me, and I was held by those wonderful, beautiful words.

"I will venture on this love, I said, and there in that midnight hour, alone on the billows, I got on my knees and cast my poor guilty soul on God's mercy, and while pleading His own precious word, peace and comfort filled my heart."

My dear young friend, has the exceeding beauty of that wonderful verse ever struck you—not only that God loved you, but that He *so* loved you that He spared not His own Son, but freely

gave Him up to die for you. Ah, I do trust that love to Jesus fills your young heart, that you know something of His love to you. You cannot do without *Jesus*, and He longs to make you happy now. G. W.

* * *

THEY who love God cannot love Him by measure. For their love is a hunger to love Him still better.

* * * * *

MORALITY is only the polish on the candlestick; it is not the light—Christ.

* * * * *

HE who is a Christian in little things, is *not* a little Christian.



"JAMES WENT TO SEA."

A BLACK BOY WITH A WHITE HEART.

I WONDER how many readers of this little story are white boys. "Oh!" says someone, "all boys who read it will be white boys, for the magazine in which it appears is an English one, printed for English boys to read."

Yes, but I have not finished my remark. I wonder how many readers of this little story are *white boys with black hearts*?

If you are one such, I know Nkale, the subject of our story, would not change places with you for the whole world. He is a *black boy*, and once he had a *black heart*, but since he trusted the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour he has rejoiced to know the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed him from *all sin*. Won't you pray to the Lord as you read this story, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"?

Nkale's home is in a little forest village in Central Africa, about 1100 miles from the sea, and about 300 miles south of the equator. Here he was born, and here he grew up with his mates in heathen darkness. He was as ignorant of God as the trees surrounding him, but was very familiar with idols of wood and fetish medicines. These, thought he, are our only protection from evil spirits.

He thought when all went well with him it was due to the power of his father's fetish medicine, and when things went ill he thought it was because the fetish medicine or the village idol had been neglected, and that nothing would again be well with them until they had sacrificed a goat, or if they could not afford a goat, a fowl, and sprinkled some of the blood upon the offended idol or fetish.

One day a strange white man visited their village, who had recently come to live in the district. He was unlike other white men Nkale had seen, for he was gentle and kind, and did not make any demands upon them.

He said he had come from a country a long way off to tell them about God who loved them, and about His Son who came from heaven to earth and died for them. All he said sounded very strange to Nkale, who had never heard anything like it before. To be told that everything he saw, and he himself, belonged to God, because He had created them, astonished him greatly. But when the white man told them that their idols and fetish medicines were ~~nothing~~ more than the things they were made of—that they were powerless to help or protect them, and that they were deceptions of a wicked and false king called Satan, in order to separate them from God and lead them to destruction,

he did not feel at all inclined to believe him.

Some time after this visit the white man came again, and spoke to them about God's love to sinful men in sending His only Son to die for them, in order that they might have everlasting life.

When he had finished preaching he said he had come to live amongst them and wished to take some of their boys to his mission station to teach them to read and write. Casting his eyes around he spotted Nkale, and asked him if he would like to go with him.

Nkale was rather afraid, as his friends told him that these white men lived at the bottom of the sea, and *he* might be sent there some day if he went with him. However, the man assured him that such was not the case; he would not be taken any further than the mission station, where he would receive nice clothes and plenty of food, besides being taught to read and write. So, thinking that wearing nice clothes would be an improvement on his present condition, and being assured that he would never be sent to live at the bottom of the sea, Nkale decided to go.

He spent a little more than two years at the mission, during which time he learnt to read and write very well; but what was far more important, and what the white man was seeking, he learnt the truth about God and the Lord Jesus Christ; and realizing his guilt in worshipping idols instead of God, he repented and trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved.

At first he found everything so strange that he often thought of running away, but now he says he knows that God loved him even when he did not love God, and He did not wish him to return to heathen darkness.

It was after he had learnt to read that he was converted. "One day," he says, "I had been reading the first chapter of 2 Thessalonians, and was so filled with fear that in my sleep at night I dreamt about it.

"I thought in my dream the Lord had come and taken from the earth all who had trusted in Him, and I had been left; that He came again with angels and destroyed the earth, and I was sent on a long journey alone in the darkness, from which I was told I should never return."

He was so horrified by this dream that he never rested until he could say, "My sins are all forgiven, my heart cleansed, and I am at peace with God."

He has never had any doubt as to his security from judgement and his readiness to meet the Lord when He comes. He is always very happy, and spends his time in making known to others what he has learnt himself, and is being used of God in blessing to souls.

"THE YETTS O' TRAQUAIR."

RECENTLY, while in Peeblesshire, I heard of an interesting incident which took place 150 years ago.

Most of you, in Scotland at least, will be familiar with the story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

About the year 1745 the grandson of James Stuart, Prince Charles Edward, succeeded in making a landing at Montrose; and, by previous arrangement, a considerable number of Highland clans, whose chiefs favoured the exiled house of Stuart, rallied to his standard. Having mustered his forces, he marched upon the city of Edinburgh, and without much difficulty took it. Important as the capture of Edinburgh was, that was not Charlie's goal: his determination was to march right on to London, and there seize the throne and kingdom which had passed from the house of Stuart to the house of Hanover.

For this purpose he needed all the help which could possibly be called up, and no resource was neglected that would in any way swell his numbers. While in Edinburgh he made a personal visit to the Earl of Traquair, at his residence, Traquair Palace, near Innerleithen, Peeblesshire, for the purpose of enlisting his sympathy and co-operation. The mission of the Prince failed, however, the Earl, though a Jacobite and a member of the royal house of Stuart, being either lukewarm toward the risky venture, or perhaps cautious—as his old grandfather was said to be—waiting which would be the winning side. However, as the Prince passed through the gates, the Earl is said to have given orders that the gates were to be locked, and never opened again until a Stuart king sat on the throne.

This, as you probably know, has never taken place. Prince Charlie and his Highlanders set out for London; but the majority of his followers, alarmed at the cool reception accorded them by the English Jacobites, whom they expected to flock to his standard by the thousand, refused to go beyond Derby; and from there—very reluctantly, it is said—Prince Charlie turned his back on London and marched back through several skirmishes, engagements, and trying vicissitudes, up to the crushing disaster of Culloden Moor. There the Prince's hopes were blasted, his forces scattered, and his ambition curbed; and, after passing through many hardships and thrilling adventures, he finally made his escape back to the court of France, crushed and defeated, the kingdom he had come to regain lost for ever.

And to this day, it is said, the gates of Traquair House have never been opened. The house is approached by another avenue.

As we stood outside that shut gate and looked down the long and broad avenue, now overgrown with grass, a feeding place for cattle, I thought at once of another story of a lost kingdom and a shut gate, and of another Prince who came seeking to regain the lost dominion.

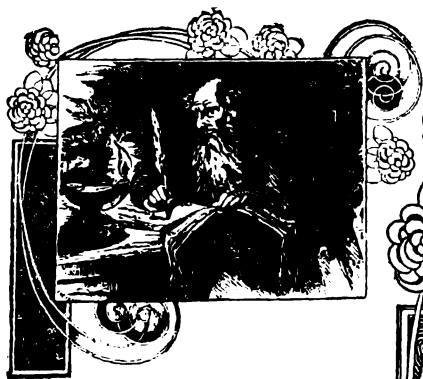
You will find the foundation of that story in the third chapter of the Book of Genesis. There we are told that God put our first parents into the garden of Eden; but, although made to have dominion, they very soon fell by accepting a scheme from Satan to lead them into a life of happiness, through the acquisition of knowledge, apart from God. By the acceptance of that scheme they yielded their allegiance to Satan and the last verse of the chapter tells us that "God drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

A famous artist has sought to paint the scene, and has pictured the man and the woman, clad in their coats of skin, standing amidst the thorns and thistles outside the gate, gazing wistfully through to their lost paradise, standing amidst their sorrow and the curse, looking at the glory which had once been theirs. All of that glory which was left to them was a withered flower which the artist had put in the woman's hand.

It is one of the saddest pictures of all Scripture, and is the foundation of all sadness and sad pictures.

But, thank God, it has a bright sequel, and not like our story of Prince Charlie and the shut gates of Traquair. In the fulness of time, according to the promise made in the garden, there came forth a Prince—"The Prince of the house of David"—to make war with "that old serpent called the devil, which deceiveth," and to win back the dominion which the first Adam had lost; for "to this end Christ both died and lived again, that He might be Lord." And His was a successful campaign. True, it cost Him suffering, blood, yea, even death itself; but He rose triumphant over it all, and from His throne of victory we hear His cry and promise—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the paradise of God."

Down at Eden it was a shut gate and a flaming sword, but Jesus went through that fire and won back the kingdom, unlocked the gates and swung them wide open; and wherever there are any who will yield their allegiance to the conquering Christ, He will lead them right through to the tree of life, of which if a man eat he shall live for ever, and to sit with Him on His throne, "joint heirs with Jesus Christ."



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



VI.—FROM LATIN TO ENGLISH.

FROM the beginning of the first century after Christ, the Latin language was becoming more and more generally spoken in Europe, and it was at this time that our Bible was first translated into Latin. The Word of God was now existing in five languages: Old Hebrew, Chaldee, Greek, Syriac, and Latin. In the fourth century a learned monk, named Jerome, translated afresh the Old Testament from the Hebrew into Latin. His version is called the Latin Vulgate, and this is the version that was allowed by the Roman Catholic Church to be the authentic version. The pity of it is that this great Church kept the Scriptures from the people; and even in their preaching they used the Latin language up to quite late years, so that their sermons were not understood except by the learned, and the common people were left in ignorance of the good news.

The five versions of the Bible mentioned above are the great roots from which all other copies and translations have come into different parts of the world at different eras. And during these early centuries God had His messengers going from one country to another witnessing to the truth of His Word. The times were very dark—they were well called the Dark Ages—but even during the darkest times the light of life shone in some hearts and lives. God

has never left Himself without a witness, and His light can never be put out. There were always some true men and women who, having received the truth, clung to it, esteeming it dearer than their lives, and took means whereby others might also receive it, and the Scriptures be handed down from one generation to another.

We have already seen the source through which the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ was probably brought to Wales, Scotland and Ireland received as refugees, in the third century, many Christians who effected their escape from the terrible persecutions in Rome under Diocletian. These brought with them their manuscripts of Scriptures, and taught the people amongst whom they settled the words that comforted themselves.

Before very long God's Word began to be translated into the language of the common people of the British Isles. The earliest translation was made by the Venerable Bede, a godly and learned monk at Jarrow, in Durham. He studied the Scriptures carefully and prayerfully. He advised the Archbishop of York to read Paul's letters to Timothy and Titus for rules of conduct for Christian ministers, and he evidently knew by experience what it was to fight the good fight of faith.

King Alfred the Great was the next to translate the Bible from the Latin into Anglo-Saxon.

He was a good man, and did much for the well-being of his subjects. His early education was scanty. When he was twelve years old, no master could be found in all his kingdom of Wessex to teach him Latin. But when he grew up and reigned he was called the "wisest man in all England." He found a friend in a pious Welshman, named Asser, whom he persuaded to come and reside at his court for six months in each year. From him he learnt Latin, by carrying in his bosom a little manuscript book in which he wrote every quotation of Scripture used by his friend. By studying these, he became by degrees a good Latin scholar, and able to turn the Latin Scriptures into Anglo-Saxon for his people. Would you like to see how Anglo-Saxon reads, as it was spoken and read in the seventh century? "Fader uren thu arth in heofnum. Sic gehalgud noma thin." That was what they said when they began the Lord's Prayer—"Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed by Thy Name."

King Alfred was engaged upon a version of the Psalms at the time of his death. He has left some manuscripts which are still carefully preserved as treasures in museums.

We now pass over five centuries of British history and come to the reign of King Richard II. In the year 1378 there was a meeting of forty-seven great men in the monastery of the Blackfriars, in London. They were met in council on a matter which was causing them grave concern, and their debate was as to how they should put down certain unheard-of teachings which were being propagated by a priest named John Wiclif.

As their discussion was going on, the city of London was shaken by an earthquake. Whereupon some of these learned men questioned whether that was a token that heaven was displeased with them. But their leader, an Archbishop, declared that it was a token that they should proceed in their determination to put down John Wiclif and all his teachings.

Thank God, this determination was not according to His will. He had a great and noble work to do through His servant John Wiclif, who was to be used to further translate His Word and give it into the hands of the common people of the land. John Wiclif has been called the "Morning Star of the Reformation," and with what good reason we shall see later on. E. A.



"COME, and take," is the invitation which God places over the fountain of life.

* * *

PROUD hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

A HOME BEYOND.

A STORY is told of an old Norse King, sitting one night in his great hall, when the tempest was raging furiously without; the great fire threw its glare far out into the dark recesses of the hall, all the brighter for the storm and darkness around.

While the king talked with his counsellors, a bird flew in, passed over them, and out again at the open window opposite.

"Such," said the king, "is the life of man—out of darkness into light, and then out of light into darkness, lost in the blackness and storm again."

"Yes, Sire," said an old courtier, "but the bird has its nest beyond."

Dear friend, have you got your nest beyond? Have you found an abiding shelter in the deep cleft of the Rock of Ages. Without a home in God, in Christ, you are like the bird building its nest on the brittle bough, or the tree marked by the woodman for destruction. The ruthless woodman's axe rings at the foot. The tree falls, and the homeless bird flies through the forest pouring forth its plaintive tale of woe.

But with a Home in Him, you are like the lofty soaring eagle, which builds his nest in the deep cleft on the giddy precipice: let the storm rage ever so furiously, let the floods thunder and rock themselves into mad fury at the foot, let the wild winds blow a hurricane aloft, none of these things move the eagle, safely sheltered in the cleft of the rock.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 June, 1918.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Give the names of the kings of Judah during whose reigns Jeremiah lived.
2. What did the Lord do to Jeremiah when He said, Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth? (Jer. 1.)
3. In what words did the Lord say His people had forgotten Him? (Jer. 2.)
4. What had withholden good things from the people? (Jer. 5.)
5. What were the people told to amend in Jer. 7?
6. What did Jeremiah say about weeping for his people? (Jer. 9.)
7. What should a man glory in? (Jer. 9.)
8. Why did God tell Jeremiah not to pray for the people? (Jer. 11.)
9. What would the Lord mar as Jeremiah married his girdle? (Jer. 13.)
10. "Thy words . . . heart." Find this passage in Jer. 15. and write it out.

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 **4d. stamp** (unless over 20s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

We began questions on Jeremiah this month, and I have given them more about what he wrote than about himself personally. I hope you will find this interesting and helpful.

I want you to think especially about Question 10. Notice the words of the Lord were to Jeremiah! I hope they will come all this to each of you, and that you will read the Word of God diligently.

Thank you all for your letters, I am going to try to answer them as soon as I can.

One page from Buxton has no name.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

April Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Allison, C. Ashmore, I. Brook, M. Buckell, L. Brunsell, E. Breese, K. Bull, M. Collins, R. Cowl, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, L. Dean, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, T. Eddy, E. Fairbairn, C. Fifer, J. Foster, W. Foster, M. Forrester, G. Gage, K. Gilenny, L. Gerrell, M. Goodwin, J. Gwynn, M. Hardisty, D. Hill, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, L. Hobbs, M. Hodgkins, E. Holden, Doris Jones, D. Jones, I. Jones, A. Laycock, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, D. Lever, H. Mackenzie, F. Metcalfe, J. Milton, R. Morrison, A. Morris, R. Nichol, L. Patten, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Punter, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, B. Russell, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, M. Stevens, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, A. Walton, G. Wood, C. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—O. Blanchard, C. Carter, P. Vickery.
- 3rd Class.**—R. Parton, E. Plumley.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Berry, S. Bussey, E. Bryant, W. Champ, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, E. Darrah, N. Foster, E. Gray, F. Gwynn, M. Harris, H. Hewnes, B. Horne, G. Holder, M. Holden, H. Hughes, W. Jack, J. King, W. Lever, E. Lanley, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, D. Macdonald, A. Martin, S. Major, F. Milsom, D. Morton, T. Morris, L. Notman, E. Redman, M. Reed, L. Rickards, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, M. Todd, P. Turner, P. Wraith, Peggy Wraith, H. Ward, F. Weatherburn, L. Westmoreland.
- 2nd Class.**—E. Baynes, K. Minton, L. Wareham, N. Younger.
- 3rd Class.**—S. Ravcliffe.

Age 10 Years and under.

- 1st Class.**—M. Bussey, A. Bull, R. Bryant, N. Evans, V. Eden, A. Fairbairn, B. Gray, M. Geddes, D. Harris, N. Lefaux, G. Loye, C. Martin, M. McKechnie, C. Melver, R. Meskin, A. Milsom, E. Molineux, E. Routhan, S. Robson, L. Swall, R. Shell, A. Sewell, W. Selley, M. Silk, N. Smith, A. Singer, G. Scott, W. Stuart, M. Sykes, H. Teasdale, M. Walton, A. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—M. Bean, J. Fresno, R. Mackenzie, M. Mackenzie, A. Walker.
- 3rd Class.**—H. Hawkins, Q. Hickson, I. Wareham.

ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

Subject—Elisha.

1. Part of 2 Kings 5. 15 written out.
2. The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed for ever (2 Kings 5. 27).
3. He cast a piece of stick into the water and the iron did swim (2 Kings 6. 6).
4. Elisha told him (2 Kings 6. 9).
5. He saw the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha (2 Kings 6. 17).
6. Set bread and water before them, that they may eat and drink and go to their master (2 Kings 6. 22).
7. To-morrow, about this time, shall a measure of fine flour be sold for a shekel, and two measures of barley for a shekel in the gate of Samaria (2 Kings 7. 1).
8. Behold, if the Lord would make windows in heaven, might this thing be (2 Kings 7. 2).
9. Jehu (2 Kings 9. 1-3).
10. He revived and stood up on his feet (2 Kings 13. 21).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"MY VIEWS MAY BE VERY IMPERFECT," HE SAID.

"HAVE YOU DONE THAT?"

"I WOULD go regularly to church, if only they would abolish preaching. I like the rest of the service, especially the music, but the preaching always annoys me." So said a clever lawyer one afternoon as he sat in a pleasant room with a friend.

"I call myself a churchman," he continued, "though I seldom go to church. The last time I went I was irritable all day afterwards, it positively made me worse!"

Warning to his subject—he was a most entertaining conversationalist—he proceeded to express his "views" on religion in general.

"My views may be very imperfect," he said, "but I hold to them anyhow and try to practise them. I don't believe God will reject any man who does that in sincerity, even if he does not worship in the way that some people insist on. Tell me, do you think God will reject a man for all eternity who is perfect in all his dealings with others, simply because he has not worshipped Him at church service?—a man who has never done a mean action, and always does his best for every one?"

His friend thought for a moment, and then said that certainly attendance at church would not be the deciding factor, and continued: "On the other hand, do you answer to your other conditions? Can you say that you have always done the right thing, never done a mean action, and always done your best for everybody?"

This was a rather new thought for the lawyer, and he murmured in a hesitating way something to the effect that "we all fail."

"Of course we do," was the reply, "and our only hope is to own it, and accept the mercy of God and what He offers through the atoning death of Christ—pardon and salvation."

God will *never* reject anyone who does that, for He sent His own Son into the world "not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved" (John iii. 17).

To make this possible, "Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6), and all who cease to justify themselves, and own that they have "come short of the glory of God," can be "freely justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (Rom. iii. 24).

God's word says: "Whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," and the time to believe is now!

Now is the accepted time: now is the day of salvation."

Yes, but settle this question sooner or later. Soon or late cannot be too soon! Later—you may be too late!

J. A. S.

"THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE."

"ANOTHER, mother, come up quick and see what Harry has been doing," called out little Frances excitedly from the top of the stairs.

"Oh! Harry, how naughty of you," exclaimed his mother, as Frances eagerly showed her the corners of the nice sheets and blankets he had cut with the scissors which lay on the bed.

It was very grieving, but the mother was very fond of her little boy, and he was really too young to realize the mischief he had done. Perhaps, too, she blamed herself for leaving the scissors within his reach. Anyhow, Harry got off without punishment.

But who was the *real* culprit? Mean, tell-tale Frances herself!

The mother had left the children lying quietly in bed, but Frances was soon sitting up, and looking round, she spied a pair of scissors on the dressing-table. A bright thought struck her!

"Harry," she said persuasively, "let us cut off the corners of the sheets and blankets. You cut, Harry, and I will hold the corners."

Harry did not see much fun in it, but being a good obedient little boy, he was soon cutting away, while Frances encouraged him.

No sooner was the last corner off, than she ran to the top of the stairs and called her mother to "come and see what Harry had done!" However, he never told of her, and she never showed any contrition for her meanness to him.

"She's the forerunner of all mischief. No one likes her," said her grandmother of her.

Such was Frances! and all will agree that she must have been exceptionally naughty.

But if any have not trusted in Christ as Saviour, God looks upon them as being on the same platform with such as naughty Frances: *sinner*, the name of all equally, His Word declares. "There is no difference, for ALL have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

From being a good little boy, Harry grew up to be a good young man; a *very* good young man he thought he was! His self-complacency was, however, greatly disturbed, when one day his sister Frances told him that she should never rest until she was a Christian, and more—that *he* was not a Christian, and needed to be saved just as much as herself!

Harry was highly indignant. What better life *could* he lead? She knew that he said his prayers night and morning, and attended church and partook of the sacrament most regularly. What more could God require?

He did his best to move his sister from her purpose, and tried to divert her thoughts, but he found how useless this was when, one evening,

he asked her to sing with him one of their old duets. After a few quavering notes she burst into tears. "I cannot sing," she said. "I cannot do *anything* until I know I am saved."

For a long time, under cover of a lighthearted exterior, Frances had been feeling restless and unhappy, knowing that she was not right with God.

With but a vague knowledge that Christ died on the cross for sinners, she knew nothing of the vital results to herself—that He had died and shed His blood to atone for *her* sins. In place of this, she had tried to get peace with God by her own efforts. After proving that she could do nothing, she saw that nothing was required from her, for Christ had died *in her stead*. "He died for sinners," she said. "I am a sinner, and therefore He died for me," and then, when reading that "the blood of Jesus Christ (God's Son) cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7), her cup of joy seemed to run over.

Harry's "goodness" gradually faded from view, and, through reading his Bible, he found, as he said, that he was "lost—and a great sinner." Now he, too, "took the lost sinner's place, and claimed the lost sinner's Saviour"—that precious Saviour, whom in after life both brother and sister proved to be "a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." F. A.

* * *

PAUL'S VICTORY.

PAUL'S parents when returning to India were obliged to leave their little son in England, owing to the climate; so he lived with his uncle in a large north country town, and was educated with his cousins, Percy and Geoffrey; but these two boys, instead of welcoming their Anglo-Indian cousin, resented his presence, and made Paul's life very wretched.

Dr. Parker, in attending to his practice, was out practically all day, and there was no loving mother to see how things were going and by gentle words to smooth them over. She had died when Geoffrey was quite young, and only the elderly housekeeper was in charge.

Paul was a very studious boy, and always took a good place in his form, much to Percy's annoyance, who, though naturally clever, was very lazy, and much petty persecution Paul had to undergo—hiding of books, cap, etc., to



PAUL PULLED OFF HIS COAT AND BOOTS.

make him late for school; but nothing that Percy could do would ever make him retaliate, and this only made them more vexed.

From babyhood Paul had been brought up to know the Lord Jesus, and had early learned to love Him, and the very last words that mother had said were: "My Paul will always be a brave soldier of the Lord Jesus, never afraid to own Him and do what is right, and will always remember that mother is praying for him." How often those words helped him!

One half-holiday the boys made their way to the river, and while standing close to the edge, Percy, who was rather a bully, knowing that Paul could swim, thought "What a lark to give him a ducking," so with a sly wink at Geoffrey, he made a rush at the unsuspecting Paul, intending to push him in, but somehow he slipped, lost his footing, and overbalancing himself fell into the river. He gave a cry of terror as the swift current caught him and threatened to carry him away; but Paul, quick as thought, pulled off his coat and boots, jumped in and

seized him. The tide was running swiftly, but Paul was a good swimmer, and Percy, thoroughly frightened and numbed, kept quiet, and eventually Paul succeeded in gaining the bank, where Geoffrey was ready to help him, and together they dragged Percy on to the bank.

That evening, after his father had left him, Percy sent for Paul. "Can you ever forgive me?" he whispered, as the tears rolled down his cheeks.

From that day onward a warm friendship sprang up between the boys, and best of all, Percy, too, learnt to love the Lord Jesus. A. W.

* * *

WAS IT CHANCE?

IN a large room of an old country house, a class of children used to meet regularly for lessons. As the room was used only during the day-time, the massive gasalier which hung from the centre of the ceiling was never used. They regarded it as a handsome ornament, and the thought of parting with it for a plainer and more suitable one if required was not at all pleasing to them. So there it hung, with its large brass weights and chains.

It was certainly a beautiful thing. So the teacher thought as one morning she suddenly happened to look up, and just as suddenly wondered, "Is it safe?" Of course, it *must* be. People who ought to know had assured her it was perfectly safe. However, she decided that next time she met the landlord she would speak to him about it.

The next day came. The gasalier *looked* safe enough. After all, it seemed like making an unnecessary fuss, and probably the landlord would laugh at her fears. Silently she committed her way unto the Lord, asking that He might "undertake" for her.

Having made up her mind to think no more about it, she was soon so busy and interested that the gasalier was quite forgotten.

Tired after the day's teaching, she was soon asleep that night, and she slept soundly, until it seemed as if someone kept repeatedly telling and urging her to send at once for a gasfitter. No more sleep was possible. "Don't wait, don't wait," a voice seemed to say. She *could not* forget. Over and over again did she hear that urging, compelling voice; she had to get up. At last breakfast-time came, and a message was despatched to the gasfitter, asking him to come immediately, if possible. He replied that he could not come before twelve o'clock; but he would come himself at that time, and bring a man with him.

The Lord was "undertaking" for her, as He had done so many times. The teacher knew it.

How many times had she committed her way, her health, her difficulties, big and little, to Him, and He had "undertaken" for her. What a lovely thing it is to have the dear Lord Jesus as a Friend, always willing even to *do the thing for us*, for there are times when we cannot help. We are just to let the Lord act—let Him "undertake for us." It is a beautiful experience to have stood by and seen "the salvation of the Lord," and a *gripping* experience. Something that you can never forget. Something that compels you to say, "It was not *my* doing, the Lord Jesus did it for me." That fact *holds* you.

To return to the story. In trooped the children as usual at nine o'clock, and lessons went on happily until twelve o'clock came, when they went to their homes. Soon after the gasfitter came, with his man.

He looked at the gasalier and admired it, and, telling the man to hold the steps while he examined the pulleys and the upper pipe, he began to push it gently upwards.

Began! that was all. In a second both men had grasped the big heavy weight as it fell. Had it fallen upon their heads it must have killed them immediately. The chain, worn thin and eaten through with rust, had snapped just over the pulley. Very quickly the other weights were taken off, and the gasalier fixed securely. Then the gasfitter spoke. "Did you know the chain was unsafe?" he asked. "What made you send for me?" Then the teacher told him of her experience, and how she felt compelled to send for him. "Well," said he, "that chain *must* have snapped to-day, sooner or later. Nothing could have prevented it. And what might have happened? We were *just in time*."

Dear reader, was it by chance that the weight did not fall upon the children? that the teacher had not attempted to test the chain herself? that the man could not come until after twelve o'clock? and that the weight hung until the children were all gone home? No. The teacher and the two men looked at each other, and each read the other's thoughts.

I say again, it is a lovely thing to have a Friend Who will "undertake" for you.

There is *one* thing that none of us can do for ourselves, that is, we *cannot*, however worthy we seem to be, save ourselves. You *must* let Christ Jesus do that for you. That is why Jesus died. He "undertook" for you. We all need a Saviour, the best and the worst of us. It takes *less than a minute* for either the best or the worst person in the world to get on the road to heaven, and all that person has to do is to say to the Lord, "I choose Thee for my Saviour." There is no other way. Have you chosen Jesus? Are you glad He "undertook" for you? (Extracted.)

A REAL HERO.

NOT long ago, on board an English steamer, a little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the voyage out from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to his object in being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy, who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his stepfather did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stowaways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and re-questioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his stepfather alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied with the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to inculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he told the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him from the yard-arm. He then made him sit down under it on deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship at his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he ever beheld—to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy, his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them.

When eight minutes had fled the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied with the utmost simplicity and sincerity by asking the mate if he might pray. The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, the brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own stepfather could not care for him, knelt on the ship's deck and prayed. Our young friend was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and there, with

clasped hands, and eyes upturned to heaven, he asked the dear Lord Jesus to take him to Himself and to forgive the mate. Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his word.

* * *

SINS STICK.

THERE was a man who was going through a river in a foreign land. When he came out of the river he found that many leeches were clinging to him. They had fastened on him while he was in the river. He started to knock them off.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed his attendant. "You will only make them stick the harder. I will prepare you a bath which will bring them all off." He then prepared a medicated bath of some kind, which made the leeches release their hold and fall off.

Sins are like leeches—they stick. Knock them off we cannot; or, if we do succeed in some instances, they get hold of us again in other ways. One only way of getting rid of our sins is God's way, and that is by yielding ourselves to the Saviour, and letting Him rid us of them by His redeeming power.

* * *

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

A Christian lady was telling a friend, who had just called, of the death of her brother, whom she had nursed in his illness.

"And was he saved?" anxiously inquired her friend.

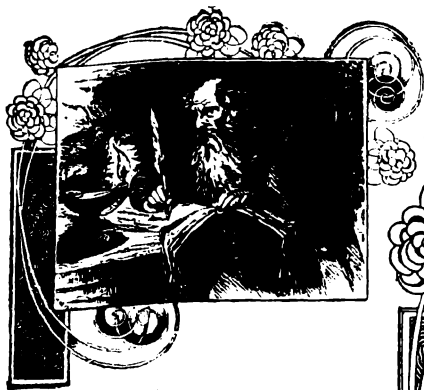
The sister shook her head sadly.

"But did you put the way of salvation before him?"

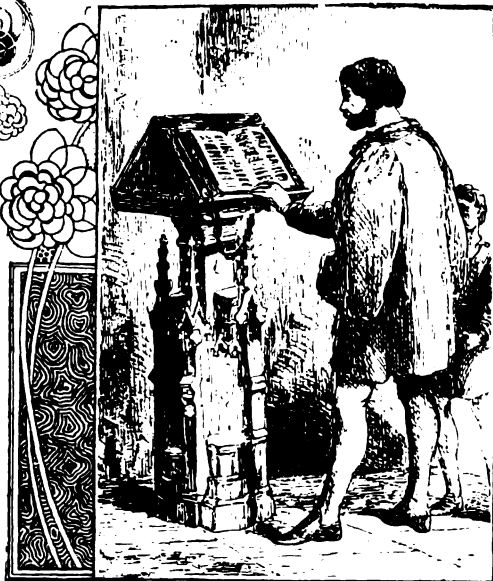
"Well, you see, I did not like to *disturb his last days!*"

And so the brother passed "**undisturbed**" into a lost eternity, his sister thinking it better that he should die a **lost soul** than that his last days should be "**disturbed**" by his being urged to accept the **salvation** Christ had died and shed His **blood** to bring to him, and thus saving him from an eternity of endless woe!

F. A.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



VII.—WICLIF'S LABOURS.

JOHAN WICLIF was a learned and a thoughtful man: and he saw that the people of his country were being deprived of their God-given rights by having the Bible withheld from them. He had been taught by the Holy Spirit that the darkness of superstition and idolatry could only be dispelled by the Light of the Holy Word itself, and he worked hard that this light might be brought into the hearts and minds of the English people.

He translated the Old and the New Testaments, and had the joy of giving to his countrymen the means of reading in their own tongue the wonderful words and works of God.

He also appointed preachers, men who had themselves received God's truth in their hearts, who went through towns and villages preaching the Gospel, and teaching the Holy Scriptures. In streets and market places, in open highways and in private houses, they brought the Good News, and many a hungry soul found in the Lord Jesus the satisfaction that they craved, and sin-burdened hearts found Him as their Saviour.

People who became Christians under the power of God's Word as it was proclaimed by the disciples of John Wiclif were nicknamed "Lollards," and they became a well-known army of witnesses to the Saviour, many of them

suffering martyrdom for their faith during the long night of gloom and trouble which preceded the Reformation.

Perhaps you are asking *why* anyone should suffer for reading God's Word, and for loving the Lord Jesus Christ. You all know quite well that we have a great strong enemy who tries in many ways to keep us from loving God. And if I were to ask you his name you would at once answer "Satan." One of his most successful efforts to hinder souls from coming to God was to try and make them believe that God would not receive them without the intercession of a human priest.

In the days of John Wiclif, England, Scotland and Ireland were covered with monasteries: large houses in which dwell large numbers of friars, who wore gowns of black, or white, or grey. The mendicant, or begging friars, were always gathering wealth for their church, not by honest work, but by begging from place to place. Many of these friars were idle, bad men. But in the eyes of the people they were accounted holy, and it was thought to be an act of merit to give them alms. They taught the people, also, that the way to receive forgiveness of sins was by doing penance: and even by paying sums of money in order that the priests might pray to God for them.

The priests further forbade the people to read

the Scriptures for themselves, so that the few who were the happy possessors of some portion of God's word in manuscript were compelled to hide them very carefully lest any spy should find them out, and they should be burnt to death for reading them.

All this was terribly sad, and it was in complete opposition to God's purpose. He desires, and *commands*, the study of His word. But the priests knew that if the people read the Scriptures carefully, the true Light would shine into their minds and hearts, and then they would have no further use for the priests.

Wiclif was a brave man, and he determined, even should it cost him his life, that the power of the priests should be broken, and that his fellow-countrymen should be given the means of learning about the one and only Priest who can intercede with God for man, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. If you read the Epistle to the Hebrews, you will see what a merciful and faithful High Priest He is. And remember, it concerns *you* as much as it concerned the people in John Wiclif's day.

Wiclif died in his vicarage at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, and was buried in the quiet churchyard. But his enemies, the priests, who were not allowed by God to injure him during his lifetime, dug up his bones 44 years later and burnt them, and then scattered the ashes in the brook which ran through the village. The water carried them on to the river Severn, and then they were borne right out to the ocean: an emblem of the way in which his teaching spread from its small beginning all over the world.

Four years after Wiclif's death, a revision of the English Bible was made, under the supervision of one Richard Purvey, who employed good, wise, men to help him in the work. Many copies of this were written out, and became the seed of the great revival of the 16th century. The cost of written copies of the Word of God in the fifteenth century was very great. A whole Bible cost no less than £30 of our money. And the story goes that a man gave a load of hay for a few verses. Now we can buy it for a few pence. Do we value it as highly, is it as precious to us as to those old-time people? We might do well to pray the prayer that was found upon the flyleaf of one of those old MS. Bibles: "God grant us both to ken and to keep His Holy Writ, and if need be to suffer some pains for it at the last." E. A.



EMBRACING the world is like embracing the snow which quickly melts.

ANTHONY'S GIFT AND PROMOTION.

AMONGST those who began to attend Sunday school in a little colliery town was a bright boy named Anthony, who soon showed a real concern about his soul, and before many months had passed had trusted the Lord Jesus as his Saviour.

Perhaps two or three years later, Anty, as he was called, went to his uncle's who is a photographer, and got his photograph taken. After he got them home he said to his mother, "Mother, I think I will give R— and J— each one of my photos; you know I was saved through them."

Very soon after, therefore, the photos were in our hands, and, I need hardly say, much appreciated. So much for Anthony's gift. Now for his promotion.

As the years rolled past he grew into a tall, smart young man, and some time after the present awful war broke out, enlisted. After being about two years or so in England, he was sent over to France, where he "did his bit" until Sept. 6th, 1917, when he fell and passed away from all the horrors of the blood-stained battlefield to be for ever with the Saviour he had learned to know and love when a boy at Sunday-school.

Now this was Anty's promotion. It was not one of stripes or any earthly distinction, but to be taken into the glorious presence of the Lord to dwell with Him for ever. And the One who in love drew Anthony to Himself still says to the children, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

May every dear young reader of *Our Children* get to know Him as their *very own* Saviour.

J. W. D.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 July, 1918.

Subject—**Jeremiah.**

1. "O Lord . . . affliction." Find this passage in Jer. 16, and write it out.
2. Who is said to be "cursed" in Jer. 17?
3. Who is said to be "blessed" in Jer. 17?
4. To what did the Lord liken the house of Israel in Jer. 18?
5. When Jeremiah broke the bottle, what was it a figure of? (Jer. 19.)
6. What did Pashur do to Jeremiah? (Jer. 20.)
7. What answer is given in Jer. 22, to the question—"Wherefore hath the Lord done thus unto this great city?" (Jerusalem.)
8. What prophecy referring to the Lord Jesus is given in Jer. 23?
9. What prophecy of Jeremiah beginning with "This" offended the priests and prophets? (Jer. 26.)
10. What did they say of Jeremiah? (Jer. 26.)

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 *ad. stamp* (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I hope you are interested in your questions on Jeremiah. How brave he was, and how obedient to the voice of the Lord! Although he was persecuted and threatened with death, he went on saying just what the Lord told him. Surely an example to us all in this! May we be more diligent in trying to know the Lord's will, and then being obedient to all His things.

I have received another paper from Brixton without a name, but it is in the list as B.

D. S. and H. Ward should now do ten questions.

My love to all,

Your friend,

J. L.

May Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Allison, C. Ashmore, R. Bailey, E. I. Brook, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, K. Bull, C. Carter, R. Cowd, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, L. Dean, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, T. Eddy, E. Fairbairn, C. Fifer, J. Foster, M. Forrester, G. Gage, L. Gerrell, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, M. Hurdley, D. Hill, L. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, L. Hobbs, M. Hodgkiss, A. Humphries, E. Hobden, N. Jenkins, L. Jones, N. Lees, D. Lever, H. Mackenzie, J. Milton, R. Morrison, A. Morris, E. Palmer, V. Pritchett, A. Punter, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Swall, J. Stephenson, M. Stevens, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, P. Vickery, A. Walton, G. B. Wood, C. Wood.

2nd Class.—D. Lefaux, R. Nichol, E. Plumley, M. Way.

3rd Class.—None.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—M. Bailey, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, R. Bonson, S. Bussey, E. Bryant, W. Champ, J. Cooling, E. Darrah, N. Foster, E. Gray, L. Gwynn, H. Howmes, B. Horne, G. Holder, M. Holden, Hilda Hughes, E. Ireson, J. King, W. Lever, E. Linley, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, S. Major, D. Morton, T. Morris, A. Overington, E. Redman, L. Rickards, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Sells, M. Smith, M. Todd, P. Turner, L. Wareham, H. Ward, L. Westmoreland, N. Younger.

2nd Class.—E. Baynes, O. Blanchard.

3rd Class.—None.

Age 10 Years and under.

- 1st Class.**—M. Bean, M. Bussey, A. Bull, R. Bryant, E. Durant, N. Evans, A. Fairbairn, R. Fenton, H. Gray, M. Geddes, N. Hawkes, Q. Hickson, J. Ireson, D. Kenway, N. Lefaux, G. Loye, M. Mackenzie, D. Macdonald, C. Martin, M. McKee, S. Osman, N. Rolson, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Shell, A. Sewell, W. Selley, M. Silk, N. Smith, A. Singer, G. Scott, W. Stuart, M. Sykes, H. Teasdale, J. Wareham, M. Walton, L. Way, R. Wood, A. Wood.

2nd Class.—A. Walker.

3rd Class.—H. Hawkins, M. Wollidge.

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

Subject—**Isaiah.**

1. Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah (Isa. 1. 1).
2. Part of Isa. 1. 16, 17, written out.
3. He saw the Lord (Isa. 6. 1).
4. Woe is me! for I am undone (Isa. 6. 5).
5. Here am I; send me (Isa. 6. 8).
6. Set thine house in order: for thou shalt die and not live (Isa. 38. 1).
7. This people draweth nigh unto Me with their mouth, and honoureth Me with their lips: but their heart is far from Me (Matt. 15. 7).
8. When he saw His glory, and spake of Him (John 12. 41).
9. Lord, who hath believed our report? (Rom. 10. 16).
10. In Him shall the Gentiles trust (Rom. 15. 12).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HIS FATHER'S PRESENT TO HIM WAS A HANDSOME SILVER WATCH."

HAROLD AND HIS WATCH.

I HAD a young friend called Harold (this was his *real* name). One summer I was staying in the house where he lived with his parents, his brother George, and his sisters.

One morning at breakfast Harold announced that his school was holding the annual athletic sports that day, and asked me if I would come and see them.

"Certainly I will," I replied; "are you taking any part?"

"Oh, yes," said my young friend, "I am running in the hundred yards' race, and in the quarter-mile handicap. I'm pretty sure to win that. Come early, and see the prizes before the sports begin."

Early in the afternoon I went with two or three of Harold's sisters to the sports field. He himself was too excited to wait for us, but we found him there when we arrived.

He took us first to see the prizes. A fine silver watch was the prize for the winner of the quarter-mile handicap,—his prize, as my young friend assured me.

The time for this race soon came. The runners took their places. Harold, though younger than some, was a strong, sturdy boy, and was put very near to scratch.

He certainly ran well. But so did some of the other boys, with the result that neither the first prize nor the second fell to the lot of my particular friend. He was evidently disappointed. He had set his heart on getting that watch.

Now it happened that shortly afterwards Harold's birthday came round. And his father's present to him on this occasion was a handsome silver watch, very similar to the one he did *not* win! *He got as a free gift what he was unable to obtain as a prize.*

* * *

This is like God's salvation, boys. Remember that you cannot win it, earn it, nor deserve it. It is not given as a prize. It is offered as a free gift. "Whosoever will" may accept it.

When we have accepted it as God's gracious gift to us, then, and not before, we have a race to run and a prize to win. Rewards are to be given to those who are true and faithful.

But salvation is not a reward; heaven is not a reward; forgiveness is not a reward. If we expect to get them by *trying* to do what we think we shall be disappointed, as Harold was. But if we put our trust in the blessed Saviour, we shall not be disappointed. For God gives all these things freely to whoever trusts in Him.

H. P. D.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

THIS is a very old question, and the first time we read of it being asked, in the Bible, it was asked by an angel, and the man who answered must have been ashamed as he told it, for he had been made to realize that his name expressed his character, and that was a very unworthy one.

This is not always the case, for names seem often to be most ill-fitted. There is *Frank*, a cunning, sly, deceitful boy, whom no one that knows him trusts, and there is *David*, or Beloved, who, like an Ishmaelite, is against everybody and everybody against him. There, too, is *Grace*, with no sign of grace in her, she is so stiff-necked and obstinate, and there is *Patience*, with as little of that virtue as a young colt. And there is a sedate, thoughtful little maiden, called "*Judy*," whose only fault seems to be in her name. So one concludes: What's in a name?

But we have a story to tell. A father going with his boy one night to a meeting, said, "Johnnie, I want you to pay great attention, because in the address I will mention your name."

"My name! father, what will you say about me?"

"Oh, you must wait, my boy."

Johnnie listened earnestly, but did not hear his name as he expected, and so afterwards said: "Father, you forgot to mention my name."

"No, Johnnie, I said it more than once. Try to understand what I mean."

At last the little fellow said softly: "I think I know what you mean, father; was it when you said, *sinner*?"

"Yes, my dear boy."

Ah! Johnnie never forgot that walk and talk with his father, for he was led to own his name to be *sinner*, or one who is and has done evil in the sight of God. But Johnnie trusted his Saviour, and now his name is changed to *Christian*, which means Christ's one, or a follower of Christ.

We will now write a very plain and precious Gospel passage, in the hope that some one will fill in the blank spaces in the same way that we are called to do when the Directory man comes to our houses to put down our names and addresses.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance (it has had mine _____) that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (I am one of them, and so He came to save me—and He has done it!)—1 Tim. i. 15.

THE BARE POLE.

"Wherefore do ye . . . labour for that which satisfieth not."—ISA. LV. 2.

THE news went forth: "Old Sir Titus Salt is dead."

He was a sheer worldling; not a bad man, tender towards his employees, and yet a worldling. Ay, but he got saved.

He was fond of gardening on the Lord's day, his day off. The church bells rang, but they never rang Sir Titus to the Gospel for twenty years—and he is getting old now, he is past the seventies, and is known to all as "Old Sir Titus."

He is in his garden to-day, and he has put into the soft soil of the garden bed one of those green-painted rods by which the flowers are to climb. As he glances round he notices a snail crawling near the stick. He waits, and the little horns touch the stick, then the little snail begins to climb, for it thinks, "This is a tree; there will be a nice fresh green leaf at the top. It is well worth climbing for." So it climbs up the dry, bare pole that has no leaf.

Sir Titus is going to watch it.

See! it climbs up, wearily and slowly—and as he looks at it, he begins to see himself. The snail is just about the place on the stick that would represent in his life the time when he had served his apprenticeship. He remembers still the day when it was all done, when he was a journeyman. Up a little higher it climbs, and he has saved a little money; up still higher, and he is a foreman. Up a little higher, and he thinks that he will make a start for himself—there is where the little mill begins. A little higher, and he pulls down the gables and extends his business; still on, and he starts a second building; still on, and the American orders come in, necessitating a further extension, until he has six mills all running. Still on the snail climbs; and he opens an office in London, the heart of the world; still on and on, and money comes flowing in until he is a merchant prince; still on, and he has millions, and he is at the top!

By this time the snail is at the top, and Sir Titus is watching. Ah, the snail goes curling round the top of the pole, but there is no leaf, no tender fresh green herb. It is not a tree, but a dead, dry stick, with no leaf, no sustenance; and the snail topples over, and goes down.

Sir Titus, his eyes full of tears by this time, says, "That is right, that is true.

I have climbed the world for the green leaf. I am at the top; and is there only for me now the going down into the grave? I have not got the green leaf yet. Oh, weary, successful heart!"

Sir Titus is not able for any more gardening that day. He goes away into his house, and he opens the Word of God, and prays, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on a poor sinner—an old weary heart. My soul longs for Thee. Thou alone art my salvation. Oh, my Jesus, my Saviour, come into my heart. In this the eleventh hour, Lord, have mercy on me."

Thus he found his green leaf at the Cross. The old, weary, successful, unsatisfied heart got rest at the feet of the Crucified.

* * * * *

"FOR Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee" (Psalm lxxxvi. 5).



A THRUSH'S NEST.

"WITH THE SWEEP'S COMPLIMENTS."

FIRST of May, wifie—"Sweep's Day." "Happy month to you, Bob."

"Ah, my dear, this day takes me back to the old times, when, as a lad—quite a tiny—I used to dance round the Maypole and take part in the festivities of Jack-in-the-Green."

"Yes, Bob, things have greatly changed since small boys were employed to climb the large open chimneys, as your grandfather used to tell."

Bob Evans was a sweep, who had been brought up to the trade from his youth. His family had pursued the same occupation for three generations, and Bob's apprenticeship had been a long one, and, when finished, he and his father went their rounds together.

His character had not been altogether respectable with regard to speech amongst his companions or kindness to his wife.

The simple story, however, spoken by a working man at the corner of a road, of the love of God and of the death of Jesus to save ruined men, touched poor Bob so deeply that he repented and sought forgiveness from God there and then. In a word, the sweep was converted, and his former comrades in sin marked the great change that had come over him, for his conversation was altogether different, oaths and curses were no longer uttered, the home became tidy and respectable, the children were well fed and clothed. Bob's wife—once intimidated by her husband's violent ways—went singing about her work, as she said, "happy as the days are long."

Evans now began to wonder what he could do for the Lord who had so loved him as to bring him out of darkness into His marvellous light. He was always ready to tell his mates of the remarkable change in his life and circumstances, but what about his customers? He became greatly concerned about their spiritual welfare, especially desiring the salvation of those who lived in the larger houses and moved in the upper circles of society. He made this, as he did everything else, a matter of earnest prayer, and the Lord laid a plan on his mind which, though it appeared at first quixotic and impracticable, was to bear fruit to His glory.

One day Evans had "a wash and brush up," as he called it, and spick and span in his Sunday best, went off to a tract depot and bought a packet of tracts. "I want them for gentlefolks," said he. "They must be well printed, and on nice paper, and sell me also some envelopes, thick and of good quality."

For many days his wife noted with surprise that all his husband's spare moments were

spent practising penmanship, until he was able to write quite neatly on the envelopes, "With the Sweep's Compliments."

Then, deftly folding the tracts one by one he placed them inside, and ere he started on his round, wrapped half a dozen or so in a piece of paper to keep them clean, and slipped them into his jacket pocket.

"Ah!" said Bob, "wife, how I pity some of those rich-poor, the people who have lots of money but no Saviour, and no care for or thought of Him."

"Well, we can pray for them," said Mrs. Evans. On completing his task one morning at a large and fashionable house, the sweep drew from his pocket one of the envelopes and laid it down.

A maid, noticing it later on, placed it on a silver salver and took it into the drawing-room to her mistress. There were friends staying with the lady, and when she opened the envelope her indignation knew no bounds,

"It's like a sweep's impudence to send me his hateful tracts," said she, "and with his compliments indeed! That Evans shall sweep no more chimneys here." Her friends became very merry over what they considered an excellent joke; but to this lady, who was well known to be supremely indifferent to religion, it was evidently a cause for much annoyance.

She glanced at the title of the tract, then angrily tore it into shreds and prepared to consign it to the fire, while her companions ridiculed the sweep and his mad fanaticism, as they called it.

Fifteen years rapidly passed away, and the lady had enjoyed to the full her fling of worldly pleasure, forgetful of God and neglectful of the "great salvation."

Now she lay dying, and her agony of mind was great. What would become of her soul? Was it possible that such a sinner could be saved? Her acquaintances avoided the sad scenes of the death chamber; even if they had gone to her they could have been no help.

Suddenly she remembered the sweep and his act which she had resented in the long ago. A search was made for his name and address, which were discovered with some difficulty. He was hurriedly sent for, as the lady said she felt sure he could tell her the way of salvation.

Bob Evans hurried to the house, expecting to find a chimney on fire, and ready to extinguish it, little dreaming that he was to save a soul from death.

He was hastened to the sick room, and there, black and grimy as he was, he knelt by the snowy-white bed, pointing his former employer to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The lady faintly informed him that as she tore up the tract many years before some words had caught her eyes which she had been unable to forget. The poor sweep rejoicingly told her of the Lord Jesus Christ, his own Saviour, Friend, and Lord.

He urged her acceptance of Him who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Like one who is drowning and catches at a straw, she drank in eagerly the sweep's message of hope. She believed at the eleventh hour in Him who "came to seek and to save that which was lost," and passed away a few days later resting her soul on the Saviour who had redeemed her with His precious blood, who was "wounded" for her transgressions and "bruised" for her iniquities, that she might have "so great salvation."

N. T.



FREDDY'S PENNY.

"NANCY, Nancy, you must come home now. It will soon be dinner-time," called nurse from the seat where she was sewing, whilst she watched the two children revelling in the delights of a flower-covered field. Masses of large scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers were intermixed with marguerites and feathery grasses, whilst in the marshy places lower down meadowsweet and king-cups were hiding beneath the reeds. Nancy's basket was nearly full, but still she went on gathering, and Freddy stood beside her, tightly grasping his own special treasures.

Very reluctantly, Nancy picked up her basket, and then she and Freddy followed nurse to the gate which led into their father's garden.

"When the children are ready, send them to me in the drawing-room, please, nurse," said Mrs. Newall, who was crossing the hall as they entered.

Ten minutes later two young folks in clean pinafores entered the room, but their mother had been called away.

Nancy settled herself in the window with a very engrossing new book, whilst Freddy amused himself with a new penny, which for some days had been transferred from pocket to pocket when his clothes were changed.

Presently he wandered round the room. "I do believe my penny would just drop in there," he murmured, as he looked into the open space of a lovely vase which stood on the lower shelf of the china cabinet. The next minute there was a clink, and the penny was reposing in the vase, and Freddy's hand had dived to the bottom in search of it.

"Oh, Freddy, what are you doing?" exclaimed Mrs. Newall, as she entered the room. "This is naughty of you!"

Well she might exclaim, for the child extended his arm with the valuable vase firmly fixed to it.

For some time Mrs. Newall carefully tried every means to release his hand, but nothing was of any avail. "Nancy, go and tell father to come at once," she said at last.

"I'm afraid we shall have to break the vase, dear," said Mr. Newall; "but I am reluctant to do that unless it is absolutely necessary, for we can never replace it."

"Now, Freddy, look at my hand; open it like this, and stretch out your fingers quite straight, and then pull."

"Oh, no, father! I couldn't do that; if I did I should drop my penny!"

"Your penny!" echoed his father in surprise. "Why, of course your hand won't come out if it is doubled up with a penny inside!"

"Drop the penny at once and stretch out your hand," said Mrs. Newall firmly.

Freddy obeyed, and the next moment it slid out quite easily.

In that little story there lies a parable, the meaning of which many young folks much older than Freddy have never grasped.

The entrance to God's kingdom is *narrow* (Matt. vii. 14). It is quite easy to enter if the heart is first opened by God. Then *everything* is yielded up, body, soul, and spirit. But, till then, we cling to the earthly things, as Freddy clung to his coin, and so there can be no admission.

Someone tells an incident which illustrates this. He knew the wealthy owner of a huge business in Norway, who had once been a poor boy tending cattle in the country. One day the boy asked his sister to do his work for him, and promised, if she would, that she should hold a tiny coin in her hand all day. Money was so rare in that family that the child gladly did her brother's work for the simple payment of grasping the little gleaming coin, which she had to return to him at night.

Many years afterwards, when the boy had become a rich man, he told the incident to a friend. By that time he had allowed the love of money to occupy such a large place in his life that it had crowded out the desires after the things of God which he had once possessed.

When he had finished the story of his sister's foolishness, which he told with a laugh, his listener rejoined, "And that is all you get. You can only hold your wealth to the end of the day of your life, and then you will have as little as when you began, and the whole of your earthly life will be gone for ever."

Boys and girls, take Christ as your Saviour, and you will drop any bright thing you are grasping too firmly, and hand over every bit of your life to His keeping.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



VIII.—TYNDALE'S GREAT WORK.

WE now come to another stage in our journey through the Bible Story. By God's providence three things conspired to make the end of the fifteenth century and the beginning of the sixteenth ever memorable, and especially so in the advance of Scripture knowledge.

First, came the invention of printing. Very primitive and rude were those first metal types, but they were the veritable ancestors of all the splendid printing machinery now at work in every civilized land.

It is believed that the first printed book was a Bible, issued between 1450 and 1455. It was called "the Mazarin Bible": it was in Latin, in two volumes. After this first Latin Bible, others soon followed in other languages. In 1488 came the *Hebrew* Old Testament, and thirty years' later the *Greek* New Testament.

These books, however, stirred up the wrath of the priests, the followers of those in Wiclif's time who were still ignorant enough to oppose the printing and publishing of the Scriptures. One of them, preaching at Paul's Cross (where St. Paul's Cathedral now stands), declared "we must root out printing, or printing will root out us."

Printing was not rooted out, however. It found its way to England through William Caxton, an Englishman, who learned the art at Bruges, and who set up a printing-press in Westminster Abbey in the reign of Edward IV, to whose court he was attached. His work, however, was not concerned with the Holy Scriptures, so that it does not come into the scope of our present story.

God had another servant ready to carry on the work of Bible translation. Exactly one hundred years after Wiclif's death, a little boy baby was sent by God into a village home in Gloucestershire, who was destined to be a foremost figure, and also a martyr, in the history of our land. This was William Tyndale. From his youth he was impressed by an inner feeling that he *had one thing to do* with his life, and that one thing was to translate the Word of God into his native tongue and to print it. When little more than a child he entered the University of Oxford, and distinguished himself. Later on he passed to Cambridge. He became a diligent and an accomplished student of the Greek language. And best of all he became a humble disciple and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he found to be his Saviour.

On leaving the University, he entered the

home of Sir John Walsh, a knight of Gloucestershire, as tutor and chaplain. Here he met many of the ignorant priests, and was deeply grieved at their lack of knowledge of and love for the Scriptures, which they were supposed to teach. He tried to persuade them to study Erasmus's Greek New Testament, but his efforts only made them dislike him, and soon they declared themselves openly as his enemies. They threatened to expel from the church any persons who listened to his preaching. This did not daunt Tyndale, however. It strengthened his purpose to give, as he himself said, "All the ploughboys in England the opportunity to know more of the Scriptures" than the priests did.

Sir John and Lady Walsh stood by him, and determined to protect him. Soon he felt it needful, however, to leave their house for the sake of their safety, and he sought and found a quiet room in London. Here he dwelt for six months, "studying most part of the day and night" at his book. Sir Humphrey Monmouth, the pious and benevolent alderman in whose house he lived, found himself before very long at the Tower, on a charge of having aided Tyndale. He justified himself on the plea of not knowing any evil of his young student guest, and was set free. It seems that he afterwards contributed largely to the printing of the New Testament.

Tyndale felt himself alone, and sadly said, "Alas! is there no place where I can translate the Bible?" In the river Thames, at that moment, lay a vessel loading for Hamburg. Humphry Monmouth gave him ten pounds for the voyage; so, carrying only his New Testament, he went on board. "Our priests have buried the Testament of God," said he, "and all their study is to keep it down, that it rise not again; but nothing can hinder the Word of God, as nothing could hinder the Lord Jesus of old from issuing from the tomb."

He left England in 1523, and never returned to it. After a quiet time in Cologne, "where he printed the gospels of Matthew and Mark, he had to fly to Worms, where he was able to finish the whole New Testament.

The year 1525 will ever be memorable in our annals as that in which the first printed edition of the New Testament came to us. But how did it come? If Tyndale himself had been driven from our Island by his persecutor, it was not likely that his work would be openly welcomed. So methods of transport had to be devised, and friendly merchants had the books hidden away in bales, or stowed in the hearts of sacks of corn. Pucked in these, or in some other "traffick of the merchants," these priceless treasures reached our shores. They were soon put in circulation among people who knew

how to value them, and thus the great work, which no power on earth has been able to stop, though at times there have been hindrances, was carried on.

E. A.

PRIZE LIST.

Age over 12 years.

1. EDWARD BRUCE, age 11. 114, Victoria Road, Torry, Aberdeen.
2. IRY JONES, age 11. Home for Orphan Girls, 64, Lewisham Road, S.E.
3. MAMIE TEWKESBURY, age 11. Vicarage St., Painswick, Gloucestershire.
4. CHARLES TIER, age 11. 90, Mina Rd., Old Kent Rd., London, S.E. 17.

COMMENDED.

- L. Brunsell, D. Dunkley, D. Hill, M. Hodgkiss, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, C. Wood.

Age over 10, but not over 12 years.

1. MARJORIE SMITH, age 11. 29, Garners Lane, Davenport, Stockport.
2. FRED GWYNN, age 11. 231, Coronation Road, Bristol.
3. E. LINLEY, age 12. Home for Orphan Girls, 64, Lewisham Road, S.E.
4. GRACE HOLDER, age 12. 30, Cromwell Street, Gloucester.

COMMENDED.

- F. Perry, W. Champ, B. Horne, S. Major, E. Redman, C. Rose, H. Selley, H. Ward.

Age 10 years and under.

1. MARGARET GEDDES. 1, Ferrier St., Leith.
2. ALFC FAIRBAIRN, age 9. Whittingham, Northumberland.
3. HARRY TEASDALE. 46, Greenbank Rd., Altofts, Normanton, Yorks.
4. N. SMITH, age 9. 29, Garners Lane, Davenport, Stockport.

COMMENDED.

- II. Gray, Q. Hickson, S. Osman, R. Shell, L. Swall, M. Sykes, A. Wood.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

Owing to heavy increase in cost of paper we are regretfully obliged to increase the price of this magazine for 1915 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 August, 1918.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Who is called God's servant in Jer. 27. ?
2. "Hearken . . . waste." Find this passage and write it out (Jer. 27.).
3. Why did Hananiah die ? (Jer. 28.)
4. How long was the captivity in Babylon to last ? (Jer. 29.)
5. "I will save . . . captivity." Find this passage and write it out (Jer. 30.)
6. What would the watchman upon Mount Ephraim say ? (Jer. 31.)
7. What did the Lord say would satisfy His people ? (Jer. 31.)
8. What did the Lord say about "this city" in Jer. 32. ?
9. What did the Lord say about "this land" in Jer. 32. ?
10. Write out two passages from Jer. 32. where the words "too hard" occur.

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 $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

Several of you have so *nearly* won a prize. Do not be discouraged, but try a little harder next time. I am glad to see that the prizes are divided equally between the boys and girls this time. Do not forget that the *neat, well-written* papers get the most marks.

We want a good many more searchers under 10 years old. If you have younger brothers or sisters, encourage them to do the work.

Someone says last month's questions were hard. If you find them so difficult, please tell me.

H. Hawkins should read the answers given, and he will see why he is always in the third class.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing" (Gal. 6. 9).

My love to you all,
Your friend,

J. L.

June Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Allibone, C. Ashmore, M. Buckel, L. Brunskill, E. Bruce, K. Bull, C. Carter, M. Collins, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, L. Dean, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, F. Farley, C. Fifer, J. Foster, M. Forrester, G. Gage, L. Gerrel, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, M. Hodgkiss, D. Holden, D. Jones, I. Jones, D. Lefaux, N. Lees, D. Lever, H. Mackenzie, J. Milton, R. Morrison, E. Palmer, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, A. Punter, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Silk, J. Stephenson, M. Stevens, D. Silcox, A. Silk, B. Stockdale, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, M. Way, A. Walton, L. Wareham, G. Wood, C. Wood.

2nd Class.—K. Ayres, C. Ayres, O. Blanchard, R. Nichol, V. Sones.

3rd Class.—None.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—F. Berry, S. Bussey, E. Bryant, W. Champ, J. Cooling, M. Davies, E. Darrah, N. Foster, F. Gwynn, B. Horne, G. Holder, H. Hughes, E. Linley, D. Matthews, J. Macdonald, D. Macdonald, S. Major, T. Morris, E. Redman, L. Rickards, I. Ross, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, G. Scott, C. Thevenard, M. Told, P. Turner, H. Ward, L. Westmoreland.

2nd Class.—E. Gray, H. Hewines, M. Holden, W. Lever.

3rd Class.—E. Baynes, P. Crookes, J. King, N. Younger.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—M. Bussey, A. Bull, R. Bryant, A. Fairbairn, M. Geddes, Q. Hickson, N. Lefaux, G. Loye, S. Osman, E. Routhan, N. Robson, L. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart, M. Sykes, H. Teasdale, I. Wareham, M. Walton, L. Way, A. Wood.

2nd Class.—E. Durant, N. Evans, H. Gray, J. Ireson.

3rd Class.—H. Hawkins, A. Walker.

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Josiah, Jehoiakim and Zedekiah. (Jer. 1. 2, 3).
2. The Lord touched Jeremiah's mouth. (Jer. 1. 9.)
3. My people have forgotten Me days without number. (Jer. 2. 32.)
4. Their sins. (Jer. 5. 25.)
5. To amend their ways and their doings. (Jer. 7. 3.)
6. Jer. 9. 1 written out.
7. Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me, that I am the Lord. (Jer. 9. 24.)
8. Because the number of their gods were as the cities of Judah and the number of their altars as the streets of Jerusalem. (Jer. 11. 13.)
9. The Lord would mar the pride of Judah and the great pride of Jerusalem. (Jer. 13. 9.)
10. Part of Jer. 15. 16 written out.

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HAVE YOU BEEN CONVERTED?" SHE SAID.

Sept 1912

FAITH OR WORKS?

TWO girl friends who had not seen each other for some time previously, were talking over things which had happened since they last met.

E—had the glad news to tell that she had been converted, and was now trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

"Have you been converted?" she said to her friend.

"No, but I have been confirmed. It is the same thing, only I call it being 'confirmed,' and you call it being 'converted'; but it is all the same religion."

And so think many others, but confirmation is vitally different from conversion; for, however earnestly and conscientiously I may seek to carry out the vows made in my name as to my leading a good religious life, the question of my sins before God remains untouched.

I can only get right with God by being converted; that is, by turning to Him as a lost sinner under His judgment. As such He freely forgives me, on the ground that Christ died and shed His blood on Calvary's cross to atone to Him for my sins.

My salvation thus rests on Christ's atoning work alone. My own efforts, merits, or good works having no part whatever in it—but now, as one forgiven and "justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 39), I am exhorted to "walk worthy of the Lord" and to be "fruitful in every good work" (Col. i. 10).

The absolute necessity of conversion if we are to enter heaven, is proved by the words of the Lord Jesus Himself: "*Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven*" (Matt. xviii. 3).

F. A.



THE SUNSHINE OF THE FACE.

IT was a terrible night. The storm was raging fearfully round a man-of-war far away in the Chinese Sea, off the coast of Singapore. Could the vessel live through the tempest? It seemed doubtful, and many stout hearts not used to tremble were trembling now.

The men off duty were in their berths below, but it was no time for sleep, for none could say whether they might not all be swept into the angry waters long before morning. All were wishing they were safe on shore; many were feeling now, with death staring them in the face, that there was something wrong within—that the great matter between themselves and God had not yet been settled.

But a cheerful voice was heard amongst them, "Well, my men, I'm come down to read to you: the Word of God is the same in a storm as in a calm, and always does us good." The words came from a young military officer on board, one who, whether on sea or land, always served his God as well as his earthly sovereign, and never lost an opportunity of doing his Master service. His own heart was full of the love of Jesus; he had come to the Saviour with his load of sin, and had left it there, and he had felt the perfect peace which that Saviour gives to those who trust Him in simple faith like this.

Yes, even on this night of tumult and danger the peace was in his heart, and it shone out in his countenance, and as he sat there on a mess-table, holding on to a rope, with his Bible open in his hand, his face was like a sunbeam.

The officer read, and talked, and prayed out of the fulness of his own spirit, rejoicing in his God.

After a while the storm abated, the howling wind sank gradually; the morning came at last, and the sun shone out on dripping decks, and torn sails, and weary workers; but the danger was over and no harm done. Everything went on as usual, and, as far as human eye could see, the solemn feelings of that awful night had passed away with the storm that gave rise to them. The vessel reached the port, and the officer went on his way.

Some years after, while walking in the streets of Singapore, a man touched his hat to him. The officer stopped, and asked him how he knew him.

"Oh, sir," said the man, "I have reason to know you, and much indeed to thank you for. Do you remember the night of that terrible gale off St. Paul's? I was lying in my hammock in fear and trembling, when I saw you come down to read the Bible to the men. I could not hear a word you said, but I could see your face, and I watched you the whole time. I saw your bright, happy smile, just the same as ever. I said to myself, 'Here am I, an old sailor, many years at sea, and I am afraid now in this gale, and here's a landsman as happy as if he were ashore!' I felt that you had what I had not: I felt that you had what I had heard you say you had—forgiveness of sins, and eternal life. I prayed that night. Ever afterwards I came near you when you were reading, and when I left the ship I was a believer in Jesus Christ."



"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).



"USING THE BIBLE AS A FOOTSTOOL."

ENGLAND'S YOUNGEST KING.

KING EDWARD VI was quite a boy when he came to the throne of England on the death of Henry VIII, his father.

His early piety and reverence for God's Word are matters of history, as is the incident portrayed in our picture, where he is seen restraining one of his companions from using a large Bible as a footstool in order to reach something from a tall chest.

At his coronation ceremony, when the three swords of the three kingdoms were brought to him, he remarked that one was yet wanting, and 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, and can do nothing. Under that we ought to live, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of Divine strength."

J. A. S.



A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

WHO can pray like a thoroughly Christian mother? Such a mother will continue to pray for her bad boy long after the father has given him up as hopeless.

Many years ago there was a mother in Somerville, N.J., whose son, a young man, had begun to lead a dissolute life. One evening she begged him not to spend that evening away from her, but he declared that he would. He said, "Mother, I'm not going to be tied to your apron-string; I am going to go." The mother replied, "Please try and remember every moment to-night that, until you come back, I am going to be on my knees asking God to save you." The son, with a rude gesture and muttered oath, rushed from her presence and spent the night in a shameful carousal.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he got home. He had managed to keep his mother out of his mind during his revelry. As he got to the house he saw a light shining through the shutters. Turning the blinds down and looking in, he saw his mother on her knees, and heard her pray, "God, save my wandering boy."

Going to his room he threw himself on his bed, but could not sleep. After a while he arose, then knelt down, and it seemed to him as though Christ's power proceeded from the room where his wrestling mother was pleading with God, and it led him to cry out, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" And that very morning he was saved.

The news of his salvation soon spread in the neighbourhood, and in three weeks from that time more than two hundred young people had been converted. This young man became the father of T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn. Could that young man doubt that God hears and answers prayer?



"If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you (John xv. 7).

A STORY OF "THE BLACK WATCH."

ONE May day, more than a hundred years ago, the garrison at Edinburgh was called out to assemble on the Castle Hill. Muffled drums were solemnly beating; three coffins were carried from the citadel. If it were a funeral it was a strange one, for the coffins were empty, and there was nobody dead.

Behind the three coffins marched three Highland soldiers, two of them belonging to the 42nd "Black Watch" Regiment. All three were condemned to death. An officer read aloud their sentence; it told that at the court-martial which had been held the three men had been found guilty of the crime of mutiny, and of inciting others to the same, and were sentenced to be shot. So they knelt down, and their eyes were bandaged; in front of them the firing party was drawn up, with the guns pointed ready to take aim. Just as their last moment seemed to have come, Sir Adolphus Oughton stepped forward, and held up three pardons. He said: "In consequence of the gallantry displayed by the 42nd regiment, to which two of the prisoners belong, His Majesty has graciously pardoned all three. Soldiers, resume your arms, and rejoin your companies."

And so the death-sentence was reversed; their lives were given back to them, not only as pardoned subjects, but also as accepted soldiers in their king's service. And all through the merits of others! For the sake of the comrades who had acted bravely in the presence of the enemy; for their sakes they were allowed to go free and unpunished.

Such is the story of an incident said to have taken place on the 29th May, 1779.

All the world stands "guilty before God";
"all have sinned."

"Without shedding of blood is no remission."

But Another has taken our place, and offers a free and full pardon to all who will have it.

"Christ hath once suffered for sins, the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God."

"He that believeth on Him is not condemned: he that believeth not is condemned already."

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Let us remember, when we end our prayers,
"for Jesus Christ's sake," that He Himself, and His merits, are our only plea.

* ~~Mine~~ is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
~~Mine~~ is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God!

THREE QUESTIONS.

WILLIE had taken his place in the Sunday-school for the first time. The teacher, before commencing, thus addressed the new boy. "Willie, I have three questions to put to you, and I expect you to answer them."
"Well, sir, I will if I can." "The first question is, Do you believe God is *able* to save you?"
"I am sure He is." "The next question is, Do you believe God is *willing* to save you?"
"Yes, He is." "Now, Willie, the third question is, Do you believe God is *able* and *willing* to save you, for Jesus Christ's sake, NOW?" To this question Willie was silent; but it bore fruit in due time.

When school was over, Willie returned home, and said to his mother: "Mother, dear, I want to speak to you privately." The mother was surprised at her boy's wish, but said, "Come along, Willie, into a quiet corner, and let me hear what it is." Willie said, "Mother, I have three questions to ask you." "Well, let me hear them." "Mother, do you believe God is *able* to save you?" "Certainly, Willie." "Do you believe God is *willing* to save you?" "To be sure, I do." "Mother, do you believe God is *able* and *willing* to save you, for Jesus' sake, NOW?"

The mother was silent at the third question, but it was an arrow that went to her conscience. Ere long she came to Christ as a sinner, and found He was not only able and willing to save, but that He saved her NOW, and now she is rejoicing.

* * *

GOING HOME.

"... One shall be *taken home*, and the other left" (Luke xvii. 34, 36, Rotherham).

THOU faithful, tender Shepherd,
Thou art stirring up the nest;
And in every little circle,
Thou art doing what is best.

Thou art sending tribulation
Where Thy people sit at ease;
Thou art giving strong conviction
Where they seek themselves to please.

Earth is growing very homeless,
Thou art carrying out Thy Will;
Thou art making vacant places
For Thyself *alone* to fill.

"I am coming very quickly."
And we answer, "Yes, Lord, Come."
For to those who rise to meet Thee,
It is only "*going Home!*"

THE FIRST MARTYR IN MARY'S REIGN.

GEORGE MARSH was a farmer in the then rural parish of Deane, Lancashire.

About the year 1555 he became a marked man because of his godliness.

On Deane Moor he would meet his friends and kneel and pray with them.

"My dear friend," said a neighbour, on one of these occasions, "a warrant is out for your arrest. Had you not better fly?"

"Who seeks me?" asked George Marsh.

"One Roger Wrinstone, and they have orders to take thee first to Smithills, and then to the Earl of Derby and his council at Lathom House."

"Let us seek guidance from the Lord," said the pious farmer.

The two knelt on the dark and desolate moor, and prayed that God would graciously show His servant the way wherein he should walk.

George Marsh passed that night in a neighbouring house.

"Here is a letter for thee, friend," said the householder next day, placing the package in his hands.

"In no wise fly," wrote an anonymous correspondent, "but abide and boldly confess the faith of Jesus Christ."

"So I will," exclaimed the stout-hearted farmer; "I will patiently bear such cross as it shall please God to lay upon my shoulders."

"And what wilt thou do now?" asked his host.

"I will go of mine own free will to Smithills. I have done wrong to no man."

With that he set out, entreating his host to comfort his wife and little children. They parted with many tears on both sides.

George Marsh was apprehended at Smithills and despatched forthwith to Lathom.

Then the Earl of Derby questioned him. He was bullied and threatened and cross-examined in a very vexatious manner most of the afternoon by the members of the Earl's council.

"Thrust him into ward," shouted the Earl at length.

The brave farmer describes his prison in the following words:

"I lay in a cold, windy stone house, where there was little room, two nights without any bed, saving a few great canvas tent-cloths; and, that done, I had a pair of sheets, but no woollen clothes; and so continued till Palm Sunday, occupying myself as well as I could in meditation, prayer, and study."

On Palm Sunday, after dinner, Marsh was examined once more. In the middle of the

examination the Vicar of Prescott took him aside and conferred with him.

"His answers are sufficient for a beginner, until he hath learned further," said the vicar, kindly, to the council, wishing to save him.

George Marsh was thereupon dismissed and sent to the servants' quarters. But his conscience reproved him for want of faithfulness. He began openly to declare his hatred of the Mass, and was sent to Lancaster Castle.

Here he was lodged among the worst and vilest characters, and loaded with chains.

Even so he preached to his fellow prisoners, prayed with them, and read the Scriptures to them in so audible a voice that people passing by would seat themselves beneath the Castle walls to listen to God's Word read.

From Lancaster he was removed to Chester, and during four months he was examined almost daily, either in his own miserable prison, or in the ancient hall of the abbot's residence.

At the last public examination many Popish priests and ignorant people called out:

"For shame, man! recant, recant!"

"I cannot deny God's truth," was the firm reply.

When the day of his execution came his keeper shed tears and said, "Farewell, good George."

With his open Bible in his hand and his eyes on the page, George Marsh went forward to an open space called Spital Boughton, where the stake was prepared.

"This man goeth not unto his death as a thief, or as one that deserveth to die," said the common people as he passed by.

Then a strange thing occurred.

One of the Sheriffs, Master Cooper, and his armed followers, moved by the goodness and courage of the prisoner, attempted a rescue, and a fight ensued. The Sheriff was, however, defeated, and had to flee over the border into Wales, where he remained until the reign of Elizabeth.

"George Marsh," shouted the other Sheriff, "we must have no sermoning."

"Master," replied George, "I desire only to pray."

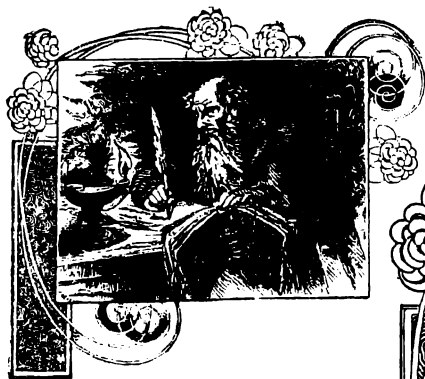
The last words of George Marsh were: "Father of heaven, have mercy upon me," and with that his sufferings came to an end, and he fell asleep in Jesus.

The townspeople were deeply stirred at the foul murder of this pious and innocent farmer. The universal opinion was that George Marsh was a martyr and had died for the truth.

EXTRACTED.

* * * * *

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10.).



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



IX. THE CHAINED BIBLE.

IN the year 1526 the Bishop of London, Tunstall by name, was greatly alarmed at the news which reached his ears of printed copies of the New Testament in the English tongue having come into England. He set his wits to work as to the best way to get rid of them. All the copies that he and his priests could lay hands on were burned in a huge bonfire, with great ceremony, at Paul's Cross.

On hearing this, a good and wealthy merchant, a friend of Tyndale's, Packington by name, came to the Bishop and told him that if he could give him sufficient money, he would obtain a large number more. The Bishop fell into the trap, and delightedly placed in Mr. Packington's hands the necessary sum. Soon afterwards this good merchant crossed over to Holland on business, and while there he went to see Tyndale and told him of his bargain with Tunstall. "I am glad," was Tyndale's answer, "for two benefits shall come thereof—the whole world will cry out at the burning of God's Word, and I have got enough money to newly imprint the Book again." Thus once more Satan's efforts to stop the spread of God's truth were defeated, and the Word of the Lord grew and multiplied.

In 1534, nine years later, Tyndale issued a revised version of the New Testament, having in

the intervening years translated the Pentateuch and Jonah from the Hebrew into English. This proved to be his last work. Shortly afterwards he was entrapped by his enemies and thrown into the dungeons of the Castle of Vilvorde, eighteen miles from Antwerp. For a hundred and thirty-five days he was kept a prisoner, while being tried for heresy. On October 6, 1536, he was led out to a martyr's death.

Many of the young readers of OUR CHILDREN have seen the statue of William Tyndale on the Thames Embankment. It is well that such a man should be remembered. He was God's chosen instrument for placing the Bible in the hands of the people of our land, and when his work was finished, the high honour was put upon him of being numbered with the noble army of martyrs. His last words were the prayer, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes."

Two copies, and two only, of Tyndale's Testament have come down to us. One of these is in the library of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the other is in the Baptist College at Bristol.

In passing, there are two names which must not be left out in connection with the production of the Scriptures in English. Miles Coverdale and John Rogers, each had an important share in the great work.

In the days of Wiclif, over 500 years ago, the manner of speech in this land was very much unlike what it is now, and before his time it was still more different. By degrees, as years passed by, the Norman tongue mixed more and more with the early Anglo-Saxon, and our English language became more dignified and poetic, until in Tyndale's days it was very much as we know it now in our Bible.

William Tyndale's dying prayer was answered in a remarkable way a year after his death. Thomas Cromwell, the Lord Chancellor, succeeded in persuading King Henry VIII to sanction the use of John Rogers' translation of the Holy Scriptures, commonly known as "Matthews' Bible."

When the king gave his consent, of course the bishops and priests had no power to withhold it from the people. Henry VIII further gave command that a copy of the Bible should be placed in some suitable place in each parish church, chained to the desk for security, and read by some one who was scholar enough to do so, to all who cared to gather. At the head of these articles you may see such a reader standing in front of one of these 'chained' Bibles.

In this way God's message became known to many men and women who otherwise would have had no access to it. All sorts of people came to these readings—rich and poor, highly-placed nobles and humbler folk, and we may be quite sure that many hearts were full of thanks to God for this liberty to read His Word, after the terrible times of difficulty there had been.

But this season of liberty did not last long. The clouds gathered thickly, and many more were added to the long roll of martyrs on behalf of the Truth.

E. A.

* * *

THE TAILOR'S CONVERSION.

ONE Lord's day, during the summer, a large company gathered together in the open air to hear a young farmer, whose conversion and preaching was causing much surprise and interest in the neighbourhood of his Devonshire farm. After singing and prayer, the young preacher broke the silence by giving out his text, "Flee from the wrath to come." The results of that night's testimony will be fully manifested in the day of Christ. Of one conversion we will speak.

Unknown to anyone, a tailor in the village, who would not be seen attending such a service, stealthily crept behind a hedge about one hundred yards from the speaker. In the midst

of his address the preacher raised his voice, and cried, "Flee from the wrath to come." The soft wind carried the words to the man behind the hedge, and the Holy Spirit carried them home to his heart with convincing power. He became too miserable to work. On his wife asking him what was the matter, he replied, "It is soul trouble."

The young farmer was invited to see the broken-hearted man. The third chapter of John was read, prayer was offered, and there and then he believed on the Son, and confessed Him with his mouth. From that hour to the end of his life he went on his way rejoicing, with a transformed life and a blessing to all around.

* * *

NOT ALONE.

THE meeting was finished, and the boys all gone but a lad of 16, who sat alone, crying. The speaker sat down by him, and opening the Word of God pointed him to the Saviour. He understood, he yielded, he accepted, and yet the tears would flow; what could be the trouble? Listen: "Oh, sir, I can see that God has saved and received me, but, sir,—I've taught my little brother to sin."

"We don't go along life's pathway

Alone, this we know full well,

We are leading some with us to heaven,

Or dragging them down to hell."

You may face the fact of your sin to-day, you may roll the burden on to the Lord Jesus, you may be free and forgiven for His sake. Will you face it now?

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 September, 1918.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. "Call . . . not" Find this verse and write it out. (Jer. 33.)
2. When Jerusalem "dwelt safely," what name should be given to her? (Jer. 33.)
3. What did the Lord say about the "cities of Judah"? (Jer. 34.)
4. Who were commended by the Lord for being obedient to their father? (Jer. 35.)
5. Who were afraid when they heard Baruch read the roll? (Jer. 36.)
6. What did the king do when the roll was read to him? (Jer. 36.)
7. Why could not the king take Jeremiah? (Jer. 36.)
8. Why did they put Jeremiah in prison? (Jer. 37.)
9. How was Jeremiah taken out of the dungeon? (Jer. 38.)
10. What did Jeremiah tell Zedekiah to do in order to save his (the king's) life? (Jer. 38.)

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 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

This month we come to a very interesting part of Jeremiah's life, and we shall see how faithful he was and how obedient to the word of the Lord, although he had to suffer very much for it. We see, too, how God took care of him and saved him from his enemies. I think we may be encouraged as we read the Bible to seek more earnestly to do what is right and to be obedient to God's word in all things.

One searcher in Newport has put no name on the paper.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

July Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Alibone, H. Alibone, K. Ayres, C. Ayres, M. Bawtree, L. Brook, M. Buckel, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, K. Bull, M. Collins, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, F. Farley, C. Fifer, M. Forrester, G. Gage, L. Gerrel, M. Goodwin, L. Gwynn, L. Hewson, M. Hockley, L. Hockley, E. Holden, N. Jenkins, I. Jones, D. Lefeaux, D. Lever, J. Macdonald, D. Mattson, R. Morrison, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, D. Swall, V. Sons, D. Silk, A. Silk, K. Sykes, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, P. Turner, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, L. Widdig, G. R. Wood, G. Wood.

2nd Class.—L. Cox, D. Hill, L. Hobbs, C. Thorogood.

3rd Class.—E. Wyatt.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—F. Berry, A. Bull, E. Bryant, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, M. Davies, R. Fenton, R. Fleming, N. Foster, E. Gray, M. Geddes, F. Gwynn, E. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, V. Jenkins, E. Limley, D. Matthews, D. Macdonald, A. Martin, C. Martin, S. Major, E. Redman, L. Rickards, E. Routhan, C. Rose, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, M. Sykes, R. Tewkesbury, M. Todd, M. Walton.

2nd Class.—J. Foster, N. Lefeaux, W. Lever, W. Selley, C. Thevenard, D. Wolfenden.

3rd Class.—M. Bailey, A. Barugh, M. Harris, T. Morris.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—E. Durant, A. Fairbairn, E. Fleming, H. Gray, M. McKechnie, N. Robson, A. Sewell, M. Silk, N. Smith, L. Way, A. Wood.

2nd Class.—R. Bryant, B. Graves, G. Loye, S. Osman, L. Swall, A. Walker.

3rd Class.—H. Barugh, M. Wolledge.

ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Part of Jer. 16. 19 written out.
2. Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord (Jer. 17. 5).
3. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is (Jer. 17. 7).
4. The Lord likened the house of Israel in His hand to clay in the potter's hand (Jer. 18. 6).
5. It was a figure of the way God would break the people and the city (Jer. 19. 11).
6. He smote Jeremiah and put him in the stocks (Jer. 20. 2).
7. Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord their God, and worshipped other gods, and served them (Jer. 22. 9).
8. I will raise unto David a righteous Branch, and a King shall reign and prosper, and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth (Jer. 23. 5).
9. This house shall be like Shiloh, and this city shall be desolate without an inhabitant (Jer. 26. 9).
10. This man is worthy to die (Jer. 26. 11).

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HE WAS PICKED UP SHORTLY AFTERWARDS."

THE LAST MAN TO LEAVE.

IT had been blowing half a gale all day, and the heavy, grey seas swept the deck of the tramp steamer as she plunged her way through them, homeward bound.

Captain James had not often had such an eventful voyage. One thing after another had occurred to disturb an otherwise monotonous trip, and now he found himself with a number of troops on board, as well as several passengers. It was not often that the *Colonia* carried more than her own grimy crew.

Naturally the commander was anxious that the voyage might be brought to a safe termination; for since his human cargo had increased so much the accommodation in the ship's boats would be quite inadequate if anything necessitated their being used.

It was at midnight that it happened. No one knew how it started, but loud cries of alarm aroused passengers and crew to a sense of danger. Arrived on the deck, all was confusion, and dense clouds of black smoke made it most difficult to see what was happening.

It appeared that a fire had broken out in No. 1 hold in that mysterious way that only fire has. It was at first thought a simple matter to extinguish the flames, but reaching some oil they spread with most alarming rapidity, and long before day broke it was evident that the ship was doomed.

Passengers huddled together in the fore part of the ship—the only part not attacked thus far by the flame—while the crew, assisted by the soldiers, fought the flames to try to keep them down as long as possible until help should arrive.

A more awful situation could scarcely be imagined. We only know of one more dreadful, and that is the position of the sinner in his sins. He is in danger of the cold waters of death closing over his guilty head, and the fires of Divine judgment will inevitably consume him unless he is saved.

The unfortunate people on the *Colonia* could not save themselves, they were entirely dependent on deliverance outside of themselves. It is just the same with the sinner. Left to himself he must perish, but Jesus said: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." He came while we were yet without strength and "died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 6). The blood atones for sin, and faith in Him removes our guilty fear of death and judgment.

He was at hand for the people on the *Colonia*. Someone espied a vessel in the distance making towards them, and a hearty cheer went up as the news passed round the smoky

deck. Hasty preparations were made for removing passengers and crew, "women and children first!" Then followed the soldiers whose efforts had probably saved the lives of all by keeping the fire in check for many hours.

The captain was the last man to leave, and he did so by plunging into the sea to be picked up shortly afterwards by one of the vessels which had by this time arrived on the scene.

"So everyone was saved?" you say.

No, indeed, they were not.

Why does Captain James linger on the vessel when that explosion gives such plain warning of her approaching end? Still clinging to the forepart of the ship are a few panic-stricken people. Their minds have evidently given way, for they refuse utterly to leave the ship. They are afraid, or they are not sure they could do it, and the sea looks so rough. In vain does Captain James entreat, threaten, and even try force. He is compelled to leave—not a moment too soon—for the vessel after another huge explosion settles down stern first, and those who refused to be saved perish miserably.

How like those who either wilfully or carelessly remain unsaved to-day. Jesus entreats you to trust yourself to Him, warns you of coming wrath, and His Word assures us of the perfect security of all who trust Him. "They shall never perish," He says. "Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand" (John x.).

J. A. S.

* * *

ETERNITY.

AN old sea captain was standing one day upon a vessel's deck. By some accident he fell overboard at the bow: a rope was instantly thrown him, and he caught it just in time, and was saved as the vessel glided by. But what struck him was this: he told me that in those few minutes, and they were but few, his whole life's history passed before him. O memory, what art thou? Perhaps it is the worm that never dies, the never-to-be-effaced recollections of the past.

* * *

Eternity, eternity, how seldom people think of its never-ending ages. It must be for ever with our God, or for ever banished from His presence.

* * *

In a discussion between two railroad engineers, touching the best construction of arches, one said to the other, "This which you see has stood firm ever since the road was built, and bids fair to stand twenty years longer, firm and strong."

"Yes," replied the other, "it may last twenty years longer, and you may construct as many arches as you please, but sooner or later they will tumble down; but I am *building for eternity*."

* * * *

In Noah's time no doubt the people living then had what they would call a "good time." They laughed, and bought, and sold, and builded, and tried to enjoy themselves. But where are they now? In 1 Peter we learn they are forever in prison, lost through a never-ending eternity.

* * * *

Dear young friend, get this all important matter settled, so that you will be sure to spend your eternity with our Lord, in the "land that is fairer than day."

* * *

CURIOUS MESSAGES FROM BANK NOTES.

SOME years ago on a Bank of England ten-pound note were found these striking words: "Money—an article which can be used as a universal provider of everything except happiness, and as a universal passport to every place except heaven."

On another:—

"Oh, who can tell with clear account
The ebbing of life's glass,
While all its sands, like diamond sparks
Keep glittering as they pass?"

"And this is the final spark, this poor rag! it glittered but a single moment, and *then*—!"

On a third: "Good-bye, thou tantalizing child of Threadneedle Street! . . . Go, proclaim to the world that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished."

To none of these jottings had the writers added their names, or even initials; we have, therefore, no idea of their identity, but of this we are perfectly sure, that the whole trio had learnt how utterly valueless is money to secure present and eternal peace.

I can give you just a solitary instance of a name—aye, a distinguished name—being affixed. Whenever I sojourn in your beautiful country, how it gladdens me to discover at least a *few* English people who appreciate Robert Burns! Alas! poor Burns had in his early days a very hard struggle: first the rhyming attempts did not pay, and on trying a farm, he found it nearly as difficult to make both ends meet. At length, in desperation, he laid a plan—happily, however, frustrated—of emigrating to Jamaica, and while

preparing for the voyage, he scribbled on a one-pound bank note:—

"Wae worth thy power, thou cursed leaf!
Fell source o' a' my woe and grief!
For lack o' thee I leave this much-loved shore,
Never, maybe, to greet auld Scotland more!"

Sad experience, yet by no means exceptional. Are you *poor*, my reader?

Be not anxious: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."

Or are you *rich*?

Trust in neither your silver, nor your gold; they shall not be able to deliver you. Trust *only* in the Lord Jesus Christ, who has redeemed you, not with corruptible things, but with His own most precious blood, that you may find in Himself your sum-total of happiness, and that all you possess may be consecrated to His service. His alone is the silver; His alone is the gold. *Not until you and I realize this does money become to us a blessing.*

And for His dear sake, according to our ability, how can we best lay it out?

Perhaps one more little bank note message may, if we have forgotten, remind us.

A letter received by Sir Walter Scott, dated the 22nd of April, 1813, from Lady Louisa Stuart, contains this extremely interesting sentence: "You will enjoy an incident that occurred yesterday; in her change for a draft, Lady Douglas found a Paisley pound note, very thumbed and dirty, on the back of which was a blotting that she noticed by chance, which looked like a verse, and with much pains I deciphered it for her:—

"Farewell, my note! and whereso'er ye wend,
Shun gaudy scenes, and be the poor man's friend;
Ye've left a poor one, go to one as poor,
And drive distress and hunger from his door."

When I further tell you that at once Lady Douglas delightedly took the hint, you will feel as pleased as did Sir Walter, who, in answering Lady Louisa, said: "I am sure it will give the author the greatest pleasure, if he comes to know it, that his lines attracted attention, and caused the paper to be passed on, heaven-directed, to the poor."

Shall the lines not speak to *us* likewise? and shall they not stir us up, as often as we can justly spare the gift, to follow the noble example of Lady Douglas?

"The love of money is the root of all evil," but the prompt, unselfish, wise *use* of money in relieving the many who need it, and in thus honouring our divine Lord and Master to whom it all belongs, shall bring reward ten thousand-fold.

SEL.

SAVIOUR AND FRIEND.

IN a very humble cot,
 In a rather quiet spot,
 In the suds and in the soap,
 Worked a woman, full of hope.
 Working, singing, all alone,
 In a sort of undertone : •
 "Oh, the Saviour is my Friend ;
 He will love me to the end."

Just a trifle lonesome she,
 Just as poor as poor could be,
 But her spirit always rose
 Like the bubbles in her clothes ;
 And though widowed and alone,
 Still she sung the monotone
 Of her Saviour and her Friend,
 Who would love her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub
 On the washboard in the tub,
 While the baby, sopped in suds,
 Rolled and tumbled in the duds,
 Or was paddling in the pools
 Playing with his string and spoons,
 She still humming of that Friend
 Who would love her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds
 Have their root in human needs ;
 And no argument can strip
 From that washerwoman's lip
 That sweet song that still she sings,
 And the joy that song still brings.
 Sure the Saviour is her Friend ;
 He will love her to the end.

* * *

NOT FULL YET.

"**M**AMMA," said little Fred,
 "I can't love God and
 you both, so I'll choose
 you."

"Why, my child, what do you
 mean ?"

"'Cause I must love God with
 all my heart, and there isn't but
 one 'all' to it, so if I love Him
 with all, there won't be one bit left
 for you."

Mamma asked Fred to fill a
 large pan with potatoes.

"There," said he, "it's full."

"Full, yet there's room," answered
 mother, as she shook beans
 into the big spaces between them.

"Neither is it full yet," she
 said ; and she scattered sand over
 the pan.

"Not full yet," she said again,
 as she poured water on the pan.

"Now you see how a thing can
 be full and yet hold more—of
 something else."

"So your heart may be full of
 the love of God, and so full of the
 love to God, and plenty of room
 left for me, and papa, and sister,
 and books, and play."

* * *

"O SATISFY us early with Thy
 mercy ; that we may rejoice and be
 glad all our days" (Psalms xc. 14).



"CAN'T LOVE GOD AND YOU BOTH."

A SERMON TO SAILORS.

IN the course of Whitfield's visit to New York he had a special service for sailors. The sermon, we are told, was a masterpiece.

The famous preacher thus began:—"Well, here we are, my lads, starting under a clear sky, and making fine headway over a smooth sea. We have a light breeze, too, and shall soon lose sight of land.

"*But*, what means this sudden lowering of the heavens, and that big, leaden cloud arising from beneath yonder western horizon? And look! don't you see lightning-flashes? Hark! don't you hear thunder-peals? Certainly a storm is brewing.

"Every man to his duty! Not a single second to wait.

"How pitch-dark it is growing! How the foam is dashing over the deck! And, oh, listen—crack! crack! crack!—the masts are all gone—now the ship is on her beam-ends—terrible!—what *shall* we do to be saved?"

At this climax came a dead pause, while with a face of intense emotion the speaker stood scanning his thrilled audience.

As by the power of magic, the whole body of tars sprang to their feet, shouting: "Take to the lifeboat! take to the lifeboat!" and were actually on the point of rushing away from their seats to seize the oars, when in subdued tones, the softest, sweetest, tenderest, Whitfield preached unto them **JESUS!**

Many that day learned for the first time the meaning of those words: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15).



WHAT A SCRAP OF PAPER DID.

IN the South of Ireland a Roman Catholic young lady was putting up some curtains in a sitting-room, and was using some tacks contained in a paper which was evidently a leaf from some book. When she had used all the tacks, she sent her servant for a fresh supply.

While waiting, she began to read the words on the paper which contained the tacks, and to her astonishment it contained the story of a king who went out of his mind and "did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven." Her curiosity was greatly aroused as to whom the description applied.

A few days after she had occasion to go to a home for servants, and while in the waiting room she turned over the leaves of a book on the table. To her surprise she came on the same story, and found that the book was the Bible. On her way home she bought a copy of the Scriptures, and at once read through the Book of Daniel and the New Testament.

The priest said it was wrong for her to read the Bible, it would lead her into heresy, and asked her to give up the Bible. Afterwards she was introduced to a clergyman, who afterwards was the Dean of Cork, and under his instruction she was brought into the light of the Gospel, and became a true servant of our Lord.



"DROP YOUR CANDLE."

A PARTY of tourists, each carrying a candle, were exploring a celebrated cave in America.

One of them was feeling greatly disappointed with the place, of which he had heard much. But suddenly the guide set light to a roll of magnesium ribbon he carried.

In a moment the whole scene was changed. The grandeur, height, and beauty of his surroundings now held that disappointed visitor spellbound. Dropping his candle, he gazed in awe and delight at the wonderful effects of mingled crystals, and stalactite, as revealed by that clear and splendid light.

Years afterwards, describing some of the details of the sight, that American minister compared himself when exploring that cave to a man reading God's Word with only the little candle of his own human intellect to guide him. He may be learned enough to translate it into four or five languages, and yet fail to see the God revealed in it, or to discover any of its hidden beauties! Why?

Because he hasn't dropped his own candle, and relied on the illumination of the Blessed Holy Ghost, "the Spirit of Truth." For "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." And of Him, the Son of God Himself said, "He will guide you into all truth."



GRASS GROWING ON THE PATH.

THE earliest converts in Africa had no churches or private rooms in which to pray.

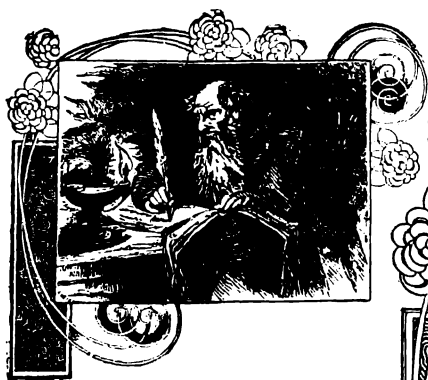
So each chose a separate spot in the thicket, where they would hold communion with God.

The paths to these Bethels became distinctly marked.

When one of the converts became lukewarm and indifferent, the others would gently rebuke him.

"Brother," they would say, "the grass is growing on your path yonder."

Is the grass growing on the path to the sacred spot where we once held constant communion with God?



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



X.—AN ARMY OF MARTYRS.

HENRY VIII had no real love for God or His Word, although he had given command that all his subjects who wished to do so could read the 'chained' Bibles in the churches. And so the enemies of the Truth, after a time, got their own way in the matter, and again persecution arose because of the Word. Mercifully it was not to last long. Henry died, and was succeeded by his son, Edward VI. This young king had a studious mind and a true desire for all that was good. It is said that at his Coronation three Swords of State were borne before him. He asked for the fourth sword. "What sword, your majesty?" asked one of the attendants. "The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," replied the king.

For the brief six years during which he reigned, liberty to read the Scriptures was granted. Fierce and hot were the fiery trials that came, however, in the reign of Queen Mary, who ascended the throne on the death of her young step-brother. Several hundreds of faithful followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and lovers of His Word, were burnt to death rather than give up their faith and hope in their Saviour. Queen Mary had a very sad life. She had many troubles which had embittered her heart. How far she was responsible for the cruel treatment of the Christians it is not possible to know.

For five years God allowed His people to suffer. The noble army of martyrs grew larger. John Rogers was the first to suffer. Then came John Bradford. The three friends, Latimer, Ridley, and Cranmer, and many more passed to Heaven in a fiery chariot. Some of these suffered in London, others in Bristol and elsewhere. One, Derrick Carver, was burnt at Lewes, in Sussex. His Bible was rudely torn from him, and flung at his feet amid the burning faggots which were stacked round him. He stooped, and picking it up, flung it among the crowd. It was reverently gathered up and greatly treasured by some one brave enough to dare the peril involved in keeping it. This very Bible is still preserved, blood-stained and scorched, as a witness of what our martyrs endured.

Pause a moment, and ask yourself, you who read this, *how much do I love my Bible?* How much do I give up in order to read it? How far do I obey it?

These dark times of martyrdom not only caused the death of many brave men and women, but they also drove into exile in foreign lands many who were able to escape, and who, while saving their lives, lost home and everything else dear to them.

Geneva had become, under John Calvin, the stronghold of true faith in God and in His Word,

and it was for long the hospitable home of many a refugee. John Knox, the fearless Scotch divine, was one of these.

In 1500, the second year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Genevan Bible was issued. This was a revision of Tyndale's version, which a number of diligent scholars undertook in order to get the most accurate rendering into English of the Hebrew and Greek text. This was the first portable (or easily carried) edition of God's Word, and also the first within the purchasing power of people who were not wealthy. It is sometimes called "The Breeches Bible," because in the story of Adam and Eve, in Gen. iii., verse 7, it reads "They sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves breeches." This Genevan Bible was, further, the first in which the chapters were divided into verses. Before this the reading was in "paragraphs."

In Elizabeth's reign there was yet another edition of the Bible published. This was in 1568, and was known as "The Bishops' Bible," owing to the fact that eight bishops were among the company who revised the edition already in circulation (Matthew's, or the Great Bible), under the superintendence of Archbishop Parker.

At last we come to the version that is so familiar and so dear to us in our homes and churches to-day, the "Authorised" version. This was brought out in the reign of James I, in the year 1611, and if you will take the trouble to read the long and closely printed address to King James which the revisers have placed as a preface to the Book, you will see the desires and hopes which were in their hearts concerning the welfare of the English people which is so intimately connected with reading and obeying God's Word.

This "Authorised" version was an important undertaking. Forty-seven of the greatest Biblical scholars of the time met together for several years, discussing and explaining, word by word from Genesis to Revelation, with the purpose of getting the clearest and truest translation of God's thoughts, as He has given them to us in His word, put into the best possible English.

These forty-seven "Revisers" were divided into three companies: fifteen were in Oxford, fifteen in Cambridge, and seventeen in Westminster. The results of their discussions were handed to each gathering, to be re-discussed, and alterations and amendments made. Each of these good men felt the importance of the work they were all engaged in, and for the past 300 years English-speaking people in all lands have reaped the inestimable benefit of their careful labours.

In the year 1870, in the reign of Queen Victoria, it was thought well to have another

revision of the Bible, and in June of that year another company of godly scholars met in the Jerusalem chamber at Westminster Abbey for this purpose. After fifteen years of most painstaking effort among countless ancient manuscripts of the Scriptures, the "Revised Version" of the Bible was completed in May, 1885. Most of you have heard of it, and perhaps some of you read it. It contains some valuable alterations in the text, but, on the whole, perhaps its chief value lies in the fact that it has proved to us how very true and accurate was the old Authorised Version which we know and love so well.

Through this brief history of God's Word in its various conditions through the past 3000 years and more since Moses wrote the beginning of it, under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, we have seen how, at every crisis, God has raised up and fitted men to do His work and to fulfil His will in the story of Redemption. It is a wonderful story of the Divine power and goodness, and the more we think of it, the more we are compelled to value our Bible and to praise our God.

We may indeed pray earnestly that we may never let go our liberty in reading and in obeying His word.

"We won't give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its Saving Voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide,
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart
Resolve that from God's sacred Word
They'll never, never part."

E. A.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA,

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 October, 1918.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. What happened to Zedekiah? (Jer. 39.)
2. What charge did Nebuchadnezzar give concerning Jeremiah? (Jer. 39.)
3. "Therefore this thing is come upon you." What did this refer to? (Jer. 40.)
4. What did the captains ask Jeremiah to pray for? (Jer. 42.)
5. What did they promise to do? (Jer. 42.)
6. How did they receive Jeremiah's words? (Jer. 43.)
7. Where did they go in disobedience to the word of the Lord? (Jer. 43.)
8. "For I will punish . . . pestilence." (Find this verse and write it out.) (Jer. 44.)
9. What did the great multitude say about the word Jeremiah had spoken? (Jer. 44.)
10. What did Jeremiah write in a book? What happened to the book? (Jer. 51.)

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 ½d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

This month we finish our questions on Jeremiah. The end of the book gives us a very sad story, and we feel as we read it down—What a pity the people *would* have their own king and disobey the Lord! He would have blessed them so much, but they lost the blessing by their disobedience. Let us *always* take care that we do not follow their example, but let us *always* yield to the Lord Jesus and obey Him from our hearts (Eph. 6, 6).

A paper has come from Lewisham Road without a name.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

August Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, K. Ayres, M. Bawtree, I. Brook, M. Buckel, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, M. Collins, L. Cox, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, F. Farley, J. Foster, L. Gerrell, L. Gwynn, G. Holder, R. Hawkins, D. Hill, E. Holden, V. Jenkins, I. Jones, D. Lefeau, D. Lever, R. Morrison, A. Overington, E. Palmer, V. Pritchett, P. Purvis, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Swall, D. Swall, V. Sones, D. Silcox, A. Silk, K. Sykes, J. Sutherland, K. Taylor, W. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, C. Thorogood, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, L. Wilding, E. Wyatt.

2nd Class.—J. Milton.

3rd Class.—None.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—F. Berry, E. Bryant, R. Bryant, P. Crookes, J. Colding, M. Davies, N. Foster, F. Gwynn, B. Horne, M. Holden, N. Lefeaux, W. Lever, E. Linley, D. Matthews, S. Major, E. Morton, E. Redman, L. Rickards, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, H. Selley, W. Selley, M. Smith, C. Smith, M. Sykes, J. Slee, H. Taylor, C. Thevenard, M. Todd, P. Turner, M. Walton, S. Wakefield, A. Wakefield, L. Way.

2nd Class.—K. Morton, T. Morris, S. Osman, D. Woffenden.

3rd Class.—H. Hughes, R. Tewkesbury.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—A. Fairbairn, B. Graves, N. Hawkes, J. Ireson, G. Loye, M. McKechnie, C. McIver, N. Robson, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart, C. Taylor, A. Wood.

2nd Class.—R. Bryant.

3rd Class.—H. Barugh.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon (Jer. 27, 6.)
2. Jer. 27, 17 written out.
3. Because he prophesied falsely in the name of the Lord. (Jer. 28, 17.)
4. For seventy years (Jer. 29, 10).
5. Part of Jer. 30, 10 written out.
6. Arise ye, and let us go up to Zion unto the Lord our God. (Jer. 31, 6.)
7. My people shall be satisfied with My goodness. (Jer. 31, 14.)
8. I will give this city into the hand of the king of Babylon, and he shall take it (Jer. 32, 3.)
9. Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land (Jer. 32, 15.)
10. There is nothing too hard for Thee. (Jer. 32, 17.)
- Is there anything too hard for Me? (Jer. 32, 27.)

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



IT COST HIM A GREAT DEAL TO GO THROUGH THE ORDEAL.

TOO LATE!

THERE was an air of suppressed excitement amongst the boys of St. Oswin's as they assembled for morning school one day in the Autumn term. In little groups they crossed the playground discussing coming events in low confidential tones. All agreed that the headmaster had looked very grave as he came through after breakfast, and he had been seen in serious consultation with the undermasters in a way that portended a coming storm. Something had been found out, and many of those who took their places that morning were uneasy, for it is seldom that a British schoolboy has not something in the nature of a scrape to account for.

Harry James was sure—as were a dozen of his companions in transgression—that the pillow raid the previous night, made by his dormitory on the peaceful inhabitants of the "dorm" adjoining, was to be made the basis of a vindication of discipline.

Others thought of various unauthorized visits to the town made after the hour when everything outside the school area was put "out of bounds," or of the hundred and one things which they had done in the course of the term in defiance of the long list of "Rules" so carefully framed by the masters of St. Oswin's.

A dead silence came over the school as all rose to acknowledge the entrance of Dr. Hanson, and after a short pause the Doctor commenced: "Boys, I am very sorry I have to speak to you about a matter which occurred yesterday and has come to my knowledge this morning. During the afternoon someone has visited dormitory No. 4 and, after opening Singleton's drawer, has done him what seems to be a mean and spiteful injury. Several articles of personal value to the owner, such as photographs of relations, have been torn or defaced. Books and a stamp album have been scored over in pencil and permanently damaged. The whole contents of the drawer were found, scattered about, by the matron, who reported the matter to me.

"I am loth to believe that we have amongst us one who would wilfully injure another lad from motives of malice, and hope this may prove to be a badly conceived practical joke. I am determined that the matter shall be sifted, and I now ask the boy who is responsible for this action to come forward."

The next few moments did not produce anyone ready to confess, and Dr. Hanson asked whether any boy could give any information on the matter. This further appeal being fruitless, he announced that in the absence of

a confession he must hold the whole dormitory responsible, and that each boy would be fined to make good the damage to their schoolfellow's property. As an alternative to this he undertook that if the guilty boy would come to his room before supper that night, and own to it, he would inflict no further punishment than that he should give compensation for the damage.

"I have never yet appealed to you boys," he added, "on a point of honour in vain; and I confidently count on the boy who has been so misguided as to do this thing to come to me and own his fault in a straightforward manner."

These last words were uttered with a good deal of feeling, and it was quite evident that the master was most anxious that the boy who had done it should not be afraid to make a manly confession.

School routine prevented any discussion amongst the boys, who found it a very long morning indeed, and many minds were far away from the subject in hand. Handley, when suddenly asked in the history class to give the cause of the American Civil War, murmured absently, "Compensation for the damage," and immediately became the subject of the unworthy suspicions of his classmates. When he reminded them afterwards, however, that he had been in Market Hampton all the afternoon doing messages for Mr. Snaith, one of the masters, he was immediately acquitted.

There was one boy, however, whose feelings were better imagined than described. Ray Harper shrank from the other fellows and sought the quiet of the playing fields alone. Yes; he had done it! He felt a perfect end, and he ought to go to see the Head before supper—but then, what would all the fellows say? If only he could be sure that they would not know, it would be so much easier then.

Ray was really no sneak, and had acted as he had done hastily, under a sense of grievance, real or imaginary, against Singleton. As a matter of fact he did not sleep in No. 4, but chance had presented him with the opportunity for doing what he almost immediately regretted.

Dinner time and afternoon school came and went. Ray shirked the issue more than once when conscience urged him to make his confession without further delay. Finally, he postponed it until just before supper. He could slip in then when it was dark, and no one need know he had visited the study at all.

Alas! for these fatal delays. Just as he was making his way to the private end of the building two or three of his friends met him and chaffingly asked him if he was going to confess. None of them really suspected him, but the chaff turned the scale, and supper time

too passed by, and with it the opportunity for confession and the Head's offer of leniency.

That night Ray knew what it was to feel guilty and condemned. His own conscience condemned him; he knew the verdict his school-fellows would pass upon him if ever it came out now. In addition, he knew he could not expect the gracious treatment promised by Dr. Hanson in the morning if he did make his confession to-morrow. He was too late, too late, *too late!*

* * * *

Boys, *you who are reading this story*, stop before the end of it is told, and think whether you too have not a confession to make. Let your conscience remind you of sins *against God*, unconfessed and unforgiven. Listen to God's invitation to you. He says, "I will abundantly pardon." Remember that He gave Jesus to bear the penalty of our sins upon the cross, so that the Bible tells us that "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John i.). This forgiveness can be yours *now* if you "own up," confessing yourself to be a sinner to God, who will freely forgive you for Jesus' sake.

* * * *

Ray will never forget that night nor the day following. Dr. Hanson again addressed the boys, and said that, having been called out the previous evening, he wished to give another opportunity for the boy who wished to confess. Consequently the time would be extended till supper time again that night. This time Ray took no risks, and he has never regretted doing the right thing that day. True, it cost him a great deal to go through the ordeal in the study, and a great deal more when he had to come before his school-fellows, which Dr. Hanson insisted on. Still, he was rid of the burden of unconfessed guilt, and in time his hasty action was almost forgotten. He and Singleton became firm friends, and Ray has long since made more than "compensation for the damage."

* * * *

Boys, just one more hint, *take no risks for eternity!*

God has not said His offer of forgiveness will close at supper time to-night, but it may close at any time. It has been extended year after year, because He wants *you* to be saved.

Remember the alternative to forgiveness is condemnation—eternal and irrevocable!

Come to God by Jesus, and—unlike our story—no one else need know anything about the sins you confess. God alone, who knows them all, will put them away for ever.

J. A. S.

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

SATURDAY, July 6, their gracious Majesties celebrated their silver wedding, and as the vast crowds assembled from an early morning hour for a passing glimpse of the King, many thoughts were conjured up of the coming of the King of kings. These crowds did not mind the long wait, the weariness and discomfort, so long as they could see their earthly sovereign; and God has said, "Behold thy King cometh," and "Thine eyes shall behold the King in His beauty" (Isa. xxxiii. 17). Are we watching and waiting for His coming?

No one was allowed within the sacred precincts of the cathedral without a special card of admission, and no one can enter into the presence of our Divine King unless wearing the spotless robe of *His* righteousness. Carriage after carriage, with celebrities in them, passed by, but they were almost unnoticed, no one had eyes for anyone but our beloved King. At an early hour the barriers were closed, and the way blocked, and many came too late and had to be turned away—too late!

Presently there was a distinct roar, which drew nearer and nearer as the people cheered, and one knew His Majesty was coming. The outriders in scarlet appeared, then the lovely horses, and there in the carriage sat King George. What cheering arose. "The King"! "The King"! No one in the vast assemblage was ashamed when he appeared—they were all loyal subjects. Shall we be ashamed before our King when He comes? or are we His own loyal subjects?

Many sorely wounded men were helped up the steps into St. Paul's—men who had lost limbs, sight, hearing, but they were all smiling. Had they not done their "bit," fighting bravely for love of King and country! King George honours them and does much by sympathy, cheer, and practical deeds to help them, but he cannot do what our King of kings will do when He comes. "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened." What a day of gladness that will be!

To-day many are spiritually blind, and can see no beauty in Christ—some are deaf, and cannot hear His voice, many, even of His children, are dumb, so that they cannot speak a word for Him. But if we come to Christ for sight and healing, even here we shall see His beauty (though afterwards still more when we shall see Him "face to face"), so that hearts will go out in such love to Him, that we shall want to serve Him faithfully. Then when He comes we shall stand amongst His redeemed and give Him such a loyal, royal welcome.

A. W.



"WHEN I SEE THE BLOOD I WILL PASS OVER YOU."

THE PASCHAL LAMB.

"When I see the blood I will pass over you."

WHY did the paschal lamb
Of old for Israel bleed?
To be their safeguard and their feast,
To sprinkle and to feed.

Dwell not, my searching soul,
On ritual shadows now,
Christ is the Lamb, all pure and whole,
The ransom'd firstborn thou.

Fear not the doom of sin,
For through thy blood-stained door
The dread avenger comes not in
To smite - but passeth o'er.

He looks, he calls from high,
"Art thou to die, or live?"
He hears the posts and lintel cry,
"Forgive, forgive, forgive!"

BY LOCH TROOL.

AN ideal place for a quiet holiday, amid the rough and rugged scenery of Galloway, is the shore of Loch Trool. Here, in years of the distant past, some of God's persecuted servants had their hiding-places, and all around the district lie their graves. On a rugged stone, near the Loch, the names of six martyrs are inscribed, "who were surprised while at prayer, and suffered on the spot" for their faith, in 1685. With their lives they bought the liberty we now enjoy. It was a great joy to a few of us who were there on holiday, to stand on the sacred spot and sing the praise of the Lord, without fear, and then to go to the nearest village and tell the story of Redeeming Love, which one young girl believed, and then went on her way rejoicing in a new-found salvation.

* * *

DOING AND UNDOING.

YOU are alive - your life means something - but what?

A clergyman when visiting in a hospital met a doctor, who said, "You will be speaking to that man over there presently; I fear he is not long for this world."

Arrived at his bedside the visitor, in course of conversation, broke the news to the dying man, and added, "Seeing you have perhaps so short a time to live, is there anything I can do for you?"

After a pause, the reply came, "No, thank you, I think not, sir; but can you undo something?"

It is always the past that makes us afraid of the future. Look back upon *your* life: is there something there you wish had never been, and would give much to undo?

Two gentlemen were driving through a country village. One said, "I would give all I possess to be able to cut out of my life the years of my boyhood spent in this village."

"You cannot *cut* them out," said his companion, "but they may be *blotted* out - the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanse us from all sin."

So with *your* past, reader of these lines:

"Sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

ROBBIE AND HIS PRIZE.

"WELL, Robbie, has God forgiven *your* sins?" said Miss —, one of the helpers in some children's services, which were being held for older boys and girls, to a bright faced boy who was just leaving.

"Yes, He has," replied the boy.

"But Robbie, how do you *know* that God has forgiven you?"

"*Cos I asked Him to,*" said Robbie in a confident tone.

Many boys and girls have the false impression that their salvation depends on something they have to do themselves—by their good life, their good deeds, and all else that must be summed up in the words—"being good." But Robbie had learned from God's Word that He saves sinners solely in virtue of what *Christ has done for them*, by having died and shed His blood on Calvary's Cross, to atone for their sins, and that on that ground, and that alone, God freely forgives all who turn to Him.

Books were given as prizes for "Home work," which consisted chiefly of answers to questions relating to their soul's salvation, and Robbie became the owner of one of these prizes.

More than two years have passed since then, and again we have come in touch with Robbie, now a big boy, working in one of the shipyards of a neighbouring town.

Miss — had been asked to visit a young widow (through the war), who was in great trouble about her soul. She proved to be Robbie's aunt, with whom he was now lodging, to be near his work. "He became an *awful* religious boy after he went to those children's services," she said of him.

Her soul distress had been caused by reading his prize: "The Journey and its End." It had reminded her that at the end of life's journey was an eternity, which she would have to spend in either Heaven or Hell, and conscience told her that if her life was continued on its present lines, her eternity would not be spent in Heaven!

She would read there, too, of the salvation from that eternity of woe which God had provided for all who would avail themselves of it, and of the untold blessing that would be hers, for time and eternity, if she would turn to God and accept His offered mercy.

A great struggle was going on within for the world's pleasures—the theatre, the hippodrome, and the pictures still had charms for her, though she always felt more miserable than ever after she had been to them.

Through God's mercy to her, Miss —'s visit turned the scale, and she "came to Jesus"

as she was, and trusted in Him as her own personal Saviour—the One who said, "*Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 37).

Now she packs her little sitting room weekly with big boys and girls, while Miss — tells them of the Saviour who "came into the world to save sinners," and whose blood "*cleanseth from all sin*" (1 John i. 7). At the close of one of the last of these little meetings a young girl, who had listened with intense earnestness, said shyly, "Please ma'am, how can I get saved?"

"Trust in Jesus, —," said Robbie eagerly, not waiting for Miss — to reply. "Trust in Jesus, and ask God to forgive you your sins."

F. A.



THE MOORLAND STREAM.

IN the early autumn the beautiful moorlands of Scotland call to those who are good walkers to set out on a long tramp across their heather-covered expanses, and as the pedestrian sets off with his stout stick and knapsack, the glorious air, the purple heather, the lovely blue canopy overhead, all combine to lure him farther and farther over the moors, until at last he becomes very conscious of a parching thirst. The heather dust has filled his lungs and nostrils, and he craves for a deep cool draught of water—but none is to be seen.

At last, as he walks on, the faint but sweet music of a rippling burn breaks on his ear, and suddenly he discovers the wee streamlet of cool, delicious sparkling water, clear as crystal—almost hidden from view—but fresh from its source way up in the mountains, still untainted by anything of earth.

As he stoops to drink the cool refreshing draught, his thirst is assuaged, and he feels strengthened and vigorous, quite ready to set off once more.

That moorland stream is just a picture of what the Lord Jesus wants to be to us. He says, "Let him that is athirst, come" (Rev. xxii. 17). "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I give him, shall never thirst" (John iv. 14).

The water of life that Jesus gives is **absolutely** soul-satisfying, thirst-quenching and **refreshing**.

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,

'Behold, I freely give

The living water, thirty one,

'Stoop down, and drink, and live.'

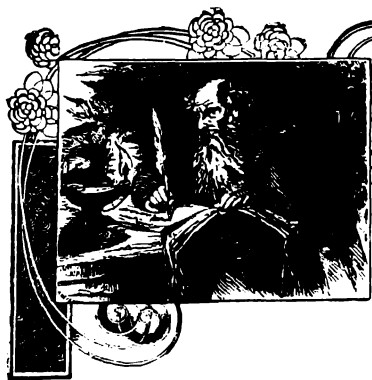
I came to Jesus, and I drank

Of that life-giving stream;

My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,

And now I live in Him."

A. W.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



XI. THE DE SACY BIBLE.

ABOUT the time that William Tyndale's translation of the Bible was printed at Antwerp, where, as you will remember, he had gone for safety from the persecutions that were happening in England, an eager demand for the Scriptures had sprung up in France. We will look, this month, at some of the things that took place in that country in connection with the spread of God's Word among its people. France has a very special interest for us to-day. Many of you who read these articles have fathers and brothers fighting bravely there in the terrible war; and in bygone ages there have been much fighting and suffering in that fair land. As in England men and women died rather than give up their faith in God and obedience to His Word, so in France there were many martyrs for the Truth. As copies of the printed Bible were circulated among the people new desires were awakened in their hearts. They were not satisfied with the teaching given them by the priests, and the **Book** moved their souls to deep feelings of awe and reverence, and longings to know more and **more** of the marvellous revelation of God contained in its pages. In these days, when Bibles are common in every household, it is perhaps difficult for us to understand the intensity of desire with which men in those

times regarded the sacred writings. The Bible then was rare and precious.

Among the most earnest of the scholarly men who gave their best energies and their learning to the consideration of how best to circulate the Bible, so that its light might shine brightly and dispel the darkness of superstition and sin that was over the people, was the director of the Monastery of Port Royal. The story of his work and its results is one which is well worth storing in your minds.

Le Maître de Sacy, as he was called, was in prison, in the Bastille, on a charge of heresy. During the three years of his confinement there he turned his attention to translating the Bible, so as to gain admittance for it among Roman Catholics. The versions that were in circulation at the time were not approved by these people because they were the work of Protestants. But God, who loves *all* men, and has made provision for their salvation if they repent of their sins and believe His Word, in His gracious providence raised up this man, De Sacy, from the bosom of the Roman Church itself, to provide a copy of the Scriptures that would be read by its members, and is read to-day.

This employment made De Sacy rejoice even in his prison cell. "How happy," said he, "am I in being here! God shows me that He wishes me to be here!" When De Sacy

came out of prison he finished the entire translation of the Bible into French, with his fellow-labourers.

Whilst they were carrying forward this work, let us see what was passing among the nuns in the Convent of Port Royal. These nuns, animated by a spirit not very usual among nuns, had divided themselves into groups, and had established a course of unceasing prayer. When one group had finished its allotted time for prayer in the Convent Chapel, another group came immediately to occupy its place, and so through days and nights there went up unceasing prayer to God.

Do you ask what were they praying for? The answer to that question shows how wonderful and gracious is the love of God. He had put into their hearts the fervent prayer that He would pour down upon the translators of His Word the spirit of wisdom and understanding, so that none other than a holy and pure translation of the inspired volume should issue from their pens. And this in a time when persecution for reading the Scriptures had not altogether ceased.

As soon as the version was ready, it was issued with the Greek and Latin text by its side, so that all who were able might judge of the scrupulous fidelity of the translation.

Such is the story of the De Sacy Bible.

E. A.

"WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME."

A LITTLE black girl who had heard very little of the Saviour, commenced to go to Sunday-school and eagerly listened to the story of Jesus and His love.

One Sunday she was missing from her place, and during the following week the teacher received a message asking her to call to see the little girl who was ill.

"Oh! teacher," she said when the lady entered the room, "I do want to know the way to be saved."

"There is only one way," the teacher replied, and she tried to explain in simple language God's wonderful love in sending Jesus to be our Saviour and Friend. "Because He has died for sinners, God says that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life."

Soon after that she left, thinking how wonderful was God's salvation which comes freely to all who will receive it simply by faith.

The next time she saw the little black girl she said: "I am so happy because I have trusted Jesus, and I know I am saved because He says so!"

K.

THE GRUMBLE MAN.

"I WONDER how he ever got into this house. I am sure the front door was locked. Yes, and the windows shut; but he got in somehow?"

"Who, mother?" piped up May, as she lay on the lounge complaining. "Who got into our house? Did he steal anything? Where is he?"

"Yes, child," replied mother, looking grave. "He stole—let me see. Yes, his name was Mr. Grumble; he came to the face of my little girl and stole away the pretty smiles, and put deep furrows in her forehead, drew lines across her mouth, and made her lips pout. He changed the expression of her face so that no one, to look at her, would recognize her as my little girl, who usually has such a happy face."

"Oh, mother, you are making fun of me," cried May, and the tears began to fall in earnest.

"Dear me! Now we shall have rivers, too, if we don't look out; run quickly and open the door, May, so that the horrid fellow can get out."

May ran to the door and opened it, and a nice, soft breeze blew in her face and tossed her pretty hair; and she came back laughing, and said, "I chased him out, mother, and he shall never get into this house again if I can help it."

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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, 1918.

Subject—The glory of the Lord. (Ezekiel.)

1. To whom did the word of the Lord come expressly? (Ezekiel 1.)
2. What was the appearance of the glory of the Lord likened to in Ezekiel 1.?
3. To whom was Ezekiel sent? (Ezekiel 2.)
4. What did the voice behind Ezekiel say? (Ezekiel 3.)
5. What did Ezekiel see in the plain? (Ezekiel 3.)
6. "And behold . . . there." Find this passage and write it out (Ezekiel 8.).
7. What had gone up to the threshold of the house? (Ezekiel 9.)
8. What was the court full of? (Ezekiel 10.)
9. What was seen on the mountain east of the city? (Ezekiel 11.)
10. What three things are told us about the glory of God or of the Lord in Ezekiel 43.?

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 **1d. stamp** (unless over 1oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

This month we have a few questions on the book of Ezekiel. It is a difficult book for you to understand, but I think you will be interested to see how the glory of the Lord had to leave the temple because of the sins of the people, and yet how we are told at the end of the book that the glory of the Lord will return. What a wonderful day it will be when this takes place! There is a verse in 2 Cor. 3. about the glory of the Lord. Would you all like to find it?

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

September Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, K. Ayres, M. Bawtree, E. Barnetson, T. Brook, R. Burtonshaw, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, M. Collins, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, L. Gerrel, L. Gwynn, G. Holder, D. Hill, V. Jenkins, D. Lefeaux, D. Lever, J. Milton, R. Morrison, R. Nichol, P. Purvis, V. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Swall, D. Swall, V. Sones, D. Silcox, A. Silk, K. Sykes, J. Sutherland, K. Taylor, W. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, A. Walton, H. Ward, L. Wilding.

2nd Class.—M. Buckel, E. Holden.

3rd Class.—R. Hawkins.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—F. Berry, E. Bryant, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, E. Darrak, N. Foster, M. Geddes, F. Gwynn, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, E. Jenkins, N. Lefeaux, M. Lever, E. Linley, D. Matthews, S. Major, K. Minton, S. Osman, E. Redman, L. Rickards, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, M. Smith, F. Shepherd, C. Smith, M. Sykes, H. Taylor, R. Tewkesbury, W. Thynne, M. Todd, P. Turner, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland.

2nd Class.—T. Morris, A. Singer.

3rd Class.—R. Bryant, H. Hawkins.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—R. Bryant, E. Durant, A. Fairbairn, E. Graves, M. McKechnie, N. Robson, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart, A. Walker.

2nd Class.—G. Loye.

3rd Class.—None.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. Jer. 33. 3 written out.
2. "The Lord our Righteousness." (Jer. 33. 16.)
3. The Lord said He would make the cities of Judah a desolation without an inhabitant. (Jer. 34. 22.)
4. The Rechabites. (Jer. 35. 14.)
5. The princes. (Jer. 36. 16.)
6. The king cut out some of the leaves of the roll and put them in the fire. (Jer. 36. 23.)
7. Because the Lord hid him. (Jer. 36. 26.)
8. Because they thought that he was going over to the Chaldeans. (Jer. 37. 13.)
9. They drew Jeremiah up with cords out of the dungeon. (Jer. 38. 13.)
10. Jeremiah told him to go forth to the princes of the king of Babylon. (Jer. 38. 17.)

OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HOW JOLEY TO GO SHOPPING IN THE SNOW."

THE FUTURE AND THE PRESENT.

A LITTLE fellow was travelling in the train with his mother from that well-known pleasure resort, Blackpool, to one of the large Lancashire factory towns. For some time he sat evidently wrapt in deep thought, then at last, to the amusement of his fellow-passengers and his mother's confusion, he exclaimed, "If you'd only pawned that other blanket, mother, we might have stayed another day!"

He had evidently weighed the matter well, and decided that present pleasure was better than future comfort. Probably he was well versed in pawnshop transactions, and had seen goods redeemed on former occasions, and judged that it would be just as easy to do it again. And we have a good deal of sympathy with his preference for the fine rolling sea and bracing air of the famous coast town to his native smoke-laden street.

Yet his naïve remark made us think, and this is the line on which our thoughts ran. There are thousands of older folk who would smile at the little fellow's short-sightedness, and tell him that warmth in winter ought not to be sacrificed for pleasure in summer, who are yet sacrificing the future for the present. They are not like the ant that layeth up her meat for the winter time. They live for time and forget eternity. They clothe and feed and house their bodies, and are anxious to do it well, but they forget their souls—their precious souls, that must live for ever.

John Bunyan tells us in his famous dream of a visit to the house of the Interpreter. There were seen two lads, whose names were Passion and Patience. The former demanded and obtained all his good things now, and was soon to be reduced to rags; while Patience waited for his good things in the future. The Interpreter explained to the pilgrims that Passion represented those who said, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and truly he well represents those to whom the present seems greater than the future, and who, like Esau of old, sell their birthright and future prospects for some mess of pottage that will soon be consumed.

Patience, on the other hand, represented the Christian who waits for the best things until the future. While this is true, for the Lord gives the best wine last, yet the Christian has a pleasing portion now, and is happier in his sorrow than the worldling is in his joys. The true disciple has a hundredfold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting.

It is Christ that makes all the difference. The one who has Christ as his Saviour, be he young or old, rich or poor, is safe for ever and may be happy now.

"The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings,
A well of peace within it springs,
Come good or ill."

I remember a boy who had a rare gift of graphically describing his feelings, saying to me after he had yielded to the Saviour, "I feel as though a silver bell was ringing in my heart." Dear lad, he died a soldier's death in Flanders, but that silver bell rang sweetly amid the hardships of a soldier's life; for he followed the Lord, and will never regret that he made the future secure, and made the best of the present by coming as a needy sinner to the great Friend and Saviour of sinners, the Lord Jesus Christ.

J. T. M.

* * *

"FRANCS ARE MY GOD."

A MISSIONARY in far away Africa sends us the following incident, which may serve as a warning to those young readers who are inclined to put off their decision for Christ until they are older.

A trader came up the Sankuru, Belgian Congo, some time ago, and on the way up was spoken to about his soul by a missionary who was travelling on the same boat. He understood and spoke English well, but evidently cared very little about his soul's welfare. Soon after his arrival at Lusambo, he was spoken to by another missionary, and replied plainly, "Franks are my god."

After trading there for some time he was taken ill, and the same missionary went to him to nurse him, and tried several times to induce him to think of eternity, and to give his heart to the Lord. Feeling better than usual one day, he was again spoken to, and replied, "When I am well, I will teach you more theology than ever you knew." He was willing to teach but unwilling to learn, and died next day, still unrepentant, we fear. His mother was evidently a godly woman, but he did not learn the fear of God in his youth, and at the end of his life, although he had many opportunities, he missed them all.

God gives you now most blessed opportunities of yielding yourselves to the Saviour and of following Him in the paths of righteousness to His eternal home beyond the skies. If you let these opportunities slip by, and neglect God's great salvation, you may miss it for ever.

"NOBODY CAN BE SURE OF THAT."

IN the parish of my birth there was one man—and only one, so far as I knew—who said he was saved and sure of being in heaven.

That man was the talk of the whole country-side. Some said he was a hypocrite, because he read the Bible by the wayside. Others called him "presumptuous," and declared that "nobody can be sure of that till the great day." A special sermon was preached for his benefit by the parish minister, from the text, "Be not righteous overmuch" (Eccles. vii. 16), which gave great "satisfaction" to the parishioners.

But the day-labourer went on all the same, praising God for a present salvation, preaching in his own homely way to his neighbours about its blessings, and praying that the light of the Gospel might illuminate the minds of the people, giving them a share of the joy that filled his heart and brightened his life.

Then a wonderful thing happened.

A Peer of the Realm, whose castle was only a few miles off, had a lady visitor for a few weeks at the castle who had the same assurance of salvation as the village labourer. She was the means in God's hand of leading the Earl into the liberty and joy of God's salvation, and the Earl, like another nobleman of olden time, receiving the Word, "went on his way rejoicing" (Acts viii. 39).

His first visit was to the humble home of the day-labourer, who was the only man in the parish able to rejoice with him in his new-found liberty.

The Earl preached in the village church shortly after, and the astonished congregation said, as they walked homewards, "Either the Earl has gone mad, or old Jamie has been right all the time."

There were not a few sent to their Bibles to enquire what God has to say on the matter, and there are quite a number in that place to-day, who, although they once held "that none can be sure" of their salvation, are now able to say, "Behold, God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2). It is not what we **THINK**, or what this or that person **SAYS**, but, What saith the Scriptures? That settles the whole matter.

* * *

"I CAN BELIEVE."

A ROMAN Catholic man, who lived in the Western States of America, was taken suddenly very ill, and thinking he was going to die, became much troubled about his

sins. One night he awoke and begged that his wife would pray for him. She said she had never prayed herself and did not know how to pray.

"Oh! what shall I do for my poor soul?" cried the poor man. "Perhaps," said his wife, "our little Mary can pray. She goes to the Sunday School." "Go, call her at once," he said. "Mary, my child, can you pray?" "Oh, yes, father, I can; I will pray for you."

So she knelt down, and putting up her little hands, she prayed in her own language, asking God to have mercy on her father, and to pardon all his sins, and make him well for Jesus' sake.

When she had finished her father said, "Mary, will you read to me out of the Bible?" "Yes, I will, father." She then got her Bible and began to read the third chapter of John's Gospel.

When she came to these words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish—" "Oh, Mary, is that there?" said her father.

"Yes, father, it is; and these are the very words of Jesus."

"Well, that is just what I want. It is for me, a poor sinner. I can believe, I do believe." And from that moment he became a happy, bright Christian.

* * *

OLIVE'S DISCOVERY.

"WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN."—*John iii. 7.*

THERE was a little girl, whose name was Olive, who had two birthdays. You must not be surprised at this, for there are many little boys and girls who have two birthdays in each year.

She had been listening to an address given by a Christian, and our text was the one that was taken. After the service the preacher saw little Olive sobbing as though her heart would break. "Whatever is the matter, Olive?" he asked. She looked up with streaming eyes and quivering lips, and mournfully replied, "Please, sir, I've found out that I am not born again."

You see, she had made a great discovery. I wonder if you have ever discovered that you are not born again. He gently took her aside, and told her simply how she, a little sinner, could be born again by accepting Christ as her own Saviour. That night she received Him, taking God at His Word—"As many as received Him, to them gave He authority to become children of God"—then she knew that she was born again, and became one of God's large family.



"NOW THEIRS IS A HAPPY HOME."

ISA'S PICTURE BOOK.

NOT a religious book, or Gospel tract, dare Dick Wilson's wife bring into the house, for he had said if he ever found one of them within the door, he "would put them and her out together." She was a saved woman, and loved the Word of God, but had to keep "the Book" hid from her godless husband. Dick was very fond of Isa, his little girl, and often gave her pennies, which she kept in her "bank," till one day a colporteur came to the door, and Isa's "pennies" were invested in a pretty picture book, her mother taking care to select one in which the Gospel was clearly set forth. When Dick came home, Isa ran to "him in great glee, crying, "Dada, see my new book." And Dick said, "It's a beauty, Isa." God has His own ways of reaching sinners' hearts, and this was how he reached Dick—by the simple stories of grace in Isa's book. In the evening he offered to accompany his wife to a Gospel tent on the green, and God met Dick, and saved him. Now theirs is a happy home.

"WHERE THE WORD OF A KING IS, THERE IS POWER."

AN incident was recently recorded in the daily press which, while adding another to the many proofs of the tactful graciousness of His Majesty King George V., also affords an illustration of the power which accompanies the word of Him Who is "King of kings and Lord of lords."

In one of his frequent visits to the military hospitals, the surgeons drew His Majesty's attention to a patient on whom they had successfully performed a desperately daring operation. He had been fearfully wounded while attempting to save the last of three wounded officers, two of whom he had succeeded in bringing to a place of safety. And it was little less than a miracle that he had lived to reach the hospital—and should now be on the road to recovery.

Hearing the circumstances, the visitor approached the cot, and kindly said, "I wish you a speedy recovery, lieutenant."

"I am not a lieutenant, sir; I am a private," whispered the patient, ignorant of the King's identity.

"You were, but I have promoted you," was the reply, as His Majesty moved away.

It was not till increasing strength assured the surgeons that the excitement would not be harmful that the newly-made officer learned who his visitor was, and whose word he had attempted to correct.

We appreciate the incident; and we understand how the single word, "lieutenant," from the lips of the King changed the man at once from the private to the officer, and altered the whole outlook and course of his life.

Have you ever heard the life-giving Word addressed *to you*, personally, from the lips of the Son of God, which can alter the "whole outlook and course of life"?—not only for time, but for eternity! changing you from a lost sinner to a child, a son, an heir of God forever!

T.

Jest's said, to one needy soul: "Thy sins are forgiven" (Luke vii. 48), and God's word to you is: "That through His name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins" (Acts x. 43).

HAPPY LIZZIE; OR, "JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW."

BRIGHT as the morning was Lizzie's testimony to the saving grace of God, even when a child of five summers.

When she was three years old, she sang at our Sunday-school treat the well-known hymn, "Jesus loves me, this I know: for the Bible tells me so." As the sweet childish voice rang through the large hall, strong men wept, and one said, "It is the best sermon I ever heard."

I have not the slightest doubt Lizzie was saved by grace, and knew it at that early age.

It is sometimes said that all "good children die young," but Lizzie did not die, but lives still, happy in the dear Saviour's love. There has been no dipping of the sun behind dark clouds, no lapsing into frivolity, no running after the things of the world, when the days of childhood were past. Her life has been one of continued joy in the Lord, following in His ways and delighting to serve Him.

If you would be truly happy, from the days of youth right on through life, it can only be by knowing and believing that Jesus loves you, and that He is your personal Saviour and your Lord.



FOUND OUT.

LEROY FOREMAN was a soldier in the Army during the American Civil War.

In 1863 he, with his company, were quartered in a farming community where all the people were devoted to the Union.

One day a farmer lost a horse, and concluded it had been stolen. On investigation it was found that Foreman was the thief. He thought that perhaps he would escape detection, but the text says, "Be sure your sin will find you out." And that Leroy Foreman found to be true. He was brought before the court, and was found guilty, and sentenced to a term of six years in the penitentiary, for God's Word is ever true—"The way of transgressors is hard."

In spite of the guard put over him he escaped from the prison. But to his astonishment one day, as he walked along the street, six years after, a hand was laid on his shoulder and an officer of the law arrested him for the crime he had committed. He was tried once more, and sent to serve out the term of the sentence of the law.

Dear reader, sooner or later every transgressor of God's law must be brought into judgment, for God cannot "let off" the sinner. But

there is a way to be saved, to be delivered from the coming wrath, the arms of the Lord Jesus are open to receive you, just as you are: go to Him, and He will not cast you out.



"NOT TILL THEN."

AN old woman, bent nearly double with age and infirmity, said to me once, in a vexed tone, "It's no use you coming to see me. I've no time to think of such things. When I am on my deathbed, I shall be glad for you to come and pray with me; *but not till then!*"

Through my unwelcome visits she had heard of the Saviour who "came into the world to save sinners," and whose blood "cleanseth from all sin" (1 Tim. i. 15: 1 John i. 7), and had been urged to come to Him, and trust in Him as her own personal Saviour; but she had turned a deaf ear to it, and now had definitely put off all thought of these vital matters until her deathbed. Then I may go and pray with her, "but not till then."

Yet Christ had died and shed His blood to atone for her sins, and on the ground of it God was offering her full forgiveness if she would turn to Him, and believe His word! His message to man world-wide is, "Through this Man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38).

Alas! it was with this old woman as it is with many another.

"If you will not, when you may,
When *you* will, He'll say you nay."

A few weeks after the news came that she had been found lying on her cottage floor in an unconscious state: she was still alive but unable to speak.

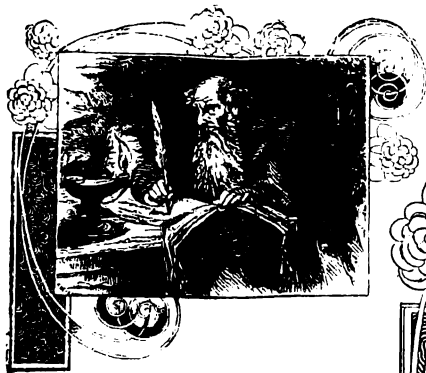
I went to her at once in the hope that even yet she would turn to God for His mercy.

As I entered her room she opened her eyes and recognized me. She tried to raise herself and made several attempts to speak, but it was too late: she fell back and died soon after!

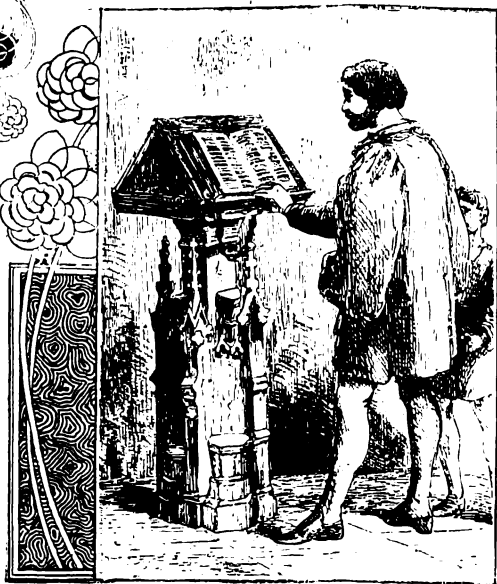
This, then, was her deathbed—the time she had fixed to put himself right with God!

Oh! the mad folly of leaving until a deathbed the tremendous question whether I shall spend eternity in the joys of heaven, or in hell, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!" Nay, the mad folly of putting off for a day! I may not have a to-morrow! and "how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation" (Heb. xi. 3).

F. A.



THE STORY OF THE BOOK



XII.—CONCLUSION.

AND now we come to the last month of 1918, and the last chapter of our "Story."

We have traced, back to its very beginning, the wonderful Book which we call the "Bible," and which is, very really, God's Word. We have seen something of the marvellous ways in which it has been handed down to us through all the centuries, in spite of great difficulties and dangers: and we have also seen a little, but only a very little, of what it has cost in the precious lives of men and women who faced suffering and cruel deaths rather than give up the Book which had brought them the news of their Saviour's Love for them.

And we have asked ourselves the question, "How do *I* treat God's Word? Do I love it and obey it as much as those people long ago did? How are we going to answer that question?"

But now let us think for a little while about the people for whom God first wrote His Book. They were, as most of you know, the Jews, and the Bible is a record of His dealings with them and of His purposes which still have to be fulfilled. The Bible is not a history of the world. It is almost entirely a history of the Jewish race (up to the time of Christ), whom God chose

for His own special people from among the other nations, and it is only as these other nations have come into touch with the Jews, that they find a place in the Scripture records.

Are you asking: "Then how is it that the Scriptures have come to us, who are not Jews, and are being sent also to nearly every nation under Heaven?"

The answer to that question is one which shows the love, and the mercy, and the faithfulness of God. John iii. 16 tells us that "God so loved the world, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting Life." This means exactly what it says: and while He chose the Jews (the children of Abraham) to be in a special manner His own earthly people, His love went out towards the people of all the other nations, so that, as Acts x. 35, every one who fears God and does what is right, is accepted with Him.

When at the first God made His covenant with Abraham (Gen. xii.), repeating it to Isaac (Gen. xxvi.), to Jacob (Gen. xxxiii.), and to the children of Israel before they entered the Promised Land, the promises of His presence and blessing were conditional upon their obedience to His commands (Deut. vii. 6, 8, 12). And if you read Deuteronomy xxxiii. you will

see how very full was God's promise of blessing, and how very terrible would be His punishments if His people turned away from Him. As we read on through Joshua and Judges, we see that they were not very long in the land of Canaan, before they fell into sinful ways; and they got further and further away from the God who had been so gracious and forgiving, until He had to punish them by allowing them to be taken into captivity into foreign countries (2 Kings xvii).

But even this sad experience did not lead them back to allegiance to Him. In spite of His messages to them by prophets, and by some good kings who tried to lead them back into right ways, they went on sinning so wilfully, that He had to again use a heathen king, Nebuchadnezzar, as His instrument of punishment, and for seventy long years the Jews were exiled from their home-land. But God loved them far too deeply to leave them alone in their wickedness. Again He brought them back to their land (see Ezra and Nehemiah), their glorious Temple was rebuilt and worship was restored, and they had again the opportunity of showing their gratitude and loyalty to Him.

But all His patient love seemed to be lost on these people. Even when the Lord Jesus Christ came down to live among them, to be the very presence of God in human form in their midst, they would not believe in Him, and— it is terrible to have to record it— they crucified Him! They would not have Him for their Messiah and Saviour, and so God had to leave them alone, and for the past two thousand years they have been wanderers all over the earth, with no country of their own, enduring hardships, sufferings, and persecutions, almost too terrible to think of. During these past nineteen centuries God has in His faithful love sent His Word with its message of salvation and hope to you and me and all the Gentile nations, and countless numbers of men and women have believed, and received eternal life. But you must not think that God has altogether cast away His ancient chosen people. He will never do that. Every one of the promises He made to them in the days long ago will be kept, when He sees the right time has come. We have been going through part of the fulfilment of His promise concerning the land He gave to them, in the recent fighting in Palestine. The Turkish power, which has so cruelly oppressed the Jews for centuries, has been overthrown through God's goodness in making Britain and her Allies victorious, and it may be that before very long, the land will be restored to its rightful owners, the Jews.

EDITORIAL.

OUR hearty thanks are due to our friends who have contributed to the pages of OUR CHILDREN during the year now drawing to a close, and also to many others who have distributed the Magazine amongst young people in Great Britain and the colonies.

The prayers of all interested in the Lord's work amongst the young are asked, as we are about to enter another year, that God would continue to bless the paper and use it for His own glory.

During 1919, "God willing," the old features—Scripture Searching, missionary stories, and illustrated Gospel papers—will be continued, and many of our young readers will welcome, we feel sure, the re-introduction of the

TEXT FOR COLOURING.

which will be found on the back page from January onwards.

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, LONDON, E.C.4.

WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,
12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES
BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

BIBLE AND TRACT DEPOT,
373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

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 December, 1918.

Subject—The Lord's Coming.

1. "The trumpet . . . changed." Find this passage and write it out (1 Cor. 15.)
2. Whom should we look for from heaven? (Phil. 3.)
3. What does Phil. 3. tell us that the Lord Jesus will do when He comes?
4. Whom will God bring with Him when Jesus comes? (1 Thess. 4.)
5. Who will rise first? (1 Thess. 4.)
6. "We, which . . . meet the Lord." Find this passage and write it out (1 Thess. 4.)
7. Whom were the Christians at Thessalonica waiting for? (1 Thess. 1.)
8. What does Heb. 9. tell us about the "second time" Christ will appear?
9. What does the grace of God teach us to look for? (Titus 2.)
10. Who say "Where is the promise of His coming"? And when? (2 Peter.)

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 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUR FRIENDS,

As this is the last month of the year, I thought we would take the subject of the Lord's coming. I wonder if you have thought about it at all? He is *really* coming again, as the verses you find out in answer to the questions will plainly tell you. And He is coming for those who belong to Him. Will you ask yourselves *earnestly*, "Do I belong to Him?" And if you have to say that you do not, will you come to Him *quickly*, for He says, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37).

E. Richardson and R. and H. Hawkins have given no answers to some of their questions, only chapter and verse. I am glad to welcome some new searchers this month, and hope *many* more will join in January.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

October Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

1st Class.—M. Hawtree, L. Brook, L. Brunsell, E. Bruce, M. Collins, L. Cox, G. Cook, C. Dawson, R. Devens, E. Derrick, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, L. Gwynn, D. Hill, V. Jenkins, V. Routhan, A. Swall, L. Swall, V. Sones, D. Silcox, A. Silk, K. Sykes, K. Taylor, L. Wilding, A. Walton.

2nd Class.—M. Buckel, G. Hobler, D. Lefaux, R. Morrison, H. Ward.

3rd Class.—R. Hawkins, P. Purvis.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

1st Class.—F. Berry, E. Bryant, P. Crookes, E. Darrah, N. Foster, M. Geddes, E. Gwynn, W. Hitch, B. Home, M. Holden, J. King, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, D. Matthews, T. Morris, E. Redman, M. Reed, L. Rickards, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, M. Smith, F. Shepherd, C. Smith, M. Sykes, H. Taylor, R. Trotter, P. Turner, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland.

2nd Class.—F. Weatherburn.

3rd Class.—H. Hawkins, E. Richardson.

Age 10 Years and under.

1st Class.—C. Blackburn, R. Bryant, E. Durant, A. Fairbairn, B. Graves, G. Love, C. Melver, J. Messenger, N. Reed, N. Robson, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart.

2nd Class.—L. Hewines.

3rd Class.—A. Walker.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—Jeremiah.

1. He was taken prisoner, his eyes were put out, he was bound with chains and carried to Babylon (Jer. 39. 5-7.)
2. Take him and look well to him, and do him no harm, but do unto him even as he shall say unto thee (Jer. 39. 12.)
3. The captain of the guard said this thing had come because they had sinned against the Lord and disobeyed His voice (Jer. 40. 3.)
4. That the Lord might show them the way to walk in and the thing to do (Jer. 42. 2, 3.)
5. They promised to obey the voice of the Lord (Jer. 42. 6.)
6. They said he spoke falsely (Jer. 43. 2.)
7. Into Egypt (Jer. 43. 7.)
8. Jer. 44. 13 written out.
9. They said they would not hearken (Jer. 44. 16.)
10. Jeremiah wrote in a book all the evil that should come upon Babylon, and the book was cast into the Euphrates (Jer. 51. 60-63.)