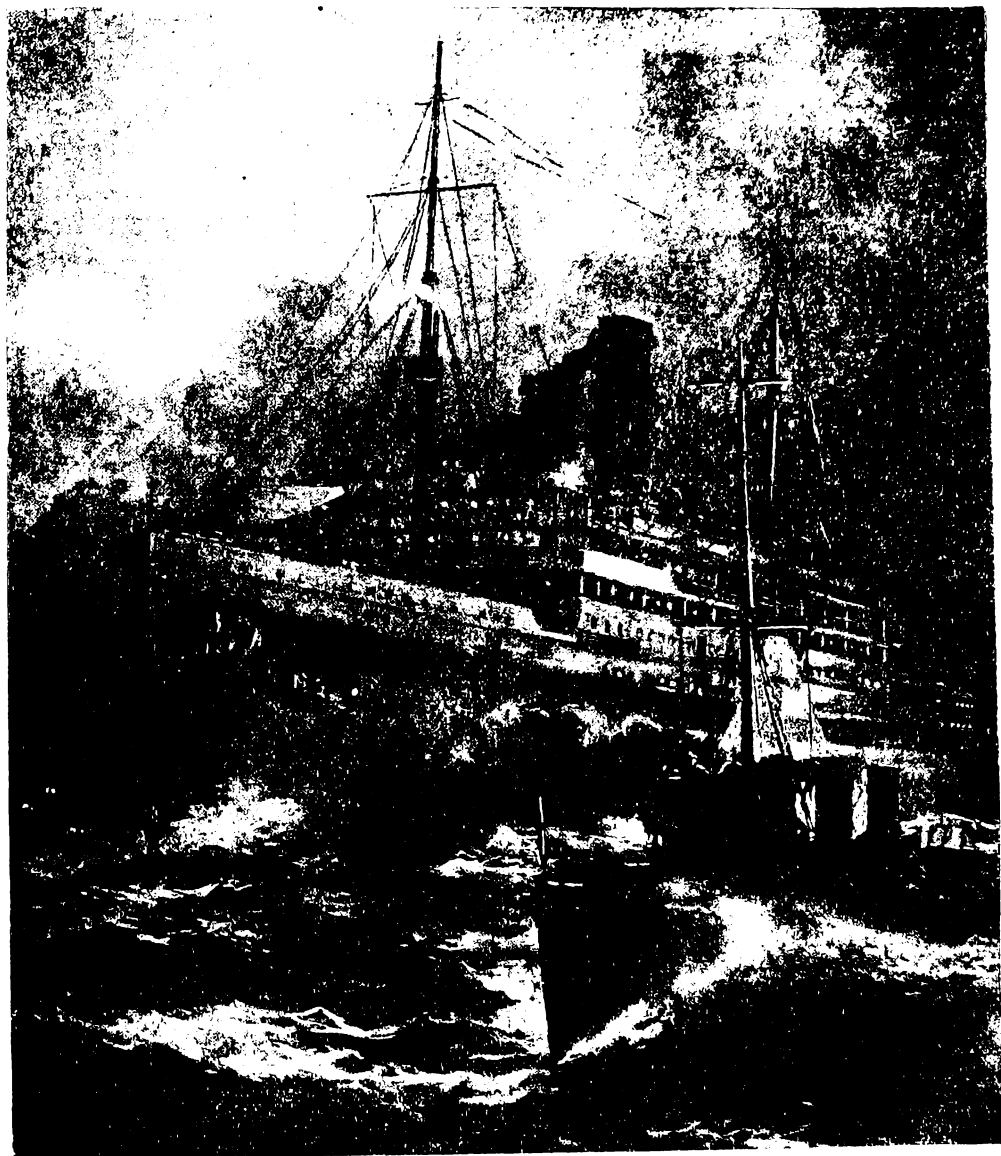


# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



ONE OF OUR HOSPITAL SHIPS.

## HOSPITAL SHIP STORIES.

**W**HEN the history of the Great War comes to be written, many deeds of heroism will be brought to light which have been obscured by the din of battle and the complexity of the titanic struggle. None will be more deserving of praise than the devoted staffs on the large hospital ships which have plied unceasingly to and from our shores during more than four years of war.

Unarmed, and on errands of mercy which should have excited the admiration of any honourable foe, they have nevertheless been subjected to the deadly torpedo, to say nothing of the lurking danger of floating mines.

Hitherto all nations have respected the Red Cross, boldly painted on the white sides of the hospital ships, and it has been left to the Germans to set aside this long-established custom.

An interesting book entitled *Fifty Thousand Miles on a Hospital Ship*, by "The Padre" (R.T.S., 3s. 6d. net) recently came into our hands. The following incidents will enable our readers to form some idea of the services to body and soul rendered by those whose "bit" in the great war has been in this branch of the service.

A visit to the Dardanelles is described as follows:—

"We anchored a little way from the shore, but quite near enough to see shells flying over the land and to have some of them splashing into the water just beyond the boat. There were several men-of-war in the neighbourhood, and they were firing at intervals.

"We waited until dusk, and then our work began. The wounded and dying lay thick on the beach, still under fire. They were brought off in lighters. What a sight it was! I shall never forget it.

"My own special share was first of all to help to hold and undress some of the cases . . . and later to rush round supplying various needs—a drink for a thirsty soul, a fan to another to keep off the flies, and a cheery word given here and there (the last not quite an easy thing under the circumstances). Soon I am wanted in another capacity.

"Come along, will you? There's a poor fellow near his end."

"And I pass to a bedside where the struggle is nearly over. The sister is holding the man's hand. There is only time for a brief prayer and the slow, distinct repetition of some Scripture verses—'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—'whosoever believeth in Him should have everlasting life.'—and the weary soul has passed.

Another passage describes Sunday on a troopship:—

"During the afternoon all the chaplains were busy among the men, holding small Bible-classes or having individual talks. At 6.30 there was voluntary evening service—quite informal, plenty of hymns and prayer. The General read the lesson. (It does make a lot of difference having a Christian man in command. His example and influence have such weight—they seem to create the 'atmosphere' of the whole vessel.)

"It fell to my lot to give the address. My subject was, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' I spoke to them quite frankly of the danger of death in front of us—I know some realize it, but not all—and I urged the importance of claiming Christ as the 'Rock of our Salvation.'

"I am glad you said what you did to-night," said my Scottish colleague at the dinner table: 'I was down amongst the crowd, and the fellows listened very carefully. I hope they will remember and act upon it.'

"Yes, I hope so, too. Poor chaps, some of them may be the other side by next Sunday. The thought of it nearly choked me."

"Afterwards I was pacing up and down the boat deck before turning in, and suddenly a voice spoke out of the darkness behind me.

"Well, Padre, can I break in on your thoughts? I have been looking all over the ship for you. Do you really believe what you told us to-night? I would to God I could feel sure it was true."

"I stood amazed, and was silent for a moment or two; the speaker was Lieut. M—, 'Mac,' as we called him—a Scotch laddie, public schoolboy, strong in limb and gay in disposition, one of the centres of life of the party.

"Do you think I should be such a cad as to buoy you up with a falsehood at such a time as this—when there is no doubt about the dangers you and I have to face?"

"Well, no, I don't suppose you would; but oh! if I could only know it was true. I know I haven't done the best with my life; now I have a feeling it's going to end, but I do want to go down with a clean sheet. You said Jesus Christ never changed in His work—it stood for men always; will it stand for me now when I've never cared all these years?"

"I can only tell you, my boy, what Christ Himself said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out'—for no reason whatever—and that covers your sin and your delay, doesn't it? I don't know what you have done, but I do know Christ wants you. Won't you take Him at His word? He loved you

and gave Himself for you, and He can clear you to-night if you will."

"But I shall have to stop a lot of things. Oh! I know you've heard me swear pretty hard. And there are other things."

"Yes, probably there are. I have heard you swear a good deal, but I said Christ wants to be Master of your life as well as Saviour of it. I know it will mean a fight, but He will help you, and you can conquer, through Him. Shall we ask Him to help us?"

"And so we prayed as we stood in the darkness. 'Take him, Lord, and be his Master. Help him to fight the good fight and be a faithful servant of Thine. Lord, grant him a knowledge of sin forgiven, and of peace with God through Thee. In life, in death, O Lord, keep him pure and clean in Thy sight. Amen.'

"We walked up and down—not a word was spoken, but oh! how his arm trembled—then at last: 'Thanks awfully; you will talk to me to-morrow, won't you? Good-night.'

"Good-night. Pull me out whenever you're off duty"; and we parted—I at least to ponder over the marvellous truth, 'The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"



### A DISAPPOINTING VISIT.

"HANNAH, do you remember Mary J—," said Elinor to her friend.

"No, I can't recall her at all," replied Hannah. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard a few days since that her whole family is consumptive. Her father and mother have died with it, and out of the large family of nine children, only she and her eldest sister are left. And now I hear the sister is dying and Mary is nursing her."

"How very sad," replied Hannah, sympathetically.

"Well, Hannah, don't you think we should call and see her?"

Hannah looked doubtful. "But I don't know her," she began; but Elinor broke in. "Yes, but I do, and I don't think we ought to miss the opportunity. You have no idea how ignorant people are as to how to be saved. She will probably be just like I was, thinking because I was a Sunday-school teacher and so religious and seeking to do my best, that I was all right. You see, Hannah, you have always known God's way of salvation, that it is only by trusting on the Lord Jesus as our own Saviour, and having our sins forgiven because Christ died for us as sinners. I just feel now as if I wanted to let every one know."

Hannah felt she could hesitate no longer, so after arranging to meet the following afternoon, they parted. Next day both girls made their way to Mary's house, and it must be confessed both felt very nervous as they knocked at the door, which was opened by Mary herself.

Elinor was spokeswoman, and begun by inquiring most kindly after her sister and saying how sorry she was to hear how ill she was.

"Yes, she is very ill; in fact I can't very well ask you in, as she is too ill to see anyone, but it is very kind of you to call."

This was rather awkward for the two friends, who had pictured their having the chance of speaking to the dying girl and pointing her to the Saviour. However, Elinor, who had only been saved for a short time, was full of love to the Lord, and with a burning desire to let others know the glorious news that they could be saved and *know* it by simple faith in the Lord Jesus, and was determined not to miss this opportunity, though Hannah felt her courage quickly ebbing away.

"We would like to have had a talk with your sister," Elinor began, "as we wondered if she was saved. Do you know, Mary," she continued eagerly, "I find we have been all wrong in thinking that doing our best and going to church, etc., will save us? It has just been like light from God to me lately, to find God will save anyone and forgive all their sins, because Christ died for us, if only we will turn to Him, owning we are sinners, and take Christ as our Saviour."

Elinor was so intent on giving her message that she did not notice, as Hannah did with dismay, the change that came over Mary's face. From utter bewilderment at first, it turned to indignation and amazement as she grasped the import of her old friend's words.

"I don't know what you mean, Elinor, in coming and talking to me like this," she exclaimed indignantly. "Our clergyman comes and visits my sister and me regularly, and surely that is enough without you coming and preaching away like this, and saying such things to me." With a few more angry words Mary banged the door in their faces, and the two girls slowly retraced their steps, feeling sad.

A very short time later they heard of the death of Mary's sister. To Elinor especially it was a great shock, as she thought if her friends could only hear the wonderful news she had so recently believed, they would all be equally delighted to receive it; but alas! she soon found out that religion blinds people's eyes as much as worldliness, and that her religious friends were as opposed to God's way of salvation as her worldly friends.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts xv. 20.*

**H**EROES! That word sets our thoughts going on all kinds of brave, splendid deeds, does it not? We think of men who have fearlessly faced giants and lions, and boldly overcome them. And some of us have fathers and brothers who have been heroes in the terrible War, and have won medals or maybe the Victoria Cross, by their courageous conduct.

All down through the ages since the world began there have been heroes: and the very best book to read, if we want thrilling stories of adventure, is the Bible. It is full, from beginning to end, of stirring records of victorious struggles over enemies, of hair-breadth escapes, and of lofty deeds of heroism.

And as many of you know, the greatest heroes the world has known have been the men and women who have risked their lives for the sake of their Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, and for His Word.

Very soon after the ascension of our Lord, the storm of persecution raged around His disciples. Several of them suffered martyrdom. We are told in Acts xii. 2 that James, the brother of John, was killed by order of the cruel governor, Herod. Further down in that same chapter we read the story of Peter's miraculous escape from the prison, and his life was spared for many years, during which he travelled from place to place preaching the good news concerning the Lord Jesus Christ, and very probably sending out missionaries to carry the message where he could not go himself.

He wrote two letters, also, which have been preserved for us—the first and second Epistles of St. Peter. In these he sought to strengthen and comfort the Christians who were enduring suffering for Christ's sake, and he exhorted them to "be diligent" and to "grow in grace" (2 Pet. iii. 1-4, 18). He loved these friends of his very dearly, and he wanted them to be faithful and loyal to His Saviour. And God has taken care of these precious letters, so that we may read them and learn what they have to teach us.

At last St. Peter too was called to lay down his life. God's Word does not tell us how he died; but it is generally thought that he was crucified.

St. John, the beloved disciple, who was, with Peter and James, always most closely associated with our Lord in His earthly life and ministry, also came under the persecuting hand of the cruel Emperor Domitian.

He lived and laboured in the city of Ephesus, and the surrounding country, near the shores of the Aegean Sea.

Ephesus was a rich and powerful city, having commerce with all parts of the known world. There were wealthy merchants living in palaces full of beauty and luxury: there were busy labourers from country districts plying their trade in the market place; there were sailors from many lands thronging the busy wharves and quays.

Among these the Apostle John told the tale



of his wonderful Friend Who came down from God to bring salvation and joy to the souls of men: and from among these people, many threw themselves upon the mercy of God and found forgiveness and strengthening and rest for their sin-laden hearts. Acts xx. 17, and Rev. iii. 1, tell us of the Church at Ephesus, which was formed as the result of his labours.

These labours were suddenly ended, for a time, for John was called to endure punishment, though not death. He was sent to the desolate isle of Patmos, one of the most isolated of the many islands of the Aegean Sea. Here, in this lonely, rocky, sea-girt prison, separated from all whom he loved, he was brought into still closer touch with his Lord and Master. We read in Rev. i. of the wonderful and glorious sight that came to him one morning. We can imagine how his thoughts were going towards his beloved Church in Ephesus, and perhaps he was feeling specially lonely, when the Lord Whom he loved so truly came to him and spoke words of cheer and comfort. And in the following chapters of the Book of the Revelation we are told the solemn and marvellous events that were revealed to him and recorded by him for our learning.

After some years the Emperor Domitian was killed, and St. John was allowed to come back to his work in Ephesus.

Among all his preaching labours, he took time to write, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the Gospel which bears his name, and also the three Epistles.

Gently and tenderly his life glided by. His own heart was so full of the love of God, that men learnt something of the meaning of it from the holy and gracious character of the Apostle. He lived on and on, till he became very old and very feeble, and had to be carried into the church where he had ministered so long. He was too feeble to preach, at last, and could only give as his message, "Little children, love one another." But that was a beautiful message, was it not? And it comes to you who read this. Will you remember it?

E. A.

\* \* \*

## WHAT HAPPENED IN A PAGAN PRISON.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE JAILER.

**RESISTING** *the work of God.* "The jailer . . . thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks" (Acts xvi. 24).

**REPENTING** "He called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell

down before Paul and Silas . . . and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" (vv. 29, 30).

**RECEIVING** "And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house . . . and he, believing in God with all his house" (vv. 31-34).

**REJOICING** "And was baptized, he and all his, straightway . . . and rejoiced" (vv. 33, 34).

**REFRESHING** *those whom he had resisted.* "And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes . . . And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them."

All this took place at midnight in Philippi, in the year A.D. 52. Twelve years after, Paul was again in prison for Christ's sake, and he looked back over the years and remembered that wonderful night, and wrote to those old friends—the jailer and his family and others who had also believed. If you read that letter which is preserved for us in the Bible, you will find that he talks of joy and rejoicing in it not less than a dozen times, and as he remembers his joy and theirs, he says he wants their joy to be more abundant. So we learn that our joy should last and deepen, the longer we know the Saviour.

J. T. M.

\* \* \*

## HOME.

**W**HILE travelling in Yorkshire recently we met a gentleman who was on his way home from Germany, where he had been interned for over four years.

The story of his experiences was most interesting. When returning, he said, he travelled, with others, in a train the compartments of which had no light and no windows; but, said he, "What did that matter? We were going home." He arrived in England without money, for it was left behind, but some one gave him a railway ticket and five shillings. "Never mind," he again exclaimed, "I am going home."

How sweet that word sounded—"H-O-M-E." Is it not the second best word in our language, for surely the best of all words is MOTHER. Without mother the finest house would not be home.

How our brave sailor and soldier lads' hearts must have leapt with joy during the past four years, when on the deep blue sea, or on the blood-stained field of battle, they learned that they were going to have "leave," and they at once looked forward to going home. Many readers of OUR CHILDREN, not long ago, would

be counting the weeks till Christmas vacation, when they would be leaving school, and then **HOME**. We wonder if our young friends have noticed how happily that word occurs in the favourite parable of the lost sheep in Luke xv. 4-7. In the first place, we all remember to be sure a sheep was lost: just as we are till Jesus finds us: then the Shepherd went after it until He found it. And our blessed Lord Jesus came after us: came from heaven with all its joy, to this world with all its sorrow: went all the way to Calvary, and there died that cruel death, in order that He might seek and save us.

Lastly we read, "When he cometh home." Can't we imagine seeing the Shepherd return with a happy face, with his precious burden upon his shoulders, and the joy in that great home gathering as he told them of his long, weary, but at last successful search?

What does all this mean? That our Good Shepherd is carrying us home—if we have been found by Him. His home and our home. What rejoicing there will be at *that* great home gathering: our joy will be great, but His will be greatest, and how we shall praise Him—shall we not?—for seeking us, finding us, carrying us, caring for us, loving us, and bringing us safely home. Let us just note four things about that home, and then we shall stop. ☺

1. It is a **HOLY** home. Because Jesus is there, no stain of sin can ever enter: and because we have been washed from our sins in His most precious blood—if we have trusted Him—and will be like Jesus—then we shall be there.

2. It is the **ONLY** home. Those who pass into **eternity** without **knowing the Lord Jesus** as their **very own precious personal Saviour**

will have no home, for they will be banished from His presence for ever.

3. Every one who loves Jesus can say, It is **MY** home, and that is because Jesus **MY** Saviour is there.

4. They think God it is an **ETERNAL** home. Sometimes changes come into a home here, and sometimes death breaks them up, but there there will be no change and no death, but everlasting happiness in the company of Jesus. Now shall we just go over it once more?

HOLY  
ONLY  
MY  
ETERNAL } HOME.

We trust we shall meet all our dear young friends there.

W. B. D.



"THE BEST OF ALL WORDS IS MOTHER."

# 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, 1919.**

**Subject—Simon Peter.**

1. Who brought Simon Peter to Jesus? (John 1.)
2. What was Simon Peter doing when Jesus called him? (Mark 1.)
3. What response did he make to the call? (Mark 1.)
4. What miracle did Jesus do in Simon's house? (Mark 1.)
5. What did Simon Peter say to the Lord after the miraculous draught of fishes? (Luke 5.)
6. What was the Lord's answer? (Luke 5.)
7. What miracle did Peter witness in Luke 8?
8. "But whom . . . of God." Find this passage and write it out (Luke 9.)
9. After Peter had spoken on the mount, what did the voice out of the cloud say? (Luke 9.)
10. What happened when Peter walked on the water to go to Jesus? (Matt. 14.)

## 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, -

A very happy New Year to you all! What is the best way to get it? I know no better than the promise made to Joshua that if he observed God's book, *meditated* in it, and *obeyed* it, then his way should be prosperous, and he should have good success (Joshua 1, 8). Will you all try this way?

We begin subjects in the New Testament this month. I think you will like this, as we have had the Old Testament for two years.

I hope a good many new Searchers will join in January. We have very few under 10 years of age, and I should like to see the numbers increased. Will you all try to encourage the younger ones and get them to join? Some Searchers are only 7 years old, and yet they do the work very well.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

## November Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.** - P. Milhorne, H. Allhorne, M. Baytree, E. Barnett-on, I. Brook, R. Burton-hov, Y. Luckel, E. Bruce, M. Collins, G. Cook, C. Dawson, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, D. Duff, P. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, J. Gwynn, G. Holder, D. Hull, E. Holden, A. Jenkins, D. Lefaux, R. Morrison, P. Purvis, A. Routhan, R. Rickards, A. Swall, A. Jones, A. Silk, K. Sykes, K. Taylor, J. Taylor, A. Todd, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward.

**2nd Class.** - D. Swall, L. Wadding.

**3rd Class.** - None.

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

**1st Class.** - S. Ayres, H. Blackman, F. Berry, E. Bryant, P. Crookes, J. Coaling, L. Darrab, N. Foster, M. Geddes, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, J. Matthews, S. Osman, E. Redman, M. Reed, L. Rickards, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, M. Smith, J. Shepherd, M. Sykes, H. Taylor, M. Todd, P. Turner, M. Walton, L. Way.

**2nd Class.** - S. Backhffe, C. Smith.

**3rd Class.** - K. Hey, D. Hey.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.** - C. Blackburn, R. Bryant, E. Durant, A. Fairbairn, B. Graves, L. Hewkins, G. Loye, M. McKechnie, C. McIver, J. Messenger, N. Robson, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart.

**2nd Class.** - G. Farrell.

**3rd Class.** - None.

## ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

**Subject—The Glory of the Lord (Ezekiel).**

1. To Ezekiel the priest (Ezek. 1, 3).
2. To the bow in the cloud in the day of rain (Ezek. 1, 28).
3. To the children of Israel (Ezek. 2, 3).
4. Blessed be the glory of the Lord from this place (Ezek. 3, 12).
5. The glory of the Lord stood there (Ezek. 3, 23).
6. Part of Ezekiel 8, 4 written out.
7. The glory of the God of Israel (Ezek. 9, 3).
8. The court was full of the brightness of the Lord's glory (Ezek. 10, 4).
9. The glory of the Lord (Ezek. 11, 23).
10. The glory of the God of Israel came from the east (Ezek. 43, 2).
- The glory of the Lord came into the house (Ezek. 43, 4).
- The glory of the Lord filled the house (Ezek. 43, 5).

# Looking unto Jesus

Hebrews 12.2.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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

THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT,

63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

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*Owing to ~~heavy~~ increase in cost of paper we are regretfully obliged to increase the price of this magazine for 1910 to 1d. net, or 1'6 per annum, post free.*

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



A TROUBLOUS TIME FOR SCOTLAND—1668.

## "HID."

**T**HE year 1668 had been a very troubled one in Scotland, especially in its southern counties, throughout which, under Dalziel of Binns, commander-in-chief of the Royalist troops, a general of the most ferocious type, who had previously fought in the Russian army against the Turks, God's people suffered extreme persecution. Some escapes seemed miracles; here is an instance:

Among noted Covenanters was a rich landed proprietor, Maxwell of Moncrieff. A very large sum having been offered for his head, you can imagine how fiercely the hue-and-cry arose for his capture.

Ere long a search-party neared his house.

Warned by a faithful porter, Maxwell drove, post-haste, to a neighbouring village inn, whose landlord he knew he could trust, the man having formerly had charge of his own mews.

"Can you hide me?" he begged.

"I do believe I can, sir," said the landlord, "if you just let me shut you up in a big empty meal-barrel in a corner of the public bar."

It was the only hope. With all possible speed, Maxwell was placed in this curious receptacle, the lid being firmly fastened down, and two or three tiny holes, each about the size of a sixpence, bored in the sides to admit a breath of air.

Scarcely had five minutes passed when a band of armed, red-coated dragoons reached the inn door. Heated after a rapid ride, they proposed to rest awhile, and forthwith took their seats in actually the very room where Maxwell stood concealed.

"Plenty of heretics about!" remarked one of the soldiers to the landlord.

"So I'm told," he responded quite coolly, arranging the dishes on the table.

Glancing around, a second exclaimed: "Upon my word, I shouldn't wonder but there's a fellow in *this*!" striking the barrel with his fist.

Thinking it a grand jest, the others shrieked with laughter. At length, finishing the repast they had ordered by uproariously drinking the King's health, they remounted their horses, and galloped off.

Maxwell was saved!

In all times and countries has not the Lord Jehovah been His people's "hiding-place"? How very precious the name applied to them in Psalm lxxxiii. 3: "Thy hidden ones"!

O dear young Christian friends, whatever be the special work your divine Master appoints you, never for a moment doubt His constant guardianship. Did He not hide little Moses among the Nile reeds, Joshua's messengers with the stalks of Jericho flax, Maxwell of Moncrieff in

the Scotch meal-barrel, and many, many more in equally wonderful ways? And in every hour of peril, shall He not likewise hide you under the shadow of His mighty wings, preserving you for great things in His glorious service, to His own eternal praise?

Well, indeed, may we each sing Toplady's beautiful lines:—

"Yes, I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven."



## MARY'S CHOICE.

**W**HEN Mary Blake was young, she lived in a small country town where no very great events ever took place, and where a "Sale of Work" or a "Flower Show" caused great excitement. One day Mary was told that there was to be such a function in the tennis-club grounds; and how eagerly she looked forward to it! She wanted to buy a doll very badly, and she knew there would be some beautifully dressed ones on the stalls; so she began saving up her pennies.

At last the day dawned brightly, the sun shone in all its brilliance, and as Mary and her parents arrived at the grounds, they looked very gay on that lovely summer afternoon. And how tempting the stalls looked! And what an array of dolls: dark ones, fair ones, some dressed in sailor costumes, others in gay dresses, bridal robes, long clothes—in fact, all kinds—ever so difficult to make a choice—except for one reason. As Mary looked at the modest little sum in her purse, she felt there would not be much difficulty about *that*. There would be so few dollies she could afford to buy. After looking round well, she decided upon a small one neatly dressed in blue, with a straw hat to match. The lady at the stall gave Mary her purchase, and as Mary was just counting her money out, an old gentleman who made a great pet of her, came up and said, "Why, Mary, been buying a dolly? Put that one back and let me give you this big one. See! what a beauty she is"—and indeed the doll he pointed out was a beautiful one—a very large, jointed one, lovely curly hair, dark brown eyes which opened and shut, and as the lady took it down, Mary's eyes opened with wonder at the exquisite daintiness of the clothes which were all made to come off and on. It was truly a queen amongst dolls. But to all his entreaties Mary said, "No, thank you," and he could not get her to alter.

Just then, Mary's cousin, Marjorie, came along, saw the lovely doll and gasped with



somehow it was greedy to accept such a big present—but her friend was quite able and anxious to give it—and for many a long day afterwards poor Mary bitterly regretted that she had not said “Yes” to the kind offer.

Our Heavenly Friend has a still greater, more precious gift to give: the gift of His Beloved Son to be our Saviour; and like Mary, many refuse. Either because they are reluctant to accept so much as a *free* gift, or they doubt God’s willingness or ability to give it. Be like Marjorie—accept God’s gift gratefully, gladly. It is still within your reach; but if you delay and miss it, you will miss it for ever.

“The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23).

“Jesus is calling you, waiting to cleanse you;  
Down thro’ the years wings the message  
of love.

Sweetly and clearly, like bells in the even,  
Bearing the tidings from heaven above.

For the choice rests with you, still the Saviour  
is waiting;

Oh, what will you do as He patiently  
stands?

Won’t you give up your sin and the world’s  
fleeting pleasure,

To take life and peace from those dear,  
pierced hands.”

A. W.



delight. She could not understand Mary’s refusal to take this beautiful gift; but as Mary still persisted, the gentleman turned to Marjorie and said, “Well, wouldn’t *you* like it, Marjorie?”

“Do you really mean it, Mr. Miller? Why I should simply love it!” and as the doll was placed in her arms, she hugged it closely, and after thanking her kind, generous friend very warmly, she went off joyfully clasping her new treasure.

Later in the day when Mary and Marjorie were in the playroom, nursing their dolls, Mary looked at the tiny cheap one which she had bought, and then at Marjorie’s beauty which was a present, and a pang of regret came into her heart as she thought how it might have been hers by simply accepting it as a free gift.

In justice to Mary it must be said that she was a modest little girl, and did not like the old gentleman spending so much on her. She felt

## AN INARTICULATE CRY.

**D**R. KUSMAN, who has just come from the Sudan, tells of pagans who come together Sunday after Sunday, who kneel in silence with hands outstretched to God, and remain for hours waiting.

When a visitor asked what they were doing they said, “We are praying, White Man.”

“To whom are you praying?”

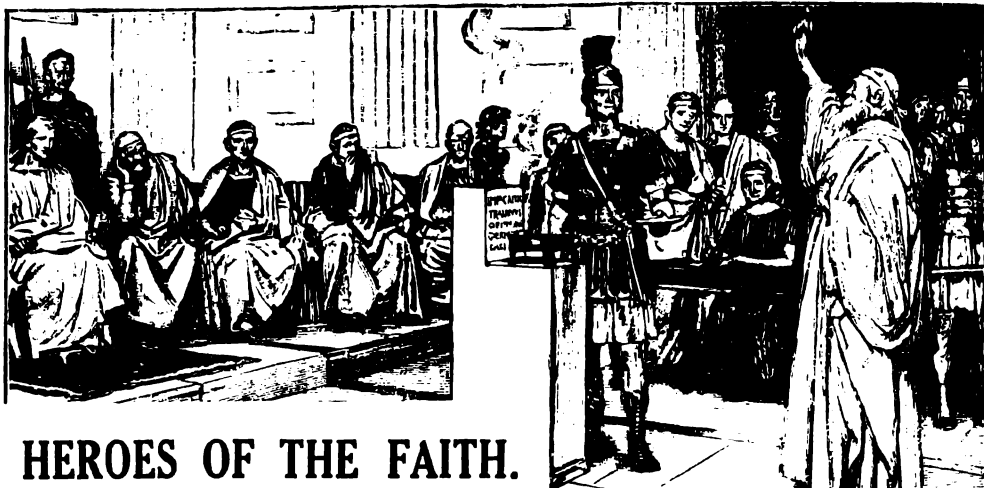
“To the God of the White Man.”

“But you say nothing.”

“We do not know what to say, White Man: we want a teacher to come and teach us to pray.”

“And how long have you been doing this?”

“For months, White Man. We come together every Sabbath Day, and reach out our hands to the God of the White Man.” Who will answer this cry?



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### II.—THE STORY OF POLYCARP.

**T**WO or three years after the Apostles Peter and Paul had gone, by way of martyrdom, to be with the Lord they both so truly loved, a baby boy was sent into a home in Ephesus, who was destined to be a hero of the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ. The city of Ephesus was a rich and important centre of commerce; and it was also the centre of worship of the great heathen goddess, Diana.

Acts xix. tells us something about this, and of a great commotion which happened there one day as the result of Paul's preaching.

There was, however, in the midst of all the sin and darkness of the city, a Christian church whose members gathered to worship the true God and His Son their Saviour.

Amongst these Christians the little boy, Polycarp by name, grew up; and although we know very little about his early years, for they were such a long, long time ago, that only scanty records have come down to us, yet we can imagine that his days would be spent much as the days of most little boys are spent, partly in play and partly in lessons. There would be abundance of amusement and interest for him in the streets of the great city. Down by the wharves, there would come in, day by day, travellers and sailors from many parts of the world; "men of strange colours, climates,

lands," whose tales of wonderful things in the lands they came from would sound like fairy tales to his ready ears. And the shops and workmen's quarters would hold a never-ending fascination for him.

We may picture him, too, in his home, with his mother, and hearing from her lips the most wonderful of all wonderful things—the story of the wonderful man, Christ Jesus, who lived not very many years before, and who after doing marvellous deeds of kindness for the people, was cruelly killed.

This story charmed little Polycarp, and he wanted to hear it over and over again, and not miss any of it.

Then, one day, when he had grown to young manhood, there came to the Church at Ephesus, the venerable Apostle John, released from his long captivity in the Isle of Patmos.

Oh! how delighted Polycarp was to meet one who had actually and really seen and talked to, and lived with, the Lord Jesus Christ! What questions he asked, and what long talks he and St. John had together, about this great and holy Friend!

Polycarp became one of the disciples of John, and the great love that was in the heart of the aged apostle fired the love and devotion of the young man for the same Divine Master.

Polycarp also had the friendship of a noble Roman matron, named Calista, whose life and teachings had an important influence for good



upon the young man. Her love for the Lord Jesus Christ found vent in charitable works among the poor and needy folk in the great city of Ephesus: and very probably Polycarp often assisted her in her ministries to the suffering ones, thereby gaining experience and sympathy which fitted him for his later work as Bishop of the church at Smyrna.

Will my young readers lay hold of this important thought just here—be very careful to form friendships that will help you in all that is good and true. Friendship is one of God's very best gifts to us, so let Him choose for you those who shall be your close and intimate friends.

In Rev. ii. we find a short letter, written by St. John (when on the Isle of Patmos) at the dictation of God's Holy Spirit, to "the Angel of the Church at Smyrna." If you read the short letter (vv. 8-11), you will see the words of commendation and comfort that were addressed to him and his fellow Christians.

Persecution among the Christians was going on at this time, and the governor of the province sought for Polycarp, who now was an old man, over ninety years of age. His friends conveyed him to a place of safety, but two of his household servants, slave lads, told of his retreat, and he was taken by the soldiers. Before they took him away, food was prepared for them, by the order of the venerable man, whom they were about to treat so cruelly.

While they were eating, their prisoner spent the time in prayer to God, which, when they heard, they began to repent that they were come out against so good a man.

But soldiers have to obey orders, so they proceeded with Polycarp to the presence of the governor. When bidden to give up his Christian faith, and reproach Christ, his brave and steadfast answer was, "Eighty and six years have I now served Christ, and He has never done me the least harm. How then can I blaspheme my God and my Saviour?"

Threatened with being thrown to the wild beasts, he only replied, "Call for them, then; for we Christians are fixed in our minds not to change from good to evil."

Seeing that nothing could shake the loyalty of Polycarp to his Saviour, orders were given that he should be burnt at the stake, and so he suffered martyrdom in the 7th year of Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 155.

The only bit of his writings which has come down to our time is his letter to the Philipian Church, and this is valued because of the many quotations in it from the letters of St. Paul and other parts of the New Testament.

E. A.

## I WANT TO BE SAVED!

SOME years ago in a cosy sitting-room at D., might have been seen a young girl, sitting by the fire, weeping, and yet to judge by appearances few had less cause for sadness than Amy.

She was a beautiful girl, and generally she seemed to be the happiest of the large happy family, living in this pretty little village. But Amy had early been taught that though so sweet and amiable naturally, she needed to be saved and to get right with God, and the most important thing in life was to know one's sins were forgiven—washed away in the precious blood of the Lord Jesus.

God, who had already begun to work in her young heart, was watching over her, and the message of peace she was wanting was soon coming. As she continued sitting despondently by the fire, Amy heard her father's cheery greeting to someone at the door. Amy recognized the voice in reply, of an earnest young preacher, who had been having meetings in the district, and fervently had she longed while listening to him, to know for herself that she was right for eternity, and to know the Lord as her own Saviour. The preacher was explaining that he was on his way to a village a few miles away, so he gladly accepted the hearty invitation to have some tea before going further. Amy realised at once that in a moment he would be in the sitting-room, and much as she would like to have made her escape, she saw it was impossible. She quickly dried her eyes, but, of course, was not able to remove the traces of her tears.

"Aren't you well to-day?" inquired he in his kindly way.

"Oh, yes, thank you," answered Amy.

"Then what is the matter? Do you want to be saved?" said the preacher, with the quick intuition of one whose sole object in life is the salvation of souls.

"Yes," replied Amy, "I want to be saved more than anything else in all the world."

"Well, then, let us see what God says about it."

Opening his Bible at John iii. 16, he slowly read, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

"You follow that, now, don't you?"

"Oh, yes," replied Amy, as she quietly listened to the familiar words.

"Then listen, 'That whosoever believeth on Him should not perish,' but what?"

"Have everlasting life. I *do* believe on Him, so I must have everlasting life," cried Amy, as the light suddenly shone on this well-known text.

"And I am saved. Oh, I am glad."

Thus another soul was brought to God, and before very long every member of that bright young family turned to the Lord, trusting Him as his or her own Saviour. H. H. S.

\* \* \*

## ON THE WRONG TRACK.

**H**ERE is how a gentleman describes his conversion. From my childhood until I was eighteen years old, I never heard of anyone who could say their sins were forgiven. I heard many sermons, but never the "Gospel of the grace of God" in its simplicity; I never remember the new birth being spoken of at all.

I attended a communicants' class and the minister said I was now on the Lord's side, and I thought I had peace with God. But afterwards I learnt it was a *false peace*. But for a time I thought I was fairly started for the celestial city.

Some time after this two men came to preach in a small town near where I lived, and it was said they were preaching some "new doctrine." I did not go to the meetings at first, but at last went through curiosity. When I went into the hall, as I entered, I heard them singing—

"Ye must be born again,  
For so hath God decreed,  
No reformation will suffice  
"Tis life poor sinners need."

These words of truth sank into my very soul. I found out I had not been born again. I was on the wrong track: I had been trying to live the life of a Christian without the life of God in my soul.

How I bless God. He opened my eyes to see this fatal delusion before it was too late. Yes, Christ on the cross had met every claim that God's justice demanded; I saw that He died **FOR ME**. And I was saved.

\* \* \*

## WHAT PRAYER CAN DO.

**M**R. MOODY told a story of two little girls who saved up some pennies and gave them to him to buy a Bible and give it to one of the soldiers who was going to the American War. "And tell him," said they, "we are going to pray for him."

Mr. Moody bought two Bibles, and one night, when a good many of the soldiers had heard him preach, he held up one of the Bibles, saying, "There is a man here who is not a Christian, and ~~he~~ has the courage to rise and take this Bible, and have the prayers of those two fatherless children to follow him through the war, let him step forward; and," Mr. Moody adds, "to

my surprise, sixteen men sprang to their feet, moved forward, and knelt around me, and it seemed as if heaven and earth came together. The prayers of those little children had followed the Bibles. I am so glad that we have a God Who hears and answers prayer."

\* \* \*

## SAFE OR LOST.

**S**TANDING on the quayside of the Glasgow Harbour recently, we saw a small foreign vessel arrive in port. Her whole appearance indicated that she had encountered many storms, and at times it had seemed as though she would never weather the gale. But there she was, amid the placid waters, surrounded by vessels great and small, safe into the harbour at last. So, thought we, all who trust our Lord Jesus Christ, whether old or young, shall land in the harbour of Eternal Calm.

How different was the sight we saw on the south shore of Arran—a battered, bruised and wrecked barque hitched up on the rocks. Mistaking her course, not observing perhaps the lighthouse flash, she had run ashore and become a total wreck. So all who miss the "True Light," the Lord Jesus Christ, miss the course to Eternal Glory, and will be eternally wrecked on hell's dark shore.

## PRIZE LIST.

### Age over 12 years.

1. MARGARET BAWTREE. "Doversdale," Worcester Gardens, Sutton, Surrey.
2. IRENE BROOK. 26, High Street, Lewisham, S.E.
3. MILDRED WAY, age 14. "Oakhurst," Thickett Rd., Sutton.
4. HILDA ALLIBONE, age 13. 28, Holmsdale Road, Coventry.

### COMMENDED.

- P. Allibone, E. Bruce, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, D. Hill, V. Jones, A. Silk.

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

1. MONICA HOLDES, age 11. "Invermore," Hornoyd Road, Malvern.
2. JAMES COOLING, age 12. 105, Colony Cottage, Holbrook Lane, Folehill.
3. DOROTHY MATTHEWS, age 12. 53, Earham Road, Norwich.
4. PHOEBE CROOKES, age 12. 26, Greensbro Road, Parkgate, Rotherham.

### COMMENDED.

- T. Morris, L. Rickards, H. Selley, P. Turner, M. Walton, L. Way.

### Age 10 years and under.

1. MILDRED SILK, age 9. 134, Church Road, Portsmouth.
2. CHRISTIE McIVER, age 8. Sathanoor, via Kankanhalli, Bangalore District, S. India.
3. NORMAN ROBINSON, age 9. 35, Hamsterley St., Darlington.
4. BRYCE GRAVES, age 9. 69, William Street, Newport, Mon.

### COMMENDED.

- R. Bryant, G. Soye, W. Stuart.

# 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, 1919.**

**Subject—Simon Peter.**

1. How did Peter get the money to pay tribute? (Matt. 17.)
2. What was the *first* question Peter asked the Lord when He washed the disciples' feet? (John 13.)
3. What was the *second* answer of the Lord? (John 13.)
4. "Satan . . . fail not." Find this passage and write it out (Luke 22).
5. What question did the Lord ask Peter in the garden of Gethsemane? (Matt. 26.)
6. What two things did Peter do when the cock crew? (Matt. 26.)
7. What did the disciples say about Simon Peter in Luke 24?
8. What two things did Peter tell the people to do who were pricked in their heart? (Acts 2.)
9. What did Peter say to the lame man in Acts 3, beginning with the words "In the"?
10. What answer did Peter and John make when commanded not to speak or teach in the name of Jesus? (Acts 4.)

## 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,—

The Prize List will interest you all. The boys are in the minority again, so I hope they will try more for the June prizes. Several would have won prizes if they had done six months' answers, but as they only did five months, they will have their opportunity in June.

Do not be discouraged if you have not won a prize. As you search God's Word you learn to know it better, and this is a prize in itself. It will make a difference to you all through your lives. Let me know how you like your new questions. A paper has come from Stewartstown without a name. Will you please write your answers in ink if possible?

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## December Searchers.

**Age over 12 Years.**

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, M. Bawtree, E. Barnetson, I. Brook, M. Buckel, E. Bruce, G. Cook, C. Dawson, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, L. Gwynn, G. Holder, R. Hawkins, D. Hill, E. Holden, V. Jenkins, R. Rickards, B. Russell, V. Sones, A. Silk, K. Taylor, J. Taylor, A. Todd, L. Thomas, M. Way, A. Walton, L. Wilding.

**2nd Class.**—None.

**3rd Class.**—None.

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

**1st Class.**—S. Ayres, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, E. Darragh, M. Geddes, F. Gwynn, M. Holden, H. Hughes, D. Matthews, T. Morris, E. Ritzema, L. Rickards, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, F. Shepherd, C. Smith, H. Taylor, M. Todd, P. Turner, M. Walton, L. Westmoreland.

**2nd Class.**—J. King, F. Weatherburn, D. Woffenden.

**3rd Class.**—H. Hawkins.

**Age 10 Years and under.**

**1st Class.**—T. Barber, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, B. Graves, L. Howines, C. McIver, L. Morris, N. Robson, W. Selley, M. Silk, N. Smith, W. Stuart, K. Thomas, A. Walker.

**2nd Class.**—R. Minifee

**3rd Class.**—E. Burrett.

## ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Part of 1 Cor. 15. 52 written out.
2. We should look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ (Phil. 3. 20).
3. He will change our bodies and make them like His glorious body (Phil. 3. 21).
4. God will bring with Him them which sleep in Jesus (1 Thess. 4. 14).
5. The dead in Christ shall rise first (1 Thess. 4. 16).
6. Part of 1 Thess. 4. 17 written out.
7. They were waiting for God's Son from heaven (1 Thess. 1. 10).
8. Christ will appear the second time without sin, unto salvation (Heb. 9. 28).
9. For that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ (Titus 2. 13).
10. Scoffers say, "Where is the promise of His coming?" in the last days (2 Pet. 3. 8, 4).

# CHRIST DIED FOR OUR SINS.

1 Corinthians 15. 3.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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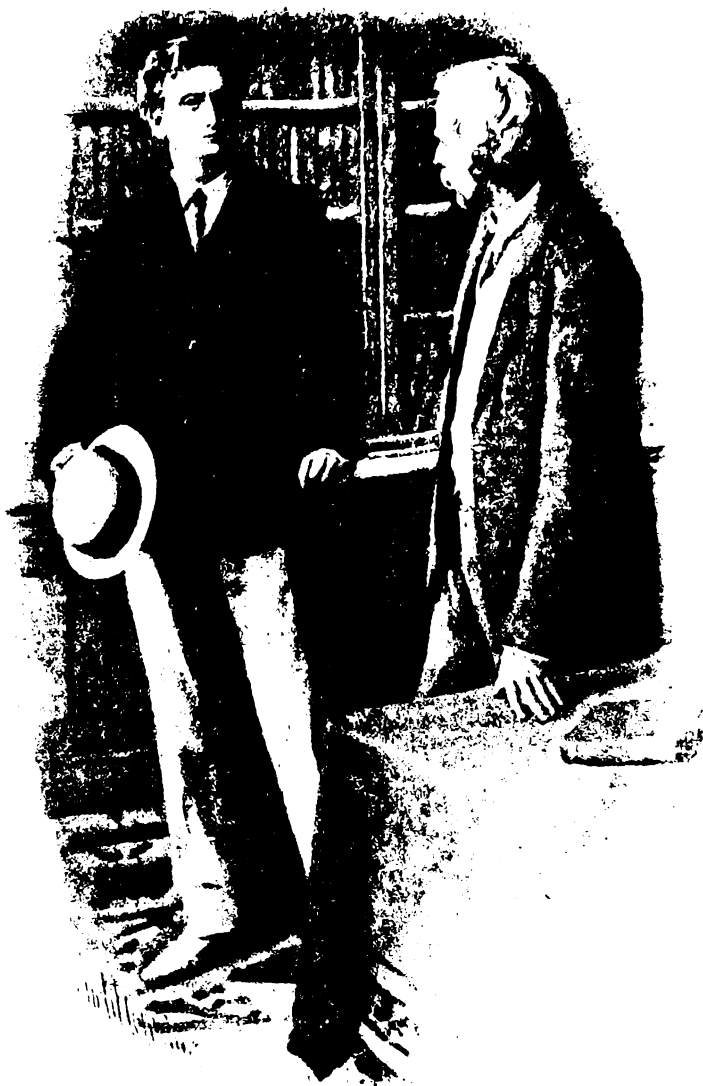
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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"MY BOY, MY BOY," PLEADED HIS FATHER.

## HIS FATHER'S FORGIVENESS.

AS the footman was crossing the hall in a large town house in America, he was startled to hear a very angry voice in the library. "It's the young master," he muttered to himself, as he discreetly retired. "I guess he's not going on well to be talking like that, and the master so fond of him too."

Let us look inside the closed door.

"I will leave home: yes, I will. I am old enough to do as I please. I am no longer a child, and I have a right to please myself."

"My boy, my boy," pleaded his father, "consider. Have I ever denied you any reasonable pleasure, or request—now, in your college days, or before? You know that since your mother died you are all I have left."

"But why interfere with me and my friends?" said the son, angrily.

"If you continue to associate with these wild young fellows, who are leading you wrong," answered his father, gently, "it means ruin to my loved and only son. I must warn you."

For a moment Walter Morgan wavered. For the anguish on his father's face struck him, even in the midst of his passion. But the next minute he said: "No, I will go my own way. I have my mother's money, so I need not trouble you." And banging the door angrily, he left the room, and very shortly after the house.

A few weeks went by. People remarked how rapidly Mr. Morgan was ageing, but few knew the real reason. One evening as he sat alone in the library, suddenly he started out of his chair, listening intently to quick steps crossing the hall. They paused at the door; then it was flung open, and a minute later two undemonstrative men were locked in each other's arms.

"Oh, father, father, forgive me!" came in broken tones from a young man's voice.

"Hush, my boy, not another word," answered the older man. "Oh, Walter, it's good to have you home again. Your room has been kept ready for you. Of course you are forgiven, my son, freely, freely."

When the war between North and South broke out, young Morgan went to the front as a volunteer. He was wounded at Gettysburg, and Mr. Morgan was sent for, and the doctors told him there was no hope. Life seemed nearly gone as the father bent over the camp bed. A feeble voice said:

"Dear father, I am so glad to see you. All will soon be over; but I am afraid to die. Oh, tell me how, how to meet God."

Very quietly Mr. Morgan said: "My son, do you feel guilty in God's sight?"

"I do, father. That is what makes me afraid

to die. I see I have sinned, and forgotten God: will He forgive me?"

"My boy, do you remember coming home after you had left me?"

"Indeed I do," was the low answer.

"What did I say then, Walter?"

"That you forgave me, with all your heart."

"Did you believe that I did?"

"Of course I did, father. I had your own word for it."

"Did it give you ease? Were you happy at home afterwards?"

"Much happier than before, father. All was so straight between us, and I loved you better than ever."

"Walter," said Mr. Morgan, very earnestly, "just come to God as you did to me that day. Tell Him you come in the name of Jesus, to confess your sin, and to ask Him to forgive you for His sake. You know what I mean."

"But is this all He asks?"

"Yes; He wants you just to trust His word, as you did your earthly father's. He says that He laid on Him, Jesus, the iniquity of us all. Do you believe it?"

"His word, yes," murmured the sick man.

"I can get hold of that. Oh, it is wonderful, 'On Him, on Him.'"

Much exhausted he sank back on his pillow. His father sat back in his chair, white and still, but crying to God. Half an hour passed, then his son said:—

"Father, don't grieve, Jesus has borne my sins; I know He has. I'm taking God's word for it, just as I did yours in the library that evening. All looks so different now. Sing to me, father."

With quivering voice, but deeply thankful heart, Mr. Morgan sang—

"Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies."

As he went on, his son opened his eyes; and the father saw with joy that a new light was in them. Next he noted that colour was mounting into the pale cheeks. A nurse stole in, and felt his pulse. "Much better," she murmured, as she left the tent, quickly returning with a doctor. The surgeon looked at him in great surprise.

"Your pulse is much stronger, colonel," said he. "Whatever has happened?"

"Father has shown me how to come to Christ," was the ready answer. "And I have come to Him, sins and all. I am ever so much better now, and I believe I am going to get well."

And that is just what he did. The new life in his heart put new strength into his body. He is still living; a strong healthy man, and a earnest, useful Christian, praising and honouring God in his home and profession. EXTRACTED.

## A HIGHLAND BOY'S RESOLVE.

ONE Sunday afternoon in Scotland, when the Sunday-school lesson for the day had been finished and the scholars had gone to the neighbouring church to hear an address, the superintendent read to the children a letter from a missionary in the Fiji Islands.

The letter described the savage and cruel ways of the cannibals who lived there, and the power that the Gospel had obtained over many of them, in transforming their lives.

Having finished reading the account, the gentleman looked round and said :

" I wonder if there is a boy here this afternoon who will become a missionary, and by and by take the Gospel to cannibals ? "

There was one boy who said in his heart, " Yes, God helping me, I will. "

He made no outward sign, nor did he tell any one at that time of the decision.

He went home alone. When he reached a certain part of the road where there was a wall, he climbed it, and kneeling down on the other side asked God to accept him and make him a good missionary to the heathen.

That boy was James Chalmers, who afterwards lived and died for Christ among the savages in New Guinea.

His was a splendid resolve. Have you similarly given *your* life into the service of the King of kings ?

G. A. A.

\* \* \*

## REAL PEACE.

ONE of the Lord's servants, an eminent minister in Scotland, was returning home very late one evening, and having lost his way on a moor, he laid the reins on the neck of the horse, and committed himself to the direction of the Lord. After travelling over fields and ditches, his horse brought him to a farmer's house ; he begged permission to sit by the fire till the morning, which was granted.

A Popish priest was administering what he called extreme unction to the mistress of the house, who was dying. When the priest retired, he went to the dying woman, and asked her if she enjoyed peace with God in prospect of death. She answered that she did not. Mr. Guthrie then spoke to her of the atoning blood of the Redeemer. He showed it was not by works of the creature, or ceremonies, that peace could be found, and that nothing but the death of Jesus could be a foundation for a real peace with God.

The Lord was pleased so to bless the words with His own power, that the dying woman believed the message and died in peace.

On Mr. Guthrie arriving home, he told his wife, " I saw a great wonder this night. I came to a farmhouse, where I found a woman in a state of nature. I saw her brought into a state of grace, and I left her in state of glory. " Dear young reader, are you in this state of grace, and looking forward to a state of glory ?

\* \* \*

## VESUVIUS.

SIX miles to the south-east of Naples lies the most notable volcano in the world—

Vesuvius—towering some 4,000 feet above the Bay of Naples. The first recorded evidence of its activity was in A.D. 63. Up to that time it had never been regarded as a volcano. Sixteen years later the eruption burst with appalling fury over Pompeii, burying the town in ashes and blotting out the surrounding district.

We are not left in ignorance concerning the ruined Pompeii, for the pick of the excavator and the skill of the scholar have laid bare the doings and thinkings of men so suddenly overwhelmed. Many relics of tragic scenes were revealed, some praying for mercy, others as if in a perpetual sleep.

One of the most telling was a man found outside the door of a large house, lying flat on the ground, covering his face as if from the fire, still clutching in his hand a bag of gold. In his heart he had judged his opportunity had come, the family having fled for refuge ; so he selected the costliest treasures of the place, and hastened to become rich, but had been caught in the terrible lava, and there he lay for hundreds of years, a striking fulfilment of the text, " Be sure your sin will find you out. "

Dear reader, for your warning this is written. You may not be a thief, yet you are a sinner ; so come to Him Who will never cast you out.

\* \* \*

## CAN YOU TELL HIS NAME ?

A MAN there lived in days of yore,  
Who dwelt where man ne'er dwelt before.

His house, a wondrous work of art,  
Impervious was in every part

To wind, and storm, and rain.

The door was made without a board,  
And opened of its own accord

To let the wand'rer in ;

The passage led into a cell,  
What he endured, no tongue can tell,

Though only for one sin.

He disobeyed a mandate given,  
Though uttered from the court of heaven,

And suffered for the same.

Now pause—and tell his name."



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts xv. 20.*

### III.—THE STORY OF CHRYSOSTOM.

**I**N the year A.D. 344, in the city of Antioch, there was born a baby boy who was destined to become one of the best known of the earlier Christian heroes. Little John was tenderly cared for, and trained by his mother, Anthusa; and from her he early learned to believe in and to love the Lord Jesus Christ.

As he grew up he studied law and oratory that he might become an advocate in the law courts of his time; but God had other purposes for His young servant, and the gift of speech which He had given to him in marked degree was destined to be used, not for pleading in heathen law matters, but in preaching the good news concerning His Son, the Saviour of the world.

John's eloquence won for him the title of "the Golden-mouthed," or in his native Grecian language, Chrysostomos, and we know him as "St. John Chrysostom."

Before he began his preaching, he went into solitude among the mountains, that in the quiet, apart from the busy ways of the world, he might learn more of God and His Word. Then coming again into city life, his zeal and earnestness in preaching earned for him the reputation of being the greatest orator of the Christian Church.

When in A.D. 398 the Emperor Arcadius made him Archbishop of Constantinople, his friends at Antioch were very unwilling to part with him.

In the eastern city he had a great work to do. He preached nobly and fearlessly against pride and luxury and greediness and other sins; he sought to help other Christians to live lives that honoured God and helped their fellows; and he sent missionaries to Scythia and Persia and other lands. He gave liberally of his money in Christian enterprises and good works.

His faithful preaching aroused the anger of the Empress Eudoxia, who was not a good woman, and she prevailed on the Emperor to banish Chrysostom from Constantinople to far distant places. He was compelled to travel on foot under a burning sun, and the soldiers who formed his escort were pitiless in their treatment of the venerable old man. They were rough and cruel, and he died on the way, at Comana, in Pontus, in September, A.D. 407.

Although God took His faithful servant Home to the Better Land, his works remained, and many of his writings, especially his commentaries on the Bible, have come down even to our days.



## LESSONS FROM AN OLD STORY.

**GOD SEES.** *Genesis xvi. 13.* God sees our sorrows and our sins. Nothing is hidden from Him. But He looks upon us with eyes of love. "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

**GOD HEARS.** *Genesis xxi. 17.* God hears our cry of need, and it makes Him glad, for when we repent and cry to Him there is joy in the presence of the angels of God. "GOD HEARD THE VOICE OF THE LAD."

**GOD SPEAKS.** *Genesis xxi. 17, 18.* God speaks of blessing for those who are in need, of living water for thirsty souls, but all this is in Jesus. The water that Ishmael drank is a figure of the blessing in Christ for us—the living water. "WHAT AILETH THEE? FEAR NOT."

**GOD WORKS.** *Genesis xxi. 19.* God opens the eyes of those who are in distress, so that they may see His way of blessing in Christ. "GOD OPENED HER EYES, AND . . . SHE GAVE THE LAD DRINK."

"AND GOD WAS WITH THE LAD" (*Gen. xxi. 20.*)  
J. T. M.



## TRULY HAPPY AT LAST.

"I DID not expect this sort of thing when I came here, or I don't think I should have come," said Jeanie Walton to her Uncle, as they sat together before the fire.

Jean's uncle looked somewhat amused at this angry outburst from his niece, but replied in a sympathetic voice, "Yes, I know how you feel. They seem to think of nothing else now but the one subject. For my part, I don't see why people can't go quietly on without forcing their views on others. And I must say I do think it is the height of presumption to say you are saved and are sure about going to heaven. We can only do our best and trust to God's mercy in the end."

Now what was it that had so upset the usually happy and easy going Jean? She had come to stay for a week with her aunt and uncle. She had spent happy holidays with them before, and was quite prepared to enjoy herself again, and have a well-earned rest from the arduous life in the large hospital where she was a nurse. This time everything seemed as usual, and her seven cousins were delighted to have her. But

on Sunday they invited her to go with them to a Gospel service, which they explained they had commenced to attend. Jean agreed, though she felt quite amused at the idea, and couldn't resist teasing her quiet little cousin Edith, who showed such eagerness in making her promise.

As soon as the Gospel meeting was over, and Jean was walking home with her aunt and two oldest cousins, she remarked, "I never like that kind of preaching. Do you know, it always makes me feel so uncomfortable."

"That is just how we wanted you to feel Jean," cried her aunt. Jean stood still in amazement. "What do you mean, auntie? You want me to feel uncomfortable?"

"Yes, Jean," chimed in Freda. "We were so afraid you would just say you had enjoyed it, and think no more about it. You see, since you were here we have been converted."

"Converted," broke in Jean, "What did you want to be converted for? I am sure you are all as good as possible."

"We have found out that with all our religion and church-going we were *lost*, and in God's sight nothing but guilty sinners with eternal judgment before us. But we have seen from the Bible that God wants to save us and forgive our sins, because Christ died for sinners. So we have trusted Him as our own Saviour because we know He has borne all our judgment on the Cross."

"So now," said her aunt, "We want you to be saved, and that is why we were so anxious for you to come to the Gospel meeting. It is just grand to be *sure* you are going to heaven. I have wanted to know it all my life, and now that I *do* know I am so happy. I just feel as if I wanted to tell all my friends."

It was in vain that Jean protested that she was quite happy and all right, for her three newly converted relations, bent on her salvation, were not to be put off. Even gentle little Edith, in her quiet way, seemed as anxious as her more impulsive mother and sister.

When they reached home, thoroughly upset and irritated, Jean turned to her uncle for sympathy, which she certainly received, though with the discomfiting remark, "They mean to get you, Jean, though I don't agree with their views."

However, God in answer to earnest prayers had begun to work with Jean, and the following day she was so miserable and unsettled that her aunt suggested that she should ask the preacher to call and have a chat with her. Feeling rather desperate Jean agreed, hoping to give vent to her feelings, but in answer to her vexed remark that "she had been so happy until she had come here, and now the more

miserable she became, the more pleased her aunt and cousins seemed," the preacher plainly told her that until she was right with God, she had no right to be happy at all! Jean continued to argue, and protest, but like John of old she trembled as she realised for the first time in her life that after death there is the judgment.

She continued in this unhappy state for another day, and then one morning she exclaimed to Edith, "Oh! I do wish I were saved like you. I simply can't and dare not go on unsaved any longer."

"Would you like to have another talk with Mr. H.," said Edith.

"Yes, I think he might help me," replied Jean in a hopeless tone.

Before long Mr. H. came, and after a few minutes' chat he said, "Now shall we just turn

to the Lord and tell Him you want to trust Him as your own Saviour?"

Down on their knees they went, and to the surprise of all, Jean, with the tears streaming down her face, in simple words told God she was a poor, needy sinner, and she wished to trust the Lord as the One who died for her sins.

Only those who have had the supreme joy of leading a soul to Christ can understand the joy that filled the hearts of Jean's relations. How well worth while it was for them to have been thought interfering and peculiar when they had been the means under God of saving their cousin from an eternity of woe and winning her for their Lord.

Jean returned to her hospital again, and a short time later she wrote to her cousins telling them how she in her turn was seeking to speak to others of the Saviour.

H. H. S.



"SHE HAD COME TO STAY FOR A WEEK WITH HER AUNT AND UNCLE."

# 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, 1919.

Subject—Simon Peter.

1. "But Peter said." Write out the rest of this verse (Acts 5.)
2. What did the angel say to Peter when he delivered him from prison? (Acts 5.)
3. What did the apostles rejoice for? (Acts 5.)
4. What did the Spirit say to Peter? (Acts 10.)
5. What happened while Peter spake to the people in Cornelius' house? (Acts 10.)
6. How was Peter delivered from prison the second time? (Acts 12.)
7. What does Peter call himself in 1 Pet. 1?
8. What verse in 1 Pet. 1. is quoted from Isaiah 40?
9. Name four precious things spoken of in 1 Peter.
10. What are we told to "grow in" in 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  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I am very glad to welcome so many new searchers, and some of my old friends who are starting again, too. Do try and persevere all through the year. "Be not weary in well-doing." How much you will learn if you keep on with the work, and the knowledge you gain of God's Word will help you to carry out the answer to Question 10. Perhaps the questions this month are a little more difficult. If you find them too hard, let me know. I have made the first six quite easy, as I want more of the little ones to join.

My love to you all,  
Your friend,

J. L.

## January Searchers.

Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, M. Bawtree, A. Bartlett, I. Brook, M. Buckel, E. Bruce, R. Chapman, Myrtle Collins, L. Cox, P. Crookes, G. Devenish, R. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, I. Green, E. Green, W. Gilbert, E. Gummitt, R. Hawkins, L. Herring, H. Hewines, C. Hewines, G. Holder, E. Hodgeson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, E. McDonald, M. Macfarlane, C. Melville, R. Morrison, E. Morton, E. Palmer, V. Pritchett, M. Purvis, E. Rance, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, E. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, C. Swepson, I. Springirt, R. Squire, K. Sykes, K. Taylor, J. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, J. Williams, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—M. Allison, T. Morris, E. Plumley, B. Russell.

**3rd Class.**—N. Hancock, J. Harrison.

Age over 10, but not over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, A. Barugh, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, L. Brent, L. Begbie, E. Courts, E. Darrab, R. Eddy, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, J. Ferguson, W. Freshwater, N. Foster, M. Geddes, B. Graves, D. Harris, M. Harris, H. Hawkins, A. Hess, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, E. Hyde, E. Ireson, W. Jack, A. Jameson, V. Jenkins, F. Jenkins, J. King, A. Kendrick, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, K. Mawson, G. Melville, K. Morton, L. Morris, L. Neville, S. Osman, S. Radcliffe, E. Redman, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, D. Stanley, R. Swepson, R. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, M. Smith, C. Smith, G. Stobart, G. Scott, M. Sykes, H. Taylor, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, A. Thorogood, M. Vale, N. Wade, B. Wade, E. Wade, M. Walton, R. Wells, A. Westcott, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—V. Dible, J. Ireson, N. Smith, L. Way.

**3rd Class.**—M. Bull, E. Claridge, H. Giggins, W. Harrison, M. Pickersgill.

Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Blackburn, C. Cowl, A. Dodds, L. Farrington, R. Griffiths, N. Ives, C. McIver, J. Messenger, M. Pavey, N. Robson, E. Stanley, M. Silk, W. Stuart, A. Teasdale, M. Tucker, A. Walker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—F. Robinson.

**3rd Class.**—L. Steadman, C. Thwaites.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Simon Peter.

1. His brother Andrew (John 1. 40-42).
2. He was casting a net into the sea (Mark 1. 16).
3. He forsook his nets and followed Jesus (Mark 1. 18).
4. Jesus healed Simon's wife's mother (Mark 1. 30).
5. Depart from me: for I am a sinful man, O Lord (Luke 5. 8).
6. Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men (Luke 5. 10).
7. The raising from the dead of Jairus' daughter (Luke 8. 51-55).
8. Part of Luke 9. 20 written out.
9. This is My beloved Son: hear Him (Luke 9. 35).
10. Peter saw the wind boisterous and was afraid; and beginning to sink said, Lord, save me. Jesus caught him and said, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? (Matt 14. 29-31).

If we confess  
our sins  
He is faithful  
and just  
to forgive.

1. JOHN 1.9.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



A LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

## EFFIE'S VISIT.

"EFFIE, I want you to go and pay another little visit to Granny's," said Mrs. S. to her eldest daughter, "she always enjoys having you so much, and I can't leave home at present."

"Yes, certainly, Mother," replied Effie, a bright young girl, to whom the thought of a nice change was very delightful, especially as she was a great favourite with her grandmother and her three maiden aunts.

This time, however, as the usual arrangements were being made for the coming visit, Effie's feelings were quite different. A great change had recently come into Effie's life. She had for some years been a most religious girl, but until a short time previous to this, she had never known what it was to be converted to God. In fact, until a friend of hers had asked her if she was converted, she had not known that it was necessary for anyone, except perhaps, very wicked people, to need conversion in order to be right with God.

Then she had had her eyes opened to see herself a helpless sinner in God's sight, and had realized that all her good works were worse than useless to help her to gain heaven, and in simple faith she had turned to God and trusted His Son as her own Saviour.

After the first excitement of her visit had worn off, one morning Effie and her grandmother were going for a short walk, when Effie suddenly said, "Granny, are you saved?"

"Saved! Saved!" replied the old lady with a startled expression on her face. "What do you mean? Once, when I was a girl in my teens, some one asked me if I were saved, and it has stuck to me ever since. Oh! if I could only know such a thing; but then no one can know, so why do you ask, Effie?"

"Because, Granny, I'm saved, and have been for a few months now," said Effie, "and you can be saved too, and know it."

It was almost pathetic to see the old lady's eagerness to hear her granddaughter's explanation, as in her simple, almost childish, way she continued, "You see, Granny, we have always been brought up to think that if we did our best, and went regularly to church, in the end God would have mercy on us. But it is as plain as possible in the Bible that God only saves those who own they are sinners and ~~give~~ <sup>glorify</sup> in His sight, and who believe that Christ died for them and bore their sins on the cross. So now all who come to God by Him, just trusting Him as their Saviour, are saved."

"Make it more plain, Effie, will you, and tell me all over again," said granny, as for the first

time in her life she heard the simple story of God's way of saving sinners.

There was no need to convince her that she was a sinner and needed a Saviour. No, deeply, she felt her need, and as she drank in the sweet Gospel story, her heart turned in real repentance to God and in faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Effie's next talk was with one of her aunts, but this time, instead of the message bringing life and peace, as in the case of the grandmother, it was received very coldly. The aunt explained that she was seeking in all ways to live a good life and please God, and no one could do more than that. As to these new ideas of her niece's, she had heard of them before, but strongly disapproved of anyone being so presumptuous as to say he or she was saved. Anyone who took that ground must assume to be very good, but for her part, she humbly hoped that by doing her very best she would have as good a chance as anyone else.

In vain Effie explained that to take God at His word, and know on the ground of the death and blood-shedding of Jesus that all our sins are forgiven, was not presumption, but her aunt somewhat haughtily gave her to understand that she required no further teaching on this subject from her young niece.

Nothing daunted, Effie, a little later, ventured to speak to her second aunt. To her great delight and surprise, she found this aunt certainly knew the gospel in a small measure, and had really trusted Christ as her Saviour. But as is sometimes the case from never hearing the way of salvation clearly taught, her ideas were very hazy, and in reply to Effie's wondering remark as to why she never spoke to the others on such an all-important subject, she replied that she could not explain it very well to them, and they never discussed such sacred matters.

Through Effie's simple plain talks, her aunt soon learnt more of her Saviour she was so feebly trusting, and more of the value of His wonderful atoning death at Calvary.

- Feeling much encouraged by her talks with this aunt, Effie felt more confidence in speaking to her third and youngest aunt. Her somewhat timid question as to what her aunt thought about eternal matters, was met with an amused laugh, and in spite of Effie's earnestness and evident sincerity, her aunt only continued to laugh and joke as if she considered Effie a most amusing young person in attempting to discuss such topics with her.

Still Effie never regretted her visit, and some months later her old grandmother on her death bed, turned to one of her daughters, and said, "Tell Effie I am perfectly happy, just trusting in Jesus as my own Saviour," and thus she passed away to be with her Lord. H. H. S.

## "CAN YOU TELL ME — ?"

"CAN you tell me the way to Heaven, Tommy?"

Tommy was rather taken aback. He had been keeping very near to me across a lonely stretch of road one dark night recently, and after a few remarks I asked him the above question.

Seeing his hesitation I said, "Don't you go to Sunday School?"

"Not often," he answered.

"But surely you can tell me the way to Heaven."

Another pause, and then—"Well, I suppose if I went to Sunday School I should go to Heaven, shouldn't I," he asked.

"Oh! but I know lots of boys and girls who go to Sunday School," I said, "and they don't all seem to be going to Heaven. Besides, I am too old to go to Sunday School, and I want to go to Heaven, too. To tell you the truth, Tommy, I may die soon, and I want to be quite sure that when I die I shall not go to Hell. Can't you tell me how I can be sure of going to Heaven?"

Another pause, and then, looking up into my face he said, "Be a good man, and then you'll go to Heaven."

"But I always find it so easy to do wrong, and I don't think I could be good right on till I die,—besides, what about all the naughty things I have done already? Do you think that if I am good from now on, that God will look over what I have done wrong up till now?"

"I should think so," answered Tommy.

"But I've heard that God hates sin and won't have any sins in Heaven, and I do want to go there!"

"Well, say your prayers, and then you'll go to Heaven," said my new friend.

"Is that the way?—is that how you are trying to get to Heaven?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Tommy, "I say my prayers every night."

"And what do you say?"

"Our Father, which art in Heaven," said he, and then slowly and reverently he repeated the well-known prayer.

"And do you think that if I say that every day, that God will take me to Heaven?"

"I think so," he replied.

"Well, I will tell you what I have heard, Tommy. A friend of mine told me that although God hates sin and must punish it, He loves me very, very much indeed. In fact, he says that God loved me so much that He sent His Son down into this world we are in, to bear all the punishment that our sins deserved, and that His Son, Jesus, died on the cross so that

we might be saved, and now my friend says that God has promised to save everybody who will believe that Jesus died for their sins, and trust in Him as their very own Saviour.

"Do you really think it is true, Tommy, that Jesus died for sinners, for those who were always doing naughty things?"

"Yes, I believe it is true," answered Tommy.

"But, how much He must love us then! Don't you think we ought to trust Him if He loves us so very much?"

"Yes," very quietly.

"Well then, we both want to go to Heaven, so let us both trust Jesus as our Saviour. I am going to do so, so won't you, Tommy?"

Another short pause and then "Yes, I will, too," answered Tommy.

\* \* \*

I wonder if any of the little readers of OUR CHILDREN have been thinking that if they went to Sunday School, or if they were very good and said their prayers every day, they would be sure to go to Heaven?

Quite a lot of people do think so, but the Bible says, "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). c. s. g.

\* \* \*

## "ON'Y BELIEVE'T."

IT was in a small room in the slums of Newcastle, that "Old John" made his abode.

With a few shillings as his weekly income, he did his best to keep together his 'home.'

John had been a teetotaler for many years, and had thought, that by keeping away from drink and living honestly in the world, he might have some chance of getting to heaven.

How many of you boys and girls have thoughts like that?

Gradually the truth dawned on his soul. As we sat by his little fire I was talking to him about Jesus and His finished work. How that He died on Calvary and fully satisfied God's righteousness and holiness so that God's love can now flow out freely to sinners.

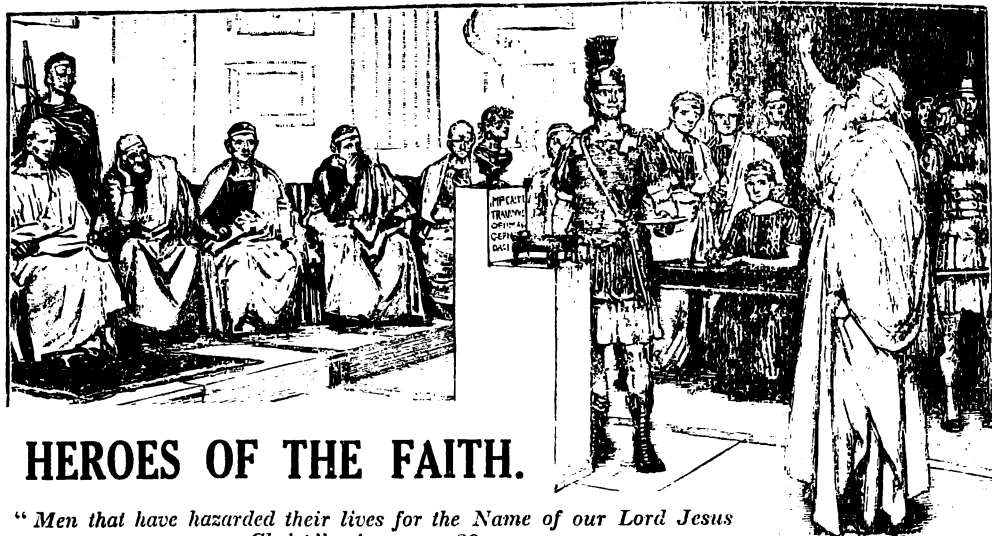
He seemed to see it, and said, "Yes, Jesus has done His part, but we must do ours."

"And what have we to do?" I asked.

"On'y believe't," he confidently replied.

Oh, how simple is God's way of salvation. Will you trust Him now? Jesus did the work on Calvary to save you. What you have to do is to "On'y believe't."

S. D.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### IV.—THE STORY OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

**A**T the same time as St. John Chrysostom was passing his boyhood in Antioch, another boy, whom God was preparing to take a noble and notable stand for the true Faith, was growing up in the African town of Thagaste, in Numidia.

Aurelius Augustinus, later known as St. Augustine, was destined to become the greatest of all the early Latin Christian leaders.

His father, Patricius, was a magistrate of the city; his mother, Monica, was a gracious and saintly woman, who never ceased to pray to God that her very tenderly loved boy might become a true and brave soldier of the Cross.

Augustine was sent to Carthage—then a flourishing and important city—to complete his studies; and he became a lecturer in the Universities of his day.

In the year 383 he went to Rome, and then to Milan, studying and lecturing and teaching. His great gifts of learning brought him into touch with many of the chief scholars of the times; and in Milan he became a friend of the bishop, the clever and devout St. Ambrose. All this time Augustine did not truly know the Lord Jesus Christ, although he studied the Bible. But his mother's prayers were to be answered in God's good time; and when Augustine was thirty-four years of age, in the year 387 A.D. he became a decided Christian,

and was baptized by his friend Ambrose, thereby proclaiming publicly his faith in and allegiance to the one true God, and His Son, our Saviour.

In this same year—A.D. 387—his mother took the long journey from Thagaste, to Milan, in Italy, to see her son. It was a brave undertaking for a lady in those far-away days, to venture far from home, for travelling was slow, and often dangerous, and always attended with great discomforts.

But love never sees difficulties, and the mother heart of Monica was yearning to have her boy with her again. However, she did not live to have her wish fully realized. They met at the seaport of Ostia, near Rome, and Augustine embarked there to return with his mother to their home in Africa; but he had to go alone, for she died before the vessel sailed.

Not long after his return to Numidia, he became a minister of the Christian Church, being ordained by Valerius, the Bishop of Hippo, in 391 A.D. For nearly forty years he lived an earnest and industrious Christian life, as a preacher of God's Truth, but more especially as a writer. Even in those early centuries after our Lord and His intimate apostles had lived and preached on earth, many grave and mischievous errors had crept into the minds of men concerning the teachings of the Holy Scriptures. But God has never, through all



the ages, however dark they have been, left Himself without a true witness to Himself, so, in His mercy, He raised up Augustine to hold up the True Light of Life amid much that was false even among the professing Christians.

By his valuable writings, many of which have come down to us, by his high and noble thoughts of God and of the things of God, and most of all by his fine personal character, Augustine did more than almost any other of the early heroes of the faith—after the apostles—to mould the spirit of the Christian Church and to show clearly the wonderful meaning of God's message of full salvation.

In 430 A.D. the Vandals, a fierce and cruel nation from the north-east of Europe, besieged Hippo, under the leadership of their king Genserich, and finally sacked it. Augustine, by this time an old man of seventy-six years of age, died during the siege, on August 28, 430, leaving a fragrant memory of a holy and useful life, which has never been forgotten. E. A.

\* \* \*

### THE HIDING-PLACE IN THE ROCK.

WHEN I was a child, I spent my summer holidays in the country at my uncle's farm, and had happy times with my two little cousins. One day we were out in the fields, when we heard a snort, and looking across the field, we saw a wild bull coming straight toward us.

There was no house or help near, and I remember crying out in fear. My elder cousin kept very quiet, and I noticed her lips moved. Turning round, she said, "Follow me!" and we crept up the side of a rock into a crevice, from which we heard the wild animal rush past, and where we remained for a long while, till danger was over.

When we got to our little room, I asked Cousin Annie what she was saying when the wild bull was coming along.

"I was repeating a text I learned last Sunday, 'Thou art my hiding-place,' and I had no sooner done so than I remembered the hole in the rock behind us."

That I thought a miracle; I never forgot it.

\* \* \*

### "HE LOVES ME!"

IN a distant part of England a gentleman was telling the sweet story of God's love to sinners. It was in a little cottage, and those present listened breathlessly to what was

said to them. But none listened more eagerly than Jamie, who stood behind the door. His face was pale, but was lit up with his large grey eyes fastened on the speaker.

If you had asked Jamie if God had made him happy, he would have told you that peace and happiness were unknown to him, as indeed they are unknown to all who do not know the Lord. Jamie heard for the first time of the holy, spotless Jesus. And Jamie believed that Jesus had died for him, and that nothing but the blood of Jesus could blot out all his sins. He had been long thirsting after salvation, and now it came to him like a flash of lightning.

Jamie went home and said, "Mother, mother, I've seen Him!" pointing upward. "He loves me! He's there for me. He wants me, poor Jamie, and Jamie is happy, so happy." Jamie's whole life was radiant after this with love and joy, and his whole thought and speech was taken up with, "Jesus, Jesus, beautiful Jesus."

May our young friends know something of the reality of this "joy unspeakable and full of glory."

\* \* \*

### THE HERMIT'S HUT; OR, NOT ALONE.

IT was one of the strangest dwelling-houses you ever saw. The walls were made of turf, several feet in thickness, and the roof was covered with heather. There was one small window, about two feet square, where barely sufficient light could enter to allow you to see what was inside. The furniture was very scarce, and what there was, was rough and plain. The only dweller was an old man, thought to be over seventy, but no one knew his age exactly. His clothing was many years behind the times, and the old men in the neighbouring village could not tell how long he had lived there, but he knew it was "ever since he was a boy." He had no friends.

One day a gentleman, visiting in the district, called to see the aged hermit, and much to his surprise he was well received. The old man told him part of his history, and ended by saying, "I have lived here alone for forty-five years, yet not alone, for God, my true and only Friend, has been with me night and day all these years, and when I leave this hut, where He has been my Guest, I will go to dwell with Him for ever."

The old man was happy, hermit as he was, for he was saved, and had God living with him. This, dear reader, is the only true and lasting joy.



### DOROTHY AND HER DOG ROVER.

**I**N a pretty cottage, near to the farmhouse on the hill, where we spent our summer holidays, there is a pretty little girl, named Dorothy, who was a frequent visitor to the farm during the time of our sojourn there.

She was one of twelve children, from the district around, who attended a little meeting for children, conducted on Sunday afternoons, in the barn when wet, and on the lawn in front of the house when the weather was fine. A dear, interesting child Dorothy is, and I believe she has the grace of God in her, young as she is. For there is nothing surer than this, that God saves very many boys and girls at a very early age, when in the simplicity of children they come as sinners to the Saviour, and simply trust themselves to Him, as a little child trusts its mother.

Dorothy's uncle had given her the gift of a fine collie dog, whom she named Rover, and he was a great pet. But his colour was jet black, and the collie at the farm, although quite as black as Rover in the body, had a pretty white face. Dorothy seemed to think that Rover's face was black from the same cause as her own at times, and that washing could make it white. So when her mother had gone out one afternoon, she began to wash Rover in the back garden, not without some resentment on his part, and without success on hers. For the more she washed, the blacker he became.

You may smile at the child's folly, but I fear there are many boys and girls, and some older people too, who think themselves wise, who are making the same mistake in another form.

Rover could not be made white by washing, simply because he was black by nature. No soap or patent cleanser yet found can make a black dog white. And no reformation or outward washing of one's ways, can change a sinner into a saint, or make a child of wrath by nature (Eph. ii. 3) into a child of God. Jeremiah says, "Though thou wash thee with nitre, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before Me, saith the Lord" (Jer. ii. 22).

Nothing less than a new birth, which brings a new life, and gives a new nature, can make a sinner by nature into a new creature. But this new birth is within reach of all, and I believe my little friend, Dorothy, knows now what it is that makes a black sinner white as snow before God.

\* \* \*

"THE Lord looketh on the heart" (1 Sam. xvi. 7).

\* \* \* \* \*

"YE must be born again" (John iii. 7).

\* \* \* \* \*

"CREATE in me a clean heart, O God" (Psalm li. 10).

# 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, 1919.**

**Subject—John the Baptist.**

1. Give the names of the parents of John (Luke 1.)
2. Describe John the Baptist by a verse in Matt. 3.
3. Give a verse that speaks of John as a "messenger" (Mark 1.)
4. What three classes came to John asking "What shall we do?" (Luke 3.)
5. What did John say when Jesus came to be baptized of him? (Matt. 3.)
6. What did John say when he saw Jesus coming to him? (John 1.)
7. "He must increase, but I must decrease." Who said this, and about whom? (John 3.)
8. What happened to John in prison? (Mark 6.)
9. What did Herod say when he heard of the fame of Jesus? (Matt. 14.)
10. What did John the Baptist say of the Lord Jesus? (Acts 13.)

## 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,—

First of all I want to thank A. Hewines for the pretty cards he sent me from Canada. Then I must welcome all the new searchers, and then I must point out their mistakes to them.

M. Macfarlane, E. Hyde, R. Minifie, W. Smith, I. Adams, M. Pickersgill, M. Bull, L. Adams, and M. Gray have written no answers, only the chapter and verse where they found them.

H. Giggins, K. Ingram, E. Williams, and M. Burrett, have written the answers but no chapter and verse.

N. Smith, E. Durant, V. Dible, and M. Harris, must now do eight questions. One paper has come from Cheltenham with no name. I hope you will all read this letter, so that you may correct your mistakes next time.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## February Searchers.

**Age over 12 Years.**

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, M. Allison H. Allibone, R. Allsop, E. Attwood, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bartlett, M. Bantree, I. Brook, M. Buckel, E. Bruce, L. Cox, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, D. Duff, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, E. Green, E. Gummitt, H. Hewines, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, E. McDonald, C. Meeks, C. Melville, R. Morrison, B. Oliver, E. Palmer, V. Pritchett, M. Purvis, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, D. Swall, J. Shell, C. Swepson, R. Squire, A. Silk, K. Sykes, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—Myrtle Collins, N. Hancock, M. Hodgson, T. Morris, V. Phillips, R. Russell, E. Plumley.

**3rd Class.**—M. Macfarlane.

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

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, A. Baruch, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, L. Brent, L. Begbie, E. Claridge, P. Clarkson, E. Darrah, R. Eddy, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, J. Ferguson, N. Foster, B. Graves, M. Geddes, H. Hodgson, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, A. Kendrick, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, K. Mawson, S. Major, S. Melville, R. Phillips, E. Redman, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, H. Swepson, H. Selley, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, M. Smith, A. Silvester, M. Sykes, H. Taylor, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, A. Thorogood, M. Vale, N. Wade, B. Wade, E. Wade, M. Walton, L. Way, R. Wells, A. Westcott, C. Willows, B. Wilding, E. Yates.

**2nd Class.**—T. Barber, E. Coutts, V. Dible, A. Hess, R. Hoskins, E. Ireson, J. Ireson, L. Neville, C. Plummer, R. Shell, W. Simpkins, C. Smith.

**3rd Class.**—L. Adams, M. Burrett, M. Bull, E. Durant, M. Gray, M. Harris, E. Hyde, K. Ingram, M. Pickersgill, D. Stanley, E. Stanley, N. Smith, E. Williams.

**Age 10 Years and under.**

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Blackburn, J. Cooling, C. Cowl, A. Dodds, L. Farrington, R. Griffiths, A. Hayward, N. Hayward, A. Hewines, G. Loye, J. Messenger, C. McIver, M. Oliver, M. Pavesy, N. Robson, M. Silk, W. Stuart, C. Thwaites, A. Tensdale, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—E. Attwood, A. Buller, F. Robinson.

**3rd Class.**—I. Adams, H. Giggins, E. Hyde, R. Minifie, W. Smith, A. Walker.

## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

**Subject—Simon Peter.**

1. He caught a fish and found the money in its mouth (Matt. 17. 27).
2. Lord, dost Thou wash my feet? (John 13. 6).
3. If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me (John 13. 8).
4. Part of Luke 22. 31–32 written out.
5. What, could ye not watch with Me 'one hour'? (Matt. 26. 40).
6. Peter remembered the word of Jesus and wept bitterly (Matt. 26. 75).
7. The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon (Luke 24. 34).
8. Repent and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ (Acts 2. 38).
9. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk (Acts 3. 6).
10. Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye. For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard (Acts 4. 19–20).

# THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH

Romans 6.23

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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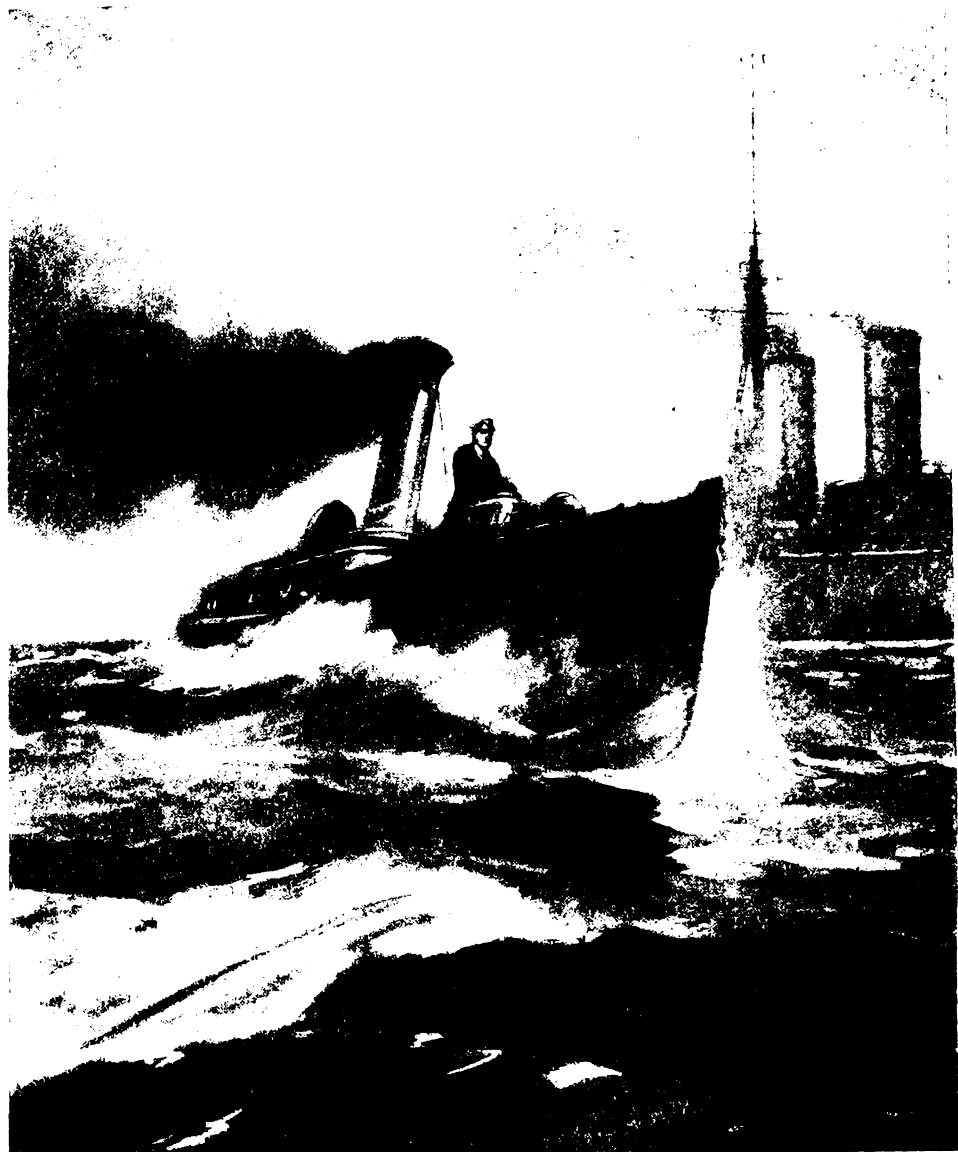
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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



WAITING FOR THE GERMAN FLEET.

## SURRENDER !

**S**URRENDER of the German Fleet." Who was not thrilled on reading the newspaper accounts of this historical event which took place in the Firth of Forth soon after the Armistice ?

After more than four years of waiting the British Navy achieved without a decisive engagement all that was necessary to leave her the mistress of the seas.

No doubt the humiliation was painful to the Germans. To their request for terms, the answer came which could be summed up in one word, "Surrender."

No bargaining, no excuses, no promises for the future, that menace to life and property on the seas must surrender.

No doubt the penalty is severe, but it is just and merited for the German navy in the eyes of civilization is, "Guilty."

We, too, as sinners away from God, are guilty. We have broken His laws, despised His mercy, and done our own will, not for four years, but all our lives. Sooner or later we must meet Him. Sooner—we cannot come too soon—it will mean "Surrender." Those are God's terms, though the Gospel does not use this word. It speaks of repentance, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ and obedience to the Gospel.

This really means coming to Him as those who are guilty and without excuse to trust in Christ as our Saviour.

If you have not already surrendered to Him you can do so to-day. God's word says, "Who-soever believeth in Him," shall "not perish but have everlasting life."

Many know about the Lord Jesus, and even admire Him, trying to follow Him, but this cannot be till you first trust Him as Saviour and Lord. *Surrender!*

In one of Lord Nelson's sea battles he captured a French ship after a sharp fight. After the French captain had hauled down his flag he was brought on board Nelson's ship with his officers.

Advancing towards his conqueror he held out his hand, and said a few words in praise of Nelson's skill. Lord Nelson did not take the Frenchman's hand, but replied: "Your sword first, Sir afterwards your hand."

You see he had not surrendered, although he was prepared to admire the man whose prisoner he had become.

Surrender to the Lord Jesus to-day. He gives the weary rest, and then you can do what His own words say: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me . . . for My yoke is easy and My burden is light" (Matt. xi. 29-30).

J. A. S.

## "SCOTCH GRANITE."

**B**URT and Johnnie Lee were delighted when their Scotch cousin came to live with them. He was little, but very bright and full of fun. He could tell curious things about his home in Scotland. He was as far advanced in his studies as they were, and the first day he went to school they thought him remarkably good. He wasted no time in play when he should have been studying.

At night, before the close of the school, the teacher called the roll, and the boys began to answer, "Ten." When Willie understood that he was to say ten if he had not whispered during the day, he replied, "I have whispered."

"More than once?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, sir," answered Willie.

"As many as ten times?"

"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.

"Then I shall mark you zero," said the teacher sternly, "and that is a great disgrace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once," said Johnnie that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a book: then I lent a slate pencil, and asked a boy for a knife, and did several such things. I supposed it was allowed."

"Oh, we all do it," said Burt, reddening. "There isn't any sense in the old rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody does."

"I will; or else I will say I haven't," said Willie. "Do you suppose I would tell ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit among us if we were so strict."

"What of that, if you told the truth?" laughed Willie bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how it was with him. He studied hard, played with all his might in playtime, but according to his account he lost more credits than any of the rest. After some weeks the boys answered "Nine," and "Eight," oftener than they used to; yet the schoolroom seemed to have grown quieter. Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was even lower than usual, the teacher would smile peculiarly, but said no more of disgrace. Willie never preached at them or told tales, but somehow it made the boys ashamed of themselves, just the seeing that this sturdy blue-eyed boy must tell the truth. It was putting the clean cloth by the half soiled one, you see; and they felt like cheats and story-tellers. They talked him over, and loved him, even if they did nickname him "Scotch Granite," he was so firm about a promise.



At the end of the term Willie's name was very low down on the credit list. When it was read, he had hard work not to cry, for he was very sensitive, and he had tried hard to be perfect. But the very last thing that day was a speech by the teacher, who told of once seeing a man muffled up in a cloak. He was passing him without a look, when he was told the man was General -- the great hero. "The signs of his rank were hidden, but the hero was there just the same," said the teacher. "And now, boys, you will see what I mean when I give a little gold medal to the most faithful boy--the one really the most conscientiously 'perfect in his department' among you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty boys at once; for the child whose name was low on the credit list had made truth noble in their eyes.

We have extracted the above interesting account of "Scotch Granite" from a contemporary. Interesting as it is, we feel that it lacks one thing.

Passing through the streets of a Yorkshire town recently, we noticed on the play bill of a picture palace the words:—

### "HE ONLY SINNED ONCE."

The words stuck to us, haunted us, dogged our footsteps, set us thinking. Let us apply them to "Scotch Granite," and —YOU, dear young reader.

If "Scotch Granite" had only committed *one* sin, and who has not committed more in number than the hairs of one's head; if you have only committed *one* sin, if you have spoken the truth fearlessly and at all costs, winning "the little gold medal as the most faithful boy," *that will not suffice for God.*

We admire "Scotch Granite" immensely, we trust his conduct was the product of "the fear of the Lord," which is "the beginning of wisdom," but we know this, that if it could be said of him, or —YOU, that

### "HE ONLY SINNED ONCE,"

then it is emphatically and urgently true that

### YOU NEED A SAVIOUR,

*and without a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus you will be lost for ever and ever in the lake of fire.*

Atonement for sin *must* be made, if you are to be saved. You must trust the Saviour, if salvation is to be yours. Be assured of this: there is only one thing possible that can put you right, and that is "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved" (Acts xvi. 31).

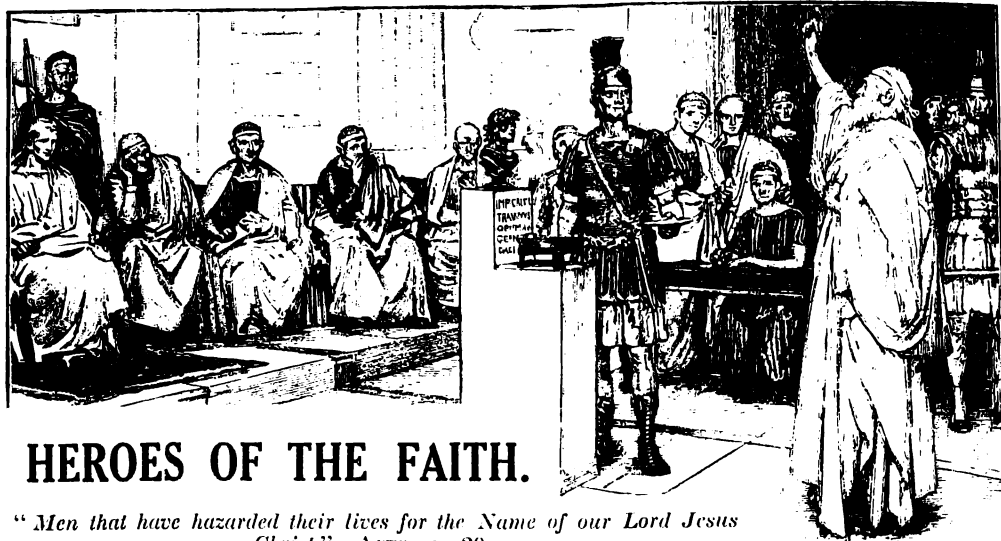
A. J. P.

\* \* \*

"WITHOUT shedding of blood is no remission." *Heb. ix, 22.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"THE blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." *1 John i, 7.*



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—ACTS xv. 20.*

### V.—THE GREAT HERO.

**W**E must go back from our thoughts about St. Augustine, who lived, as we saw last month, A.D. 354–430, to the great Hero whose teachings and writings largely shaped Augustine's life and work. This was St. Paul, who lived three centuries nearer to our Lord's own day, and whose life was one of very great power both among his own contemporaries, and down through the centuries to this present time. St. Paul himself tells us that he was born in Tarsus, a city of Cilicia (Acts xx. 3). Tarsus was the famous capital of a Roman province. Large, busy, and flourishing, it was the centre of much of the merchandise and wealth that enriched Greece and Italy.

In the forests of the snow-topped Taurus mountains were hewn the vast masses of timber that were floated down the river Cydnus, which flowed through the city, to the great dockyards of the Mediterranean; and up the river, from other busy cities in Europe, came ships laden with bales of all sorts of valuable produce, to be sent further East into Asia by caravans of camels.

The bright and busy life of the streets and markets must have been the earliest scenes familiar to the boy Saul. Tarsus was a pagan city, ignorant of the One True God; but many Jews were dwelling there, and we know that

Saul was brought up in the knowledge of God and of the Old Testament Scriptures. His father and grandfather had been Pharisees, and the boy was taught from earliest days the strictest observance of the Law of Moses.

He was what we should in these days call a Public School boy and a University man; for his education was most carefully carried through, and his tutor was Gamaliel, one of the most learned and most famous teachers of his day.

But while all the years of his boyhood and early manhood were passed in study and training until his mind was enriched with much that was well worth knowing, and his character was being shaped in a resolute and scrupulous conformity to the outward observance of religion there was in his heart a deep contempt and bitter hatred for the new religious sect that was growing up in Jerusalem and the country around.

The Lord Jesus Christ had only just finished His earthly ministry and had gone back to Heaven, leaving to His Apostles the work He had begun to do. They, filled with power by the coming of the Holy Spirit, carried on the work of teaching the people of the great love of God and the Eternal Life which Christ had purchased for them with His own precious blood.

Multitudes believed and the infant Church was formed (Acts ii. 47). This result, bringing such joy into the lives of those who believed,



was a source of intense annoyance to the Pharisees and the rulers (Acts iv. 1, 2), and in order to stop it, they began a great persecution, and organized an expedition through the country, to arrest and imprison all who declared themselves to be followers of the Lord.

Saul, being a keen and capable young man, was entrusted with the leadership of the expedition; and he and his band started on their way to the city of Damascus, to lay hands on all whom he could find.

But their journey was to end in a completely different manner from what they intended. God had other plans for His faithful followers, and for Saul of Tarsus. Next month we will see what happened; but if you want to know sooner turn up Acts ix. and read it for yourselves.

E. A.

\* \* \*

## FIRST AND SECOND CLASS.

**M**R. MOODY used to say that the Christian might take his choice of travelling either first-class or second-class throughout this life. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee" (Psa. lvi. 3); that is second-class. But "Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid" (Isa. xii. 2); that is first-class.

\* \* \*

## "I SETTLED THE MATTER TWENTY YEARS AGO."

**I** WAS captain of the yacht," my friend explained, "and it is a true story of God—and the sea."

Here followed the breezily-told details of the loss of the yacht in the Bay of Biscay, and how everyone took to the boats.

"We were to meet the owner at Naples. His lady, Mrs. Frodsham, was aboard, and was one of those in the gig life-boat. She was an invalid, 'marked for death,' I saw, the very moment she came on board. In the boat we did all we could for her, but there was scant comfort in an open boat at sea. Wrapped in a macintosh, she lay upon one of the seats, aft. She had lived a moral if a worldly life, but now, facing death and eternity, she feared death, and found all her moral, 'religious' life as shifting sand; she could get no foothold.

"Will the boat go down? Shall we be lost?" she asked the elderly seaman who was attending upon her; her maid was prostrate with sea-sickness in the bottom of the boat.

"Can't say, my lady," replied the man. "But I do know this, whether we are saved or not, it won't matter to me. I settled this matter

twenty years ago, my lady, so that now, though for me to live is Christ, yet to die would be gain."

"Tell me the way to know this," she cried, and a desperate eagerness rang in her voice.

"The old man's voice was low, but very clear as he said, 'Why, yer see, my lady, the Lord Jesus Christ Himself said that the future of us all depended on our accepting or rejecting God's gift of salvation—that is, Jesus Christ Himself, Who "died to atone for sins not His own," but for our sins. Listen, my lady, to His own words: "He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, BECAUSE he hath not believed in the Name of the only begotten Son of God." So yer see, my lady, there ain't no uncertainty about it. You have only to choose now, this very minute, whether you'll be saved or lost eternally.

"It was a strange, impressive scene, the dim forms of the sailors sitting on the thwarts; the small, square stern-sheets; the dying woman crouched up on one of the seats; the old sailor kneeling with his well-worn pocket Testament in his hand, from which he read by the dim light of the hurricane lantern.

"Read that again," murmured the dying woman. And the sailor read: "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

"There was a moment of strained silence, the wheel of the sheet block cheeped. Then the dying woman spoke, feebly, but assuredly:

"He would not deceive, especially a dying woman." Her eyes looked up, her mouth smiled. "As well as I understand," she murmured. "I do come, with all my past empty, formal, sinful life, and—." The smile deepened, in her eyes now as well as in the lines of her mouth. "And I believe He takes me in!"

"A faint light had been stealing over the heaving waters for some minutes. She noted the light.

"Is that the dawn?" she asked.

"Yes, my lady!" A long pause, then she said softly, rapturously:

"My soul has found its day-break."

Then she died.

\* \* \* \*

You, who read this, though you may be moral, aye, even in a conventional sense religious, learn this, that religion will not save you.

Yet, you may find forgiveness now. Your guilty past may be blotted out in a moment.

Look to God revealed in the suffering Saviour; look in faith and trust, and salvation is yours.

Not "doing the best you can," but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin.

S. W.

(From *The British Evangelist*.)

## HANNAH'S CONVERSION.

"**T**HERE go those poor Wood girls, going to their meetings again," said Hannah one day, as she watched, from the sitting-room window, two young girls walking quickly down the road. "I am sure I pity them, they seem to think of nothing but their religion, and are always at meetings of some sort."

The two girls thus singled out certainly did not look like objects of pity; in fact they looked remarkably happy.

Hannah's mother looked up from her work, and replied, "Well, I don't know, Hannah, I think they are very nice girls really in spite of their peculiar views. When I was in their house a few days since and we were speaking of someone who had died, and I remarked I hoped he had gone to heaven, one of the girls spoke so nicely about it. In fact I sometimes wish I were more like them, and was sure about myself." And Mrs. C. sighed deeply as she went on with her sewing again. Hannah made no reply beyond a little dissenting grunt, and after a few more minutes, she continued, "They seem to have got hold of Elinor, and now she just upholds them in everything and thinks the same as they do about religion." After a few more unpleasant remarks Hannah dropped the subject, and no more passed between her and her mother.

But somehow, in spite of Hannah's dislike and professed contempt for these girls, perhaps mixed with a little jealousy that her sister Elinor had lately become very friendly with them, now saying the same as they did, that she was saved and knew all her sins forgiven, she began to grow very uncomfortable.

About a year previous to this, Hannah had accompanied her mother and sister to a Gospel meeting, the first one of its kind she had ever attended, and there she had heard the Gospel preached in its simplicity and fulness. Though she hardly admitted it even to herself, she had never since felt quite happy or satisfied about her soul and eternal welfare.

And now her sister Elinor had "turned religious." Elinor had always been a sweet, kind sister, and was still more so now, but it made Hannah feel decidedly uneasy to hear her sister say she knew she was going to heaven, because she had been converted. If Elinor needed to be converted, well, so must she, and it was an unpleasant thought to face that this must mean she was all wrong now.

Then further she frequently found her mother and Elinor earnestly discussing the same subject, with the result that her mother seemed to grow more and more miserable.

Altogether Hannah felt it very trying, and

consequently found the "Wood girls" the best target for her irritation and she missed no opportunity of disparaging them.

One morning Hannah noticed a great change had come over her mother. All her depression had gone, and she seemed so radiantly happy that her daughter was greatly puzzled. However, that same evening when she and her mother were alone, her mother suddenly put her arms round her neck and said, "Oh Hannah, I want to tell you I am saved. You know how miserable I have been for such a long time, and I have just longed to know how to be right with God. Well, last night when Elinor was trying to make it plain to me, I seemed as if I realized for the first time that Christ had died for me and had borne my sins on the cross, and now I know I can never be judged for them, as He has borne all the judgment. Oh Hannah, I am so happy. I feel as if all the burden had gone, and I do wish you would turn to the Lord, too."

Poor Hannah! her only answer was a few tears, but deep down in her heart how she longed to share this joy. How unsatisfying everything in life seemed, and perhaps after all those Wood girls were not so much to be pitied. They at least seemed very happy, and were always so pleasant and kind in spite of Hannah's cold treatment of them.

That night Hannah felt she could hold out no longer, and her proud, stubborn heart bowed to the Lord Jesus. She cried to Him for mercy as a poor, guilty sinner, and on the ground of His atoning death she received the forgiveness of her sins from God, for as the Lord said, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out."

The following evening the two young friends were surprised by Elinor coming to see them, and saying with a beaming face, "Oh, do come across to see Hannah. She is saved at last and would like to see you."

It must be admitted the two girls felt somewhat nervous as to their reception, and perhaps just a little doubtful as to the reality of Hannah's remarkable change. They had had no idea that beyond scoffing at these eternal matters, she had ever seriously thought of them.

However, they were not long left in doubt. It was a very gentle and humble Hannah who greeted them, and in answer to their rather shy expression of pleasure at the good news, she freely told them of all her anxiety and fears, and how she at last had simply trusted the Lord as her own Saviour, finishing with "And I never knew anyone *could* be so happy."

# 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, 1919.

Subject—James and John.

1. What were James and John doing when the Lord called them? (Matt. 4.)
2. What was the result? (Mark 1.)
3. Jesus gave James and John a surname. What was it and its meaning? (Mark 3.)
4. What request did James and John make to the Lord in Mark 10?
5. Was this request granted? (Mark 10.)
6. "Go and prepare us the passover, that we may eat." To whom was this said? (Luke 22.)
7. What happened to James? (Acts 12.)
8. Why was John in Patmos? (Rev. 1.)
9. What did John do when he saw One like the Son of Man? (Rev. 1.)
10. What did John see? (Rev. 21.)

## 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,—

I am sorry you found Question 9 so difficult. Read the answer given this month carefully, and you will understand it better. I hope you will read the printed answers every month, as they will help you to answer the questions correctly. Many of you left out "He is precious" in Answer 9. I wonder how many of us can say from our hearts that the Lord Jesus is precious to us. May we learn more and more of Him and of His love to us!

A paper has come from Gloucester without a name, and an empty envelope with the Dulwich post-mark on it.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

## March Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bartlett, M. Baxtree, I. Brook, E. Bruce, L. Cox, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, D. Duff, J. Foster, E. Gunnitt, H. Hewines, E. Hodzson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, C. Melville, R. Morrison, A. Pritchett, M. Purvis, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, D. Swall, C. Swepson, R. Squire, A. Silk, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, A. Walton, H. Ward, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—M. Allison, H. Allibone, M. Bailey, D. Bowl, M. Buckel, D. Dunkley, E. Fairbairn, N. Hancock, E. McDonald, E. Palmer, G. Pearman, A. Westcott, J. Williams.

**3rd Class.**—Myrtle Collins, E. Green, A. Grigg, R. Hawkins, J. Hay, M. Macfarlane, T. Morris, R. Rickards.

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

**1st Class.**—A. Baxter, A. Barugh, H. Bawtree, F. Baker, F. Berry, E. Coutts, E. Darrah, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, G. Faldon, M. Geddes, D. Harris, M. Harris, A. Hess, B. Horne, H. Hughes, E. Hyde, E. Ireson, J. Ireson, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, A. Kendrick, U. Lambert, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, S. Major, E. May, C. Plummer, R. Redman, E. Ritzena, E. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, R. Swepson, H. Selley, W. Selley, M. Smith, C. Smith, A. Singer, R. Tewkesbury, M. Todd, N. Wade, B. Wade, E. Wade, M. Walton, R. Wells, F. Weatherburn, C. Willows, E. Yates.

**2nd Class.**—C. Akeroyd, L. Begbie, C. Dodds, R. Eddy, A. Fairbairn, C. Ingram, M. Lawson, K. Morton, M. Pickersgill, S. Radcliffe, M. Read, D. Stanley, E. Stanley, F. Shepherd, D. Silman, R. Trotter, M. Vale.

**3rd Class.**—L. Adams, L. Brent, M. Bull, E. Clabidge, G. Eggleton, E. Eden, A. Eden, W. Freshwater, H. Giggins, H. Hawkins, J. King, L. King, H. Pilon, N. Smith.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Blackburn, D. Cottee, John Cooling, C. Cowl, V. Dible, A. Dodds, R. Griffiths, A. Haywood, A. Hewines, N. Ives, G. Loye, J. Messenger, C. McIver, M. Pavey, N. Robson, M. Silk, W. Stuart, C. Thwaits, A. Teasdale, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—A. Buller, I. Steedman.

**3rd Class.**—I. Adams, R. Minifie, A. Pilon.

## ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

Subject—Simon Peter.

1. Acts 5. 3 written out.
2. Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life (Acts 5. 20).
3. They rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name (Acts 5. 4).
4. Behold, three men seek thee. Arise, therefore, to get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing: for I have sent them (Acts 10. 19-20).
5. The Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word (Acts 10. 44).
6. By an angel (Acts 12. 7-10).
7. An apostle of Jesus Christ (1 Pet. 1. 1).
8. 1 Peter 1. 24 written out.
9. The trial of faith (1 Pet. 1. 7). The precious blood of Christ (1 Pet. 1. 19). The chief corner-stone (1 Pet. 2. 6). He is precious (1 Pet. 2. 7).
10. Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (2 Pet. 3. 18).

# THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH

ROMANS. I. 17.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



A GOOD MOTTO (see page 42).

June 1911

## PREPARED OR UNPREPARED?

EVERYONE knows how unprepared England was for the great war which broke out in 1914, and the only comfort that fact affords is that it proves that England did not plan or wish for war.

Still, a great price has been paid for that unpreparedness, and we dare say that never again will we find ourselves in such a state of peril.

The motto of the Boy Scouts you see on our front page is: "Be prepared," and a very good motto it is in regard to all sorts of things besides war.

It is a good thing to be prepared: to have your lessons well prepared; to go to the annual examination well prepared; to prepare for your career of usefulness in the world; to prepare for old age by saving for the "rainy day."

Above all it is good to be prepared for death—prepared for *eternity*. Our whole lives should be spent in view of that, and yet how many when they come to the end of life have prepared to meet God? One of the wickedest Popes of Rome was heard to say on his death-bed: "I have prepared for everything but this."

Are you prepared? Don't think that anyone is too young to get right with God, or that doing so will spoil your life. True happiness lies in knowing God and doing His will, and those who know Him through our Lord Jesus Christ are *prepared*, and can say like one you will read of in this month's "Heroes of the Faith," on another page of this magazine, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

How can we prepare? God commands us to repent, and invites us to trust His Son as our Saviour whose precious blood "cleanses from all sin."

You may do so to-day, and from that moment you will be prepared for death and eternity. Jesus says: "Him that cometh unto Me I will in nowise cast out."

J. A. S.



## IT'S SO DARK.

THE father of a little girl was once in great trouble and distress of soul. He lay awake after going to bed one night in fear and dread, he felt like a ship tossed about by a storm, and unable to find rest or peace. The hours of the night were going slowly by. He could not sleep.

His little daughter was sleeping in her crib beside his bed. Presently she began to move about *uneasily*. Then he heard her voice speakily *timidly* in the darkness, "Papa, papa!" she called. "What is it, my darling?" he

asked. "Oh, it is so dark. Take Nellie's hand." He reached out and took her tiny little hand, clasping it firmly in his own. A sigh of relief came from her little heart. At once she was comforted. All her loneliness and fear were gone. She felt that a loving father was near her, and in a few minutes she was sound asleep again.

The father felt that a valuable lesson had been taught him. He at once cried, "Oh, my Father in heaven, my Saviour, and my God, it is very dark in my soul, but take my hand."

So he turned to Jesus and trusted in Him, and at once a deep, settled peace came into his troubled heart.

Thus may we learn this simple truth, to look to Him and all will be well, for time and for eternity.



## HOW AN IDOL WAS MADE IN MADAGASCAR.

A GOOD many years ago a young married couple in the island of Madagascar were going to set up house. As no home was thought to be complete without a household god, they asked a maker of idols to supply them with one. It was to be ready on a certain day; so, dressed in their best lambas, they went to receive it. It was not made. But the idol maker promised that it should be ready by the evening, and asked them to wait in his house. He went to the forest, and brought home the branch of a tree, and set to work to carve the idol, while the young man and his wife sat and watched and chatted with him, and perhaps made a number of suggestions as to what sort of an idol they would like. In the evening he asked his visitors to take their meal of rice with him. They watched him brush the chips of wood, left from making the idol, into the fireplace, and add the small branches of the bough and then light the fire to boil the rice. When the meal was over, they paid about two dollars for their new god and returned home well content.

Shortly afterwards, a young Christian calling at their house was led to read to the wife that part of the forty-fourth chapter of Isaiah which describes the making of an idol. With part he roasteth roast, maketh a fire, warmeth himself, and the residue thereof he maketh a god.

The woman was astonished at the exact description of what she herself had witnessed. She felt that must indeed be a true Book. She gave up her idol and in time became a follower of the Saviour, and in that humble home the daily worship of the true God took the place of idolatry. Read Isaiah xlv. 9-20.



THE WORD OF GOD WAS PRECIOUS IN THOSE DAYS.

### COLIGNY AND HIS TRACT.

**A** YOUNG Frenchman was wounded at the siege of San Quentin. As he languished on his pallet his eye fell on a leaflet. He read the leaflet, and it changed all the rest of his life. Before the Church of the Consistory in Paris stands the monument of that French soldier with the Bible in his hand. On the monument is the name of Admiral Coligny, the great leader of the reformation in France.

Having brought the conviction of the truths of the reformation to the heart of Coligny, the leaflet journeyed on. The next reader was a Sister of Mercy who was nursing the soldier. Terror-stricken and penitent over having read such a bold statement against the Church of Rome, the Sister fled to the Lady Abbess to confess her guilt. To determine the extent of the Sister's guilt, it was necessary for the Lady Abbess to read the leaflet. As she read a great light shone in her own heart. Convinced of this

light, she was compelled to flee from France to the Palatinate. With her she carried the leaflet containing its message of truth and light. Just a leaflet it was, which cost only a few cents, but it was destined to "stand before kings." The Lady Abbess became the wife of William of Orange, and the leaflet with which she fled from France influenced his stand for the truths of the Reformation. All this came to pass because some unknown person left a leaflet on a hospital pallet.

\* \* \*

### WHOSOEVER WILL !

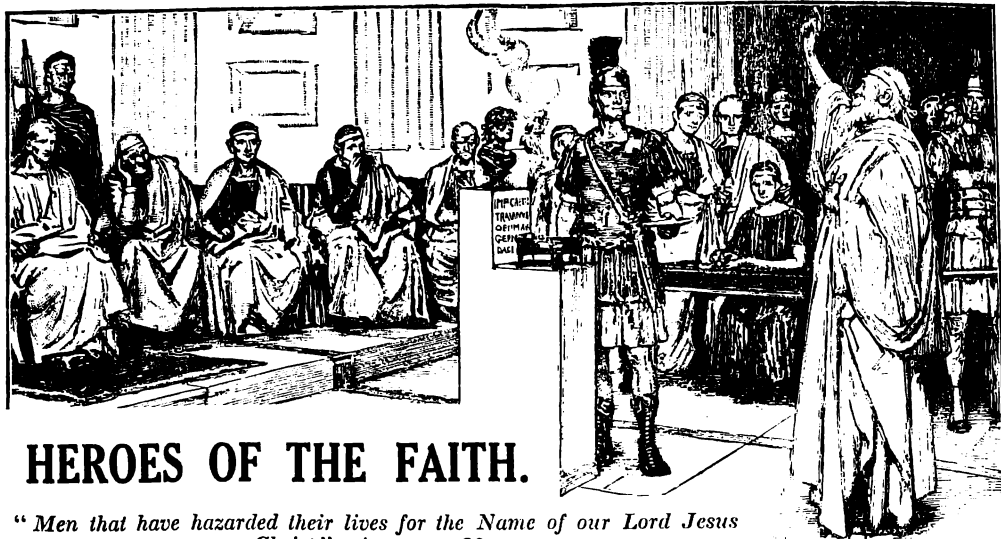
**T**HERE was a sailor who had led a wicked life, as many sailors are very apt to do.

Once when far off at sea on a long voyage, it pleased God to awaken his conscience and show him what a sinner he had been,

then the poor seaman was in great distress. The thought that he might die in his sins and be lost for ever was terrible to him.

There was no one on board the ship to give him any help, or tell him what to do. But he read his Bible whenever he had the chance. His shipmates were all asleep around him. In the dim light of the feeble lamp that hung near, he was trying to read a little in the Bible, and came to the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of the Gospel according to John, a verse that is well known in heaven, and alas ! in hell, too— "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."

He put his finger on the word "whosoever," and thought about it. "Whosoever," said he : "that means me and everybody ; but it at any rate means ME." And he turned in faith to the Lord Jesus and was eternally saved, lying there in his bunk. Praise God for His wondrous grace.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### VI.—SAUL AND PAUL.

**I**MMEDIATELY before Saul and his retinue of officers and soldiers started on their 150-mile journey to Damascus he had been the willing witness of the death of the first Christian martyr, Stephen. It is the first time we read of Saul, but from that day forward his name was to be for ever memorable.

This first martyr to fall for his faith in Christ seems only to have made Saul the more keen to stamp out the Christians; and the persecution became more severe. No more preachings or miracles took place in Solomon's Porch; no more joyous gatherings for worship in Mary's house; and as many of the believers as could do so, left their own country, and fled for safety into other places (Acts xi. 19). They carried the Message with them, however, and the good work went on.

Meanwhile the persecuting band were travelling along the Damascus road. Day after day, for nearly a week, the cavalcade of horses and mules plodded on over the stony and difficult roads; and however impatient Saul may have been in his zeal to capture as many as possible of the men and women who believed in Jesus of Nazareth, he could not get on any faster.

At length the beautiful city, amid its gardens of roses and its groves of delicious fruit trees, came into view. Very soon he would meet the rulers and great men of this important Eastern city and would fulfil his mission.

But suddenly came a full stop to his progress. A great light lightened from heaven, far above the brilliance of the noonday sun, and with the light came an awful Voice. All the company were struck to the earth, stunned with terror.

They were conscious that something awful had happened.

They all recovered presently, and began to mount their horses again—except Saul, who was prostrate, and blinded. His ears, alone, had understood the Voice; and his eyes had seen a vision of the Lord against Whom he was fighting. From that moment a complete and final change came over his life. All the zeal and energy of his splendid character were to be henceforth given in the service of the one Saviour and Friend Who claimed his love and his service.

Things were changed in every way for Saul. His name was changed to Paul; his manner of life was changed, for from being a wealthy and important man he became dependent upon his own hands for his living, and upon friends for kindness and shelter.

As a boy he had learned the trade of a tent-maker, that being the chief industry in the city of Tarsus; and we find (Acts xviii. 3) that he turned to it in later years.

He loved to call himself the "servant of Jesus Christ," and his Saviour was to him the passion of his whole being.

Many hardships came into his life. Three



times he was shipwrecked ; he was stoned and left for dead ; he was many times beaten with rods and cruelly scourged ; he was often cold and hungry and lonely ; his friends, some of them, failed him ; his countrymen attempted to kill him ; and yet, in spite of all these sufferings, he could say, " I have learned in whatsoever state I am, to be content " (Phil. iv. 11).

Do you know how Paul learned that ?

He had found out how very precious his Saviour was, and he reckoned that nothing else mattered, so long as he could know Him more fully.

Paul was a great missionary. He took three journeys into distant countries in order to visit the Christians who had scattered when he persecuted them ; and also to preach the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. At length he was taken prisoner and brought to Rome, to be judged before Cæsar, the powerful Emperor.

He was kindly treated, even though he was in captivity, and many of his letters—or Epistles—were written during that time.

At length he, too, laid down his life for his Lord and Master, and entered into the presence of the Eternal Friend Whom he had so faithfully served.

G. A.



### HIS BEST FRIEND.

**I**N the American-Spanish war a sad event occurred during the battle of San Juan, preceding the now historic surrender of Santiago. In the charge on San Juan Hill, Lieutenant Ord, at the head of a handful of soldiers, was one of the first to reach the top of the hill. Just as he passed over the brow of San Juan he observed a wounded Spanish soldier lying on the ground, and pointing to him said, "Take care of that man," meaning that no harm was to be done to him, and that medical aid was to be obtained for him as soon as possible.

The Spaniard saw the motion of the officer's hand, and thinking it meant a command to his soldiers to shoot, he raised his rifle, fired, and the brave and kind Lieutenant Ord dropped dead.

#### HE HAD SHOT HIS BEST FRIEND !

How sad this was ; but listen—Your best Friend died on the cross ; see His two arms extended wide as if to beckon you and to say, "Take care of that man, let him trust My blood, and rest on My finished work, and he shall be with Me in Paradise." Do not reject your best Friend ; receive Christ, and you will find Him the Friend of friends for time and eternity.

### THOSE STOLEN APPLES.

**T**HERE was a boy who lived in a cottage in the country. At the bottom of his garden there was an orchard belonging to a farmer, in which were some fine fruit trees, and the boy often used to look longingly at an apple tree that had some beautiful red, rosy-cheeked apples on it. He ought to have resisted this temptation, but he let it grow stronger and stronger.

Still one day he climbed through the hedge, and, looking all round to see if anybody was looking at him, he climbed up the tree like a squirrel, and, saying to himself the farmer will never notice a few, he pulled about six apples and put them in his pocket. But when he got them in his pocket they had lost their charm, he wished he had never taken them, he hated them.

Poor lad, he was very miserable for many days after that ; but one day he thought he would go to the farmer and confess that he had stolen the apples, and pay the farmer for the value of them, and the farmer received the money very quietly, saying it was all right.

But paying for the apples, while quite right for the lad to do, did not blot out the sin, ah no, the sin still remained, and it was not till long after that the boy went to God and confessed it, and had the joy of being forgiven. And this is what our young friends must do if they do something they should not—let them go straight to God and tell Him the sin with shame-facedness, and the sin will be forgiven, for the "blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."



### A DOUBTER ANSWERED.

**A**N old apple woman in a country village, after hearing the Gospel, believed and rejoiced in her newly-found salvation. She knew that all her sins were washed away by His blood, and that she was saved.

A friend, educated in the doubting school, sought to test the old woman's faith, but her simple reply, "Jesus was delivered for my offences and raised again for my justification," stopped his arguments on the question of her past sins forgiven.

"Ah ! but what about the sins you have committed to-day ?" asked the questioner. "Well," she replied, "when I sin, I go to God and confess what I have done, and He forgives me," triumphantly adding, "why to be sure, aint Jesus a-sitting up there a-purpose ?"

## A GOOD ANSWER.

IN a school in Glasgow a class of boys were being examined by the inspector on "Religious Knowledge." The boys were not very old, about seven years being the average. At the conclusion of the questioning the following question was put.

"Can any boy tell me what God cannot see?" What the inspector had in his mind one cannot tell, but it was a puzzler to these little boys.

At length one of the boys put up his hand; tremblingly perhaps. The teacher interfered, and ventured to say that "this particular boy was rather below the standard, and no attention need be given him."

"Never mind," said the inspector, "we will see what he has to say."

"Now then, sonny, tell me something God cannot see."

"My sins, sir," replied the boy.

"Oh! Why?"

"Because the Bible says that 'the Blood of Jesus Christ God's Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

Nothing further is known of this incident, but before we drop the pen let me ask you if you had been one of the boys in this class, what answer could you have given?

Does God see your sins, are they "in the light of His countenance"? Are they "before God's face"? (Hosea vii. 2)

If your sins have not been removed so that God cannot see them, it will be terrible to consider that you who read this have been acquainted with God's remedy for man's sin, and have not acquainted yourself with God and His remedy.

The remedy is the blood, the measure of it is cleansing, not merely covering and removing, but cleansing, making that which was sin-stained clean and pure, and the extent of it is to all.

"What can wash away my stain?  
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

B. G. D.



## MY LONGING.

WHEN I enter the Beautiful City,—  
Far removed from earth's sorrow and cares,

I want to hear somebody saying:

"It was you that invited me here.

"To our Saviour alone be the glory,  
Whose Spirit the witness did bear;  
Yet I might not have heard the glad tidings,  
Had you not invited me here."

## "I AM QUITE SURE I CAN TRUST YOU."

A LADY who happened to be in darkness and distress of mind, was one day sitting on the seashore. She seemed to herself to have lost her faith in God; and fallen into a murmuring and unsubmitive spirit. She was watching a little boy in Highland costume who was sailing his boat in the pools formed by the tide. Every look and motion showed that the boat was very precious in his eyes.

After a little time, to the lady's surprise, he came and put the strings which held the boat into her hands, and said, "Please, I am going to give you my boat to keep while I go and speak to my father over there." And then, with wide-open eyes looking up earnestly into her face, he exclaimed, "And I am quite sure I can trust you."

The lady sat there with the string in her hand. It was a precious trust, and on no account would she have disappointed that child.

And then as she looked at the dancing wavelets at her feet, and away to the blue sky above her head, and felt the genial warmth and freshness of the summer air and sun above her, the little fellow's words came back to her—"I am quite sure I can trust you."

Like a flash it came to her that this was just how it ought to be between herself and her Father and God. Then looking up, the darkness fell from her soul, and she exclaimed, "My Father, I leave everything with Thee, and I am quite sure I can trust Thee."



## THE PILGRIM'S PROMISE.

"My presence shall go with thee" (Ex. xxxiii. 14).

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5).

"My Presence shall go with thee,  
And I will give thee rest."

Redeemed one, this the promise,  
So comforting, so blest;

And standing on the threshold  
Of a year untried and new,  
The Father comes and whispers  
These loving words to you.

His Presence! what encircling

Of glory, love, and power;

His Presence! ever near to keep

And guard you hour by hour;

To give you rest, to give you peace,

To make e'en bitter sweet,

To be your Rock, your Tower of Strength,  
Your sure and safe retreat.

# 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, 1919.**

**Subjects—Philip, the Apostle.**

**Philip, the Deacon.**

1. Where is Philip first mentioned in the Gospel of Mark?
2. Who found Philip? (John 1.)
3. Name two others who belonged to the same place as Philip? (John 1.)
4. What did Philip say to Nathanael? (John 1.)
5. What was Philip's answer to Nathanael's question? (John 1.)
6. What did the Greeks say to Philip? (John 12.)
7. "The hour . . . glorified." Find this passage and say what it was an answer to (John 12.)
8. What question did Philip ask the Lord in John 14.?
9. In Acts 8. we are told twice that Philip preached—Whom did he preach?
10. What do we read about Philip in one of the later chapters of the Acts?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, 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,—

I am sorry to find the number of Searchers decreasing. Will you all try and get one new Searcher this month, so that we have a larger number to begin the next half year? I think you will find this month's questions interesting. Notice what a beautiful answer Philip gave to Nathanael (Question 4). Have you found the Lord Jesus? Do you know Him as your Saviour and Friend? "Those that seek Me early shall find Me" (Prov. 8. 17).

N. Ives put her name as Haywood, so I have altered the marks.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

## April Searchers.

**Age over 12 Years.**

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, M. Allison, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bartlett, M. Bawtree, I. Brook, D. Bowit, E. Bruce, L. Cox, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, D. Duff, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, E. Green, E. Gummitt, N. Hancock, H. Hewines, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, M. Macfarlane, G. McConnell, J. McConnell, C. Melville, R. Morrison, B. Oliver, V. Pritchett, V. Phillips, M. Purvis, R. Richards, L. Rickards, F. Rothman, D. Swall, J. Shell, C. Swepson, M. Squire, A. Silk, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, A. Westcott, J. Williams, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—T. Morris, B. Russell.

**3rd Class.**—None.

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

**1st Class.**—L. Adams, V. Baxter, A. Baugh, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, L. Brent, J. Bishop, E. Coutts, E. Darrah, C. Dadds, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, W. Freshwater, N. Foster, M. Geddes, H. Giggins, M. Harris, H. Hawkins, B. Horne, H. Hughes, P. Ireson, J. Ireson, K. Ingram, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, E. Jones, A. Kendrick, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, N. Lefaux, E. Linley, K. Mawson, F. Oliver, M. Pickergill, C. Redman, B. Routhan, C. Rose, L. Swall, B. Stanley, E. Stanley, R. Swepson, R. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, M. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, M. Vale, N. Wade, B. Wade, M. Walton, L. Way, R. Wells, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—M. Farrier, R. Morlon.

**3rd Class.**—C. Akroyd, M. Bull, G. Eggleton, H. Pilon, A. Singer.

**Age 10 Years and under.**

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, I. Adams, C. Blackburn, J. Cooling, C. Cowl, L. Deacon, V. Dible, A. Dadds, N. Farwell, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Hewines, N. Ives, G. Loye, W. Markham, C. McIver, R. Minihies, M. Oliver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, N. Robson, M. Silk, W. Stuart, C. Thwaites, A. Teasdale, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Walker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—None.

**3rd Class.**—None.

## ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

**Subject—John the Baptist.**

1. Zacharias and Elizabeth (Luke 1. 5).
2. Matt. 3. 4, written out.
3. Behold, I send my messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee (Mark 1. 2).
4. The people, the publicans, and the soldiers (Luke 3. 10, 12, 14).
5. I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me? (Matt. 3. 14).
6. Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world (John 1. 29).
7. John the Baptist said it about the Lord Jesus (John 3. 30).
8. He was beheaded (Mark 6. 27).
9. This is John the Baptist: he is risen from the dead; and therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him (Matt. 14. 2).
10. I am not He. But, behold, there cometh One after me, whose shoes of His feet I am not worthy to loose (Acts 13. 25).

TO HIM  
THAT  
WORKETH NOT  
BUT  
BELIEVETH

Romans 4.5.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"WELL I CAN'T SEE IT--I DON'T SEE HOW ANYONE CAN."

## LIGHT FROM HEAVEN.

ONE bright summer evening, a little group of people might have been seen wending their way home after having attended a little Gospel service. For a short time there was silence, which at last was broken by Mrs. D— saying very decidedly, “Well, I must say I do not like that sort of meeting and preaching at all. That kind of thing only makes people miserable. Why, my Tom,” referring to her husband who had died a few years previous to this, “had a perfect horror of conversion and people saying they were converted.”

To this responded her friend, Mrs. C— in an equally decided voice, “Well, if it is really possible to know you are saved, as you say it is, Ellie,” turning to her daughter who was walking beside her, “I mean to know it. I’ll never rest until I am certain I am right and going to heaven. I’ve always longed to be sure about it, but I never knew anyone could possibly know for certain where they were going. Of course I have always known I was a sinner, and am very bad, too. Still, there is Ellie here, and you too, Mabel, who say you are saved, and I am sure if two good girls like you need converting, well, it is certain I do.”

By this time they had reached Mrs. D—’s home, and having said good-bye to her, Mrs. C—, feeling too unsettled yet to go home, continued the walk with her daughter and her friend.

“Oh, Mabel!” she cried in her distress, “If I only could know for certain I was saved, I would be the happiest woman in the world, and oh! I would tell all my friends about it, because I am sure they don’t know any more than I do. You see, we were brought up to think if we did our best, and attended our church regularly, then in the end we would be all judged on the judgment day, and some would go to heaven and some would go to hell. Now you say that if you turn to Christ now and trust Him as your Saviour, believing He died for you, you are saved. Oh, if I could only understand it better.”

“Mrs. C—,” said Mabel earnestly, “If we believe what God says, that on the cross Christ bore the judgment of all those who trust Him, He says that if anyone of us will come to Him, owning we are sinners, and trust the Lord as our own Saviour, we are saved, for God is just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.”

“Our good works,” broke in Ellie, “have nothing to do with our being saved, but when we are saved, we love Him and want to please Him, because He loved us and died for us.”

Poor Mrs. C— was terribly in earnest. The tears were running down her face as every now and then she stopped in their walk, and begged

the two girls to make it as plain as they could. Mabel had turned to the Lord when she was quite young, but Ellie had only known her sins forgiven for a few weeks.

To Mrs. C— it seemed inexplicable that her good unselfish young daughter should need any conversion, and many a talk did the mother and daughter have as they worked together in the house. Mrs. C— became more and more anxious; so much so, that for the time all her interest in keeping her house so spotless and nice seemed to have vanished in the one great desire.

Their little talks generally ended with a depressing, “Well, I can’t see it, Ellie; I don’t see how anyone can.”

This evening she seemed as hopeless as usual, and as she and her daughter at last turned their steps homeward, she felt as miserable as it is possible to feel. Mabel went to her home to cry to God still more to open Mrs. C—’s eyes to see the simplicity of the Gospel.

That night as Mrs. C— and Ellie sat together at supper, Ellie used a simple illustration to show that her sins had been borne by Jesus, and He is now in glory without any of our sins on Him. The light suddenly seemed to break into Mrs. C—’s dark soul. “Oh I see it, I see it,” she cried, with tears of joy now taking the place of the tears of sorrow. “If I believe that Jesus bore the judgment of my sins for me, there can be no judgment for me. Oh, how simple! Do let us go and tell Mabel.” Soon Mrs. C— and Mabel and Ellie were rejoicing together. And we may add that Mrs. C— did keep her resolution to tell all her friends, but alas! they did not all accept the Saviour, as most had probably never felt their need of Him. H. H. S.

\* \* \*

## CHRIST IN THE HEART.

IMPRESSIONS made on the mind in youth are never removed. There is a stone in the British Museum in London said to be as hard as any steel, and no impression could be made on it, yet there is an impression on it of a little bird’s foot. There was a time when it was soft and plastic. Youth is the time when impressions are made never to be eradicated.

The late Dr. Bonar once met a little boy on the street. He said, “Matthew, my lad, you remember there was Matthew the publican, and he left all, rose up and followed Jesus. Do you think, Matthew, you will do the same?”

He also met a little girl, and said, “Christina, you have got Christ in your name, have you got Christ in your heart?” Christina never forgot that.



### THE ROBBED NEST.

THREE schoolboys were spending their Saturday holiday in the woods. The little birds flitting from tree to tree, and the pretty primroses growing so luxuriantly, afforded them several hours' amusement, and then one of the boys purposed looking for nests. They had been forbidden to disturb or rob birds' nests, because it was cruel and sinful. "We can look at the eggs," said the boys, "and leave them there." Soon after the search began, they found a nest with five pretty spotted eggs. For a moment the boys looked at them, then the temptation came to possess them, and they robbed the nest. All the way home they were miserable, and one proposed to return and put them back into the nest. But night was coming down, and they had to hasten home.

Next day in the Sunday School, the memory text repeated by the whole class was, "Be sure your sin will find you out." The boys looked at each other, and as the teacher pressed home the text by saying, "Things nobody knows but yourselves and God, will all be found out and

brought to judgment." The youngest boy cried. He told his parents when he went home of his sin, and made a full confession; then the others were found out. So you see they could not hide their sin; it was found out, and so will all *your* sins be.

\* \* \*

### "I CRAVED FOR I KNEW NOT WHAT."

FIVE or six years ago there lived in the town of — a young girl who belonged to a very respectable family, well-thought-of by their fellow-townsmen. This girl began to feel very discontented and dissatisfied, but knew not what exactly was wrong.

She went to church regularly with her people and her friends, and seemed to ponder over the sayings of the worthy ministers. Still she felt she needed something more. She did not know what she was craving for until she met a lady who possessed that something which attracted her.

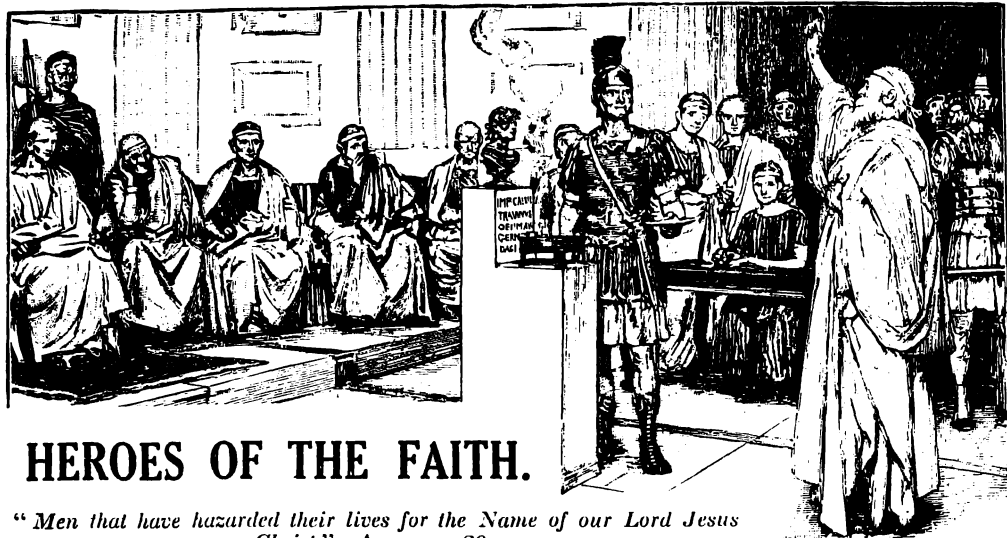
There was something which seemed to be the centre of this lady's life, and gradually the two became acquainted. The girl in talking of her home referred to her dearly beloved brother, and the lady took the opportunity to speak to her of the "Friend who sticketh closer than a brother," and whose love was occupying her whole heart and life.

Through the influence of this kind friend the girl came to trust Jesus as her own personal Saviour, and now she knows that "none but Christ can satisfy," and how abundantly able he is to satisfy the very deepest and wildest longings of a human heart.

If there are any readers of this paper who are experiencing this craving in their hearts, oh! give up the useless attempt of trying to satisfy it with the passing joys and pleasures of this world. Don't try to satisfy it by your own so-called good acts, by going to church twice a day and trying to be religious. The only real lasting way is to come to Jesus and accept Him as your own personal Saviour and "the Friend who sticketh closer than a brother." Learn to say from your heart, "He loved *me* and gave Himself for *me*." Take all your joys and your sorrows to Him, and make Him the centre of your thoughts and your life.

He will never leave you nor forsake you, and however much your earthly friends may fail and disappoint you, He will never forsake any who put their trust in Him.

I. R.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Acts xv. 20.*

### VII.—SAINT PATRICK.

**B**ACK in the early days of the fourth century, long before Britain had gained the strength and importance that have been hers for so many generations, she was the easy prey of foes stronger than herself, who crossed the seas, and landing on her shores, carried off large numbers of captives.

In one of these piratical expeditions, a lad named Succat was carried off among several thousands of others, from the southern part of Scotland, and taken across the Irish Channel to Wicklow. Here he was given in slavery to a prince named Milchu, whose father was a king of that part of Ireland.

It was a very wretched, hard life, and as Succat tended the cattle of his master, his thoughts would often turn back to the happy, comfortable home, and the good parents there. His father, Calpornius, and grandfather, Politus, were both Christian ministers, and his mother, Concessa, was a near relative of good Saint Martin, of Tours. They were a Roman family, and while Succat was the name he was called in his British home, Patricius was the name by which his mother would love to call him, and it is by that name he is best known to history—Saint Patrick.

The misery of his seven years of slavery drove him to prayer. He rose early, and prayed in rain, frost, and snow, as well as in sunshine ;

and the truths about God and the Lord Jesus Christ, taught him in his early years, laid firm hold of his heart, and he became an earnest, wholehearted servant of his Divine Saviour.

One night a remarkable dream came to him, of a ship ready to take him back to his native land. In consequence of this, he left Milchu, and in spite of a difficult journey through 200 miles of wild, desolate country, he found the sea coast, and a ship about to sail for Britain. He persuaded the sailors to give him room on board, and after three days' stormy tossing on the water, he landed on a lonely, deserted part of England, and wandered with his companions for twenty-eight days without seeing a human being, and living solely on wild honey, and such animals as they could catch.

He found his way at length to his home and friends. You can imagine how great would be their joy at the reunion.

God, however, had work for His young servant, and did not permit him to remain at ease and quiet. Patrick went to France, where he became a monk, first at Tours, and then at Lerins. For very many years he lived an earnest Christian life in those places ; and then, at the age of sixty, he went back to Ireland to carry the Gospel to his old master, Milchu, and the people living in other parts of that land. From the writings of St. Patrick we find that he lived a most strenuous devoted life, spending his



strength in journeying to and fro in order to carry the message of God's salvation to the people who were in great darkness.

The Irish people in those days were sun worshippers and complete heathen, but God in His mercy sent a messenger to them, and many were brought to the Light of His truth.

As we think over these different old-time heroes of the Faith, in the strange surroundings and circumstances of their lives, we see how true are the words of St. Peter in Acts x. 35, "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with Him."

E. A.

\* \* \*

## A REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

**I** WILL give you a remarkable circumstance that lately came under my observation.

Coming from a religious meeting some time ago, one of our nobility stepped into a private circle of friends, one of whom said to him,—

"Your lordship promised you would tell us about your son who died in Africa."

His lordship narrated the following incident. He said :—

Our boy was the darling of his mother and his father's favourite child. We could not but love him. But he left us and went to South Africa. When he left he was unconverted and this was our chief sorrow. He had not been long in Africa when we received a letter to the following effect :—

"My dear father,—You will be sorry to hear I have met with an accident. I am unable to write much. The doctor hopes that in a day or two I shall be better. I will let you know in a day or two if I am able."

The father read it with a heavy heart and scarcely dared to hand it to the mother. "Oh," said he, "if there had only been in it one such expression as 'by God's providence,' or 'if the Lord will.'" But there was no recognition of God, and the father grieved lest his son should die in the unconverted state in which he left home. Time rolled on, and another letter came. The postmark was the same, but the handwriting was different. It turned out to be written by the physician. The substance of the letter was as follows :—

"Your lordship will be grieved to hear that your son died by the accident to which he referred in his last. He lingered but a few days. He suffered greatly." The physician added a word or two to the effect that everything that could be done was done, and that respect was paid at the funeral suited to the rank of the

deceased. Said the nobleman—"When I read that letter I took it away with me, and laid it down before the Lord, and said, 'O Absolom, my son, my son! would God that I had died for thee, my son, my son!'" He said, "I dared not hand the letter to his mother. Broken-hearted I took it to God, and afterwards told it to his mother. But there was not a word of God, or providence, in the letter, and it was bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave: I felt as if I should never lift up my head again."

A few weeks again elapsed, when a third letter was brought, and the nobleman knew the handwriting. It so happened that there had gone from this country a gentleman whom I understand his lordship had assisted—in fact, this gentleman was indebted to him for the position which he now occupies in Southern Africa. The nobleman opened this letter with trembling; glanced over it; saw its character; read on. It was substantially this :—

"Your lordship will grieve to learn of the death of your son. The moment I heard of his illness, I resorted to his bedside, where I found him in the deepest anxiety about his soul. He was labouring under a sense of guilt—a deep load of sin. I pointed him to the dying Lamb; told him of the one Sacrifice—the one Saviour; and your lordship will be delighted to know, that on the day before his departure, light broke in upon his mind, and he died rejoicing in sin forgiven. His last words were these—"Tell my father that I die in Jesus, and that I shall meet him in heaven," or words to that effect."

O fathers and mothers! are you asleep *over your children*? It may be some of you have a son, a daughter, at the antipodes, or in some distant country. Oh, pray, *pray* without ceasing, that God may touch their hearts, that God may save them, lest they die in that far-off land, without God and without Christ.

His lordship, after telling this affecting story, wiped the tears from his aged and noble face, and, turning round to his auditory in that private circle, said :—

"Can I ever doubt my God again? Can I doubt His promises? I have always believed the Saviour's promise—"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it"; and "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

\* \* \*

"O SATISFY us early with Thy mercy: that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." (*Psaln* xc. 14.)

"THOSE that seek Me early shall find Me." (*Prov.* viii. 17.)

## WAITING FOR "FEELINGS."

"**A**RE you waiting to feel different before you trust in Christ?" was a question which brought to light an instance of that which hinders many anxious souls from at once trusting in Christ as Saviour.

I had for some time been visiting a young married woman, who was slowly dying of consumption, until I had almost got disheartened, for there was no result from my visits. She always said she was very anxious to be saved, but never got any further.

I had not seen her for some time, when one evening I felt constrained to go again; she was much worse and had taken to her bed.

Once more I pressed on her the well-known verse, "Christ Jesus came into the world to *save sinners*" (1 Tim. i. 15), and that His blood *cleanseth us from all sin* (1 John i. 7), that Christ had fully atoned to God for my sins on Calvary's Cross, and that on the ground of it, without any work or merit on my part, He was offering me full forgiveness.

"How is it," I said, "that if *you* want to be saved, and *God* wants you to be saved, you are *not* saved?"

Then a sudden thought struck me as to what might be the cause of it, and I put the above question to her: "Are you waiting to feel different before you trust in Christ?"

She admitted that she was waiting for some kind of feeling to tell her that she was saved. I said, "Then you will wait for ever, for no such feeling will ever come."

How sad it is that so many anxious souls are hindered from getting peace with God through this false notion. I knew one who was most anxious to be saved, who waited for several years, always looking for some "inward feelings," or "inward change," to tell her that she was saved, instead of at once accepting the forgiveness God offered her. To expect to *know* you are saved before you have done this, is like expecting your thirst to be quenched before you have put the water to your lips! One day, however, her mind was so occupied by what Christ had done for her by having borne all her sins on the cross, that she forgot all about her "feelings" and trusted in Him without delay.

After a little more conversation with Mrs. R—as to the mistake of waiting for "feelings," instead of trusting to what God said, and taking Him at His word, I left feeling assured that now her hindrance was removed, she would be saved before I saw her again.

And so she was, and very restful and happy I found her, when I called again.

"After you left that evening," she said, "I

determined I would not go to sleep until I *knew* I was saved. Hour after hour went by, and I kept praying to God with all my heart, and then I just trusted to what Christ had done for me. It was about the middle of the night that I roused my husband out of his sleep and told him I was *saved*! and he was very glad, for he is a Christian."

She suffered very much before she died, but the Lord sustained her, and her trust in Him never wavered.

F. A.



## A WONDERFUL SAVIOUR.

(LINES FOR THE CHILDREN).

**(C)**H Jesus Lord! how good Thou art,  
To care for little ones like me;  
How full of love Thy tender heart,  
To die for us upon the tree.

Lord, teach me how to trust that love,  
So wonderful and great and free,  
Which brought Thee down from heaven above,  
To make me fit to dwell with Thee.

For well Thou knewest Thou *must* die,  
And shed Thy blood to cleanse our sin,  
If ever children such as I  
Thy glorious home could enter in.

For I was lost, and full of sin,  
And could not fit myself for God;  
I could not cleanse my heart within:  
It needed Thy most precious blood.

Thou now art risen from the dead,  
And gone into that heaven so bright;  
But by Thy Word and Spirit led,  
I'd trust Thee now, though out of sight.

Oh! Saviour, draw my heart to Thee,  
That I may love Thee and adore;  
That my desire while here may be,  
Each day to love and please Thee more.

And make Thy presence, Lord, to me,  
And all Thy wondrous love and care,  
A daily bright reality,  
Until Thou com'st to take me *there*.

Then all Thy love I'll better know  
When with Thee in that glory fair;  
But grant me grace while *here* to show  
In Thy reproach I too would share.

Grant me Thy grace to live to Thee,  
And seek while here to do Thy will,  
Then I with joy Thy face shall see,  
In heaven to love and praise Thee still.

S. M. A.

# 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, 1919.

Subject—Matthew and Thomas.

1. What was Matthew doing when the Lord called him? (Matt. 9.)
2. By what name is he called in Mark 2.?
3. What did he do after he followed Jesus? (Luke 5.)
4. What answer did Jesus make to those who murmured about the feast? (Luke 5.)
5. What are we told in Acts 1. about Matthew and Thomas?
6. How is Matthew spoken of in Matt. 10.?
7. What did Thomas say to the disciples in John 11.?
8. What did Thomas say to the Lord in John 14.?
9. What did Jesus answer him?
10. "Thomas . . . have believed." Find this passage and write it out (John 20.)

## 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, 5, Rose Street, 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, -

Please give your ages correctly this month, and remember that those who will be ten years old any time this year should do eight questions. R. Smith gives no chapter and verse for her answer. M. Bull gives chapter and verse, but no answers.

I wonder how many of you have succeeded in getting one new searcher. Try amongst your school friends. It is so important to search the Bible while you are young. Prov. 6 22 tells us a little of what it may be to us. "When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee." I hope you will let the Bible talk to you every day.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

# May Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, L. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bartlett, M. Bawtree, L. Brook, D. Bowlt, E. Bruce, L. Cox, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, H. Hewines, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefeaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, E. McDonald, E. Martin, C. Melville, R. Morrison, V. Pritchett, M. Purvis, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, B. Russell, J. Shell, C. Swepson, R. Squire, A. Silk, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, A. Walton, H. Ward, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—N. Hancock, G. Martin.

**3rd Class.**—None.

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

**1st Class.**—V. Baxter, A. Barugh, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, L. Brent, P. Clarkson, E. Darrah, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, W. Freshwater, N. Foster, M. Geddes, M. Harris, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hoskins, H. Hughes, K. Ingram, W. Jack, A. Jameson, P. Jenkins, A. Kendrick, J. King, L. King, J. Lambert, E. Linsley, K. Mawson, K. Morton, M. Pickersgill, H. Pilon, E. Redman, E. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Stanley, R. Swepson, R. Shell, H. Selley, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, M. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, A. Thorogood, M. Vale, N. Wade, B. Wade, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—J. Bishop, E. Claridge, E. Jones, N. Lefeaux, L. Swall.

**3rd Class.**—M. Bull, E. Durant, R. Smith.

## Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Akeroyd, C. Blackburn, A. Bullen, John Cooling, C. Cowl, V. Dible, A. Dodds, N. Farwell, R. Griffiths, A. Haywood, A. Hewines, N. Ives, M. Lefeaux, G. Loye, J. Messenger, C. McIver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, N. Robson, M. Silk, C. Thwaites, A. Teasdale, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—I. Deacon.

**3rd Class.**—R. Minifie, W. Stuart.

## ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

Subject—James and John.

1. They were mending their nets (Matt. 4. 21).
2. They left their father and went after Jesus (Mark 1. 20).
3. Boanerges, which means, The sons of thunder (Mark 3. 17).
4. That they might sit on His right hand and on His left in the kingdom (Mark 10. 37).
5. No (Mark 10. 40).
6. To Peter and John (Luke 22. 8).
7. Herod killed James with the sword (Acts 12. 2).
8. For the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ (Rev. 1. 9).
9. He fell at His feet as dead (Rev. 1. 17).
10. He saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven (Rev. 21. 2).

Jesus said:

SUFFER  
THE LITTLE  
CHILDREN  
TO COME UNTO  
ME

MARK 10th. Chapter, 14th. Verse.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"THE HOLY SCRIPTURES . . . ABLE TO MAKE THEE WISE UNTO SALVATION" (2 TIM. iii. 15).

## PICTURES—OLD AND RARE.

(LINES WRITTEN ORIGINALLY IN A "SKETCH AND AUTOGRAPH" ALBUM.)

**W**HAT can I write that those who read may benefit thereby?

I cannot sketch, I cannot paint things pleasing to the eye.

I can't compose e'en worthy prose, far less a pleasing ditty,

A saying wise I can't devise, nor yet can I be witty.

I feel so small amongst you all, ye lovely works of Art!

My trembling fingers hold the pen; I'm loath to make a start

On this fair page; a treatise sage I'd like to write upon it,

A picture fair, a pretty air, or else a pleasing sonnet.

But why despair? Some pictures rare I can, upon reflection,

Bring to your view—some contrasts true from out an old collection.

A happy pair, a garden fair with rivers swiftly flowing,

The shady bowers with richest flowers and fruitful trees agrowing,

This peaceful scene of joy serene—unknown are pain and strife,

This hallowed spot where sin is not is "Innocence and Life."

The sighing breeze moans through the trees; the Master comes at even;

But loathsome sin has entered in and brought a blight on Eden,

Joy and delight are put to flight, farewell to peace and gladness,

The man must toil and till the soil in sorrow, shame, and sadness,

"The creature must return to dust," for thus the Lord God saith.

This contrast true I show to you entitled, "Sin and Death."

The stars of night behold a sight concealed from eyes of men,

Such ne'er had been by angels seen and ne'er will be again,

With awe they see—Gethsemane, and Him, who all things made,

**Cross** Cedron's brook; His own He took, and kneeling down He prayed,

"Oh, Father, Father, take this cup"; He sweats, He sobs, He sighs,

"But Father, still 'tis not My will, but Thine be done," He cries.

From out the skies an angel flies to help Him as He kneels,  
*This* picture scan as Holy Man the "sting of death" He feels.

He rises up. Death's bitter cup He takes to drink in grace,

But see! and hark! the garden dark lights up with torches' blaze,

And muffled noise of ruffian voice falls harshly on the ear,

His followers rise and rub their eyes and take to flight in fear,

The rebel horde with spear and sword and ruthless hands lay hold,

And bind him strong with cruel thong. The tale has oft been told,

To Calvary's brow they hasten now and on that centre tree,

The Son of God, beneath sin's load, is put to death for me.

No artist touch could tell as much of mercy, grace, and love,

No writer's pen, no tongue of men, nor angel voice above.

Yet there I see, "He loved me; for He Himself He gave,"

O let me haste His love to taste, He died my soul to save.

Though oft before we've pondered o'er these scenes of long ago,

We never tire; with heavenly fire they set our hearts aglow,

And when at last this life is past and gone are things of time,

Those pictures old we'll still unfold in yonder sunny clime,

Yes! "then we'll know how much we owe," and as we Him behold,

In Heavenly praise our voice we'll raise and strike our harps of gold.

E. W.

\*\*\*

## "NOW I KNOW."

**A**FTER the preaching, during which one could see a deep interest on various faces, a young person asked for a little visit. It is delightful to find the ministry of the Word of God has excited inquiry, and so we followed her at once.

"Some years ago," she said, "a few of us young people found out that Jesus had died for our sins, and great happiness came into our hearts. It brought us together often in each other's houses to pray. But this did not last long. For myself, in a very short time I felt the workings of sin again in my heart as before,

and I began to doubt if what I had passed through had been a reality. Then, at intervals, hope would revive, only again to grow dark and leave me unhappy. That word in Scripture, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," terrified me. Had I been born of God when I had that blessed experience? But if I had truly been born of God, could I have had such dispositions again to sin? Thus I have been going on. But your preaching these few days has greatly encouraged me and given me light. It has turned my eyes to Christ, and this always gives me rest of heart. Yet I cannot say that the real question of my soul has been settled as I would wish. How can I be sure that I have been born of God?"

Three little children were sitting near us. "Whose are these?" I asked.

"Mine," she replied.

"Do they know they are your children?"

"Oh, yes, they call me 'mama' continually."

"How did they find it out?"

"I taught it them from babyhood."

"Suppose God Himself told you you are His child, would you be satisfied?"

"Oh, if God told me, I would be the happiest woman in the world."

I got her to open her Testament at 1 John v. 1, and asked her to read.

She began, "'Whosoever'"

"What does '*whosoever*' mean?" I asked.

"It means '*any one*.'"

"Very well; read on."

"Believeth that Jesus is the Christ—"

"Do you believe that?" I asked.

"Believe that! believe that!" she exclaimed; "indeed I do, from my inmost heart."

"Read on."

"Is born of God."

"Is *what*?" I asked, with emphasis.

"Is born of God," she repeated. And, catching now at this blessed testimony of the Word of God, she exclaimed, "Oh, how blessed. Now I *know* that I am born of God."

"Remember," I added, "that being born of God does not mean the improvement of the nature you got from your father and mother, but the imparting of an altogether new one which comes from God Himself, and which makes you a child of God just as being born of you has made these children your children. You, then, have now two natures—a sinful one, by human birth; and a holy, sinless one, by Divine birth. The Holy Spirit has also been given you to give you power against the evil nature, to make the Divine one fruitful, and to enable you to joy in God as your Father."

Praise now filled her soul, and mine too. Reader, does yours respond?

## WHAT IS REAL PRAYER?

SOME years ago, a minister was doing temporary duty in a seaport town in France.

He had three little children, whom he loved dearly and who loved him in return with all their hearts. One evening when they came to say good-night and give him their evening kiss, he said, "You must give me two kisses to-night, for I am going away across the sea, to England; and you won't see me again for several days."

They threw their little arms round his neck and kissed him many times, but when they got to their bedroom they burst into tears at the thought of parting with their dear papa, their great grief being lest he should be drowned in the stormy sea, whose big waves they had been watching that very morning from the beach. The nurse tried to comfort them, but in vain, and long after they had been in bed she could hear them sobbing softly to themselves.

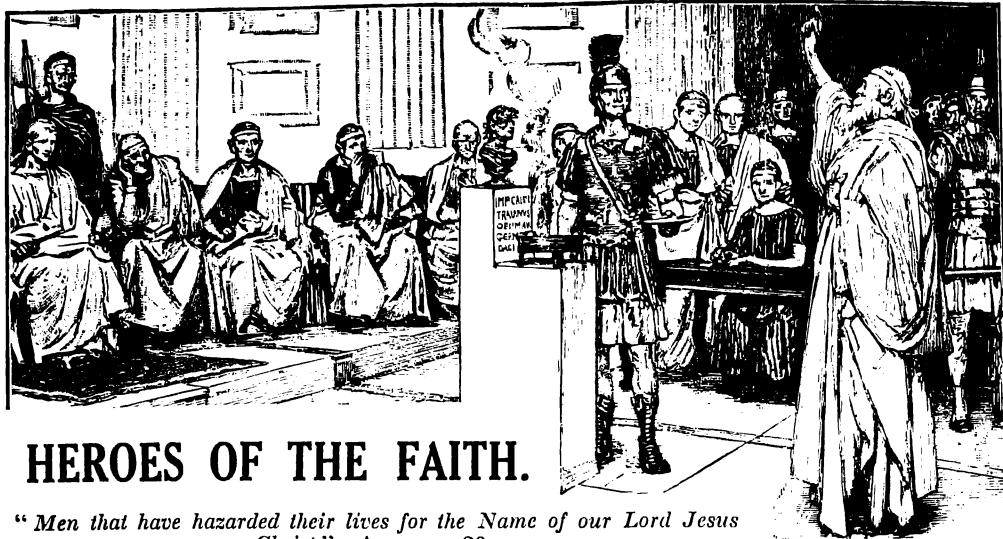
At last the elder child, a boy of six, said to his sister, "I'll tell you what we'll do, Lizzie, we'll pray." The two little ones then knelt up in their beds and in their own simple words asked the Lord Jesus to take care of their dear papa and bring him back safe, and if a storm came on while he was in the ship, to say to the waves, "Peace, be still," as He did when He was in the boat with the disciples. When the prayer was finished, the little boy said, "Now, Lizzie, let us go to sleep," and in five minutes they were slumbering peacefully, all their trouble forgotten.

Now the dear children who may read this true story will learn from it to answer the question I have put at the top. Real prayer is just *asking God for what we want*. Those little ones wanted the dear Saviour to take care of their father on the sea. They knew He could do it, for had He not saved His own disciples when there was a great storm, and so they just asked Him to do it, and felt quite sure that He would. That is a very different thing from "saying our prayers."

Many little ones, I fear, ay, and grown up people, too, repeat very beautiful prayers with the lips while their hearts and their thoughts are busy with other things. They don't really ask God for anything at all. No wonder, then, if they get nothing; this will help us to understand what the Apostle James means when he says, "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss" (Jas. iv. 3).

Even a little child can *pray*, asking in the Name of Jesus, at every time of need.

The Lord's own words are: "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full" (John xvi. 24.)



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—ACTS xv. 20.*

### VIII.—THREE EARLY BRITISH HEROES.

**A**S we were reading last month, St. Patrick, as he is commonly known, was an earnest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, and did much to bring others to "the like precious faith" in his Saviour, in the land where he had been an exile and a slave.

God used him in this work, and when his own share of it was finished, and God took His faithful servant to Heaven, quite a goodly band of his scholars were prepared to labour in the same spirit. Ireland was, in those days, so renowned for the many monastic houses in which men gathered for the study of the Scriptures and ancient books written by the earliest followers of Christ and His apostles, that it gained the name of "Isle of Saints."

On the continent of Europe, fierce fighting was continually going on, as the different nations contended with each other for coveted territory. Kings and emperors and peoples lived in unrest and turmoil, so that although at Rome and other places there were Christian churches, the conditions of life were not favourable to the spread of the Word of God, which had to be written by hand in quiet places before it could be given to the people. All through history we find God working, raising up His messengers and opening ways for them to serve Him and their fellow men.

These little islands in the Western Sea were, by their remote and tranquil situation, just the

place for the training of the men who were to become the teachers and guides of the people, and the history of Christianity in Great Britain and Ireland took an important part in its extension in other lands.

In the sixth century, about two hundred years after Patrick, a man named Columba, the head of one of the missionary schools in Ireland, came across the sea to Scotland and established the Gospel in the northern part of that country, a region separated from the southern by lofty mountains, covered in those days by ice and snow. The people gave him the little island of Hy, in the Hebrides, on which he founded another school for Bible study, and by his good life and his teachings he so greatly won the love and veneration of the people that they named the island after him, St. Columba, or as we know it, Iona. This good man not only laboured in Northern Scotland, but he went, with twelve young men, on a journey through France, preaching the Gospel there, and also founding institutions for the training of men in the truths of God's Word. Many were the hardships and difficulties he had to endure and overcome, but it was true of him as of Moses long, long ago, "he endured as seeing Him Who is invisible" (Heb. xi. 27), and his name is remembered as one of God's faithful soldiers in a dark age. Soon after Columba had finished his earthly work, another lover of God's Word took up in a very special manner the study of the Holy



Scriptures. This was a man named Bede, commonly called the "Venerable Bede," and it is perhaps to him, and to his unwearying labours in the translation of the Scriptures, that England is mostly indebted, for in his school was laid the foundation of Christian teaching for later teachers to build upon. Bede was a great scholar, and a most reverent disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Unlike Patrick and Columba, who travelled far in their labours, he spent the whole of his very long life in study and in teaching in Northumberland. When the end of his life drew near, he was engaged in translating the Gospel according to St. John. One of his scholars, who was writing at his dictation, told him there was just one passage to write.

"Write quickly, then," said the aged saint, "for I desire to depart and be with Christ: my soul longs to see my King, Christ, in His beauty."

Soon the young man said, "Master, it is finished." And thus, with the beautiful words of the last chapter of St. John in his mind, his desire was granted, and he went in to see his Lord.

Patrick, Columba, and the Venerable Bede were not heroes in the sense that they suffered martyrdom for their Lord, but they were, nevertheless, true heroes for the Faith, and lived true brave lives in very dark and difficult times.

Next month you shall (D.V.) hear about England's first Christian martyr. E. A.

## PRIZE LIST.

### Age over 12 years.

1. MAMIE TEWKESBURY, age 15. Vicarage Street, Painswick, Glos.
2. ADELINE TODD, age 15. 29, Park Hill Road, Wallington, Surrey.
3. ALMA LEECH, age 13. Beechurst, Calton Road, Gloucester.
4. GRACE HOLDER, age 13. Hillview, Fredworth Road Ext., Gloucester.

#### COMMENDED.

- P. Allibone, L. Baxter, B. Bruce, L. Cox, H. Hewines, M. Purvis, C. Swepson, P. Turner, G. Wood.

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

1. EDNA DARRAH, age 11. Tal-y-llyn, Davenport Crescent, Stockport.
2. MARY WALTON. Roselle Cottage, Bank Street, Malvern.
3. ROSIE WELLS, age 11. 1, Knowsley Road, Cosham, Hants.
4. EDITH REDMAN, age 12. Home for Orphan Girls, 64, Lewisham Road, Lewisham, S.E.13.

#### COMMENDED.

- V. Baxter, M. Geddes, E. Lenley, C. Rose, R. Swepson, W. Selley, R. Tewkesbury, A. Thorogood, B. Wade.

### Age 10 years and under.

1. ROSALIE GRIFFITHS, age 9. 12, Pantown Road, Hoole, Chester.
2. VERA DIBBLE, age 9. 52, Durward Avenue, Shawlands, Glasgow.
3. KATHLEEN THOMAS, age 9. 54, Claremont Road, Bishopston, Bristol.
4. MARY TUCKER, age 9. Dock Cottage, West Hill, Portishead, near Bristol.

#### COMMENDED.

- L. Anderson, C. Blackburn, C. Cowl, N. Ives, J. Messenger, M. Silk, A. Teasdale.

## BE IN EARNEST.

**T**IME is earnest: when 'tis o'er.  
Thou returnest never more:  
Soon to meet eternity,  
Wilt thou never serious be?

\* \* \* \* \*

Christ is earnest, bids thee come,  
Paid salvation's priceless sum;  
Do not spurn the Saviour's love  
Pleading with thee from above.

\* \* \*

## HAROLD'S TEST.

**T**HE summer holidays had begun, and Harold Warner was eagerly looking forward to his annual visit to Seaton Court, the beautiful country home of his grandfather.

Between Colonel Tremayne and his young grandson there was a great friendship, and Harold loved the stately old house with its terraced gardens, the gorgeous sweet-scented flower beds, and the fountain in the middle; the wide spreading lawn with its shady trees, the orchards, and above all, the large lake on which he delighted to row. The day of his departure came at last. He said good-bye to mother and his two little sisters, and Daddy took him to the station, putting him in charge of the guard until he reached his destination, where grandfather would meet him with the carriage.

Before the train started, Daddy said, "There sonny, you will want some money to spend. I know I can trust you to spend it wisely and not waste it," and so saying, he slipped a 10s. note into Harold's hand. Just then the guard blew his whistle, and almost before Harold could get out his grateful "Oh, thank you, Daddy!" the train glided out of the station, and there was just time to wave his hand, and say good-bye. The journey passed very quickly, there was so much to see, and Harold was so pleased with his money, planning what little presents he could take home to Mother, Daddy, Bessie and Ruth. What he could give Grandpa, and Mrs. Hunt (Grandpa's housekeeper), who "mothered" him on these visits. Then there was Jim, the stable boy, who had always something new to show him, and was ever ready to help, and Jenkins, the old boatkeeper, who was always at his service.

A shrill piercing whistle from the engine roused him, as the train dashed into the tunnel which he knew came just before he had to get out. Presently they drew up at the platform, and the guard came to the door. "Here we are, young master; reckon that's your grandpa's carriage waiting for you," and with a cheery nod he saw him go off with the groom, who had gathered up his luggage.

Harold jumped gaily into the carriage beside his grandfather, and soon they were in eager conversation. Grandpa soon learnt about the note and the hoped-for visit to the large town, where they always drove once during Harold's stay, and where he hoped to make his purchases.

The days at Seaton Court passed very happily in driving, picnicing, boating, fishing, etc., and often in the evening the Colonel, who was an earnest Christian, had a little talk with Harold, who loved these quiet chats, but had never yet given his heart to the Lord Jesus.

The evening before their intended visit to town, grandfather said, "Hal, I want you to give *me* that 10s. note." Harold looked utterly bewildered, hardly believing his ears, and again Grandpa repeated his sentence, "Hal, won't you give me that 10s. note?" Such a struggle went on inside Harold. He knew his grandfather loved him dearly and was always so good to him, he couldn't understand him making that request, but in return for all his kindness, surely Harold *ought* to give him what he asked, and yet he had meant to buy so much with it and give such pleasure, planning a little gift for grandpa himself. The tussle raged, but at last he said slowly and rather sadly, "Very well, Grandpa, I will give you it as you wish," placing the note in his hand.

Colonel Tremayne took out his purse, put the note in, but at the same time drew out a brown one and handed it to Harold. "Thank you, Hal, and I give you that," and Harold looking at the note saw it was for £1! "O grandpa," was all Harold could gasp. "My boy, that is just what God does with us. He comes and asks us to give Him our hearts, yield our lives to Him, and we are so afraid. We fear He will take away what we possess and love, and that we shall be poor and miserable, and yet all the time in

His love He has some much greater gift, and our poor lives and weak hearts will be enriched a thousandfold by being yielded to Him."

Harold never forgot this lesson, and gave himself to the Lord to find that what his grandfather had said was more than true. Shall we listen to God's voice to-day, "My son, give Me thine heart" (Prov. xxiii. 2-6) and follow Harold's example?

A. W.



"THE COLONEL TOOK OUT HIS PURSE."

# 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, 1919.

Subject—**Saul or Paul** (Acts 7.-9.).

1. Give the passage where Saul is first mentioned in the Acts.
2. To whose death did Saul consent?
3. How did Saul feel towards the disciples of the Lord?
4. What did he see as he went to Damascus?
5. What did he hear?
6. Give the two questions which he asked the Lord.
7. What did Ananias say about Saul's past life?
8. What did the Lord say that He would show Saul?
9. What did Saul preach?
10. What did Barnabas say to the apostles about Saul?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, London, E.C. 4. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 1d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, -

I need not ask you to read the Prize List *carefully*. I sometimes wish you would read my letter with the same care, and then you would all remember to write *answers* to the questions, and give *chapter and verse* for them too. Those who have made these mistakes again are M. Bull, R. Powell, and M. Chapman.

The prizes are well contested as usual, and are all won by girls. The winners are only a few marks behind one another, and those commended are only a few marks behind them.

I am interested to hear of the Sunday School competition in painting the texts on the magazine. They could be given away afterwards or put in scrap-books. Let us all love the Word of God more and help others to love it too. Find Ps. 119. 97, and practise it.

My love to you all,  
Your friend

J. L.

## June Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Allibone, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, A. Bartlett, M. Bawtree, I. Brook, E. Bruce, C. Bushill, L. Cox, K. Crump, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Derrick, N. Earles, J. Foster, N. Hancock, D. Hall, H. Hewines, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefeaux, A. Leech, W. Marshall, C. Melville, R. Morrison, V. Phillips, M. Purvis, R. Richards, L. Richards, V. Routhan, C. Swepson, R. Squire, V. Sores, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, M. Way, A. Walton, H. Ward, Grace Wood, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—M. Allison, H. Allibone, E. Bainbridge, D. Bowlt, J. Cooling, H. Dixon, E. Fairbairn, E. McDonald, T. Morris, A. Silk.
- 3rd Class.**—P. Crookes, M. Chapman.

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

- 1st Class.**—V. Baxter, A. Barugh, H. Bawtree, F. Berry, L. Brent, J. Bishop, P. Clarkson, E. Darrah, E. Durant, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, N. Foster, M. Geddes, B. Horne, M. Holden, H. Hughes, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, E. Jones, A. Kendrick, J. King, L. King, C. Lambert, N. Lefeaux, E. Linley, K. Mawson, S. Major, E. Redman, C. Rose, L. Swall, R. Swepson, H. Selley, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, A. Simpson, M. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, A. Singer, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, A. Thorogood, M. Vale, N. Wade, B. Wade, M. Walton, L. Way, R. Wells, C. Willows, A. White.
- 2nd Class.**—R. Earles, K. Ingram, P. Knowles, D. Stanley.
- 3rd Class.**—M. Bull, E. Claridge, R. Powell.

### Age 10 Years and under.

- 1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Akeroyd, C. Blackburn, J. Cooling, C. Cowl, V. Dible, A. Dodds, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Haywood, A. Hewines, N. Ives, G. Love, J. Messenger, C. Melver, R. Minifie, M. Pavey, M. Silk, W. Stuart, C. Thwaites, A. Teasdale, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—None.
- 3rd Class.**—N. Farrell.

## ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

Subject—**Philip** { **The Apostle,**  
                          **The Deacon.**

1. In Mark 3. 18.
2. The Lord Jesus (John 1. 43).
3. Andrew and Peter (John 1. 44).
4. We have found Him, of Whom Moses in the law, and the prophets, did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph (John 1. 45).
5. Come and see (John 1. 46).
6. Sir, we would see Jesus (John 12. 21).
7. Part of John 12. 23. The answer given by the Lord Jesus when Philip and Andrew told Him about the Greeks.
8. Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us (John 14. 8).
9. Philip (the deacon) preached Christ (Acts 8. 5). Philip (the deacon) preached Jesus (Acts 8. 35).
10. Paul's company entered into the house of Philip the evangelist (Acts 21. 8).

He is able  
also to save  
to the  
uttermost.

Hebrews 7.25.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



THE ART SCHOOL.

## EVA'S ART LESSONS.

**T**HERE was just sufficient freedom at Mr. A——'s art classes to allow the young students, if so disposed, to have quiet little chats with each other, as long as their work was not neglected.

This evening Eva had been giving her friend Mabel a glowing account of all the concerts she hoped to attend, and the really good time she was expecting to have during the Xmas holidays.

Eva was certainly a gifted girl. She was being trained by the best music master in the district, and so was much in demand at all the parties in her large circle of friends.

Of course she knew Mabel never went to any of these things, but she felt somewhat surprised when Mabel replied quietly, "Do you know why I never go to dances and concerts, Eva?"

"No, I never can imagine why it is."

"Well, you see I am saved."

"Saved, well, what do you mean by saved? I have been confirmed, and you know Father is most particular about us always going to church. Still, I can't see any harm in these other enjoyable things."

"Being confirmed and converted are two very different things," replied Mabel. "When I was converted I came to God as a poor guilty sinner, knowing that unless I was saved, and got my sins forgiven, I should be lost for all eternity. I often dare not go to sleep at nights, knowing I was not right with God. But then I believed what God says, that as we were helpless and could do nothing good, His Son died in our stead on the cross, and bore all the judgment our sins deserved. I just trusted Him as my Saviour, knowing He had taken my place at the cross. You can't imagine the joy of knowing one is saved, and that there is no judgment coming; all the past forgiven, just blotted out in His precious blood."

"Yes, but surely we have to do our best, haven't we?" argued Eva, "and even so it must be a miserable sort of thing to have no pleasures in your life."

"The only people who can be really happy are those who are saved," replied Mabel, "and as to pleasures, we are going to have pleasures, for evermore, as well as the happiness the Lord Jesus gives us now. If you are not saved, you are going on to an eternity of utter misery and woe, and you never know when you may have to leave your pleasures, and then there is no hope if once you leave this world unsaved. Oh! Eva, I know there is a great deal to attract you in this world, but won't you think of eternity and where you are going to spend it?"

The drawings were by this time quite for-

gotten, though both girls continued bending over their respective work, in order to talk more earnestly over the matter. Eva was for the first time in her life quite roused up as to her soul's welfare, and Mabel was only too anxious to help her.

Eva's younger sister was sitting at the other side of her, and though she saw her sister and friend were having a very confidential talk, she could not hear what it was about. Great was her surprise when, as they were preparing to leave the art school, Eva made another remark on this subject, which was answered rather at length by Mabel.

"Whatever are you two talking about religion for? What are you preaching about to Eva, Mabel?"

Eva was too intent on her subject to explain very much to her sister, and very soon they parted, both girls promising to continue their talk next time they met.

Needless to say Mabel prayed very much about it, and a few days later, as May the younger sister was not with them, they at once resumed their conversation. By this time Eva was really in earnest, and yet how difficult it often seems for anyone to grasp the simple way of salvation. These talks were continued until one evening, as they walked up and down near Eva's home, Eva said, "Oh, Mabel, I must be saved. I really dare not go on any longer as I am. What shall I do?"

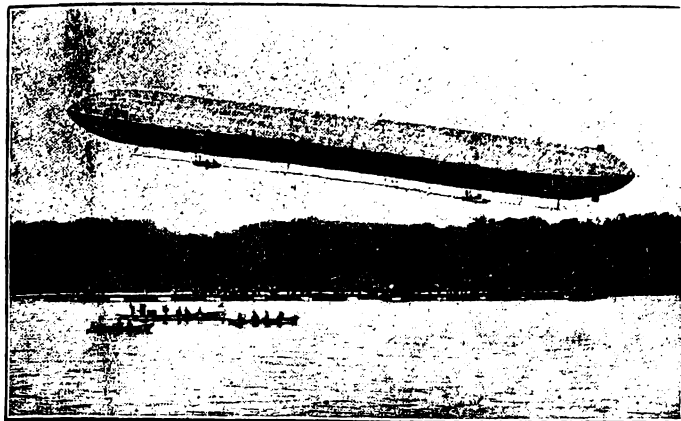
"Will you go home, Eva," replied Mabel, "and just go to your room alone, and tell the Lord you know you are a sinner, and that you want to trust Him as your own Saviour? And remember, if you really turn to Him, *He* says, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"I will, oh! I will, Mabel," and giving her friend a warm kiss, they parted once more.

At the next drawing class, Eva met Mabel with a radiant face. "I am saved, Mabel, and oh I am so happy! When I got home, May was in our bedroom, so I went to another room and locked the door. I just fell on my knees and told the Lord I would come to Him, just as I was in all my sins, and with all my need, and ask Him to save me, and He has," and again she repented, "And now I am so happy."

Certainly she had enjoyed more real joy and happiness during these few days than in all her life of pleasure before. And so it is with those who trust the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Who has a better right to be happy than the one who knows that the atoning sacrifice of Christ has settled every question of sin, and that God now "justifies freely by His grace" the one that "believeth in Jesus"?

H. H. S.



AN AIRSHIP LIKE THIS RECENTLY FLEW OVER THE ATLANTIC.

### HIDDEN IN AN AIRSHIP.

"**T**HEY are making quite a fuss about me here, and I'm having a real good time."

These words were written by a Newcastle boy who crossed the Atlantic in the big airship "R.34." You have read about this wonderful feat, and perhaps you saw that soon after starting, a boy was found hidden in the airship—a "stowaway!"

Of course they had to take him, and when the airship was welcomed on its arrival at New York, the "stowaway" received as warm a welcome as anyone, as is indicated in his letter to his mother.

One could not but admire the boy for his keen desire to get to America, and above all to go in the big airship. He risked a good deal to fulfil that wish.

Are we as much in earnest about *getting to heaven*, and to make sure of going when the Lord comes to call His own *into the air*.

Each one must answer this for himself, and if you are not sure, and don't know whether you are saved or not, it is high time to turn to Jesus the sinners' Saviour.

He, God's beloved Son, has been to Calvary's cross to pay sin's penalty, and now He invites you to trust Him as *your own* personal Saviour. He says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

If you come to-day, you will receive a *warm welcome*.

J. A. S.

### THE POWER OF THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

"**I'M lost! I'm lost!**" was the cry of a dying Christian man, whose mind in this hour of bodily weakness had been turned in upon himself and his own shortcomings.

This shield of faith had slipped from his grasp, and as Satan plied his fiery darts, the terrible cry again broke from him, "**I'm lost! I'm lost!**"

A friend spoke in encouraging tones to him, recalling his godly, devoted life, and telling him how unlikely it would be that one who had been the means of the salvation of others should himself be lost, but this only seemed

to increase his agony, and he reiterated, "**I'M LOST! I tell you, I'M LOST!**"

The last words fell on the ears of another friend who was just then entering the room.

"**Lost!**" he exclaimed, "*then has the blood of Christ lost its power?*"

The look of despair passed from the face of the dying man, giving place to one of perfect calm and peace. His mind, which had been occupied with self, was now turned again to Christ Himself and His atoning sacrifice, and there found perfect rest.

Christ "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification. *Therefore being justified BY FAITH we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ*" (Rom. iv. 25; v. 1).

"**BY GRACE** are ye saved **THROUGH FAITH**; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: **NOT OF WORKS**, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

"The Holy Ghost also is A WITNESS TO US . . . their [*the believers*'] sins and iniquities will I REMEMBER NO MORE" (Heb. x. 15-17).

F. A.

\*\*\*

Jesus  
Exactly  
Suits  
Us  
Sinners.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### IX.—TWO ENGLISH MARTYRS.

**L**ONG years ago, when the Romans were in possession of a great part of our British island home, one of their colonies was in a town called by them Verulam, about 20 miles from London. Many rich Roman families lived there, in beautiful houses, and there were also many Roman soldiers in occupation.

One of these soldiers was named Alban. He was a native of Verulam, but in his youth he had gone to Rome, and there had joined the great conquering army, and had come over to England with his legion. He was a pagan, worshipping idols, when he came, but being brought in the providence of God into contact with a Christian, Amphibalus by name, he learnt about the true God, and the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour, and became a true Christian.

It was not long before this was found out, and his faith and love for his Saviour were put to a severe test.

Amphibalus and he had formed a warm friendship; the bond of the love of Christ drew them very close to one another, and when Amphibalus was sought for by the authorities, on account of his refusing to sacrifice to the heathen gods, Alban concealed him in his own house, and when the soldiers came to search for him, Alban gave himself up to them, saying that he, too, was a Christian.

He was brought before the governor, and as he steadfastly refused to comply with their

demands that he should offer incense to their deities, he was condemned to death.

Very quickly the sentence was carried out. Along the crowded streets—for the people had heard the news, and thronged excitedly to see this young soldier who thus dared to disobey their stern rulers—he was led to a green hill outside the town, and there he was beheaded. The executioner who was to have struck off his head refused to do it, saying he too would die rather than take the life of so noble a man. And he also suffered death.

More 'than 1200 years passed by. The Romans had been turned out of England long before, and their old colony was buried beneath grassy fields and new streets, and Queen Mary sat on the English throne.

Again a Christian martyr was led out of the town of St. Albans, up the same green hill that Alban the Roman soldier had walked to his death; and George Tankerfield, the Gospeller, was burnt to death at the stake because he too loved his Saviour so dearly that he would not deny Him.

The priests of his day declared that it was wrong for the people to read God's Word, and to believe that it was meant for them. And they treated in a most cruel manner all who dared to express their determination to follow, what they believed to be, the very truth of God.

Those were sad days in England, but yet they would have been sadder still had there been



no Christians ready to die for their Lord. How thankful we should be that we have liberty to read God's Holy Word. Let us ask Him to help us to love it and to obey it in the spirit of these old martyr heroes. E. A.



## THE HONEY-GATHERERS.

A LESSON FROM THE BEES.

**H**OW doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour :  
And gather honey all the day,  
From every opening flower."

So said an English poet : and we may learn a good deal from even the tiniest of God's creatures.

Let us notice some of the ways and habits of the honey-bee. Most boys and girls like honey ; and everybody admires the beautiful honeycomb, with its neatly made cells, filled with rich layers of glistening sweetness.

A wise and industrious little worker is the bee. It lays up in the *present*, what it is to feed upon, and enjoy, in the *future*. It gathers its stores from all kinds of flowers and blossoms in the bright sunshine of *summer*, and in the dreary winter there is plenty of work inside the beehive, to keep them going until the summer comes round again.

The bee goes out with the sunrise, and flits from flower to flower, singing a sweet solo all the time. They are musicians, as well as toilers. Their labour is lightened with song. Their busiest days are their merriest. During the early evening hours there is a perfect concert of music in the busy hive : treble, and tenor, and bass, all helping to keep up the harmony.

The Word of God is said to be sweeter than honey, and the honeycomb, to the one who loves it : and if a little girl or boy desires to be right with God, and to have a home with Jesus in Heaven, *now* is the time to prepare for it. This is *your* summer time : "The Gospel day."

If you simply *believe* what God says about *yourself* in Rom. iii. 23, and then *believe* what He says about Jesus in 1 Tim. i. 15, you will be cleansed from all your sins, and made fit to be with the Saviour in His own bright home.

The honey-bee does not live *alone*. It has thousands of companions, and they have one home which they flock to when evening draws nigh.

If you are a believer in Jesus, you too, have many companions. All God's children are dear to Jesus, and they all love, and are kind to, each other.

In this they are like the little bees, and just as a hive of bees cluster together, so the children of God should be united and happy in each other's company. This is what God delights to see (Ps. cxxxii.).

Bees are not at all selfish ; each one labours for *all the colony*, and not for itself alone ; their labour is for *love* as well as *duty*. Don't you think that all Christian girls and boys should be like the bees in this respect, and always be seeking to make each other happy ?

Another fact about the little honey-gatherers is this : Every flower, or blossom, that the bee taxes, is made the *better* for its visit. They take what enriches them, but it leaves the flower richer than before. Their visits are like angels' visits. They *bless* where they land. They satisfy their own wants, and gather sweet food for man, yet leave the blossom richer than when they found it. It will not be easy to tell which is most benefited, the bee or the flower.

So should it be with all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. For all we *receive*, we should *give*. For *boons*, we should give *blessings*. Every home we visit, every place we pass through, should be the better for our having been in it.

Remember what Jesus said to His disciples, when He sent them forth : "Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8).

Bees are *day-labourers*. They toil on, from early morn, through all the sunny day, but never late at night. Let us, dear children, be like the diligent and happy honey-bee, and do all our little service for Jesus *cheerfully*, while it is *daytime*, for God's Word tells us that "the *night* cometh when no man can work" (John ix. 4).

And just as the bee sings its merry song, while it gathers the sweet nectar from the flowers, and carries it to the hive, so it is your privilege, while you gather up that which is "sweeter than honey" from the word of God, and pass it on to others, to be "singing and making melody in *your* heart to the Lord" (Eph. v. 19).

G. F. E.



## HOW DOES YOUR CASE STAND ?

**A** CLIENT eagerly asked his lawyer, "Will my case be called to-day ? Are you sure that nothing is left undone ?" If judgment is pronounced against me I am ruined." Dear reader, if your case were called *to-day* for the final judgment, is there nothing left undone ? Hast thou prepared to meet thy God ? Has the blood of atonement been applied to thy soul ? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with thy spirit that thou art a child of God, born again, adopted into the Divine family, truly regenerated, and walking in the beauty of holiness ? Has thy Advocate with the Father the materials with which He can plead successfully thy case ? *Now is the day of salvation ! Now is the accepted time !*

## ANNIE'S DREAM.

**A**NNIE Somers and Bessie Arundel were neighbours, but although they lived close to one another, attended the same school, and were of the same age, they were rarely seen together.

Fact was, Annie shunned Bessie because, to use her expression, Bessie was one of the "goody-goody" sort—she always closed her eyes during prayers at school, and reproved Annie when she made fun with another schoolmate over a verse in the Bible, in her hearing; and once when they did walk home together from school, she had asked her if her sins were forgiven and she were ready to go to Heaven!

Annie was so indignant, muttering something inaudible, she quickly ran up the garden path indoors, declaring to herself she would have nothing more to do with Bessie.

A few weeks later she had a dream; in her dream she found herself before the pearly gates of Heaven. She knocked for admittance, and slowly the gates opened, disclosing the dazzling glories within, with a great throng all wearing white robes, and one of many angels came to her and said, "Who are you and what is your name?"

For once in her life Annie felt afraid; somehow she knew she had no right there, the angel looked so beautiful and so pure in a spotless robe.

"I'm Annie Somers," she faltered.

"Annie Somers," repeated the angel after her, and then added, "we do not know you."

And slowly the beautiful gates closed again, and Annie was left outside.

Then in her dream she saw Bessie Arundel go up to the pearly gates and knock timidly. Again the gates parted, again the glory shone forth, and the beautiful angel bent down and asked the same question.

"I'm Bessie Arundel; Jesus is my Saviour," was her reply.

"Come," said the Angel, and taking Bessie by the hand, she drew her in, and as the gates closed, Annie saw her disappearing up the golden street, the angel leading her to Jesus. She awakened to find it was a dream, but God had spoken to her through it, and not long afterwards she could say Jesus was her Saviour.

She and Bessie became fast friends, and helped one another to serve their Lord.

What about you, dear reader, is He *your* Saviour too? Is your name written in the *Book of Life*? If so, He is preparing a place for you, and one day the pearly gates will open, and He will receive you unto Himself, but "Nought that defileth shall ever enter in."

G. P.

## A MYSTERY SHIP.

**T**HE mystery ship, H.M.S. *Hyderabad*, has been on view at various ports in the United Kingdom, and wondrously interesting it is to visit. To all outward appearance seemingly an ordinary peaceful merchant ship with one tiny gun such as every merchant vessel is now allowed to carry; but inside! guns, torpedoes, bomb throwers, depth charges, hidden everywhere.

A demonstration is given at least once a day, and it is well worth seeing. The ship assumes its normal appearance—that of the usual tramp steamer—and then follows what would happen if an enemy submarine appeared and attacked her. At a given signal from the officer, suddenly, without any warning, hatchways fall down, decks rise up, and everywhere guns appear, bombs and depth charges are thrown into the sea, and explode under the enemy craft, and torpedoes are discharged. The whole thing is done—guns, etc., placed in position and fired—within  $4\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; indeed, the smaller guns only take 3 seconds.

Is it not marvellous? One moment apparently a peaceful cargo steamer, the next a bristling battlement.

As I watched, it struck me as a picture of our Christian life. We have a tremendously strong, formidable, and subtle foe to fight. Satan is always watching an opportunity to tempt us, and he stoops to any device so long as he can make us fall. The man, woman, or child who has never trusted the Lord Jesus Christ, is like the merchant ship with only one small gun—Conscience—and is practically helpless against the attacks of the enemy.

But Jesus calls us to become His own, and will fill us with His Holy Spirit, full of power and strength to withstand the wiles of the devil. He bids us put on the whole armour of God, and be strong in the strength which He supplies, so that we can stand against Satan.

Our lives must be like the mystery ship, outwardly peaceful, full of the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, gentleness, etc.—but inwardly full of the power which Christ alone can give us, so that when Satan comes along, and the enemy is sighted, we can let down our "hatchways," "strengthened with all might," and show him that Christ is fighting for us; then he will flee from us, knowing that he is a conquered foe, for where Christ is allowed to act, Satan must ever be beaten.

A. W.



"Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil" (Eph. vi. 2).

# 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, 1919.

Subject—Saul or Paul (Acts 11.-13).

1. What did the Holy Ghost say about Barnabas and Saul?
2. Who withstood them? Give his two names.
3. What happened to Elymas?
4. Give the names of five people mentioned by Paul in his address at Antioch.
5. Give a quotation from the Psalms in Paul's address.
6. "By Him—Moses." Find this passage and write it out.
7. What did Paul and Barnabas persuade those who followed them to do?
8. Why did Paul and Barnabas leave Antioch?
9. "I have set Thee to be a light of the Gentiles." How was this fulfilled in Acts 13?
10. Why had Barnabas and Saul been to Jerusalem?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, 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,—

I hope you will read the chapters very carefully on which our questions are set this month. The questions are not difficult, but they need thinking about, especially the last one. But I am sure you will find the life of the Apostle Paul very interesting and helpful.

I am glad to welcome some new searchers for the half year, but remind you again that the number of those under 10 years of age is smaller than usual. Try and encourage your younger brothers and sisters to do the searching. We want them to be like King Josiah, who began to seek after God when he was eight years old. (2 Chron. 34. 3.)

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

# July Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, I. Baxter, J. Baxter, M. Bawtree, M. Bailey, J. Bishop, F. Berry, I. Brook, L. Cox, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, K. Crump, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, J. Edwards, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, H. Hewine, B. Home, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, G. Martin, W. Marshall, E. Martin, C. Melville, R. Morrison, H. Mowbray, E. Neighbour, V. Phillips, M. Purvis, M. Reed, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Rontham, C. Rose, C. Swenson, H. Selley, R. Squire, A. Silk, M. Smith, V. Stone, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, A. Walton, B. Wade, E. Ward, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—J. Cooling, S. Major, H. Ward.

**3rd Class.**—None.

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

**1st Class.**—C. Akeroyd, E. Aves, V. Baxter, A. Barugh, H. Bawtree, H. Baldwin, M. Bull, E. Claridge, E. Coutts, E. Darnall, V. Dible, C. Dodds, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, R. Eyles, G. Elke, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, V. Farrington, W. Freshwater, N. Foster, M. Gables, W. Hinch, W. Hodgson, H. Hughes, A. Jameson, P. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, C. Lambert, H. Lewis, E. Linley, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, R. Minifie, M. Pickersgill, E. Redman, E. Routhan, L. Swall, H. Swenson, W. Selley, P. Sheehor, R. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, D. Tillman, M. Todd, M. Vale, N. Wade, M. Walton, L. Way, A. Ward, Peggy Wraith, P. Wraith, R. Wells, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—K. Morton.

**3rd Class.**—E. Durant, R. Edwards.

## Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, C. Blackburn, J. Cooling, A. Dods, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Haywood, A. Hewine, N. Ives, G. Loye, D. Matthews, C. Melver, M. Pavey, A. Robotham, N. Robson, C. Twails, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—None.

**3rd Class.**—P. Nottingham.

## ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

Subject—Matthew and Thomas.

1. Matthew was sitting at the receipt of custom (Matt. 9. 9).
2. Levi (Mark 2. 14).
3. He made Him a great feast in his own house (Luke 5. 29).
4. They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance (Luke 5. 32).
5. They continued in prayer and supplication (Acts 1. 14).
6. As Matthew, the publican (Matt. 10. 3).
7. Let us also go, that we may die with Him (John 11. 16).
8. Lord, we know not whether Thou goest: and how can we know the way? (John 14. 5).
9. I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me (John 14. 6).
10. John 20. 29, written out.

The Son  
of man is come  
to seek and  
to save  
that which  
was lost.

Luke 19. 10.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



FREDA AND LUCILE WERE SOON TO LEAVE HOME.

## THE SWISS GOVERNESS.

**T**HERE were two sad hearts one bright summer day in the beautiful Swiss home where lived the happy family of B—.

The house was large and beautiful, surrounded by exquisite scenery and lofty mountains, and greatly did each member of that family love their home.

As the children grew up, they one by one left home, and now they were being scattered over the world.

On the day of which we write, Freda and Lucile were about to start their new life in England. Their father was accompanying them to two different places, where they were to stay for a few years, as governesses, until they had learnt the language. After this, they were each to decide what they would like to take up for their life's work.

With Christian parents, and the whole home life having been lived in the fear of God, it was not until Freda had parted from her father, and to some extent become accustomed to her new surroundings, that she began to realize that although her parents and many of her much loved brothers and sisters belonged to the Lord, *she* herself had no link with God.

The miserable home sickness gradually gave way to far deeper misery of soul anxiety as she realized that although she had been so carefully and religiously brought up, she was a guilty lost sinner in God's sight, and unless she turned to him and had her sins forgiven, there was nothing but God's judgment, and a lost eternity before her.

The lady with whom she lived, although a professing Christian, could not in the least understand her deep distress.

"Surely, Miss B—," she would say, "Such a good religious girl as you are, need not trouble about being converted."

However, when God opens anyone's eyes to see his or her lost condition in His sight, then comes the cry, "What must I do to be saved?"

Freda wrote to her sister, who was then living in Scotland, imploring her to help her. Lucile was with Christian people, and she showed them Freda's letters. They at once wrote to an earnest Christian lady whose home was not many miles from the town where Freda was living, telling her of Freda's desire for help.

Before this friend had an opportunity of calling to see Freda, Lucile sent her a simple Gospel tract, putting God's way of salvation very simply. Freda eagerly read how God can and does forgive any sinner, all his sins as soon as he owns himself to be lost and needy, because Christ Himself has borne the judgment

of those sins on the cross. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree."

God blessed the reading of the little book to Freda, and in simple faith she turned to Him and trusted the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, and then how great was the change that came over her!

Again the home sickness was almost forgotten in the deep joy of knowing she was saved, and that her newly-found Saviour could be a Friend to her and could fill her with joy and happiness in the sense of His Love.

When the Christian lady very shortly after met Freda, she found her rejoicing and happy, filled with a great desire to know more of her Lord and to live only for Him.

H. H. S.

\* \* \*

## ONLY A STEP.

**A**RTHUR and his mother lived alone, his father had been dead many years, and the rest of the family had grown up and started homes of their own. Of course they were devoted to each other, and Arthur was all that his mother could wish him to be, except in one respect. He loved his mother, but had not yet begun to love his mother's Saviour; he was obedient to her, but had not yet obeyed the Gospel.

One Sunday night, he was about 14 at the time, he went with his mother to a Gospel meeting. I was the preacher that night, and remember it well. Several times in it I quoted the words:—

"It's only a step to Jesus;  
Why not take it now?"

These words fastened themselves upon young Arthur's mind, and when he turned in to bed that night he could not get rid of them. They would not let him sleep. And that night he thought over the whole question. Should he take that step? Jesus called him, and had a right to his young life; he knew that he ought to, for he was a sinful boy and needed the Saviour; he knew he ought to, for otherwise his life would be wasted, and if he did not come at all, his soul would be lost.

The night wore on, and Arthur heard the clock down stairs strike ten, eleven, and twelve. It was then that his decision was made; he made it on his knees beside the bed, and then when it was made, he ran into his mother's bedroom. "Why, Arthur," she said, "What is the matter?" "I've come to tell you, mother, that I've taken the step," he said. "It was only a step to Jesus, and I've taken it."

That made his mother happy, and it made Arthur happy, and there was joy in heaven, and I rejoiced, too, when I heard about it, and I expect the only one who was sorry was the devil; for he does not want anyone to be saved, for the Lord Himself has told us, that, "when the work is preached, then cometh the devil and taketh away the word out of their hearts, lest they should believe and be saved."

"It's only a step to Jesus." Boys and girls, can any of you who have not taken it give any reason why you should not do it now?

J. T. M.

\* \* \*

### "NONE TO MAKE."

"I AM sorry to hear," said a preacher to a working man, "that you have lost your son."

The old man answered, "Yes, it is quite true."

The preacher then said, "I hope he made his peace with God."

"None to make," replied the old man.

The preacher, thinking the old man did not understand him, repeated, "I hope he made his peace with God."

"None to make," again said the old man.

The preacher evidently thought the old man was very ignorant. But the old man stretched out his arm and said, "What did Jesus say upon the cross? Did He not say, 'It is finished'?"

The preacher answered, "Yes, you are right. 'It is finished.' He had none to make."

Surely nothing is more clearly set forth in Scripture than the fact that Christ has "made peace by the blood of His cross" (Col. i. 20).

"Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ" (Rom. v. 1).

The blood of Christ is the true and only basis of peace made, as the resurrection and glory of Christ bear witness.



A COLLIERY.

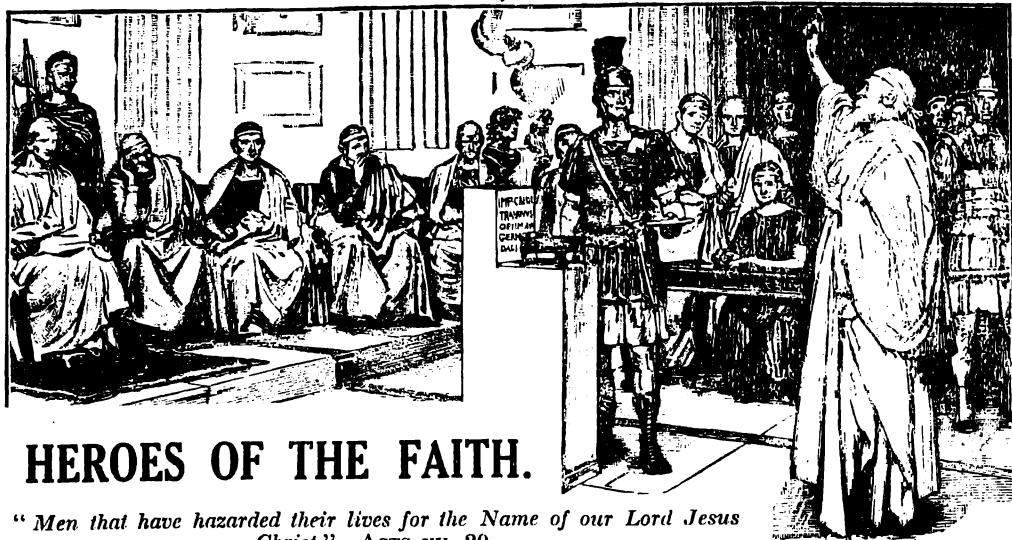
### OUT OF THE DEPTHS—INTO THE SUNSHINE.

HOW many of our readers have ever been down a coal mine? Some years ago the writer was invited to join a party who were to go down one of the deepest mines in the North of England. We made the descent in a little cage, somewhat like the electric lifts in hotels or large office buildings, though the journey was a much longer one and seemed almost endless.

Afterwards we explored the various workings, saw the men and boys at work and the shaggy ponies drawing the coal away to be raised to the surface. One of the miners allowed us each in turn to use his pick and we all brought away a lump of coal hewn "with our own hands," as a souvenir of the occasion, when we finally ascended the dark shaft and came out into the dazzling sunshine above.

Some of us were to have a children's service on the seashore shortly afterwards, and we thought the lump of coal, that trophy brought out of the dark mine up into the sunshine, an excellent object lesson for the boys and girls who need to be sought in a world of darkness and brought up into the sunshine of God's love as trophies of His free grace in Christ Jesus.

J. A. S.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### X.—THE STORY OF RAIMUND.

**A**BOUT 800 years ago, there lived in a wealthy home in the island of Majorca, a little boy named Raimund. At the same time, the world was being thrilled with the brave deeds of the Crusaders, who were waging war against the Saracens, in the endeavour to take from their heathen hands the Holy Sepulchre of our Lord. While little Raimund did not understand the reason of this war, yet his heart was set on fire with the determination to be a brave soldier when he grew to be a man, and fight against wicked and cruel foes.

Years passed by, and his resolve became a reality. He entered the army, and was a clever and courageous soldier. Tall and handsome and clever, he was a general favourite at the Court of Spain, and he was in great danger of wasting his life in self-indulgence, for although ready to go out and fight in strange lands, he had not learnt the lesson spoken of in Proverbs xvi. 32—the conquest of *himself*.

Do some of you who read this, sometimes dream of winning great and glorious victories, forgetting this, the first and greatest battle, lying close to you, waiting to be won?

One day, when Raimund was sitting alone writing some music in his own room, suddenly he had a vision of a cross, and on the cross One Whom he knew had died for him. This was God's way of speaking to this young man. He had a great purpose for his life, and in His own

loving way He drew the pleasure-loving heart to Himself.

No longer could Raimund be content with the gay life of the Court. He had seen his Lord, and was compelled to yield his life with all its powers to His service.

But how? Should he go to Palestine to fight and die for the tomb of Christ? Six times great armies had gone there, and still had not done the work.

He saw how useless it had all been, so he determined to start a new crusade. It would be every bit as difficult and dangerous as the others, but he knew it would be more worth while. He told his plans to some of the most heroic of his soldier friends, asking them to go with him, unarmed, to meet the Saracens, and tell them of the Lord who had died for *them* as well as for the Christians they were fighting against, and try and win them by love instead of force.

But his friends had no sympathy with him. They knew the cruelty and the strength of the Saracens, and feared to go amongst them in this way. But Raimund would not give up his purpose. If he could not get a single follower, still he would go.

So he went. First he learned Arabic, the language these Moslem Saracens spoke. Then he studied their sacred book, the Koran, so as to be ready for any argument. In order to do this, he bought a Saracen slave, captured in the wars, and from him he learned to read and to



speak in the Arabic tongue before he started on his crusade. Then, after some delays and difficulties, he sailed from Genoa, for North Africa. On landing at Tunis, he sought the mosque, where scholars gathered to discuss the Koran and its teachings. He told the people he was a Christian, and when they found that he knew their sacred book, and could meet all their objections, and that some of the people who heard him speak were turning Christian, they reported the matter to the Sultan of Tunis, who had him arrested and condemned to death.

One of the men who had been influenced for good by his teaching, pleaded for his life to be spared. So he was brought out of his dungeon and told to leave Africa and never to return.

He returned to Italy, and landed at Naples in the hope of getting others to join him in his work of carrying God's message to the Moslems.

No one dared do it, so once more he crossed the sea and landed in Africa. From town to town he travelled, winning a few converts, and suffering much persecution. After six months in a dark dungeon, again he was banished.

Although he was now eighty years of age, he was no sooner in Europe, than he found a ship by which to return to his loved work. At the end of a year of quiet work, amongst his friends at Bugia, he felt he could no longer do it secretly, so he walked boldly into the market place and started to preach.

As soon as the mob discovered who he was, they rushed upon him, dragging him to the sea shore, and there stoned him to death.

By love, by prayer, by tears, and by the offering up of his own life, he had fought his crusade to the end, and the name of Raimund Lull comes down to us as the first missionary martyr for the Mohammedans, and for Africa. His life and his work were not wasted. God saw and accepted the work that His servant sought to do for His name's sake. F. A.

\* \* \*

### "AND JESUS SAID."

**W**HAT 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 winds. A poor nun 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.

### OPENED EYES.

**O**UR vessel was on a river in Africa. I had been drinking (moderately as we say), and half drunk, I threw myself into the river to bathe, without thinking of the dangers to which I exposed myself.

As I swam some distance from the vessel, a crocodile began to chase me. Some of the men on board saw my position and shot at this formidable animal, but without effect. It came along rapidly, and I used all my efforts to reach the bank, the danger I was in bringing me completely to my senses.

When I was just a short distance from the reeds with which the bank was covered, an angry tiger sprang towards me, the crocodile was also now quite close, its jaws wide open ready to devour me.

I saw death before me. The sins of a lifetime rose before my mind like a great mountain. I remembered my mother's prayers, my father's teaching, the pressing appeals of my Sunday School teacher—which I had despised. As my life passed in review I cried in despair, Oh God! have mercy on me, a poor, miserable sinner!"

This prayer was answered in a remarkable manner—truly "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform"—and my life was preserved.

I escaped the claws of the tiger which came upon the monster behind me. There was a battle. The water was red with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to bite through the scales of the crocodile were useless, while the latter was gaining the advantage, for he kept his adversary under water and soon caused his death, when they both sank to the bottom of the river.

My comrades had watched this scene with great anxiety, and when they saw that I was safe on the bank, they rowed vigorously and brought me on board.

The moment I reached the deck, I fell on my knees to thank God for His marvellous deliverance. The Bible that I used to leave at the bottom of my kit became, through the grace of God, my daily companion. I saw the wickedness of my heart. I confessed to God my sins and the lost state in which I had lived as a rebel for long years, and I saw that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, had borne my sins "in His own body on the tree" and that God was asking of me nothing more than to believe that my divine Substitute had satisfied all the exigencies (i.e., claims) of God's holiness.

I saw, also, that henceforth my privilege and my joy would be to live for Him and to glorify Him in all things.

(Translated from a French Canadian Monthly).

## WHAT SHE DID WITH HER FIRST SOVEREIGN.

DEAR MR. SINCLAIR,

Before giving away No. 176 OUR CHILDREN, I read "Harold's Test," and the story of the pound for ten shillings reminded me of an incident connected with a Sunday School girl called M—; it was as follows:—

One winter's evening it was my privilege to give an address to the children of a Sunday School, at their annual tea and prize giving. After singing a hymn and praying for God's blessing, I read the scripture in Matthew i. 21, "Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins." Pulling it from my pocket, I held up to the young people a card I had printed. On one side was—



and on the other side—



I told them that it was God who gave the precious name of Jesus to His Son—a Name with such a wonderful meaning—Saviour—and that God loved us so much as to send Him down into this very world where we live, in order that He might die for us, and shed His precious blood that all our sins might be atoned for, and that we might be forgiven and saved. As I was anxious to leave those two words impressed upon the hearts of the children (about 200) I held the card before them, and when I named His precious name I presented the side of the card with JESUS on it, and when I mentioned sins I immediately turned the other side with SINS. Unknown to me there was a girl right in the middle of the hall in whom God had been graciously working, and who was anxious and feeling the burden of her SINS. That night the Holy Spirit fixed the eye of her heart upon JESUS, the only Saviour, able, willing and ready to save, and there and then as she sat listening, and looking at the words on the card, as it was constantly turned, she just yielded and trusted JESUS as her own Saviour.

Some weeks after the meeting her father accosted me in the street and told me what

had taken place; needless to say I rejoiced to hear of God's gracious blessing. Prior to the meeting M— had been promised by her father that if she passed well at school he would give her a real golden sovereign all for herself. She passed the exam. and received the sovereign. Afterwards she said to her mother, "Do you think father would allow me to give my sovereign for the work of the Lord abroad?" On father being asked, he advised that M— should keep ten shillings for herself, and give the remaining ten shillings to missionary work. But this did not commend itself to her heart, newly won by the love of Christ, so her dear parents just allowed her to do as she wished, and she gave the whole of her first sovereign to the work of the Lord Jesus in India. It is nearly twenty years since the above meeting, but M— is still not only forgiven and saved, but seeking by His grace to follow her beloved Saviour.

I would like your dear young readers to turn to what is called a marked Testament. On the first page (Matt. i.) they will find what man has not marked, God has. See how He has caused the peerless, precious name to be printed in large, capital letters twice (v. 21 and 25), the only name so marked. All who feel the guilt and load of sins may just simply and now look to Him and say, "Jesus I do (not will) trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul," and He will most assuredly hear and save.

Then by changed ways at home, each one may show, as M— did, what the Lord has done for them, and, as constrained by His love, be a *giver* to His varied interests in this world, until He come.

Yours sincerely,

J. R.

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## LITTLE CHARLIE.

A LITTLE boy was once much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday?"

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere, they are gone," said Charlie.

Just so it is with the believer's sins, they are gone—"blotted out"—"remembered no more."

"I, even I," saith Jehovah, "am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own name sake, and will not remember thy sins."

# 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, 1919.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 14-17.)

1. Why did Paul leave Iconium ?
2. What did Paul say to the cripple at Lystra ?
3. What did the people say when they saw the man was healed ?
4. What did they do to Paul when persuaded by others ?
5. Who were sent to Antioch with letters from Jerusalem ?
6. Why did not Paul preach in Asia ?
7. Who was the first woman, and the first man, converted at Philippi ?
8. How long was Paul at Thessalonica ?
9. Why were the Bereans more noble than others ?
10. There were three different effects on the people when they heard Paul preach of the resurrection of the dead. What were they ?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, London, E.C. 4. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 3d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS —

I want you all to pay special attention to the answer to the ninth question, and I hope you will think it over and set to work to be a little like these people. They are not very numerous now, I am afraid, but I am sure we do well to grow like them.

Some one wrote to tell me she found the questions very interesting, and liked doing them very much. I hope you all do, and that you will get real help as you search for the answers.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## August Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, E. Bainbridge, J. Bishop, F. Berry, I. Brook, M. Chapman, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, K. Crump, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, N. Foster, R. Gauntlett, N. Hancock, D. Hall, M. Harries, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, S. Lambert, B. Lawrence, D. Lefaux, W. Lewis, E. Linley, G. Martin, W. Marshall, E. Martin, G. Major, J. Macdonald, M. Purvis, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, W. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, R. Squire, A. Silk, M. Smith, V. Sones, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, H. Ward, B. Wade, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—A. Leech, M. Pothery, H. Selley.

**3rd Class.**—R. Swepson.

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

**1st Class.**—L. Adams, C. Akeroyd, E. Coutts, E. Darrah, V. Dible, E. Durant, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, G. Elks, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, D. Harris, D. Heels, W. Hodgson, M. Holden, H. Hughes, K. Ingram, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, U. Lambert, N. Lefaux, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, D. Macdonald, K. Morton, H. Pilon, S. Radcliffe, M. Reed, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, B. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, R. Trotter, M. Todd, N. Wade, G. Warford, L. Way, R. Wells, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—E. Aves, R. Minifie.

**3rd Class.**—R. Earles, J. Hampton.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, I. Adams, C. Blackburn, J. Cooling, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Goode, A. Hewines, N. Ives, M. Lefaux, G. Loye, C. McIver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, W. Stuart, C. Twaits, K. Thomas, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—F. Nottingk.

**3rd Class.**—None.

## ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

Subject—Saul or Paul (Acts 7-9).

1. Part of Acts 7. 58 written out.
2. To Stephen's death (Acts 8. 1).
3. He was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against them (Acts 9. 1).
4. He saw a light from heaven (Acts 9. 3).
5. A voice saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me ? (Acts 9. 4)
6. Who art Thou, Lord ? Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do ? (Acts 9. 5-6).
7. I have heard by many of this man, how much evil he hath done to Thy saints at Jerusalem (Acts 9. 13).
8. How great things he must suffer for My Name's sake (Acts 9. 16).
9. He preached Christ, that He is the Son of God (Acts 9. 20).
10. He said how Saul had seen the Lord and He had spoken to him, and he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus (Acts 9. 27).

# NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN ANY OTHER

Acts 4.12.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



STRAIGHT TO PORT.

## STRAIGHT TO PORT.

**H**AVE you ever wondered how the sailors find their way across the tossing waves? We can easily pick out landmarks journeying in town or by country-side, but at sea one wave is just like another.

During the Railway strike some of us took a sea trip to get to London, and rising very early in the morning, just as it was dawning, we saw two fishing boats making across the water straight for Lowestoft.

The white light from the lighthouse and the red light at the harbour mouth were shining brightly, so steering the fishing boats was easy work just when we saw them, but what about the many miles they had travelled from the fishing grounds when no friendly light was in sight?

Ah! but they had a good chart and a faithful compass and a skilful skipper who knew how to read both correctly. That was the secret of their sailing so peacefully straight to port.

And the secret of peacefully steering straight to heaven? Why, first of all, believing in and submitting to the best of Captains, the Lord Jesus Christ, and then always going by and obeying God's Holy Word, the Bible, which is like an infallible chart, and maintaining a good conscience, which is like a compass.

If you really believe in Jesus and accept Him as your Saviour and Lord, and then conscientiously obey His Word, you will not only steer to heaven *somehow*, but steer there *straight*, and also have a very happy voyage by the way.

F. B. H.

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## A HARD CASE.

**D**R. P— was once riding in a snowstorm in his sleigh, when he heard a voice calling to him, "Is that Dr. P—?" "Yes, I am Dr. P—." "Well, if you spare me a minute or two, I would be very grateful. I have been to several of your meetings, and last night I wanted to confess Christ as you explained it, but *something* seemed to hold me back."

"Well, friend," Dr. P— said, "I am very glad to hear you are interested about your soul; but why do you not accept Christ as your own Saviour? You may do it right where you are."

"Yes, but I am a very hard case; but if you can tell me anything that will make it plain to me, I will thank you very much."

Dr. P— said, "Are you a sinner?"

"I am, and a great one."

"But will you believe what God says?"

"Yes, sir; God is saying to me all the time, unless you are saved you will be lost."

"But," Dr. P— said, "God tells us something more than that we are sinners. He tells us that Christ came to save sinners," quoting John iii. 16. "Do you believe that?"

"Oh, yes; but I am a hard case, I am very ignorant."

"Do you not see that your very ignorance and sinfulness are the very reasons why God sent His Son to die for us. Do you believe that Christ is willing to save you? Ought you not to surrender to Him at once?"

The man asked one other question: "How am I to take Christ as my Saviour. If I come to-night, will you explain it?"

"You need not wait till to-night, you may take Him here and now."

Tears came into the man's eyes, and looking full in the Doctor's face he said, "I confess Him, Jesus Christ, as my Saviour, and I take Him with all my heart."

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## A RUSSIAN INCIDENT.

**M**ANY years ago a roaring mob surrounded the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg (now Petrograd), threatening death to the Imperial pair. Suddenly Nicholas took his six months' old child into his arms, and stepped out on to the balcony facing the crowds, which surged like a sea in the vast Palace Square. The Emperor was young, and in the heyday of his strength. He did not speak, but stood there, the baby in his arms.

A silence fell on the mob, a silence more awful than its rage. Then came a tempest of cheers and sobs. The dynasty was saved, the people were ready to die for their Czar and his heir.

But let us look at the contrast to this scene. The world was in rebellion. Men turned their backs upon their God and their rightful Monarch, and would not have His will. He sent servants to them, but they would not hearken. But God said, "I have one Son, I will send Him."

This was God's resource. "I will show Myself to men. I will display My grace My character to them in the Person of My Son: they will reverence Him."

From heaven to earth came the gracious Son of God, but when men saw Him, they cried, "let us kill Him. Away with Him, crucify Him." The Russian rebellion was quelled by the sight of the Czar's son; but oh, the sinfulness, the hatred to God in the heart of man.

But, young friend, He died for you, He bore the dire judgment you and I should have borne. Will you take Him this moment as your "very, very own Saviour"?

## A BLIND MAN'S TRUST.

**M**ANY years ago there was a man who spent the whole of his days on the Dartmoor Hills, caring for cattle and otherwise wisely using his time. At last, through old age and infirmity and long exposure to the wild weather of these moorland hills, he became totally blind.

As he neared his last days, the unseen things of eternity became to him more real and abiding. The old man was frequently visited by one of his grand-daughters, who read to him portions of the Word of God.

One day, while this little girl was reading to him the first Epistle of John, when she reached our text, the old man stopped her, and gently raising himself up, he said with great earnestness, "Is that there, my dear?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"Then read it to me again, I never heard the like before." Again she read it. "You are quite sure it is there?" "Yes, quite sure!" "Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I should like to feel it."

So the little girl put the old blind man's finger on the seventh verse, when he said, "Now read it again to me."

The little girl read with her soft, gentle voice, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

"You are quite sure that is there?"

"Yes, quite sure!"

He then said, "If anyone should ask you how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words."

Not long after, the blind old man passed from all the sorrows of earth to the land that is fairer than day. Dear young friend, this text can save you also.

\* \* \*

## WHAT THE CAMEL DOES.

**T**HE camel at the close of day  
Kneels down upon the sandy plain  
To have his burden lifted off  
And rest to gain.



AUTUMN  
IN THE WOODS.

Thou, too, my soul, shouldst to thy knees

When daylight draweth to a close,

To let thy Master lift thy load  
And grant repose.

Else how canst thou to-morrow meet,

With all to-morrow's work to do,  
If thou thy burden all the night

Dost carry through?

The camels kneel at break of day

To have his lord replace his load  
Then rises up, anew to take

The desert road.

And thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,

That God may give thee daily care,  
Assured that He no load too great

Will make thee bear.



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—ACTS xv. 20.*

### XI.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

**I**N the year A.D. 753, a company of richly appanelled horsemen passed through the streets of Rome. The one who was evidently the leader carried before him on the saddle a fair-haired boy of four or five years' old.

This little lad was the youngest son of Ethelwulf, king of the Western part of England, then called Wessex. It was not likely that he would ever be king, for he had three brothers older than himself. But as we have seen often before, so in this event we see again, the Hand of God overruling the affairs of men, and moving for the deliverance of an oppressed people.

England was in those days greatly harassed by warlike tribes who came across the Channel from Europe, and especially by the Danes, who were fierce and fearless warriors and sailors, and who braved the storms of the North Sea in order to invade England, and enrich themselves by plundering the defenceless people.

From many an anxious, troubled heart in this little island home of ours had gone up for years the cry to God for deliverance. And the time was drawing near when He meant to answer that cry, and the little Saxon boy was to be the deliverer.

Alfred was his name, and in the royal home he lived a child's happy life. Tenderly loved by a good mother, who taught him the history

of his own country in stories of brave men and noble deeds; taken by his father, along with his brothers, to the exciting chase through the fields and forests around his home, he grew up strengthened in muscle and in mind, preparing for the great fights and the great work which came to his share in after years. Besides this training, he was taught by his mother to read the Word of God, and to love it, and a deep reverence for all that was good and holy was woven into his very nature. Often at midnight, he would go away alone where he could pray undisturbed to the Father in heaven, and in that lay the secret of his good and useful life.

When he was 22 years of age he unexpectedly came to the throne, his three brothers having died. With this position came great perils and difficulties. The marauding bands of the invaders were bringing destruction and sorrow in every direction, and although King Alfred had a band of brave followers, they were not as strong as the enemy, and they had to fly for safety to what hiding-places they could. On one occasion Alfred sought refuge in a swineherd's hut in one of the great forests. He was disguised, for otherwise he might have been given up to the enemy. You must not think from this that he was a coward. He and his faithful soldiers fought with and defeated the Danes time after time; and in the year 884 he fitted out a fleet of ships to meet the enemy on the East Coast of England. In Alfred's time England was divided into several small



kingdoms; he became overlord of all these, and he helped very greatly in uniting the whole land into one monarchy, as it has been ever since.

He made wise laws; he restored the ruined churches; he helped the people to rebuild their homes and get back the farms that the enemy had spoiled. It was very slow work. Many years of patient labour were needed, and incessant conflicts with the Danes often set back the progress. Still Alfred persevered, and he found time, too, to arrange for the education of many children in his own royal home.

Alfred was truly named "the Great." He lived a great and noble life, seeking ever the highest good of his people. And it was Alfred who first gave a clasp of Christian fellowship between our land and India, by sending out gifts and a message of Christian sympathy to some Christian natives in that far off country.

The Christian ideal, to do the will of God, was the rule of his life. He always carried a small manuscript copy of the Scriptures in his bosom; but better still, he could say as the Psalmist says, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart."

Blessings have come to us English people down through the centuries as the result of the good brave life of this Saxon king, eleven hundred years ago. And while he served God in a different manner from the other heroes we have thought about, he was no less a true hero, and deserves a place among those whose lives have been devoted to the highest ends. E. A.

\* \* \*

## WHY THE BALL WAS GIVEN UP.

A YOUNG girl came to me once after a meeting I had conducted, and said, "I want to follow Christ."

"Well," I replied, "we always follow whom we love."

"But I love the world too."

"But," I said, "you cannot love both."

"There is a ball next week," she continued; "do you think it is wrong to dance?"

"Well, if you love dancing, go to the ball."

"What!" she exclaimed, "go to dancing!"

"Yes, if you love it. Why, if I told you not to go, and you stayed away, you would be dancing in your bedroom; but mark my words, if you love Christ you will not go."

It was a testing moment for her. She did not go to the ball. Instead of that she made a bold confession of Christ before her companions. What we follow we love, and is the god whom we worship. If it be not the one living and true God, let us turn away from it and give our hearts wholly to Him.

## "ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE."

THE doctor bent gravely over his young patient—a young girl—as he carefully examined her. The anxious parents waited to hear the verdict.

Alas! it held out little, if any hope. The words sounded more like a death sentence than anything else. "Only a miracle can save the child," he said.

The young patient's sister, a child near her own age, happened to overhear the doctor's statement. With the simplicity and ignorance and faith of youth the little girl rushed out of the house, and made her way to the nearest grocer's shop.

The shopman behind the counter looked at the little maiden enquiringly.

"Please, I want to buy a miracle," she said.

"A miracle, my little girl, we don't keep miracles here," he said, with an amused smile.

But the matter was one of life and death to the girl. Her sister was dying. Only a miracle could save her sister's life. A miracle she must get somehow or other.

So she tried another grocer's shop with the same result. Baffled, she began to think, Would not a chemist's shop be more likely to supply a miracle than a grocer's? It was a case of illness, and perhaps a miracle was some kind of medicine.

So to the chemist's shop she went, and asked to be supplied with a miracle. The chemist, too, was amused, at the unusual request. He kept no such thing as a miracle in stock.

The little girl was bitterly disappointed at the barren result of her efforts. Her voice was tremulous and the tears stood in her eyes.

A gentleman in the shop, noticing her deep grief, enquired kindly the cause of her distress. She explained how ill her sister was, and told him what the doctor's verdict was, that only a miracle could save her, and how anxious she was to get a miracle.

The gentleman requested the little girl to take him to her parent's house. She did so. The gentleman explained to the parents how he had become deeply interested in the case, that he happened to be a London specialist visiting Eastbourne, and requested that he might see the child.

Doubtless medical etiquette was arranged for, and the great specialist from London saw the sick daughter, told the parents an operation, similar to one he had just performed, and for which he had come specially from London would be successful in saving their daughter's life, that his ordinary fee was one hundred guineas, but that he would gladly perform the operation freely, if the parents would consent.

Needless to say, the parents gratefully accepted the specialist's generous offer, the operation was successfully performed, and the child recovered to the great joy of her sister. *The miracle was performed.*

How God looked down on the anguish of the little sister's soul and pitied her ignorance in seeking to *buy* a miracle, and arranged in His own wonderful way to *give* her one.

Would she ever forget such a wonderful interposition of God, or ever cease to be grateful to Him? Every sight of her sister would serve to keep the miracle vividly before her mind.

But now I want to remind my young readers of another case where only a miracle can save, and that is your own case and mine.

Death to the body is the result of—**SIN**; but that is not all—**AFTER THIS THE JUDGMENT.** Look up the last verse of Rom. vi. and the last verse but one of Heb. ix., and you will see what I say is true.

*Only a miracle can save us.* We cannot buy a miracle. That is certain.

But the miracle has been performed—the miracle of the Son of God becoming man and dying to atone for sin.

As the old hymn puts it:—

"For man, oh! MIRACLE of grace  
For man the Saviour bled."

And then another miracle must be performed. There is first the great general miracle of the death of Christ, whereby He became a Ransom for all. Read 1 Tim. ii. and you will find the verse that states this.

And then there must be the special and particular miracle of *your* receiving Christ as your own Saviour, and thus obtaining the blessing of salvation for yourself. Has this happened with *you*? You may be saved and that just now, if only you put your trust in the Lord Jesus. Why not do it now? Remember only a miracle can save.

A. J. P.



## GOD SAYS, "TO-DAY"!

ONE fine winter afternoon, some years ago, four men, three of them young, and one past middle age, were driving along a turnpike road. One of the toll gates on the road was tended by a very old man, getting very feeble. He came forward, hobbling on a stick, to receive the few pennies he demanded. His form was sadly bent, and his white hair indicated that the snows of many winters had left their indelible mark upon him.

Having paid him his money, the eldest of the

four men politely offered him a neat booklet, saying as he did so, that it was something interesting and important about God's way of salvation, and expressed the hope that the old man was saved. An angry flush mantled the faded cheek of the toll-keeper, as he savagely retorted: "No, I don't want your book, and I am not saved, nor is any one else in the world. And it is my opinion that there is plenty of time, and everything is right in its season."

Having thus said, he went in, slamming the door behind him. Poor old man! One foot in the grave, and saying, "Time enough yet." His sun almost set, and he had not yet been saved; he had no joy in his life, the joy of sins forgiven was unknown by him. And this is the case all over. God's warnings and invitations alike fall unheeded, youth gives place to middle age, and middle age to old age, and Eternity and the having to do with a holy God are counted not worthy of attention.

Dear young friend, take warning: God says "to-day," Satan ever says "to-morrow," but to-morrow never comes.



## "LAID ON HIM."

I WENT one day with a friend to visit a person known to her.

On the sofa sat a very old lady, and while the other two were talking, I repeated to her, slowly and distinctly, that verse in Isaiah liii., "All we like sheep have gone astray; We have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

A bright smile lit up her face, and she said, "Ah, I heard those words many years ago in mine own land, and they made me *very happy*."

Her face wore its bright look for some time, for she was saying softly to herself, "Laid on *Him*, laid on *Him*."

Perhaps her thoughts were wandering back to that far-off time when she, a young Scotch lassie, first heard those words, and had believed that *her* sins were "*laid on Him*"—on the Lord Jesus Christ, "Who His Own Self *bare our* sins in His Own Body on the tree" (1 Peter ii. 24).

Many, many years beyond the allotted span of life, her memory retained only the three words of the verse that had made her and still kept her so very happy, "*laid on Him*."

I often repeated them to her, when I saw her afterwards, if only to watch for the bright smile they always brought to her face, making it, old as it was, look beautiful.

Has my reader been made "*very happy*" by knowing that *her* sins were "*laid on Him*."

F. A.

# 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, 1919.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 18-21).

1. Name two people who were of the same craft as the Apostle Paul.
2. What did the Lord say to Paul in a vision at Corinth?
3. What question did Paul ask certain disciples at Ephesus?
4. In what way did God work special miracles by Paul?
5. What did the people of Ephesus cry out for two hours?
6. What happened to Eutychus after his death?
7. What did Paul testify both to the Jews and to the Greeks?
8. What words of the Lord Jesus are quoted by Paul?
9. What did Paul say he was ready to do at Jerusalem?
10. What three words were said of Paul which were also said of the Lord Jesus?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, London, E.C. 4. Do not stick down, but tuck in flap, put on 3d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

So many of you have answered Question 10 incorrectly. It was not difficult, but needed careful thought. I am glad some of you found the right answer.

Some one writes to say they are going to give up the searching if they do not get a prize at the end of the year. I think this is a great pity, for the greatest prize is to learn more of God's Word, and this is within the reach of all. Let me remind you of Prov. 19, 8: "He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul."

One paper has come with "Hilda" on it and no other name. Another paper from Winhill without a name.

My love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

## September Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, J. Bishop, T. Berry, P. Crookes, J. Cooling, A. Coxon, K. Crump, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, N. Foster, D. Hall, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodgeson, E. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, B. Jones, D. Lefeaux, A. Leech, E. Linley, G. Martin, W. Marshall, E. Martin, S. Major, R. Peel, M. Purvis, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, J. Shell, H. Selley, V. Sones, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, A. G. Walton, H. Ward, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—S. Lambert.

**3rd Class.**—T. Morris, R. Squire.

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

**1st Class.**—L. Adams, E. Coutts, C. Dodds, E. Durant, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, J. Hampton, Hilda, W. Hodgeson, M. Holden, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, N. Lefeaux, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, L. Morris, H. Pilon, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, C. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, M. Todd, M. Vale, M. Walton, R. Wells, F. Weatherburn, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—C. Akeroyd, E. Aves, V. Dible, R. Earles, G. Elks, V. Farrington, M. Farrier, K. Morton, N. Wade, L. Way.

**3rd Class.**—None.

### Age 10 Years and under.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, I. Adams, J. Cooling, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Hewines, M. Lefeaux, C. Melver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, W. Stuart, C. Twaits, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—None.

**3rd Class.**—N. Ives.

## ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—Saul or Paul (Acts 11-13).

1. Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them (Acts 13. 2).
2. Elymas, also called Bar-jesus (Acts 13. 6, 8).
3. He became blind (Acts 13. 11).
4. Samuel, Saul, David, John the Baptist, Abraham (Acts 13. 20, 21, 22, 24, 26).
5. "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee" (Acts 13. 33 or 35).
6. Acts 13. 39 written out.
7. To continue in the grace of God (Acts 13. 43).
8. Because the Jews raised persecution against them (Acts 13. 50).
9. By Paul preaching to the Gentiles (Acts 13. 44-46).
10. To take the relief collected by the disciples at Antioch for the brethren in Judæa (Acts 11. 29-30).

# BEING JUSTIFIED FREELY BY HIS GRACE

ROMANS 3.24.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



GOING HOME IN THE SNOW.

## THE TWO ALLS.

THE Mission had been a time of undoubted blessing to many, and now the last meeting of all had come.

At the close, the missionary was hurrying away to a late train. He looked at his watch. He had just three minutes in which to catch it. Fortunately the station was close at hand.

As he walked rapidly up the street, he turned as he heard footsteps behind.

A gentleman was running after him. "Oh! sir," said he, breathlessly, as he came up, "can you speak to me? I am very anxious about my soul."

"Well," replied the missionary, "my train is just here, and it is the last one, but——"

He looked fixedly at the gentleman for a moment before he added:

"Look up Isaiah liii. 6. Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' Good-night." And he ran to catch his train.

The gentleman stood staring after him until he disappeared into the station, and then he muttered, "Go in at the first 'all,' and go out at the last 'all.' What does it all mean?" So, when he arrived at his own house, he got down a Bible. He turned to Isaiah liii. 6, and read these words:

"ALL we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us ALL."

"Go in at the first 'all,'" he repeated. "'All we like sheep have gone astray.' I am to go in with that 'all.' Yes, I see. It just means I am one of those who have gone astray. And go out with the last 'all.' 'The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.' I see. Yes. I am to go out free with those whose iniquity has been laid on Christ."

It took a rather longer time to grasp the truth than those brief sentences might lead you, dear reader, to suppose. But that short, pithy comment on Isaiah liii. 6, brought by the Holy Spirit light and peace to that man's conscience and heart, and he rejoiced that night in Christ his Saviour.

May it be blessed to you!

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## "I DID IT FOR HIM."

A MOTHER was telling a friend about the death of her son, who had been killed in the late war.

"He had been killed a week before we heard of it," said Mrs. K—. "All that week I was feeling so depressed, and one night I had a very vivid dream. I thought he came into the

room where we were all sitting, and walking round to me, he bent down, and said, '*I did it for him.*'"

After the war, I asked his Captain to come and stay with us, for I was longing to hear some particulars about my boy. Captain — spoke most highly of him, and of how they all liked him.

"It was the time the Germans were making that great push in March," he said, "We were just going into a very dangerous action. Our first company had been wiped out altogether. Sergeant K— (your son) came to me, and said, 'They are all ready, sir, but may I go into this action with the boys, sir?' I said, 'No, Sergeant, I must have *you* in reserve.'"

"He came again soon after, his face was white and set, 'May I go if I take a Corporal's place— Corporal D—'s place, sir?'"

"Seeing he was bent on it, I unwillingly gave consent—and went myself to Corporal D—, and told him K— wanted to exchange places with him. A piece of shell in that action entered his head killing him instantly.

"It never struck me *why* he took D—'s place, until one night when I was lying in hospital wounded, and then it came to me like a flash—D— *had a wife and five children.*"

"How his words in my dream came back to me," said Mrs. K—, "*I did it for him!*"

Well might that mother be proud of her son's noble self-sacrifice? But what gave her far greater comfort was the knowledge that he had been *ready!* That his trust had been in the Saviour who had died and shed His blood on Calvary's Cross to atone to God for *his* sins—to bear the judgment due to *him*, of whom he could say (as can every other sinner who turns to Him)—"He loved *me* and gave *himself* for *me*."

Friend! Christ can say of *you*, "*I did it for Him!*"

Shall His atoning death for *you*, a sinner, on the ground of which God offers you full and eternal forgiveness, be all in vain as far as *you* are concerned?

F. A.

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## "THE NINETY AND NINE."

FAR up among the Cumberland Fells, where wintry blizzards rage, and deep snow-drifts lie, Ben, a young shepherd, while leading home his flock to shelter near the farm, fell exhausted in the field, and was found by searchers, some hours after, with a lamb locked in his bosom. He had lifted the tiny creature there for warmth and shelter, and no doubt saved it from a cruel death that wintry night. But it was many days before the shepherd lad



"BRINGING HOME THE LAMB."

got over the effects of that noble deed, which nearly cost him his life.

The following Spring, a preacher of the Gospel came to a Fell village, not far from the farm where Ben the shepherd still cared for a flock-master's sheep, and his message of present salvation, by grace through faith in Jesus Christ (Eph. ii. 8), faithfully spoken in the Spirit's power, was used in the conversion of a number, both old and young. Ben was invited by a neighbour to go to the meeting in the village on the Sunday night, and while the preacher was telling in tender words the story of the Good Shepherd, Who went out into the lone wilderness after the wandering sheep, and brought it back on His shoulder rejoicing, Ben, it was noticed, was deeply interested, for well he knew what such a journey meant. But when at the close of the address, the "Ninety and Nine"—then quite new—was softly sung by many who had experienced in power the truths it so touchingly tells forth, it was noticed that when the words were reached—

"But none of the ransomed ever knew,  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,  
Ere He found the sheep which was lost."

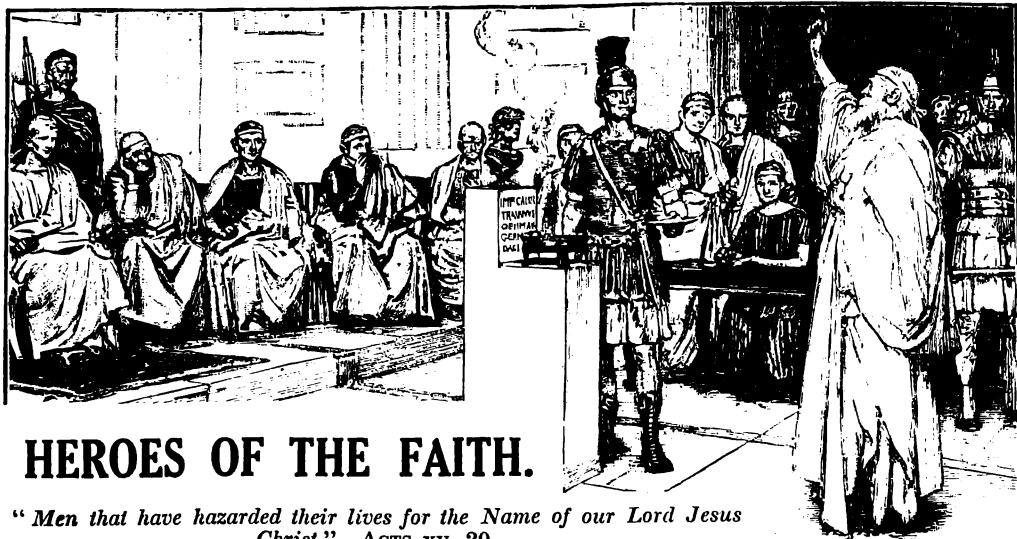
Ben's eyes were fixed on the floor, the tears were coursing down his ruddy cheeks, and before the hymn was finished he had buried his head in his hands and was sobbing aloud. And it was more than mere feelings and natural sentiment with Ben, for the Spirit of God had convicted him of sin, and shown him that it was because of *his* sins and follies that the Saviour suffered thus. That night Ben was soundly converted, and confessed the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep (John x. 11), as His Redeemer and Saviour. He singled himself out from all the rest, and like one who knew himself as the "chief of sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15), he said "The Son of God Who loved, *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. ii. 20).

\* \* \*

"Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I, even I, will both search My sheep, and seek them out."

\* \* \*

"I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick" (Ezek. xxxiv. 11-16).



## HEROES OF THE FAITH.

*"Men that have hazarded their lives for the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ."*—ACTS xv. 20.

### XII.—THE WALDENSIANS.

**A**MONG the most noble of the many noble men and women who have during many centuries witnessed heroically to their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ we must place the Waldensian Christians.

These people, originally French, suffered much cruel persecution, and fled from their homes to find refuge in the almost inaccessible heights of the Alps in Piedmont, between France and Italy. From height to height they fled, chased by the French soldiers who sought to kill them for their loyalty to God's Word. Many of them laid down their lives rather than deny their Lord. A few succeeded in escaping from their persecutors, and their descendants are still to be found among the Alpine valleys of Piedmont, holding the same simple faith for which their forefathers suffered and died.

Do you ask why they are called "Waldenses?" It is not altogether clear how they came by that name, but it is generally thought that it is because of the good man, Peter Walden, who lived in the twelfth century, and who gathered around him a number of men and women whom, by the teaching of God's Holy Spirit, he was enabled to bring into the light of the Gospel.

This Peter Waldo, or Walden, was a rich silk merchant, trading in the city of Lyons. He was a good man, respected by all who had dealings with him, but he was a stranger to God's salvation. One day a friend suddenly died by his side, and Peter began to wonder if he were

to die, was he fit to go into the presence of God.

This thought greatly troubled him, and he went to the priests for help. But the priests could not tell him of the Saviour who died for him, and the precious blood that can alone wash away our sins. They knew nothing of that Good News. So Peter began to read the writings of the early fathers, those earnest Christian men who lived just after the Apostles.

He found their writings so full of quotations from the Scriptures, that he greatly desired to possess a Bible for himself.

Only wealthy people could afford to buy Bibles in those days, and many even of them could not read. But Peter Waldo being rich, and learned, was at last able to obtain a Latin copy.

Eagerly he sat down to study his new treasure. As he read that the Saviour had died for *him*, and that through His Blood, he, Peter, had forgiveness (Col. i. 14) and eternal life, such comfort and joy filled his heart that he wanted to share it with others. He visited the cottages, reading and talking to the people about the wonderful message from God, but he felt they ought to possess Bibles to read it for themselves.

Printing presses had not come into being in his days, so the only way was to get some of his Christian friends to come together and write out the New Testament word by word.

This was slow work, but at last several copies were ready.

By this time the earnest men who had shared



the labour of writing the books were ready and willing to travel through the country as missionaries.

The priests, however, had discovered what was being done, and were very furious, and the Pope threatened severe punishment on any men or women who had anything to do with it.

However, this opposition only made Peter and his friends more determined to carry out their purpose; and in order to do it, they went from place to place as peddlars. In their packs, among the costly silks and laces and jewels, was hidden the most precious jewel of all, God's Word. The result of their labours was that many souls were won for the Saviour. As the numbers of Christians increased, the anger of their enemies waxed hotter, and persecution became so great that thirty-five men and women were burnt at the stake in Lyons alone, and very many left home and possessions and fled far up the mountain fastnesses, suffering terribly from want and hardship in their desire to be true to the Truth they had learned.

As you have read, month by month, of the brave lives lived, and many laid down, for the Lord Jesus Christ, have you wished that you too could be a faithful soldier of His, and show your love and loyalty by heroic deeds?

You may indeed do this, in a very real way, just in the place where you are. In your home and at school, day by day, you may witness to the love and the grace of your loving Saviour. The daily battle with selfishness, or laziness, or bad temper, or pride, has to be fought—and remember *you may always be on the winning side!* Does that sound impossible? Are you weary of the battle and the constant failure? Let the Lord Jesus come into your heart and into your life as Saviour to cleanse and forgive, and as Master and Captain to control, and your little life, insignificant and humdrum though it may be, may be a daily victory over the great enemy, and a daily growing in all that is good and strong and noble.

E. A.



### THE POSTMAN'S TEXT.

**W**HILST a postman was sorting his letters, he was attracted by a text of Scripture on an envelope. It was, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul." He was not a Christian, and he knew if he died in his sins he would be lost.

About a week after he noticed on a second envelope another text, it was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He gazed earnestly at these words. Did he believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Did he believe in the right way? Most certainly he

did not believe on the Lord, and had not believed on Him in any way.

On the same day when the letter-carrier read the second text, he happened to pass a building where a service was going on. He entered the building, and was much surprised that the preacher's text was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." As the speaker told out the wondrous story of God's almighty and matchless love in giving Christ to die for sinners, the postman laid hold of the glorious Gospel and rejoiced in Christ as his Saviour, and afterwards said, "I have been a different man ever since," and he said to a lady to whom he told the story, "I do bless the one who sent that envelope."

Dear young friend, will you this moment take that well-known text home to your heart and believe that He will be as good as His word, and will save you now and for eternity.



### CITIZENSHIP.

**A** STORY is told of an old Scotchman who lived in the heart of the moors, in a lonely, isolated cottage, earning just enough to keep body and soul together, by breaking stones. First his wife died, and then his son, and age creeping on, he finally became quite blind, but he still gathered the shepherd boys around him, especially on Sundays, telling them of the Good Shepherd Who gave His life for the sheep—who tends and cares for them—and watches over the lambs of His fold.

Soon the last days of his life came, and death drew on. A kindly old Christian came to his bedside, and with these words tried to comfort him, "It won't be long now, brother, you will very soon be in heaven."

The dying man raised himself slowly up, and lifting his sightless old eyes heavenward, said, "Why man, I've been in heaven these last ten years!"

His words are true; one can live in heaven while yet upon earth. Every boy and girl who reads this paper is a citizen of some part of the British Empire, but earthly citizenship is not enough, "the world passeth away" (1 John ii. 17). "Our citizenship is in heaven" (Phil. iii. 20). The new birth that Christ speaks about in John iii. 3 is the entrance to our heavenly citizenship, and God calls us through Christ to be His citizens on earth, His ambassadors (2 Cor. v. 20) to represent Him here, as the ambassadors of King George represent him at foreign Courts. We are to shine with heavenly light, that Christ may be seen through us.

One day we shall have the inestimable privilege, as God's children, of walking the

streets of heaven, where "we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2); but it is also a privilege to be on this earth as citizens of heaven—Christ's representatives—where everything is so unlike Him, speaking His Word where His name is so rarely heard, shining amidst the world's darkness, and serving Him faithfully *here*, where there is such great need, and then the joys of His own great welcome will be ours—"Well done, good and faithful servant. . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A. W.



### ETHEL'S LESSON.

MRS. FRAMPTON lived in a tiny cottage on the outskirts of the village. She was a hardworking widow who managed to support herself and her young daughter Ethel, and to keep the little home together by taking in washing. But it was often a very hard struggle to make ends meet, and it meant working early and late.

Ethel, now she was getting older could help a little by fetching and carrying home parcels. Today Mrs. Frampton called her, "There, Ethel, that's finished," surveying with just pride the piles of snowy embroideries and lace upon which she had been working since early morning. "Now I want my little girl to take the parcel up to the Castle; I promised Babette, the maid, that she should have these things by 11 o'clock, the young ladies are going to Town by the midday express, and she said she would keep the boxes open until the very last so as to pop these blouses and other things on top. The parcel will be large, and you must not crush it."

Presently Ethel set off, her mother watching her from the door—"You won't loiter, dear, will you? Its very important they should have them. Lady Gwynne-Fordyce is my best customer, and I would not disappoint her Ladyship for anything."

"All right, mother dear," said Ethel, walking briskly away. The Castle was about a twenty minutes' walk. All went well, until about halfway, when Ethel espied a familiar figure coming along in the opposite direction. Why, surely, it was Gracie Bond, and Ethel hadn't seen her for months.

The two friends greeted each other warmly—and after a few minutes' chat, Ethel said, "I'm sorry, I must go now, Gracie, I promised mother to deliver this parcel quickly, and it must be nearly 11 o'clock now."

Gracie pouted, "Why, we've only just met, and after I've been away all these months I do think it is horrid of you to rush off. There's no hurry—it will only take you a few minutes

to get to the Castle. Stay a minute, I have so much to tell you."

Ethel demurred, but Gracie began chattering, and Ethel had a weakness for loitering, as her mother knew when she spoke her parting words, and soon she was so engrossed in all that Gracie was telling her, that she forgot such things as time and errands.

Presently hoot! toot! the sound of that distinctive horn roused Ethel. Why?—but surely it *could* not be—Yes, it *was*—the Castle car on its way to the station with the young ladies inside. It flashed by.

"O Gracie," panted poor Ethel, now thoroughly alarmed and repentant, "What shall I do? What *will* mother say? She told me not to be late on any account." Gracie, herself taken aback, could say little. Sadly Ethel trudged along the road with her parcel—hurrying was of no use now.

When she reached the Castle, and delivered the parcel, the maid said, "I think, Mrs. Freeman, the housekeeper wants to see you, step this way please."

How frightened Ethel was. Soon Mrs. Freeman came in, and said, "Please tell Mrs. Frampton that in future Lady Gwynne-Fordyce will not require her services. This has caused much inconvenience to the young ladies, as Babette, their maid, was depending on the things being sent, Mrs. Frampton so faithfully promised the parcel. Her ladyship cannot be treated in this way."

Ethel stammered that it was entirely her fault, but Mrs. Freeman only remarked that her mother ought to see parcels were delivered properly herself, or send someone trustworthy.

How sorrowfully Ethel wended her way home. How could she tell her dear patient, hardworking mother, that a great part of her livelihood was gone, through *her* fault?

Poor Mrs. Frampton! It meant a *very* hard struggle during the coming days ere new patrons rallied round her; but Ethel never forgot her lesson.

Months afterwards when a Mission was being held in the village, and Ethel attended the meetings, the evangelist urged on his listeners the importance of coming to Christ at once without any delay. To Ethel, with the memory of what bitterness her putting-off had brought to herself and others, the message came home with great force, and she came to the Lord Jesus.

In after years, when she became nurse to several little children she was never tired of telling them about Him, "the old, old story of Jesus and His love," and bidding them come while they were yet young, and not to put it off until too late, and that is the lesson we all need to learn.

A. W.

# 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, 1919.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 22-25).

1. What did the Lord say to Paul at Jerusalem, when he was in a trance?
2. What did Paul say to the council about a good conscience?
3. "Thou shalt . . . people." Find this passage and write it out.
4. How was Paul encouraged in the night?
5. What did the forty men do?
6. Where did the chief captain send Paul?
7. When speaking before Felix, what did Paul say about conscience?
8. Why did Felix leave Paul bound?
9. Name two governors, a high priest, and a king before whom Paul spoke. Give references.
10. What did Paul "answer for himself" before Festus?

## 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, 5, Rose Street, 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,—

When you get this magazine we shall have reached the last month of another year. I want to remind you of Deut. 8, 2. "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee." Let us look back over the year that has nearly gone and remember all God's goodness to us, and thank Him with all our hearts!

Thank you for the letters you have written to me. I am so glad you like doing the questions and find them a help.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

## October Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, E. Bainbridge, J. Bishop, I. Brook, M. Chapman, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, C. Dennis, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, D. Hall, D. Henderson, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, B. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefeaux, E. Linley, W. Marshall, E. Martin, J. Macdonald, M. Purvis, B. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, R. Squire, K. Taylor, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, A. Walton, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—G. Martin, V. Morgan, M. Way.

**3rd Class.**—T. Morris.

### Age 10 to 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—A. Barugh, F. Berry, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, R. Earles, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, M. Gellies, W. Hodgeon, H. Hughes, K. Ingram, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, H. Lefeaux, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, D. Macdonald, A. Newlands, R. Partridge, H. Pilon, M. Reed, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Swepson, R. Shell, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, M. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, M. Todd, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.

**2nd Class.**—L. Adams, E. Darrah, V. Dible, C. Dodds, G. Elks, K. Morton, Annie Newlands, S. Radcliffe, N. Wade.

**3rd Class.**—J. Bainbridge, F. Combes, D. Combes, J. Hampton.

### Age under 10 Years.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, F. Chapman, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Hayward, W. Hall, A. Hewines, N. Ives, D. Lefeaux, G. Loye, C. McIver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, A. Robotham, W. Stuart, C. Twaits, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—I. Adams, F. Nottingham.

**3rd Class.**—None.

## ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 14-17).

1. Because there was an assault made in order to stone them (Acts 14. 5).
2. Stand upright on thy feet (Acts 14. 10).
3. The gods are come down to us, in the likeness of men (Acts 14. 11).
4. They stoned Paul and thought he was dead (Acts 14. 19).
5. Paul and Barnabas, Judas and Silas (Acts 15. 22).
6. Because he was forbidden by the Holy Ghost (Acts 16. 6).
7. Lydia and the jailer (Acts 16. 14 & 34).
8. About 3 weeks (Acts 17. 2).
9. Because they searched the Scriptures daily (Acts 17. 11).
10. Some mocked.  
Some said they would hear him again.  
Some gave to him and believed (Acts 17. 32-34).

THERE IS  
NO DIFFERENCE  
FOR ALL  
HAVE SINNED

ROMANS 3. 22-23.

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

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