

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



THEY WERE LEFT AT A HOMELIKE BOARDING-SCHOOL.

## WELCOME NEWS.

"(G) ELSIE, isn't it lovely?" cried Gwen excitedly clutching her friend, "fancy going out to India! How jolly of Dad to send for me. Won't I have a glorious time?"

"Poor old dear," she went on thoughtfully, "he must have been very lonely since Mab married and went to Calcutta. I wish he could have come to fetch me himself, but he says he cannot possibly leave at present."

Mabel and Gwen were the daughters of Dr. Thornton, who held an important medical appointment in Bombay. He and Mrs. Thornton had gone out many years before, leaving their two young daughters at a very homelike Boarding School in charge of two ladies who had "mothered" them. Very shortly after one of their furloughs to England, Mrs. Thornton had died on her return to India, and Mabel, who had just finished her schooling, went out to join her father about a year later, and kept house for him. Then she had become engaged to an officer, and a few months previous to the above conversation, had married and gone to settle in Calcutta.

Now Dr. Thornton had sent unexpectedly for Gwen, her school days over, and great was her excitement at the prospect—a new country with wonderful things to see—a totally different life—she had read and heard much of that thrilling land, and the glamour of the East cast its spell over her.

"Yes, it is lovely for you dear, and I am so glad for your sake," answered Elsie, "but I shall miss you, and oh! Gwen dear," she added slowly, "how glad I should be if you would take the Lord Jesus with you. Forgive me speaking about this again—I know it vexes you—but time is so short."

"You dear old thing," cried Gwen hugging her, "you *must* preach, mustn't you? Why do you always try to damp my ardour with such doleful things? I'm going to have a gay time out there—and time enough to think of such things when I am older. Now darling, don't look so earnest—I must fly." So saying she rushed off leaving her friend gazing thoughtfully after her.

These two were great friends, despite the fact that Elsie was a quiet, earnest Christian and Gwen a vivacious, high-spirited girl, full of mischief, but hiding a tender heart which somehow responded to Elsie's winsome nature. Elsie had often tried to influence Gwen, but whenever she spoke of "religion," as Gwen called it, Gwen laughingly chided her, or turned the conversation, but Elsie did not despair.

She knew one day her prayers would be answered.

The next few days were very full, as Gwen had to catch the first liner so as to travel in the company of Mrs. Buxton, the wife of one of the officials at the Embassy. There was very little time to prepare—but how exciting the preparations were.

Miss Gillmore often allowed Elsie to accompany her friend on the shopping expeditions, and the purchases caused much flutter amongst all the other boarders who gathered round, and considered Gwen was a very lucky girl.

One evening, two nights before Gwen sailed, Elsie's opportunity came. She and Gwen were alone together, and Elsie felt no time must be lost. "Gwen dear," she said gently, "you and I must part very soon now, and I cannot let you go without one little talk, the Lord Jesus is so precious to me, and I want Him to be your Friend and Saviour too. It is a great joy to you that your Father has sent for you—you long to meet him and delight to plan and prepare to be with him. One day, just as surely, God will send, or come for you. Will you welcome your Heavenly Father, and be as glad to see him, as you are your Earthly Father?"

These words sank deeply into Gwen's heart and that night she could not sleep. She knew if God called her she was not ready to meet Him, and she felt frightened at the thought of it. But Elsie had spoken of joy, and she knew Elsie was happy in her Saviour. Could she, too, find the same happiness? The next day Elsie had the unspeakable joy of leading her to the Saviour, and ere Gwen sailed, they could both say from the depths of very thankful hearts, "This God is our God for ever and ever, He will be our guide even unto death" (Ps. xlviii. 14). One day our call will come too. Shall we like Gwen make the great decision?

A. W.



## DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER?

**S**HALL I tell you a true story of a little girl away in a foreign country?

A heathen, do you say? Yes, a little heathen girl.

This girlie managed to find a Mission school, where she went regularly to learn to read and write. But she also heard things that seemed very strange to her about the true God.

One day she had been told that idols of wood and stone could never help anybody, only the true God could help people. So the little girlie, much puzzled, told her parents what the teacher had said.

They were very cross, and replied she must go no more to the Mission school, or she'd get a good whipping. The poor little thing loved to go. They were so kind to her, and told her such nice stories of Jesus. She simply couldn't keep away, and took her thrashing each day.

As you may know, the Hindus keep an idol in their homes, and when feast-days come round the little girls go and gather flowers and make a garland for the idol's neck. This, they think, will please their god, who will keep all harm from them.

The feast was drawing near, and our little friend did not feel a bit like doing it this time. On her way to school one day she said to herself: "Well, I'm just going to find out if what the teacher says about our idols and her God really is true."

This is how she did. She said, "I'll pray three prayers, and if God answers two of them then I'll love and serve Him, for I'm tired of getting no answer from our god." Would you like to know what they were? Of course you would.

1st. On her way to school she passed an orchard where the apples hung over the wall along the road. She *did* want one, but could not think of stealing. So she prayed "that when she passed by God would make one drop for her."

2nd. When she went home, "that her mother might not punish her for going to school."

3rd. "That God would take care of her when her father put her in the jungle among the wild beasts, as he threatened he would."

Does God answer children's prayers? Let us see.

The next day, when passing the apples, sure enough God made His wind rise, so that one dropped on the path just as the little girl was up to it.

"No. 1 answered," she exclaimed. On she went enjoying her apple but half expecting her thrashing. Strange to say, that night her mother was very kind to her and did not punish her. When bed-time came the dear girlie prayed to God, *our God*, Who answered her prayers. She kept her promise to love and serve Him only.

Not long after, the feast-time came round, and she would not put the flowers on the idol.

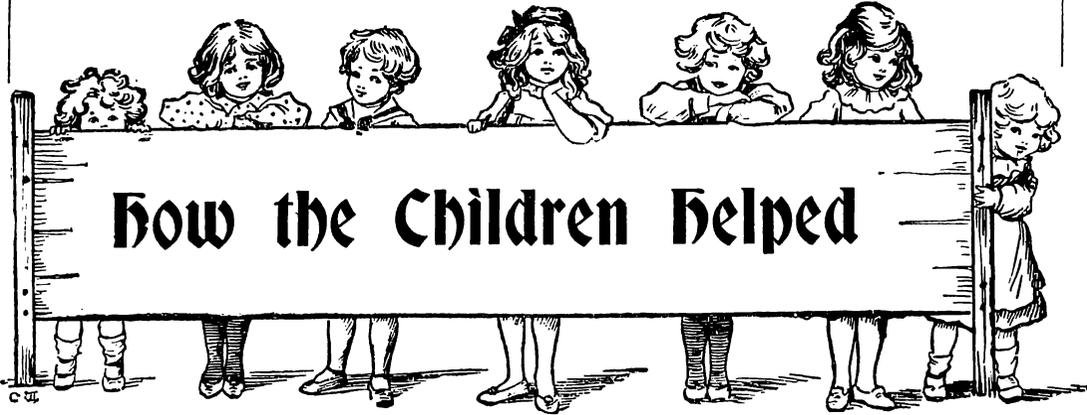


AN AFRICAN HOME.

Her father—though he loved her dearly—said some terrible thing would happen if they did not. She told him to break the idol as it was no good at all. He was now very angry and at night kept his word about the jungle. But the little one, who had proved for herself God answers prayer, asked Him to take care of her and had no fear. Early next morning her father came trembling to look for her. She met him with a beautiful smile and told him, "God had heard her prayer."

Her father soon learned to love God too, and the idol was broken up. God Who shut the lions' mouths for Daniel is just the same to-day and will answer your prayers as He did those of the little heathen girl of India.

You boys and girls could not pray these heathen prayers because you *do* know there is only one God. Some of you even know God as your Heavenly Father, because you know Jesus to be your own Saviour. "For as many as receive Him, to them does God give the right to become His children, even to them who believe in His name" (John i. 12).



## How the Children Helped

### I.—THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF READING.

**T**HINGS were very uncomfortable one Sunday morning, long, long ago. In fact, ten-year old Dorcas and her brother Peter, who was a little older, had never known such an uncomfortable Sunday morning. It had always been such a happy day. Father was with them, and mother always had ways of making it quite the nicest day in the week. But this especial morning was quite different. It happened in Reading in the days of King Charles II, and this is how it came about.

On the Saturday evening when Mother came round to each little bed with a good-night kiss, she said to Dorcas, "Take care of the little ones, if Father and I do not come back." Dorcas knew that Father and Mother were going to a meeting in a neighbour's house, and she knew, too, that the King had issued a command that people were not to gather in meetings for worship anywhere except in Church. And Dorcas had heard of the King's soldiers taking people to prison for disobeying this command. So she understood what her mother meant, and while she pondered the matter in her mind she fell fast asleep until the sun awoke her next morning.

Baby and the twins were already awake, and as Dorcas jumped out of bed, last night's thoughts came back to her, and she wondered that she did not hear Mother moving about. She ran into Father's and Mother's room, and there the undisturbed bed plainly showed that it had not been slept in.

Had Father and Mother been really taken to prison?

Hurriedly the little maiden dressed herself, and made brave efforts to dress Baby and the

twins. Somehow, the clothes would *not* go right, and the buttons and tapes were very confusing without Mother's skilful fingers. Then Peter's voice called up the staircase, "Dorcas—make haste, I've milked the cow, and I'm starving for breakfast."

At last the children, helped by a kind girl neighbour, whose parents were also missing, sat round the breakfast table, and the blue bowls of warm fresh milk were very quickly emptied.

Then came the question, "What about going to meeting?"

"We *must* go," said Peter, "It's Sunday morning and we never miss."

Off started the little band of boys and girls, joined as they went by others. Arrived at the Meeting House door, they found it locked, and strongly guarded. Somewhat dismayed, but still true to their purpose, they said, "Let's try the orchard."

This, alas, was also padlocked and sealed with the Royal Seal.

Then someone suggested his father's granary, and off they trooped, and mounted the stairs to the large room well stocked with grain. One end of it was clear, and there, seated on bundles of hay, the children began their quiet worship.

Dorcas felt it was very strange, and her little heart was very troubled, but as she glanced across at the quiet placid face of her kind friend Prudence, courage came back to her. Then the silence was broken by a half-whispered prayer from one of the children, "Our dear, dear parents! God help them to be brave and faithful and make us brave and faithful too."

Hardly had the prayer been spoken, when a loud noise was heard, and the tramp of heavy feet came up the stairs.

In the doorway appeared the figure of Sir John Armorer, J.P., Equerry to the King, clad in apple-green Satin slashed with gold. His red face and angry expression made the children quake with fear, as in loud surprised tones he exclaimed "Brats! Quaker brats! holding a meeting of their own!" Calling his men, he ordered them to let the maidens go, but to teach the lads what it meant to disobey the law.

Sorely these little fellows were beaten by the cruel men, and the girls were driven downstairs and along the road in a frightened bunch.

Poor Hester had her little charges, Baby and the twins, separated from her. It was not a pleasant thing to be a Christian in those times! But comfortable or uncomfortable, it made no difference. Sunday after Sunday these brave Reading children met, through long, weary, anxious months, until the glad day when at last the prison doors were opened, and the fathers and mothers were allowed to rejoice their families.

What a kissing and hugging there was then! And what joy in those parents' hearts when they heard how true and brave their boys and girls had been. An old letter written about that time says, "They might as well think to hinder the sun from shining as think to hinder the Lord's people from meeting to wait upon Him."

E. A.

### RELIGIOUS BUT LOST.

**T**HERE was a young man in a training school in Dublin preparing to be a teacher. He was induced to attend a meeting addressed by Mr. Moody. The Word of God reached his conscience, and though he had been "religious," yet in spite of that he found he was a lost, guilty sinner.

He became so exercised about his soul that he always carried a Bible with his other books to the schoolroom and read it carefully. And as he read the solemn charges made by a holy God, such as, "Thou hast made Me to serve with thy sins, thou hast wearied Me with thine iniquities"; and as he read, he became more and more troubled about his soul's salvation. But as he read deliverance was near, for he came to our text, and the light of the gospel streamed into his soul, and he saw that God in wondrous grace could forgive him—a guilty sinner—because of what Christ had done on the cross, and in simple faith he took Him at His word and was saved.

And just now, dear reader, if you take the place of a hell-deserving sinner, and look away from yourself to Jesus Who died for you, you will be eternally saved, for—

"There is life in a look at the Crucified One,  
There is life at this moment for thee."

## WHAT IS YOUR PASSPORT TO HEAVEN?

**A**N evangelist, when told that he must preach to the men that a crown of glory awaited those who fell in battle, replied, "I take my orders from the King of kings, and He bids me preach salvation for the *lost*, through the atoning death and bloodshedding of Christ, and that there is salvation in nothing else."

No, God has no other way of salvation for man. No one enters heaven with any other passport, but oh! what a wondrous salvation it is, and at what a cost to Christ Himself was it brought to us!

It is that God offers full forgiveness to every repentant sinner who turns to Him, *on the ground that Christ died and shed His blood to atone for his sins!*

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him, might be saved" (John iii. 16-17).

"Christ died for the *ungodly*" (Rom. v. 6), and His blood *cleanseth from all sin.*

Man's only claim to God's mercy is, that he is one of those sinners for whom Christ died, and that Christ has said, "Him that cometh to Me *I will in no wise cast out*" (John vi. 37).

Oh! friend, just as you are, with all your sins upon you, come to Him *now* for that forgiveness He died to bring to you. It is this alone which stands between you and a lost eternity!

"But I could not live up to it," says some one whose eyes are on his past inability to keep himself right. "Get right with God," friend, get the full eternal forgiveness of your sins which He offers you, and then you will find that "*He breaks the power of cancelled sin,*" and gives you *His* power to "live up to it." Then with your feet on the *Rock* and Christ as your Saviour and "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," you will be *ready!* ready for whatever may befall you in these troublous days.

To any one who would laugh at or make light of these things, we would say in the words of another, "You may laugh yourself *into* hell, but you can never laugh yourself *out* of it!"

Hell, that eternity of unutterable woe, is at the end of every Christ-rejector's life!

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

"*To you is the Word of this Salvation sent.*"

"Now is the accepted time; now is the day of Salvation."

F. A.

## A GOOD ANSWER.

**D**aisy King is only a little girl of seven years old. Such a happy, rosy-cheeked child, and she loves fun as much as any little girl I know. One evening, as we were coming home from our children's service, and she was skipping and jumping along at my side, I asked her, "Does my little friend, Daisy, love Jesus?" "Oh, yes," she said, "I do." "But why do you love Him?" I asked.

She looked up in my face as if quite surprised that I should ask such a question, and then with a bright, happy smile on her face, and in a tone of full, glad certainty, she said, "Why do I love Jesus? Because He loved me so much before I loved Him, and He gave Himself for me."

What a sweet answer. Happy little Daisy, she knows the meaning of that beautiful text, "We love Him because He first loved us." He loved us when we were unworthy, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for the ungodly." Have you ever thought that it was to give you eternal life that He endured those hours of agony on the cross? Do accept His unchanging love, and like little Daisy, you will be so happy in having Him as your own dear Saviour. To believe in Him gives happiness in this world, and unending joy in the long Eternity to come. "In His presence is fulness of joy, in His right hand are pleasures for evermore." Godliness is profitable for *this* life and *also* for that which is to come.



## NOTHING BUT BRASS.

**A**LADY came into a jeweller's shop one day and handed over to the jeweller what she thought was a gold brooch, and asked him what he thought was the value of that gold brooch. He immediately put it in the scales, and said, "It is very light for gold." He then tested it, and said, "It is nothing but brass."

When she heard the words, "nothing but brass," her very look told how astonished she was,—after having worn it for years,—thinking it was gold, when in reality it was only a counterfeit, and would not stand the test.

What a lesson we have here. The brass was like the gold outwardly, but the reality was wanting; it could not stand the test. Now apply this test to your own soul, dear reader, before God. How would it fare with your soul were you to appear before the God of heaven before you lay down this paper? Standing in the dazzling brightness of the presence of a holy God; oh, think of it. For "all things

are naked and open unto the eyes of Him with Whom we have to do."

God must have reality, we cannot deceive Him. Let us press on you the great necessity of being "born again," for that is what God wants. There is plenty of profession, but it is mere brass, mere outside show. Oh, to have this new creation in which God delights, and on which His eye can rest with Divine satisfaction. Dear reader, be satisfied with nothing short of this, for this and this alone can satisfy a holy God and fit you for meeting Him.



## THE SCEPTIC AT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

**A**GENTLEMAN, strongly inclined to scepticism, visited the infant class of a Sunday School, and listened with fixed attention to the lesson. At the close of the exercises, he turned to the teacher with an incredulous look on his face, saying: "Is not this time thrown away trying to teach babies about a Christ? Or, supposing you may impress them with some kind of knowledge, of what use will it all be, seeing that they will not be able to remember anything of the character you are now telling them about?"

"Pardon me, sir," returned the teacher, "but may I ask if your mother is living?"

"Ah! no; she died when I was a mere infant," said the visitor, a cloud of sadness passing over his face. "But," he continued, "I was told all about her as soon as I could learn anything. I was told how loving, patient, and self-sacrificing she was; and so clearly and well was my mother represented to me that I love and revere her memory."

"Then, sir," broke in the teacher, with a warm smile upon her lips, "if you at that early age could be so taught about the *mother* whom you have not seen, may I not be sure that Jesus can be made as plain to the mind, and as lasting to the memory of these little ones?"

The gentleman's cheek flushed, but he made no reply, and shortly after took his leave.

The good teacher supposed she had given offence, but knew that her motive had been pure, and so simply lifted her heart in prayer that good might come of the words she had spoken.

To her great surprise, the next Sunday the gentleman again presented himself, this time holding by the hand a lovely little girl of about four years of age. Leading the child to the teacher, he said simply: "I have brought you my child; she is motherless, as her father is, also; but I cannot endure the thought that she should be Christless."

# 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, 1920.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 26, 27).

1. Why did Paul feel happy to answer for himself before King Agrippa?
2. How did Paul live in his early life?
3. "Having — day." Find this passage and write it out.
4. Write out a verse which tells us what Paul witnessed of Christ.
5. What did Festus say to Paul?
6. What did Agrippa say to Paul?
7. What did the angel of God say to Paul?
8. What did Paul say about believing God?
9. "There shall not a hair fall from the head of any of you." Find this passage and also a similar one in one of the Gospels.
10. How many people were in the ship with Paul, and how many escaped safely?

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

### DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

We are not starting a new subject with the new year as it seems better to finish the one we have begun.

I want you to think over one of your answers about being almost persuaded to be a Christian. Perhaps some of you are almost persuaded to come to the Lord Jesus, almost persuaded to trust in Him, almost persuaded to give yourselves to Him. Let me urge you to decide now and be fully persuaded and start the year as those who belong to the Lord and seek to follow Him and to please Him.

A paper has come from Westbury without a name. I did not receive any answers for September from I. Brook. P. Crookes should answer questions like the printed ones given each month.

J. Hampton has not written any answers, only references.

With my love to you all, and best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Your friend,

J. L.

# November Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, B. Bainbridge, J. Bishop, P. Berry, I. Brook, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, K. Crump, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Derrick, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, D. Henderson, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefeaux, A. Leech, E. Linley, W. Marhall, J. Macdonald, M. Purvis, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, V. Sones, M. Tewkesbury, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, A. Walton, N. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—J. Cooling, C. Dennis, E. Martin, F. West.
- 3rd Class.**—J. Hampton.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Barugh, E. Darrah, R. Eddy, G. Farrell, W. Hodson, H. Hughes, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, N. Lefeaux, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, D. Macdonald, R. Minifie, R. Partridge, E. Routhan, I. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, C. Smith, N. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, M. Todd, N. Wade, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.
- 2nd Class.**—E. Baker, E. Elliott, G. Elks, H. Pilon, R. Swepson.
- 3rd Class.**—F. Combes, D. Combes, A. Fairbairn.

## Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—L. Anderson, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Haywood, W. Hall, A. Hewines, N. Ives, M. Lefeaux, G. Loyal, C. McIver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, A. Rotherham, W. Stuart, C. Twaits, K. Thomas, M. Tucker, A. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—John Cooling.
- 3rd Class.**—None.

## ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.

Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 18.—21).

1. Aquila and Priscilla (Acts 18. 2, 3).
2. Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city (Acts 18. 9, 10).
3. Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? (Acts 19. 2).
4. Handkerchiefs or aprons were brought from Paul's body to the sick and they were healed and the evil spirits went out of them (Acts 19. 12).
5. Great is Diana of the Ephesians (Acts 19. 34).
6. He was restored to life through Paul (Acts 20. 10-12).
7. Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 20. 21).
8. It is more blessed to give than to receive (Acts 20. 35).
9. I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus (Acts 21. 13).
10. Away with him (Acts 21. 36).

Behold  
the  
Lamb  
of God.

*John i. 36.*

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

J. A. SINCLAIR,

. WESTGATE HILL GRANGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"SELLING NEWSPAPERS WAS HIS MEANS OF LIVELIHOOD."

## THE OBJECT OF IT!

"WHAT is your *object* in giving those tracts away?" said a respectable farmer's wife, in a puzzled tone to me, one market day.

I might have asked her, "What is the *object* of throwing out a strong rope to a drowning man?" but instead I explained to her that these tracts were to call attention to that which so vitally concerned each one of us—the salvation of our souls, and the *ground* on which God gives us that salvation.

Alas! how terrible is the ignorance as to that which determines whether our *for ever!* and *for ever!* is to be spent in the joys of heaven or in hell, "where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!"

Ask the first six people you meet *how* they must be saved, and the answers of at least five out of the six will prove them to be as ignorant of God's salvation for sinners as if they were living in a heathen land!

They will probably say, "By doing my very best," or, "By strict attention to religious authors," "By leading a good life," "By my liberal charities and good deeds," "By doing all the good I can to every one," etc.

But God's verdict on all those things, as *means of gaining salvation*, is, "Not of works!" "For by grace (unmerited favour) 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).

Good deeds of whatever nature are only acceptable to God as the fruit of His work in our hearts *after* we are saved.

Our salvation is Christ's work alone. "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 24).

"He took the guilty culprit's place,  
And suffered in his stead."

God forgives the vilest sinner who turns to Him, on the ground that Christ died and shed His blood to atone for his sins.

Our part as sinners is to take—to appropriate for ourselves—the forgiveness God offers us, and thus make it our own.

"Oh! how simple it is!" said a newly-saved soul, "just taking what Christ has done for me!"

With free access to God's Word, the Bible, which tells us that, "Through this Man [Christ Jesus] is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him, all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38), who will dare to plead before God that they are lost, because they knew nothing about it? F. A.

## THE NEWSPAPER BOY'S CONVERSION.

JIMMY was certainly a quaint looking figure as he stood out in the centre of a little circle of Christian workers, who were holding an open-air meeting. His figure was small and stunted, and the soldier's uniform did not seem to have been made for so slight a build.

His shrill piping voice was quite in keeping with his appearance. A smile almost of amusement could be seen on the faces of those standing round as Jimmy walked out to "give his testimony," but the amused smile soon turned to one of real pleasure from the Christians, as he told, clearly and simply, how God had saved him.

One cold night, some years ago, he had been selling his newspapers, as this was his means of livelihood. His voice was hoarse with shouting and he was cold and tired, but though he did not know it, God was watching him. It seemed "just by chance" that Jimmy "tumbled" into a mission hall where the Gospel was being preached. If he had not been just a poor ignorant newspaper boy, he might perhaps have been more critical of the very simple little service, but that night he heard for the first time that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

Jimmy did not need much convincing as to his being a sinner. Oh no! there was no doubt in his mind or in anyone else's as to that.

But the grand story was told in such simple language that even he could understand it, that God had so loved poor helpless sinners that He had given His Son to die for their sins on the Cross.

If the preacher had said they must lead a good life and begin to pray in order to be saved, Jimmy would have thought no more about the matter, as to lead a good life was quite beyond his power. Instead he heard that to be right with God there was nothing for him to do at all, as Jesus had borne the punishment of every sinner who will only trust Him, as the One who has died for him.

Then as the preacher earnestly besought anyone who was feeling his or her guilt and need of a Saviour and Friend, to trust in Him, Jimmy turned to Him in child-like faith and took Him as His own Saviour.

And now, after these few years, had Jimmy regretted his choice? No, indeed! It was good to see him standing boldly out in that ring and telling those around what a Friend he had found in Jesus, and how He had kept him, and given him strength even in the barracks

to confess Him as Lord before the other soldiers.

Jimmy will never be very great in this world, but there is a day coming when poor, insignificant Jimmy will be confessed by his Lord before His Father and the angels of God.

H. H. S.

\* \* \*

### CRANMER'S LEGACY.

**W**HEN Edward VI, a boy of ten, succeeded to the throne of England, Bishop Cranmer, Bishop Ridley, and several other Christian men worked hard for the spread of the Gospel, and encouraged the printing of the Scriptures.

There were but few copies of the Bible in those days, and they were chained to the reading desks in the churches, whither the people flocked to hear the Wonderful Words of Life read in their own tongue.

Bishop Latimer was appointed the King's preacher, and had a pulpit placed in one of the royal gardens, where the boy King would listen to the sermons.

In the sixteenth year of his age, the King, who had been ill, became worse and died.

Before the end came, he summoned Cranmer in order that he might sign his last testament, in which the succession to the throne was settled on Lady Jane Grey, who reigned ten days.

When Queen Mary was proclaimed sovereign she bitterly persecuted those who loved their Bibles, among them being good Bishop Cranmer, who was taken to Oxford jail.

In three years nearly three hundred persons were burned at the stake, Bishops Latimer and Ridley perishing outside the city wall of Oxford, near Balliol College.

When Cranmer was led to the stake, a pardon was placed before him. This he, in a moment of weakness, agreed to sign; but when this had been done, the Queen sent a message that he must publicly recant in the church, before the people.

He went to the church, but instead of denying his faith in Christ, expressed regret for his weakness, and declared his intention not to recant. He was then given over to the fagots.

Holding out his right hand to the flames, he exclaimed:

"This hand has offended."

Then his countenance became peaceful, and, without appearing to notice the pain, he passed into the presence of the King of Kings.

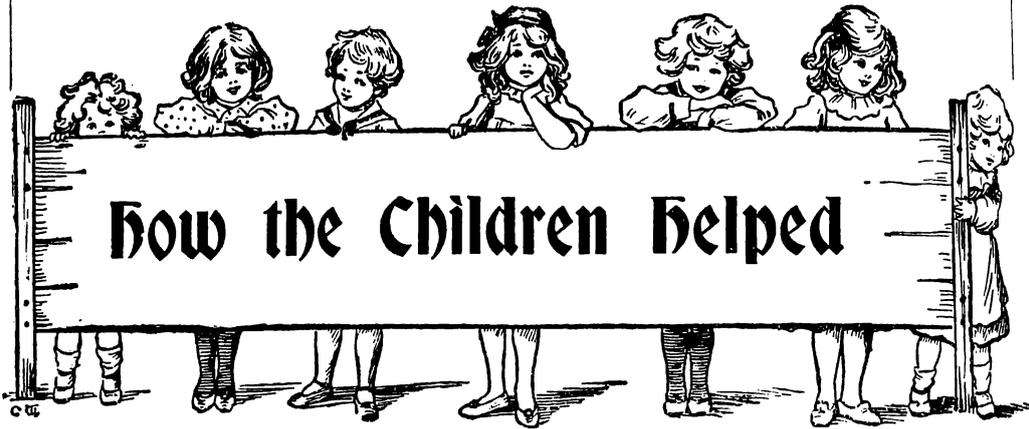


EDWARD VI'S REGARD FOR THE BIBLE.

When we realise at what a price our Bible was obtained, preserved, and handed down to us, let us prize and value it above all other books.

In our days persecutions of this sort have ceased in English-speaking lands, but this does not mean that people love the Bible more than they used to three or four hundred years ago. Men do not attack the Bible and those who love it by throwing them to the flames, but they attack the Bible by trying to deny its truth and authority, so that they need not trouble to obey it.

The best way to show that we love the Bible is, not merely to honour it by preventing any thoughtless person from treading on it, but to read, and learn, and above all OBEY it.



## How the Children Helped

### II.—“ONLY A KROO BOY . . . BUT . . .”

**L**AST month you heard about the brave Quaker children of Reading, who would not give up going to meeting on Sunday morning, in spite of the dangers they faced in disobeying the king's command.

This month you shall hear another true story of a brave boy who, rather than deny his Saviour, very nearly lost his life. This story is told by a missionary in West Africa.

“Pandru was only a Kroo-boy, a typical specimen of one of the most backward West African tribes, with ugly blue tribal marks on his forehead, teeth filed to a point, behind heavy thick lips, and with powerful limbs amply clothed in a yard of calico.

“He had come some hundreds of miles from his own country, to the Gold Coast Colony, in the hope of securing a fortune, buying a wife or two, and then returning home and settling down to a life of lordly ease. Almost the only luggage he was burdened with was a charm hanging round his neck which had been given him by his native village priest. This charm or ‘fetich’ was to enable him to ‘thief plenty’ without being found out.

“Needless to say the fetich failed, and Pandru ‘met trouble.’

“However, he met something else, and something better, for he met the missionary and heard, for the first time, the wonderful story of Jesus and His love. This story set his heart on fire, and he set his mind on learning to read. Within six months, by patient study, he was able to spell out the words of the ‘Good Book.’

“The fetich was destroyed, and the new light dawning in his soul was reflected on his happy face. For several months he stayed among his new friends at the Gold Coast, learning more

about Jesus, and living a consistent Christian life.

“Then came a day when he felt the call to return to his native village, and carry to his own people the light that had come to him. Like most African converts, he was eager to share with others the treasure he had found. But he soon found out the truth of the words our Lord spoke, ‘A man's foes shall be they of his own household,’ for when the priest, the same who had given him the charm, saw him and found out that he had accepted the ‘white man's religion,’ he told him he must renounce it, or suffer torture.

“Pandru chose torture. He was bound hand and foot and tied to a tree. Red pepper was rubbed into his eyes, and he was left there blinded and in great pain, through the heat of the day. At evening the priest returned, hoping to find Pandru in a repentant state of mind. But the brave boy would not give in. Then the priest threatened to throw him into the river at sundown.

“The sun set, and Pandru made reply, ‘Jesus died for me: I cannot deny Him.’

“His mother, who dearly loved him, tried to persuade him to give up what she thought his foolishness. But he would not yield even to her entreaties. So he was untied from the tree, and left, lying on his face, hands and feet still bound, until the morning, when he was to be flung into the river unless he recanted.

“A few hours later, in the stillness of the night, as he was praying to the ‘Great Friend,’ he heard a voice, ‘Will you renounce this strange God?’

“‘No,’ he murmured, ‘I will not deny him.’

“Then in the moonlight he saw a knife flash, the cords that tied him were unbound, and a

friendly voice said, 'Run, and never return.' Pandru ran, and ran, until after many days' journey he reached the coast; and finally came by ship to a land of freedom. He is now living amongst a strange people of different language from his own. He is working at humble tasks for his living, and to most people he is only a 'black Kroo-boy,' but to those who know him—a happy, faithful child of God."—*Adapted from "The Foreign Field."*

E. A.



## "THE WORK'S DONE ALREADY."

A STORY is told of that cruel Spanish general, the Duke of Alva, in connection with his campaign against the Netherlands.

It was his way, when he took a town, to mercilessly slaughter all the inhabitants—men, women and children.

He sent a message to a town he desired to subdue, and commanded the people to accede to a certain request of his. They considered, however, that what he demanded of them was wrong, and they refused to obey him. They told his messenger that they would defend their town against his attack.

The troops of the Duke were then drawn up outside the town to besiege it, and though the gallant inhabitants held out for several months, they were at last forced to surrender.

Then the victorious general marched into the town with his troops, determined to allow the besieged no mercy. He began his deadly work straight away, and the people fled before him.

A number of men and women, filled with a nameless dread, collected together in a deserted house to await the approaching soldiers whose shouts could be heard in the distance. Presently one man said to another, "Do you remember that the owner of this house keeps a goat down at the bottom of the garden tied to a stake?" The other man said that he did and that he would go and see if it was still there. So cautiously, and with fear and trembling, he crept along the garden path and found the goat as his friend had said.

He unloosed it and led it back to the house, and after consultation with the other men, it was killed. Its bleeding body was then placed on the ground by the inside of the front door of the house, and the blood flowed underneath on to the steps, which were soon covered by a crimson flood.

By this time the brutal enemy was breaking down the doors of the next house and calling to the terrified inmates to come out. Soon the work here was done.

They move on, and now they have reached the house where the goat has been slain, and they begin to batter at the great door. The women cower in the dark corners awaiting the horrors of a dreadful death, when all at once a commanding voice, that, no doubt, of the officer in charge, rings out, "Come away from there, men; what's the good of wasting your time? Don't you see the work's done already?" And they pass on and leave the inhabitants untouched and ready to praise God for His great deliverance. The shed blood had saved them.

As the blood sprinkled on the door-posts of the houses of the Israelites, was to save them when the destroying angel passed through and smote all the firstborn in the land of Egypt because God had said, "When I see the blood I will pass over you," so, the precious blood of the Lord Jesus Christ shed on Calvary will save all those who put their trust in it, for "The blood of Jesus Christ His (God's) Son, cleanseth us from all sin." There is no need to work for salvation; the work has been done already. Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago. M. J. S.

## PRIZE LIST.

### Age over 12 years.

1. GRACE WOOD, age 17. 5, Verona Esplanade, Limerick,
2. LILIAN WILDING, age 14. 1, Huddlestone Road, Forest Gate, E. 7.
3. LEONARD RICKARDS, age 13. 11, Springfield Terrace, near Pontypool, Monmouth.
4. RONALD RICKARDS, age 17. 11, Springfield Terrace, near Pontypool, Monmouth.

### COMMENDED.

- P. Allibone, E. Fairbairn, B. Horne, G. Holder, J. Jenkins, E. Redman, D. Thomas, P. Turner, G. Wood.

### Age 10 to 12 years.

1. MARGARET TODD, age 12. 29, Park Hill Road, Wallington, Surrey.
2. RUTH SMITH, age 12. Home for Orphan Girls, 64, Lewisham Road, S.E.
3. CYRIL WILLOWS, age 11. 12, Whitehall Terrace, Lincoln.
4. ROSE WELLS, age 12. 1, Knowsley Road, Cosham, Hants.

### COMMENDED.

- R. Eddy, G. Farrell, W. Hodgson, L. King, U. Lambert, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, E. Routhan, L. Swall, W. Selley.

### Age under 10 years.

1. ALFRED WOOD, age 9. 5, Verona Esplanade, Limerick.
2. VIOLET GOOCH, age 9. Home for Orphan Girls, 64, Lewisham Road, S.E.
3. MAURICE PAVEX, age 8. 66, St. Alban's Road, Westbury Park, Bristol.
4. ANNA PILON, age 8. 280, E. 8th Street, Holland, Michigan, U.S.A.

### COMMENDED.

- N. Downs, R. Griffiths, A. Hewines, C. McIver, C. Twaits, K. Thomas.

## SUNDRA'S FAITH.

**F**AR away across the sea, 7000 miles away, lies beautiful sunny India with its 325 millions of people.

The people in the streets are dressed in bright coloured garments, so that everywhere there is brightness; it makes you feel that India is a very beautiful country until you visit the homes of these people, and then you see that there is a dark side to the picture.

We will just visit one home and see what it is like; it is not a poor home, for a wealthy merchant lives there. The house is large and roomy, mostly built of wood with huge ponderous doors studded with very large nails to form a pattern on the outside, down a very narrow street and wedged in between some smaller houses.

The door opens into a big courtyard or open space, this being the only place where the women and girls of the house can get the fresh air, for they are not allowed to go out to take a walk or do their own shopping like the poorer women do.

In this house lives a little girl 12 years of age. She is an only daughter, but she does not go to school, for girls in that country are supposed to need only to learn to cook and take care of the house.

This little girl, whose name is Sundra (pronounced Soondra, is very intelligent and quick to learn anything that is taught her. Once a week the missionary lady pays a visit to her house, in the early part of the afternoon when her father and brothers are away at their business. Although it is the hottest part of the day the missionary must come, for this is the only time that the women are free to listen to her.

Sundra's mother and aunts and her grandmother are all waiting for her, sitting on mats on the floor. Presently she comes in a covered bullock cart, and as soon as she takes out her Bible and hymn book and settles herself, Sundra sits down beside her, for she has become very fond of the Miss Sahib, as she calls her. She listens very attentively to what the lady reads in Sundra's own language out of the Bible, then she learns to sing a hymn.

She is very fond of one story the lady tells her, and often asks for this; she never tires of it. You will find it in the 9th chapter of St. Matthew, so get your Bibles and read it for yourselves; it is about a little girl whom Jesus raised from the dead.

Sundra looks out for her Miss Sahib every week, and the time spent with her seems to go far too quickly, but she keeps in her mind what she learns each week, and if you should ask

her when she is alone, she will tell you she loves the Lord Jesus whom the missionary lady speaks about, but she is afraid to say so when her mother or father is near.

One day when the missionary lady called, she was told that there could be no reading and hymn singing that day, for poor Sundra was ill, and the doctor had said she must be kept quiet, for she had a bad fever. The lady called again, but the mother would not let her see Sundra, for she was worse and quite unconscious at times, not knowing anybody.

The missionary could only pray for Sundra, and a few days later Sundra's father came to the lady's house to ask her to come quickly, for Sundra was dying and wanted to see her. He said, "We have done all we could for her; we have prayed to our gods and sacrificed goats and fowls and other things to them, but they will not hear us, and the doctor says that Sundra must die; but she calls for you and says that your God will make her well again. Now if you will come and pray to your God, and if He hears you and she gets better and does not die, then we will believe in your God and we will all become His followers."

As quickly as possible the missionary lady went to Sundra's house. There she found her mother and aunts weeping and beating their breasts, and rocking themselves to and fro on the floor. Sundra was very glad to see her friend the missionary, and called her to her bedside. She then asked her to pray for her, for said she, "They say I am dying, but I want you to ask your God to raise me up again and make me well, like He did that little girl 12 years old that you used to read to me about. I am 12 years old, so He will make me well if you ask Him."

Seeing the faith of the little girl, the missionary asked the mother to leave her alone with Sundra for a little while. She then locked the door, and kneeling down beside the little bed, she prayed long and earnestly that God our heavenly Father would hear her prayer, and heal the child and raise her up again. While she prayed, the little girl went into a calm, peaceful sleep, and when she woke up the fever had all gone and she was quite well in a few days, greatly to the surprise of the native doctor who had said she must die.

Sundra's father kept his promise, and the whole family with many relatives wished to be taught about the true God. So after several weeks of teaching they one after the other saw the light, and accepted the Lord Jesus as their own Saviour. They then turned all the idols out of their house, and to-day they have a Christian home, for they worship the one true God.

# 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, 1920.

**Subject—The Apostle Paul (Acts 28, etc.).**

1. What happened to Paul while he was gathering sticks?
2. What did the people say about him?
3. What made them change their minds?
4. How did Paul live at Rome?
5. "He expounded . . . prophets." Find this passage and write it out.
6. Unto whom did Paul say the salvation of God was sent?
7. What did Paul "preach and teach"?
8. How many epistles in the New Testament were written by Paul?
9. Name three epistles which were written to a person.
10. Name three epistles which were written to a company of people.

## 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  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 10z.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I am sure you will all read the Prize List carefully; if you read the rules and letter as carefully some of you would be more likely to get a prize. I am glad the boys have won more prizes this time, and I hope all who are disappointed will try harder for the next six months. Many *almost* win a prize.

I am glad to hear from some of you that you find the questions so interesting and helpful and that you like doing them. I hope this will lead you to love your Bibles more and more, and that you may all learn to love the Lord Jesus and to live for Him, instead of just living for yourselves. Do not forget His Word, "If a man love Me, he will keep My words" (John xiv. 23).

I did not receive any answers for September from Irene Brook.

My love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

# December Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—P. Allibone, H. Allibone, J. Bishop, F. Berry, I. Brook, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, C. Dennie, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, D. Lefaux, A. Leech, E. Linley, G. Martin, W. Marshall, E. Martin, J. Macdonald, M. Purvis, M. Reel, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, H. Selley, M. Smith, M. Tewkesbury, A. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, J. Wade, M. Way, A. Walton, L. Wilding, Grace Wood, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—E. Bainbridge, R. Squires.

**3rd Class.**—None.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—F. Combes, D. Combes, E. Darrah, C. Dodds, R. Eddy, E. Elliott, R. Earles, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, M. Geddes, N. Hancock, W. Hodgson, H. Hughes, W. Jack, A. Jameson, J. King, L. King, U. Lambert, N. Lefaux, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, D. Macdonald, R. Partridge, H. Pilon, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Swepson, R. Shell, W. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Smith, C. Smith, M. Silk, R. Tewkesbury, R. Trotter, M. Todd, N. Wade, M. Walton, L. Way, Peggy Wraith, P. Wraith, R. Wells, C. Willows.

## Age under 10 Years.

**1st Class.**—L. Anderson, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, N. Downs, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, A. Haywood, A. Hewines, N. Ives, M. Lefaux, G. Loye, C. McIver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, W. Stuart, C. Twaits, K. Thomas, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—A. Robotham.

**3rd Class.**—S. Hodgson, F. Noltingh.

## ANSWERS TO DECEMBER QUESTIONS.

**Subject—The Apostle Paul.**

1. Make haste, and get thee quickly out of Jerusalem; for they will not receive thy testimony concerning Me (Acts 22. 18).
2. I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day (Acts 23. 1).
3. Part of Acts 23. 5 written out.
4. The Lord stood by him and said, Be of good cheer, Paul (Acts 23. 11).
5. They said they would neither eat nor drink till they had killed Paul (Acts 23. 12, 14).
6. To Caesarea (Acts 23. 23 or 33).
7. Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men (Acts 24. 16).
8. To show the Jews a pleasure. (Acts 24. 27).
9. Ananias, the high priest. (Acts 24. 1).
10. Felix and Festus, the governors. (Acts 24. 27). Agrippa, the king (Acts 25. 13).
11. Neither against the law of the Jews, neither against the temple, nor yet against Cæsar, have I offended anything at all (Acts 25. 8).

Whatsoever

He

saith unto you

do it.

*John ii. 5.*

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

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

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4

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, BRISTOL PLACE, EDINBURGH.

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

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"MR. C.— CAME TO SAY GOOD-BYE OF EVA."

## EVA'S GIFT.

“WELL, Eva, I am going away to-day, and as you will be at school when I go, I must say good-bye now.”

The little girl thus addressed shook hands with Mr. C—, an earnest Gospel preacher who had been her father's guest for a few weeks.

Eva had been to several of his meetings, and on the previous night had listened with as keen an interest as is possible for a child of ten years of age. She had been longing with oh! such a deep longing to know the most important thing anyone can know—that all her sins were forgiven, and that she was right with God.

Perhaps it was that Mr. C— guessed something of what might be going on under Eva's usually happy exterior, for after saying good-bye, he added, “I wonder, Eva, if you can say you are saved. I have not spoken to you before about this, but I have often wondered if you have really trusted the Lord.”

“I am afraid not,” said Eva shyly, “but I don't know why not, I am sure.”

“Well, now, what is the difficulty? Let me see if I can help you,” replied Mr. C— kindly. “You heard me preaching last night on the gift of God being eternal life, what did you not understand?”

“I really don't know,” said Eva, “but I am sure I do really want to be saved more than anything else in the world.”

“It seems to me so very simple. God is offering you salvation as a free gift, and the forgiveness of all your sins. All we as poor needy sinners have to do is to just accept God's gift. He can give it to us freely, because His own Son has paid the price of it, by His own atoning death, *He* bore the judgment our sins deserved, and all we have to do is to accept the salvation God longs to give us. You can understand this, can't you?”

“Yes, I suppose I do,” replied Eva, looking as though she certainly did *not* understand.

“Now, suppose, just to illustrate what I mean, I give you this shilling. I offer it to you and you have simply to accept it, and thank me. It is just the same with God's gift, isn't it?”

Eva took the shilling, and thanked him, and tried to look as if she had now understood it all, and feeling quite satisfied now that his little friend would just as easily take God's gift. Mr. C—, again shook hands, and said good-bye, and Eva went away to get ready for school.

But if you had asked Eva later if she was now right with God, she would have shaken her head sadly, and would have had to say no. She certainly tried and tried to take God's salvation, but somehow she never seemed to get “hold of it,” as she would have expressed

it. She understood the “way of salvation,” and could have explained it to others, but Eva was trying to feel “it” and believe “it.”

What exactly Eva was trying to feel and grasp she could not have quite said, and perhaps this was her difficulty. She was trying to feel saved, and thought that if she could suddenly feel very happy, she would know then that she was saved.

Eva struggled on for a few years like this, until at last she turned to God and trusted the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour, and knew then she was safe for all eternity.

Eva's first reason, as generally is the case, for wanting to be so right with God, was to be saved from God's judgment. She had often trembled when she had realized that after death was the judgment. She soon found out that escape from God's wrath was not the only blessing of the Gospel. She found that just as she had trusted her precious soul to the Saviour, who had died for her sins, so she could turn to Him at all times about all her little difficulties, and always find One whom she could trust and who could help her. As she grew to know Him more, she found in Him One who could make her perfectly happy and satisfy her all through life.

H. H. S.

\* \* \*

## “TIME ENOUGH YET!”

“I AM *lost!* I am *lost!* and yet I *always meant* to be saved,” were the last words of one who had suddenly to face death by the upsetting of a boat on one of the Cumberland lakes.

With all the uncertainty of life, what mad folly is the “*always meant* to be saved!”

Oh! if men and women only knew the unspeakable blessing of having their feet on the *Rock*—of knowing Christ as their own personal Saviour—of being ready! Alas! the sad retrospect, “I *always meant* to be saved,” must be that of many a dying soul who has put off the acceptance of God's message until it is too late. Perhaps the unkept resolve, now made when thoughts of death and judgment were being pressed on the mind; when, perhaps, some friend in the full vigour of life had been suddenly struck down, and the words, “*After this the judgment,*” haunted the thoughts. Or, may be, it was at some street corner, where a few earnest men were telling out God's glad tidings that “God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that *whosoever* believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3. 16), that “Christ died for the *ungodly*” (Rom. 5. 6), and that His

blood "*cleanseth from all sin*" (1 John 1-7), and that He had said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6. 37). Oh! how full and free was the salvation that was told out and offered in His Name, to every one who would turn in repentance to God.

But Satan whispered, "Time enough yet. Death for *you* is a long way off." His whisper prevailed, and though there was still the fullest intention of being saved *some time*, it was put off till a more "convenient season."

Then, filled with the cares and pleasures of life, days, weeks, months, and years slipped quickly by, and at last death came! His victim still "*meaning to be saved*," but, alas! it was now too late. Oh! what *might* have been, if the acceptance of Christ as Saviour had not been put off! Alas! What *must be now*—the realization of those lines—

"Thou goest forth into the night of sorrows  
A stranger to His saving Grace."

My reader, *now, now*, is the day of salvation. You may never have a to-morrow!

Oh! the awful risk of, "I always *meant* to be saved," resulting in, "*Too late! I am lost!*"

F. A.



### A REDSKIN'S MISTAKE.

**T**HE picturesque figure of the red Indian can still be seen in certain parts of America and Canada, though not, perhaps, be decked with feathers and war paint such as the gentleman in our picture is wearing.

The onward march of civilization has robbed the Indian of his extensive hunting grounds, and he only roams now over very restricted areas, called "reservations," which have been set apart for his use by the governments of Canada and the United States.

One of their noted chiefs died many years ago in circumstances of the greatest poverty—in fact, he really died of starvation—and the sad thing about it was that he had in his possession all the time the means of drawing a regular income. After death, a paper was found on his body, attached to a cord round his neck, which was a document signed by George Washington, entitling him to a pension of 30 dollars a month as long as he lived. This was evidently a reward for services rendered to the government of that day. To the poor illiterate Indian this was apparently only a "scrap of paper," and he, perhaps, never knew its value, or how to possess himself of the money he was entitled to and so much needed.

How many of our readers are there who pity

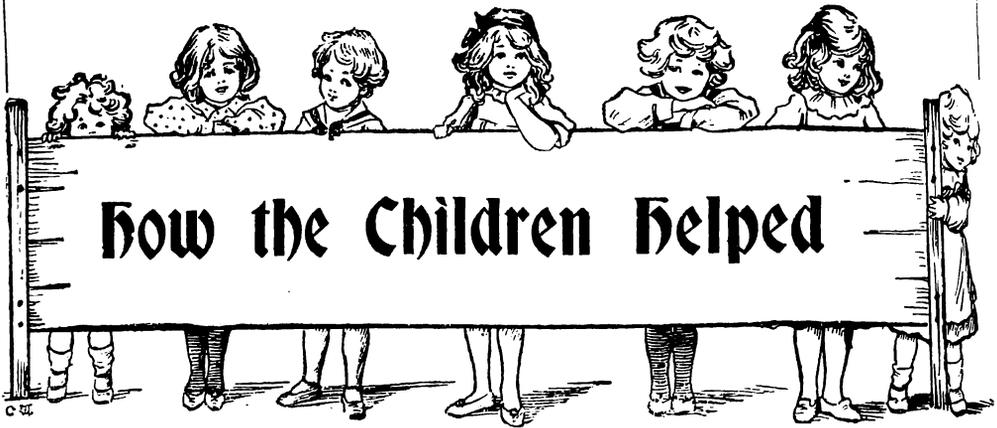


AN INDIAN CHIEF IN HIS FEATHERS AND  
WAR-PAINT.

the poor redskin? and yet they are making a far greater mistake. They have the Bible in their hands, and yet they have not appropriated by faith the wonderful blessings of which the Bible speaks, and which Christ died to place within their reach.

Thirsty, needy, and in danger of dying without hope, they never avail themselves of God's wonderful gift of salvation which that beautiful verse in Rev. 22. 17 makes so plain, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

J. A. S.



### III.—JACK ——— AND CHEFOO.

**JACK** was a boy living in New Zealand: Chefoo is a city in the North-East of China. How came they to have anything to do with each other?

In Chefoo there is a large mission station, with a great deal of earnest Christian work going on. In connection with it—in fact, a most important part of it—is a hospital built in memory of a devoted Christian English lady, the wife of the doctor in charge of the hospital. Both she and her husband laboured very earnestly to win the souls of their Chinese patients to the Lord Jesus Christ, while helping and healing their sick bodies; and they are both now with the Lord Jesus in Heaven. But the work is carried on by others, and hanging on the wall of one of the wards is a text, beautifully written in Chinese characters, so that the patients lying in their beds can read it for themselves. The text is John 3. 16. If you do not remember what that is, turn it up in your Bible before reading any further in this story, and commit it to memory. But are you asking, "What has all this to do with Jack?"

In November, 1902, God sent a baby boy into a home in Auckland, N.Z. His father and mother both loved and served God, and almost the first word that the little chap learned to say was the name "Jesus." He soon learned that Jesus loved him, and as he grew older he delighted in the fact that he belonged to Jesus.

He became very much interested in the stories of foreign missionary work, and in the lives of the great missionary heroes, which he was able to read; and to have a "real live missionary" staying as guest in his beautiful home was the greatest treat of all.

His interest in these things was proved to be

real by the fact that he *prayed* for them, and naturally it followed that he did everything in his power to help forward the cause he loved. He had a purse in which he put a liberal share of his own pocket money, to be given to missionary work.

But Jack was a thoroughly natural, human boy. He was keen on games and school sports as well as on religious matters; and he knew the ins and outs of his father's motor so thoroughly that if anything went wrong with it he was usually the one to pry into it and put it right.

Jack was popular among the boys of his school, too, and it speaks well for his Christian character that they chose him as their school captain, although he was not the best cricketer or footballer at the time of his election to this coveted position.

His heart was set on being a missionary to the heathen when he was old enough, and he laid the foundation of a strong useful manhood by doing in his boyhood's days all that came to his hand to do, whether work or play, wholeheartedly and unselfishly and thoroughly.

But in the year 1914, when he was only 12 years old, the Lord Jesus sent for His young servant, and Jack went from his happy home life in New Zealand to be with the Saviour he so greatly loved, in Heaven.

After he had gone, and his mother, who was very sad at having to part with him, was looking over his treasures, she found the little leather purse with three shillings and twopence halfpenny in it, representing Jack's last contribution to missionary work in China. What was to be done with it?

Both father and mother desired that, if possible, it might be placed to something which

would form a lasting memorial of their dear Jack. So it was given to a missionary who had known Jack, and was taken back to Chefoo, and was spent in getting the text: "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life," illuminated in Chinese and suitably framed, to hang on the walls of the hospital.

It has been hanging there for three or four years, and as every year more than ten thousand out- and in-patients pass through this hospital, who can say how many have read the text and heard the story of it, and have thus been pointed to the living, loving, Saviour.

Jack wanted to go to China himself, and tell the Gospel message, but God had other plans for him. Is there one of my young readers who will give himself, or herself, to the Lord Jesus Christ, to go to China in Jack's place? E. A.



## A PLAGUE IN THE HOUSE.

(BASED ON LEV. 14. 33-37.)

**T**HEA over, John, Violet, Meg, and Gordon looked expectantly towards the nursery door.

It was Sunday evening, and they were waiting for mother to come and tell them their usual Bible story; another minute the door opened, and in she came.

"Come along, mother, here's your chair," cried John, and having seen her comfortably settled, the children quickly nestled around her, Gordon, the "little un," climbing on to her knee.

"Well, darlings, what shall we have this evening?"

"Oh, tell us some more about last week's people, mother."

"What, the children of Israel, John?"

"Oh, yes, mother, please do," came a chorus of voices.

"And make it as interesting as ever you can," added John.

"Well, we will picture a family similar to ourselves, living in the land of Canaan: of course, their names were different! The boys, Benjamin and David; and the girls, Mary and Ruth; and then, of course, father and mother.

"Benjamin, being the eldest, had a bedroom to himself, and one morning when he awakened, he saw a big patch of stain on the wall.

"He jumped out of bed and studied it curiously—surely the rain was coming through; but no, the sun was shining in at the window, and the ground looked quite dry outside—what *could* it be; it was a mass of streaks.

"Benjamin quickly dressed and went down to breakfast.

"'Father,' he exclaimed, as soon as he entered the room, 'there is a great stain on the outer wall of my bedroom.'

"Father looked thoughtful. 'I'll come and have a look presently,' was all he said.

"Breakfast over, all the family went to Benjamin's bedroom to see what was the matter with the wall. Yes, sure enough, there it was, a big patch of greenish, reddish streaks!

"Father looked at it very solemnly.

"'It seemeth to me, there is as it were a plague in the house,' he said, then added, 'I shall have to see the priest.' So father went to the priest, who said he would come and examine the wall, as from what father had told him, he feared it was the plague, and they would have to remove the furniture so as to have the house cleansed.

"Of course, this meant the family would not be able to live there for a while.

"How pleased the children were at the thought of a move!

"As soon as the house was prepared, the priest came, and father took him up to Benjamin's bedroom.

"'Oh,' he exclaimed, '*it seemeth to me, there is as it were a plague in the house.*'

"Just what father had said!

"'We shall have to shut up the house for seven days,' he continued, 'and no one must enter in, and in seven days I will come again and see the wall.'

"Then the priest locked the door and went home. Seven days passed, and he came again: there was no doubt now about it being the plague, the wall looked much worse, for the stain had spread a good deal, and the streaks were very big and ugly to look at. 'Now,' said the priest, 'this part of the wall will have to be pulled down, the stones taken right away, and fresh ones put in their place, and if, after this is done, the wall keeps clean, we shall know the plague has gone, but if it comes again the whole house will have to be pulled down!'

"Well, this was done, and the family waited for news. At last the priest pronounced the house clean, there were no more signs of the plague, and the family could live in it again; but first it must be cleansed.

"The priest told them to get two birds, cedar wood, some scarlet and hyssop.

"So father went to fetch the birds, Benjamin ran off to get the wood, David and Mary for scarlet and hyssop, whilst Ruth fetched some water in a basin.

"Then the priest took one bird and killed it over the running water."

"Killed it?" interrupted Violet with wide-open eyes!

"'Yes,' mother continued, 'wait a moment and you will hear why.'

"Then the priest took the cedar wood, the hyssop and scarlet, with the living bird, and dipped them in the blood of the slain bird and in the water, and sprinkled the house seven times and it was cleansed.

"He then let the living bird go free, and it flew away over the city to the fields.

"'Now,' said the priest, 'the house is fit for you to live in again.' And joyfully the family returned once more to their home.

"Now dears, I expect you wonder why I have told you about a house with a plague in it, but it is just a picture of each one of us.

"We each live in a house of our own. I cannot see into your house, and you cannot see into mine, but the Lord Jesus can, and if we hav'n't come to Him, and asked Him to cleanse our hearts in His precious Blood shed for us on Calvary, the plague is still in our house!

"There is no other way of getting rid of the plague of sin in our hearts; just as the blood of the little slain bird was used for cleansing the home we have just heard of, so the Lord Jesus was slain on the Cross to make atonement for our sins."

"There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin—  
Christ only could unlock the gates  
Of heaven, and let us in."

The story over, the children went to bed, but John could not sleep!

Presently he slipped out of bed and, kneeling down, he prayed,—

"O Lord Jesus, the plague is in my house because my heart is sinful, but I want you to make it clean; please take it now, and forgive, and wash away all my sins. Amen."

Then up he jumped, and ran along the corridor into his mother's bedroom. "Mother," he cried, "the plague has gone out of my house, and," he added rather shyly, "*Jesus has come to live there instead.*"

G. P.

\* \* \*

## TRUST GOD'S KEEPING POWER.

**A** MAN in Ireland, convicted of sin, was on the point of "believing" when the devil raised the oft-repeated objection: "If you believe, you can't hold out." The worker pointed to a water-wheel in a mill near-by, and said, "What makes that wheel go to-day?" "The stream." "What will turn it to-morrow?" "The stream." The man was led to see there is a stream of God's grace and strength sufficient for each day's keeping. "I will trust and not be afraid."

During an earthquake that occurred a few years ago, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, but they were at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady, whom they all knew. At length one of them addressing the old lady said, "Mother, are you not afraid?" "No," said the mother in Israel. "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world."

\* \* \*

## WHERE ART THOU?

**I** have read of a people in Africa who do not seem able to count. Arithmetic in any form is quite beyond their powers.

One of these folk was asked how many oxen he owned. He replied that he did not know. "Then how would you know if one or two of your oxen were missing?" was the astonished question. "Not because the number was less, but because I should miss a face."

How beautifully suggestive of God's love!

"He knoweth them that are His," and as He looks around His own He misses a face here and there, someone who ought to be His and is not, and His heart of love yearns over that absent one—that missing face.

*Is it yours?* because you have never yet come to the Lord Jesus.

To-day he is calling you, and saying as He did of old to Adam and Eve, "Where art thou?"

At first in that Garden of Eden there was the most beautiful fellowship. In the cool dusk of a summer evening, amidst a profusion of flowers and gorgeous scents, with the blush of the sunset glowing through the interlacing branches of the trees, God walked with Adam and Eve in unclouded communion and friendship, days of unbroken happiness, until one evening God came, and they did not go to meet Him gladly. The perfect sympathy was broken, the love, joy and peace had gone, because sin had come in.

Sin has ever since made a barrier between God and man, and perhaps you are refusing to come to Him because Satan is tempting you to think that you are too young, or that there is plenty of time, or that you have no very special need of a Saviour.

Do not listen to him; he is a deceiver and always brings trouble and misery to those who serve him. God is Love. One can hear the throb of pain in His voice as He asks the question, the heartbreak as He seeks those who are hiding from Him, and will not respond. Will we not listen, and respond to His call? "Lord, here am I"?

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 March, 1920.

Subject—**Timothy (Timotheus).**

1. Where is Timothy first mentioned?
2. What does Paul call him in Rom. 16?
3. Give the names of his mother and grandmother? (2 Tim.)
4. In what was Timothy to be an example? (1 Tim. 4.)
5. What was he to follow after? (1 Tim. 6.)
6. What was he to endure? (2 Tim. 2.)
7. What did he work for? (1 Cor. 16.)
8. What did he preach? (2 Cor. 1.)
9. Why was he sent to the Thessalonians? (1 Thess. 3.)
10. How do we know that he was imprisoned? (Heb.)

## RULES FOR SCRIPTURE SEARCHERS

1. Searchers under 10, answer 6 questions. Ages 10 to 12, answer 8 questions. Over 12, answer all questions.
2. Only a reference Bible to be used, no concordance, no outside help.
3. 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  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

We have questions this month about Timothy, and I think you will find them very interesting. We are told that he knew the Holy Scriptures from a child (2 Tim. 3. 15).

Perhaps this is also true of many of you, and I trust you have been made "wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus." I think the knowledge of the Scriptures is rather like the foundation of a house, it is something to build upon. As we go through life, the Scriptures we know come home to our hearts so wonderfully, and often help us in times of need.

A paper has come from Portsmouth without a name. Many thanks to A. Hewines for his photograph and letter.

My warm welcome to all the new searchers. Our youngest is 7 years old, so I hope more of the little ones will be encouraged to join.

My love to you all,  
Your friend,

J. L.

# January Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Allibone, I. Baxter, L. Baxter, V. Baxter, J. Bishop, I. Brooks, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, R. Devensh, G. Devensh, C. Dennis, E. Fairbairn, C. Fickling, John Foster, J. Foster, G. Gage, M. Grisdale, E. Harleet, B. Horne, G. Hoiler, E. Hodgson, E. Holden, H. Hughes, M. Holden, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, D. Lefeaux, E. Linley, W. Marshall, E. McDonald, J. Macfarlane, E. Martin, T. Morris, J. Macdonald, C. Mansfield, M. Theniester, M. Purvis, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Smalley, E. Swann, J. Shell, H. Selley, F. Shepherd, A. Todd, D. Thomas, A. Thorogood, R. Thompson, P. Turner, F. West, L. Wilding, M. Whiteside, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—S. Arch, E. Aves, P. Clarkson, J. Cooling, V. Farrington, E. Hyde.
- 3rd Class.**—N. Ancliffe, N. Lefeaux.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—M. Aldred, A. Barugh, E. Baker, J. Brent, J. Birss, F. Combes, D. Combes, E. Darrab, N. Dowds, E. Durant, E. Elliott, A. Ellis, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, H. Farrow, B. Graves, E. Grisdale, R. Griffiths, H. Hawkins, N. Hancock, W. Hodgson, K. Ingram, N. Ives, A. Jameson, P. Jenkins, N. Johnson, H. Johnson, J. King, L. King, C. Lambert, H. Lewis, G. Loye, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, L. Morris, H. Moore, A. Mansfield, I. Mayo, S. McMinn, R. Partridge, H. Pilon, E. Routhan, L. Swall, W. Stuart, R. Swepson, R. Shell, W. Selley, R. Smith, C. Smith, M. Silk, E. Scott, G. Smith, E. Thompson, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows, A. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—D. Macdonald, R. Minieffe, L. Morse, W. Sanford, N. Wade, A. Walker.
- 3rd Class.**—K. Thomas, C. Swaits.

## Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—L. Anderson, H. Barugh, John Cooling, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, V. Gooch, A. Hewines, M. Lefeaux, C. McIver, M. Pavey, R. Pavey, A. Pilon, K. Redman, A. Robotham.
- 2nd Class.**—M. Tucker, M. Weller.
- 3rd Class.**—V. Hawkins.

## ANSWERS TO JANUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—**The Apostle Paul.**

1. Because King Agrippa was expert in all customs and questions among the Jews (Acts 26. 3).
2. He lived as a Pharisee (Acts 26. 5).
3. Part of Acts 26. 22 written out.
4. That Christ should suffer, and that He should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles (Acts 26. 23).
5. Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad (Acts 26. 24).
6. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian (Acts 26. 28).
7. Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee (Acts. 27. 24).
8. I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me (Acts 27. 25).
9. Acts 27. 34—There shall not an hair of your head perish (Luke 21. 18).
10. They all escaped safely. There were 276 (Acts 27. 37).

Whose  
art thou?  
and  
whither  
goest thou?

*Gen. xxvii. 17.*

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

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

**CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.**  
**WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE.** | **GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTOL PLACE, EDINBURGH.**  
**THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.** | **BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.**

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



A SUNDAY AFTERNOON TALK.

CLIP 1920

## "I NEVER SAW IT IN THAT LIGHT BEFORE."

**A**N elderly lady and a young girl were sitting together one Sunday afternoon. The latter, a comparative stranger, had been invited to the house in the hope that when the Gospel was put before her, she would believe it and be saved.

Alas! how few ever hear it or know anything about it. Mrs. — had no idea how she, C —, stood with regard to these vital questions on which rest such tremendous issues for eternity.

By way of breaking the ice, she gave her a booklet to read which was the story of a young girl who had everything round her to make her happy, but all was marred by the thought obtruding itself that she was not right with God, and therefore not ready to die. As time went on she found how transient and unsatisfying were this world's pleasures. "They will all pass away," she said to herself, "and I shall go on, on to my death bed and be lost at last."

A great longing to be saved came over her, and she determined she would never rest until she was saved. With this earnest intention she left no means untried to get peace with God, but it was in vain.

Though attending church and taking the sacrament regularly, she had never heard the Gospel, God's glad tidings that Christ had died and shed His blood on Calvary's cross, to make full atonement to Him for man's sins, and that in virtue of his perfect atonement, God freely forgives every repentant sinner who turns to Him.

When all her own earnest efforts had failed and she found she could do nothing to save herself, she saw that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and not to help them to save themselves as she had supposed. "He died to save sinners," she said to herself at last, "I am a sinner and therefore He died to save me." And simply trusting God's Word, she saw that she must be saved. Then after reading the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7), her cup of joy seemed full.

"I never saw it in that light before," exclaimed C — excitedly, when she had read to the end of the story.

"Our natural reason and judgment," said Mrs. —, "will always lead us to think we have to save ourselves by our own good deeds and religious rites, but those have no part whatever in our salvation. It is 'not of works lest any man should boast' (Eph. ii. 9). God

saves us solely on the ground of what Christ by His atoning death has done for us."

"I never saw it in that light before!" again exclaimed C —, and rising from her seat she went to her bedroom. When she came down she had the glad news to tell that she was saved and was trusting in Christ as her Saviour, and when the rest of the family came in she confessed the same to them.

After twelve months' testing, C — could say, "No doubt as to my being saved has ever crossed my mind," and now in turn she is being used of God in bringing others to Christ. God not only saves but He keeps safe.

F. A.



## GOD'S HAMMER.

**I**T was in the year 1749, in the reign of King George the Second.

A big crowd had collected in the market place at Exeter, for something very unusual in those days was going on. It was an open-air service, and the preacher was George Whitefield. There he stood in the middle of the crowd in his flowing black gown and bushy white wig, proclaiming with a wonderful voice and with a beautiful delivery the free Gospel of the Lord Jesus.

The crowd was very quiet and listened attentively. God's Spirit was speaking and working, and there was no attempt at a disturbance.

This was not always Mr. Whitefield's experience. As he went from city to city, from town to town, preaching the glad tidings, he was often opposed and frequently even interrupted in his addresses.

On Whit Monday, 1742, he had been preaching in Moorfields, in London, in the midst of a great fair, and a clown from one of the shows, sitting on another man's shoulders, came up to him and attempted to strike him with a great whip. Then a recruiting sergeant, with his drums and fifes, was induced to march right through the listening crowd and thus break the meeting up. Mr. Whitefield at once stopped and asked his congregation respectfully to make way for the King's officer, and the attempt to spoil his work failed. Then a crowd of men from the other side, gathered round a pole as a sort of standard, advanced in a very threatening manner. But this also came to nothing, for they soon quarrelled amongst themselves and dispersed.

Mr. Whitefield, in describing this experience, says, "I cannot help adding that several little boys and girls, who were fond of sitting round me on my stand while I preached . . . though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, etc., thrown at me, never once gave way; but, on

the contrary, turned up their little weeping eyes and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me."

But at Exeter this time Mr. Whitefield was not interfered with. He was allowed to finish his address, and many a south-country man and woman thanked God all their lives for that meeting.

Yet danger was nearer than anyone imagined.

A man had come to the market-place with his pockets loaded with big stones, and standing on the outside of the crowd he had watched his opportunity to make use of these missiles.

The service opened with a prayer, and then Mr. Whitefield gave out his text. It is not known what his text on this occasion was. Perhaps it was the same as at Moorfields—one that he was very fond of—John iii. 14: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up." But no sooner had the text been given out, whatever it was, than the man with the stones in his pocket pulled one out, and holding it in his hand, waited for a good chance to take aim.

But God sent a word straight to that man's heart and the stone dropped from his grasp.

After the service was over he went up to Mr. Whitefield and told him about it. "Sir," he said, "I came to hear you this day with a view to break your head; but the Spirit of God, through your ministry, has given me a *broken heart*." The man became an earnest Christian and a real worker for God.

"Is not My word like a hammer?" says the Lord (Jer. 23. 29). And so it is indeed, breaking the hardest and the stoniest of hearts.



## THE FOUR KNOCKS.

**L**ATELY I heard a beautiful, arresting, but very sad allegory which I pass on to you.

A young man is sitting in his room, quietly thinking, when he hears a knock at the door. Instinctively he knows it is Christ knocking, and he gets up to open to Him. His hand is just on the latch when his gay young companions dash in at the back door. "Come along, old chap," they cry, "let's have a good time." Reluctantly he turns away, but consoles himself with the thought, "I will open it when they have gone."

They spend the night in wild hilarity and drunken revelry. At last they depart, and then the young man goes to the door—but Christ has gone.

Through the darkness he dimly discerns His

figure far along the road, too far away to call. "He will knock again, and then I will open to Him," he thinks. But he is restless and cannot settle, so he goes off into the world in the pursuit of money. Soon he becomes rich and he wends his way homewards.

In the quiet of his room the knock sounds again. Ah, yes! he will open—and goes to the door, but at that instant his companions burst in again, ready to help him spend his newly-acquired wealth, and again Christ is left standing outside.

When they leave and he looks through the window, lo! Christ has gone. But there He is not far along the road—he will call to Him! Another interruption—one of his friends grips him by the arm. He has returned to remind him of the fame he means to win. "Yes, let me go out into the world and win renown first, then I will come back, and open to Christ," he says to himself.

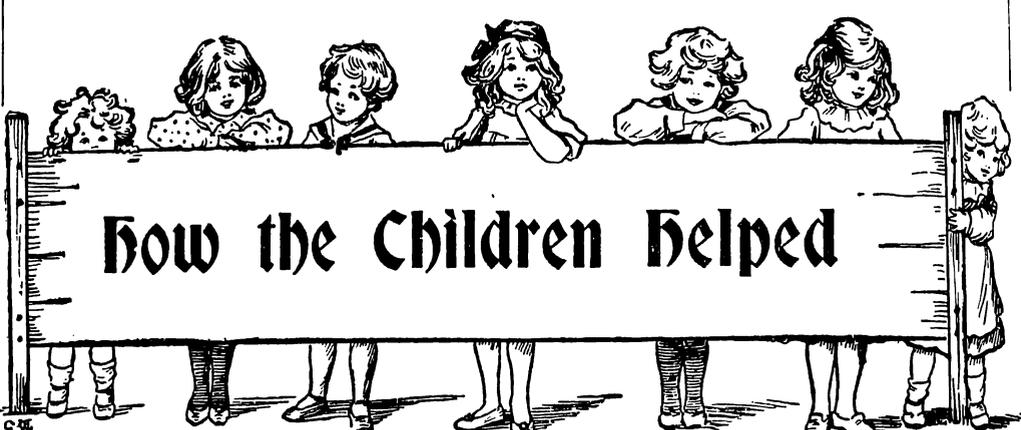
Once more he sets off to foreign lands, studies there, and becomes famous. Soon he has the whole world at his feet, but he returns to his home with an empty, unsatisfied heart. He has got what he set out for, but it is all a hollow glory. He bethinks himself of the Christ waiting to gain admission. Yes! there is the now-familiar knock again. Just then for the third time his friends enter to proffer their congratulations—wearily he turns away, and when at length he is left alone, and looks out, it is only to find that Christ is no longer there.

Many years pass and now he has grown an old man, his life nearly over. The knock comes, and this time he cries, "I will open the door." With tottering feet he crawls to the lattice window. Yes! Christ is standing there. With shaking fingers he tries to fling open the portal, but his hands have grown feeble and the ivy has twined its way all over the porch; the tangled undergrowth has become so tall and thick it has choked up the crevices, and the hinges are so rusty that he cannot open the door. All his efforts are useless—too long he has resisted—he never opened when he might, and now it is too late. Oh, the agony of the thought. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man."

Is Christ knocking at the door of *your* heart? His message to you is: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me" (Rev. iii. 20).

"Now is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation." Open to Him while you may.

A. W.



# How the Children Helped

## IV.—CRINK.

**F**AR away in Nigeria a native chief was pleading with an English missionary. Tears were pouring down his face in the intensity of his request.

"Oh! master, don't say no. I have come a hundred miles to ask you. My village is full of children. They must be taught the true words. I have built a little praying house, and I and my people long to worship God on the Sabbath, but there is no one to show us how."

The missionary shook his head sadly as he replied, "I am very sorry, Owo, but how can I send a Christian teacher when there is no one to send?"

\* \* \* \*

In the English village where Bill and Crink lived, there, on the village hall, was a notice in large type:—

"Limelight views of Nigeria, with a missionary address. Admission one penny."

Our two boy friends stood reading it.

"I'm on—you coming?" said Bill.

"Yes," answered Crink, and in they passed.

The pathetic story of old Owo was told, and many others like it, revealing the great need of the heathen world for more Christian missionaries. Crink went home unusually thoughtful.

"I'll ask Uncle Joe, he's keen on missions." So the first time he met Uncle Joe he asked his advice as to how to start helping missions.

"When is your birthday?" was the first question Uncle Joe asked. "The fourth of May," came the surprised answer.

"Well, let us look at the Prayer Cycle and see what place is put down to be prayed for on that day. Here we are. Day four. Africa,

Nigeria. Suppose you pray about Nigeria on the fourth of every month that God would send teachers to those who are begging for them in Nigeria."

"Perhaps I might," said Crink, "but I don't suppose I should remember."

"Draw a big '4' on a piece of paper and pin it up in your room."

"All right," and Crink turned to go.

"Crink!" "Yes, Uncle."

"The heathen will not be helped *much* by the prayers of a half heathen."

"Half-heathen! What do you mean?"

"Well, a half Christian."

Crink walk up and down his room that night. "Half heathen," he said to himself, "it isn't fair." Then there came a little voice saying to him: "I have come a hundred miles to ask you. I have built a little praying house. I and my people long to worship God on the Sabbath."

Crink sat on the side of his bed. His head went down on his hands, and a silent battle was fought. At last he said, "O God, make me a *whole* Christian and send Owo's people a teacher, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

God heard and answered that prayer. A teacher was at last sent and Crink himself became a real Christian—that is, he trusted Christ as his own Saviour. The big "4" still hangs over Crink's mantelpiece as a silent reminder of the happy night when he gave in to God and became a whole Christian. Nothing is too much trouble now, for he loves his Saviour with all the strength of his bright young nature, and hopes to serve Him later among the heathen.

## TO THE RESCUE !

**T**HROUGH the blinding storm watchers on the shore had caught sight of a coloured light, which seemed to burst somewhere in the clouds.

The old salts knew the meaning too well. It was the signal from a vessel in distress.

"Man the lifeboat," came the echo from the throats of sturdy mariners who had braved the elements again and again at the call of duty.

With oars tightly gripped, the men pulled for the dreaded sands whereon many a gallant craft had suffered damage.

The tug which had aided them cast off, so that the lifeboat might get as near as possible to the men who were clinging to the rigging.

But just as the would-be rescuers got within reach, a big wave hurled the boat from the wreck.

Again the tug towed her round, and again the surging waters tossed the boat aside.

Thus baffled, the men rested on their oars for a few moments. Presently the coxswain's voice was heard above the storm :

"Say, men, shall we try again or turn home ?"

"We'll try again, of course," was the reply.

"There is only one chance, mates, and that is to run in between her masts on the top of a wave, and anchor on the other side."

It was a desperate venture, and they knew it.

And so for the third time the tug took them in tow, creeping cautiously towards the stricken vessel.

"Let her go !" bawled the coxswain, as he saw a huge billow approaching.

Away went the towing-rope, and, skilfully steered, the lifeboat rose on the crest of the wave and went over the vessel.

At once the anchor was let down, and in a few minutes every soul on board was saved.

As the poor fellows on board anxiously watched the repeated attempts of the lifeboat's crew, they had encouraged one another by the fact that as their rescuers were Englishmen, they would never abandon them.

And they were not disappointed.

As the captain saw his baby safely conveyed to the lifeboat, he exclaimed in broken English :

"Oh, you good brave Englishmens, you save my life, you save my wife, you save my baby ; I no money, but I pray for you."

When the heroes returned to the harbour they received a tremendous ovation, which they thoroughly deserved.

The Lord Jesus Christ comes to souls who are tossed about by the storms of sin and temptation.

Seeing and knowing their danger, He will not leave them to perish, but with His strong arm will go forth to save them.—*Selected.*

## BETTING BOOK OR BIBLE ?

"I DO not want to listen to your Bible," cried a loud voice.

A city missionary stood speaking with a rough-looking man in a quiet London street, and this was his reply to an earnest word.

"This is the book for me," he continued, holding his betting book aloft.

It happened in the days before betting laws made bookmakers hide their heads and work in secret. Betting was very open and rife in the stables where the missionary worked in those days.

"This pays best," he added, boastfully. "Your Book is too old. It is out of date."

"You think so ?" inquired the missionary.

"I know it. Why, I made twelve pounds last week by this book. What do you think of that ?"

"That you robbed some poor wife and children by your unlawful gains," replied the missionary boldly. "But, friend," he added more quietly, "I want to ask you a solemn question."

"Ask away," said the other, scornfully.

"Which book would you like to be found upon you when you come to die, your betting book or my Bible ?"

Evidently the words impressed him.

"That's a question I should not like to answer," he replied in a subdued tone.

The missionary left him without another word.

Next day the man opened the conversation. "I have been very unhappy since I saw you yesterday," he began.

"How so, friend ?"

"You upset me by what you said, as to which book I would rather die with."

"Tom," said the missionary, earnestly,

"God's Spirit is speaking to you."

"Yes, it must be God. I never felt like this before."

"Well now, Tom, what are you going to do ? Which is it to be, betting book or Bible ?"

Tom sat very still for fully two minutes. Then he looked up with a smile.

"Bible," said he in a loud voice.

Tom did nothing by halves. He destroyed his betting book that very day, and commenced to read his Bible. It became very precious to him, and his daily guide.

Tom did not at once come into the light. But the missionary and he read the Word daily, and one day the light and joy came. He realized his salvation, and found the Saviour.

Among the betting men he is now a power. He has one question to press home on all :—

"Which would you rather die with, betting book or Bible ?" —*Extracted.*

## FORGOT HIS BROOM.

SOME years ago there was a crossing-sweeper in Dublin, with his broom, at the corner; and, in all probability, his highest thoughts were to keep the crossing clean, and look for the pence. One day a lawyer put his hand upon his shoulder, and said to him:—

"My good fellow, do you know that you are heir to a fortune of ten thousand pounds a year?"

"Do you mean it?" he said.

"I do," he said. "I have just received the information. I am sure that you are the man."

The man was convinced. He left his crossing, he walked away, he forgot his broom, and he made haste to seek his inheritance. Like the woman of Samaria, who "left her water-pot" by Jacob's well, and hastened to the city to proclaim the presence of the Messiah whom she had seen, so this poor man, filled with strange thoughts of wealth and plenty, forsook his labours and forgot his broom.

But are there not many who talk of their title to a heavenly and eternal heritage, who yet hold fast the broom, and cling to all the cares and trifles and follies of this wretched world? O man of earth, look up! God has provided some better thing for mortals than worldly gain or worldly good. Drop your muck-rake, forget your broom, and seek an eternal heritage, a never-fading crown.

God offers you to-day a home in the "many mansions," riches of glory, the place of one of His children, and—last though it should be put first—a free pardon for all your sins. All this, and "much more," as a FREE GIFT! "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Romans vi. 23).



## THE SENTRY'S STORY.

THE young soldier was perhaps finding life rather "slow" as he did sentry duty, so this may have been why he so willingly accepted the Gospel book a Christian lady handed him.

As no one was near, the lady began to have a little chat with him. After asking a few general questions as to how he liked his present life, etc., she enquired if he ever thought where he would spend eternity.

"Oh no," he replied, "I have found out a few things about religion since I joined the army. I don't bother about it now."

"Indeed, and what have you found out?" asked the lady, judging by the way he spoke that he was more interested in "religion" than he himself realized.

"Oh well, I used to believe in that sort of thing when I was young, but no one believes in the Bible nowadays. It is full of contradictions and mistakes, and people know better now than they used to. There are no such places as heaven and hell," and so he continued for a short time as if the ideas were quite original.

When he had finished, the lady remarked, "Are your parents living?"

"Oh yes," he replied, brightening up, "both my dad and mother are alive—good living people they are, too."

"And you don't think they will go to heaven, then?"

"I should just think they will, indeed," he answered, almost indignant at the question. "Why, they have been ready for years, and they brought us all up to believe their way. If anyone will go to heaven, *they* will," he added, quite forgetting his previous emphatic statement that there was no such place.

"And I suppose they sometimes pray for you, don't they?"

"They pray for me to be saved every day they live. I know they do, and I don't know what they would think if they knew what I believe now," said the young fellow, quite changing the boastful tone with which he first began, and forgetting his newly acquired "views" in the remembrance of the faith and piety of his parents.

"But would you not like to be as sure of going to heaven as they are, and would you not be much happier if you knew you were right with God with your sins all forgiven, before you face death on the battlefield?"

The young soldier hesitated before answering, and then he was suddenly recalled to his sentry duty, as he noticed an officer coming along.

"Oh, miss," he said hurriedly, "we are not allowed to speak to anyone when we are doing sentry. I'll get into trouble if I am reported, so just pass on, will you?"

Very reluctantly the lady had to pass on, though she would have greatly liked to have urged on him the all-importance of getting the question of his soul's salvation settled at once.

How earnestly she prayed for him, as she walked away, not risking any further conversation, as she did not wish to make him break the rules again, that God in His rich mercy would awaken him to a sense of his danger, for "how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation." Surely the most awful and bitter remorse must be the portion of anyone in a lost eternity who had known God's one and only way of escape from the wrath to come, and yet had not accepted it.

# 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, 1920.

Subject—Matthew 1-8.

1. The Lord is called two names in the beginning of Matthew. What are they and what do they mean?
2. What question did the wise men ask?
3. How had the prophets described the One Who should come out of Bethlehem?
4. What did the wise men do when they found Jesus?
5. What did Herod do to the children in Bethlehem?
6. Describe John the Baptist.
7. In what words did Esaias speak of the coming of John the Baptist?
8. "This is My beloved Son." When was this spoken?
9. "Out of Egypt have I called My Son." How was this fulfilled?
10. Find *one* verse that shows the difference between the baptism of John and the baptism 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 ½d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I am making a change this month in the marks, as some are surprised they do not get a prize when they are 1st class every month. Everyone who loses 5 marks will be put in 2nd class, and more than 10, in 3rd class. This will make it more difficult to get 1st class and will explain why all 1st class searchers do not win prizes. There are only 4 prizes in each division, and I hope there will be more than 4 searchers in 1st class every month, and I shall have to choose the 4 best of these for the prizes. Then those over 15 years of age will not be eligible for prizes, but I shall be very glad if they continue the searching.

We are commencing questions on the Gospel of Matthew, and I hope you will all be interested in them. Please answer the questions *thoughtfully* or you may make mistakes.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## February Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Allibone, P. Allibone, E. Bainbridge, E. Baynes, S. Bussey, M. Chapman, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, H. and G. Devenish, C. Dennis, E. Fairbairn, John Foster, J. Foster, E. Garston, E. Harleet, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodson, E. Holden, M. Holden, H. Hughes, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, E. Jones, D. Lefeaux, E. Linley, W. Marshall, E. McDonald, J. Macfarlane, E. Martin, J. Macdonald, C. Maustfield, G. Martin, T. Morris, M. Tuemister, M. Reel, E. Redman, R. Richards, L. Richards, V. Roulthian, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Swalley, E. Swann, J. Shell, H. Selley, F. Shepherd, R. Swepson, M. Todd, D. Thomas, A. Thorozood, R. Thompson, P. Turner, P. Wraith, L. Wareham, E. Wherlock, L. Wilding, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—J. Bishop, I. Brook, W. Champ, J. Cooling, E. Darrah, C. Dodds, N. Hancock, S. Lambert, Peggy Wraith.
- 3rd Class.**—S. Arch, V. Farrington, D. Henderson, D. Watts.

### Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Barugh, M. Bean, M. Bussy, F. Combes, D. Combes, W. Dargie, N. Downs, E. Durant, A. Ellis, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, E. Grisdale, R. Griffiths, H. Hawkins, Q. Hickson, W. Hodson, N. Ives, J. Ireson, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, N. Lambert, H. Lewis, K. Mawson, D. Macdonald, A. Maustfield, H. Minnie, H. Moore, H. Pilon, J. Rillie, E. Roulthian, L. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, R. Smith, G. Smith, M. Silk, G. Scott, E. Scott, J. Taylor, E. Thompson, K. Thomas, C. Twaites, M. Walton, I. Wareham, R. Wells, L. Westmoreland, C. Willows, A. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—E. Baker, E. Elliott, H. Johnson, N. Lefeaux, J. Messenger, K. Morton, C. Smith, H. Skilton, F. Scudds.
- 3rd Class.**—L. Brent, G. Loye, R. Lauders, K. Stevens, A. Walker.

### Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Dodds, V. Hawkins, A. Hewines, C. McIver, H. Mills, D. M. Pavey, R. Pavey, A. Pilon, A. Robotham, A. Sewell, M. Sucker, M. Weller.
- 2nd Class.**—John Cooling, I. Deacon, V. Gooch, A. Baywood, M. Lefeaux, F. Nottleugh, W. Sandford.

## ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY QUESTIONS.

Subject—The Apostle Paul.

1. A viper fastened on his hand (Acts 28. 3).
2. No doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he hath escaped the sea, yet vengeance suffereth not to live (Acts 28. 4).
3. He shook off the viper and felt no harm (Acts 28. 5).
4. Paul lived in his own hired house, and had a soldier with him (Acts 28. 16-30).
5. Part of Acts 28, 23, written out.
6. The salvation of God was sent unto the Gentiles (Acts 28. 28).
7. Paul preached the kingdom of God and taught those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ (Acts 28. 31).
8. Ten and perhaps Hebrews.
9. Timothy, Titus, Philemon.
10. Romans, Corinthians, Galatians.

Those over 15 years of age will not be eligible for Prizes.

Who can  
forgive sins  
but God  
alone ?

*Luke v. 21.*

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

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

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.

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

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

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

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

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"HE HAD CALLED TO TAKE HER WITH HIM."

may 1920

## A GLAD MEETING.

**M**ARIAN was a very happy little girl that afternoon; in fact, if you had searched through the whole school, you could not have found a child more radiant with joy than she was.

What was the cause of her great happiness, I can hear you inquire.

Well, it was like this. For three long years her father had been away from home in the distant land of Mesopotamia. While the great war was raging, he had been serving his king and country, many hundreds of miles away from his wife and children. Many a letter had Marian received, and her fond father frequently referred to the day to which he was so eagerly looking forward, when the war would be over, and he would be able to return to his loved ones.

How they treasured those letters, and how often did Marian and her sister Winnie speak together of that glad day of re-union!

Then, on one never-to-be-forgotten day, the guns fired, and the bells rang out, and thousands of flags suddenly appeared apparently from nowhere, for had not the Armistice been signed that very morning?

Marian knew that this was a step nearer to her father's home-coming, and so she began to count on it more eagerly than ever.

At least, after a few more months of waiting, a letter reached her mother to say that any day now the loved one might return. What glad preparations went on in that home we need hardly say, and every member of the family was on the tip-toe of expectation.

Marian would dearly have liked to spend those last few days at home, but her wise mother told her that her father would not wish that, but would greatly prefer to find his little daughter doing her work at school as usual when he came, so she obeyed.

Then one day suddenly, in the middle of afternoon school, a bronzed man stepped out of a cab at the school gate, and came in to fetch his little girl. He was on his way home from the railway station, and had called for her to take her with him. With a glad heart and shining face Marian quickly left her seat when she heard that she was wanted, for she knew full well what it meant, and, after a rapturous greeting, she and her father were soon being rapidly conveyed to their home, where the rest of the family were waiting.

Does not this little story remind us of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who tells us in His word that He is coming quickly? But for whom is He coming? Will all the children rise to meet Him in the air when He returns? Alas! no.

We know from His Word that when that happy moment comes, now so rapidly drawing nigh, it will only be those, whether young or old, whose sins have been washed away in His precious blood, who will go up to meet Him in the air, and to be for ever with Him. All the rest will be left behind in their sins. Perhaps a boy or girl who reads this is saying, "How I wish I could know for certain that He would take me." Well, dear child, the way is very simple. Have you found out that you are a poor lost sinful boy or girl, and that you need the great salvation that the Lord Jesus is offering you? If so, just turn to Him and ask Him to save you, and He surely will, for He has said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out," and that means a little child just as much as a grown-up person. Receive the Lord Jesus as your own personal Saviour, Who shed His blood for you, and when He comes you will without doubt hear His own glad shout, and go up to meet Him in the air, to be for ever with the Lord.

H. J.



## TWO BIBLES.

**E**DITH JONES on her seventh birthday received a sum of money from her father in India with which to buy a Bible. She asked her grandmother if the amount would be sufficient for two Bibles, and was answered in the affirmative. Edith immediately bought two Bibles, both exactly alike. Keeping one for herself, she sent the other to a mission station in India, with the request that it might be given to a native girl of her own age. The owner's name was to be written in it, and "from Edith Jones." This was done, and the little English child prayed every night for the Hindu girl with a Bible like her own.

Years passed, and Edith, grown up and educated, went out in 1882 as a worker to this same mission station. Very shortly after her arrival she met a native Bible-woman, apparently an earnest Christian, who was told off to accompany Miss Jones in her visits to the native Zenanas. In the course of conversation the woman discovered the young missionary's name, and then putting her hand into her pocket she drew forth her most precious possession, a little Bible, to which she owed her knowledge of the Truth. On the fly-leaf she showed her companion her own name, and with great joy thanked her for the gift.

Thus, not only were the child's prayers answered in the conversion of her Hindu sister, but the one for whom she had prayed was to be for long years a valued fellow-worker.



### A LIGHTHOUSE.

**H**AVE you ever seen a lighthouse? I remember, many years ago, being shown over one at the North Foreland, in Kent. I climbed up a narrow spiral staircase, and then presently found myself inside the large lantern, and the keeper explained how the light was turned on at night. Probably many a storm-tossed mariner had cause to be thankful for the welcome beams of light on a dark stormy night, as there are many dangerous rocks around that part of the coast.

Life is sometimes compared to a stormy sea, though probably many children do not think so. To them perhaps it is more like a pleasant lake, and they are not conscious of any danger. But there are hidden rocks beneath the surface, and the time comes when the sky is not so blue, and the soft pleasant breezes give way to wild stormy winds. How welcome then are the bright rays of light streaming from the lighthouse!

When the Lord Jesus was here He said, "I am the Light of the world." Until we know Him our hearts are dark indeed, and we are like vessels drifting on the sea, not knowing whither they go.

What is it makes our hearts so dark? Is it not sin, which blinds us, and so often makes us feel unhappy and miserable? What would you think of a room where the blinds are always kept drawn down, so that not a ray of sunlight can enter? The sun might be shining in all its splendour outside, but so long as the shutters and blinds are closed, the room is chilly and cheerless.

The love of God is like the sunshine, and our hearts in their natural state like the room I have described. Let us, as the hymn says,

"Fling the heart's door widely open,  
Bid Him enter while we may."

H. J.



### A MISSIONARY STORY.

**T**HERE was a great commotion in a little mission school in India one morning. Many of the girls were crying, some were praying, and some were asking eager questions of their teacher. The news of

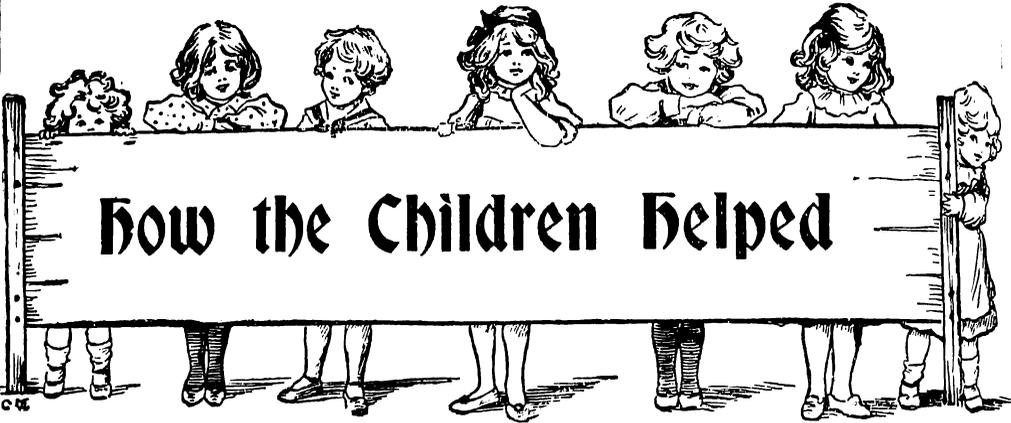
the death of a favourite school-fellow living next door had just been brought in by a servant. This little one had been in school the previous day, and in the evening was attacked by the dread disease of cholera.

The missionary was called to comfort the school children; also to reassure anxious parents and friends, who rushed to the school to take their children home, fearing that they, too, might be stricken with cholera. She then visited the house where the little one lay dead. All the women in the zenana were beating their breasts and wailing loudly; tears were streaming down the father's face, and he hastened to meet the missionary to tell her how his child had died.

He was a Hindu of high caste, and of rigid views; he had studied the Christian Gospels, but was not inclined to accept Christ. But the manner of his child's death had seriously affected him. Before she passed away, though suffering much pain, she looked at him with a happy smile and cried out, "Father, Jesus is coming for me; I am one of His lambs; I am going into Jesus' arms. Do not cry for me. You may all come too."

"Madam," cried the father, "such a beautiful death as my child's I have never seen before in my life, and I am an old man. Surely I am a sinful man. I saw my sins so clearly while my child was dying."

Have you ever seen your sins clearly as did this old Hindu, and have you ever looked in faith to the precious blood of Christ that can wash them all away?



## How the Children Helped

### V.—CRIPPLE TOM.

**H**IS home was one small dark attic room in one of the poorest slums of London.

The only relative he had was Granny, and she was very poor, and did not much like the trouble of a cripple boy. His mother and father both died when he was quite young, but not before his mother had taught him to read and write.

At first Tom was able to get about on crutches and he swept a crossing, and sometimes ran errands to earn a few pence to take home to Granny for his food. Sometimes, too, on snowy winter evenings, he would find his way to a Mission Hall and warm his poor numbed hungry body by the comfortable stove before going home to his cold, cheerless attic.

But at last a day came when he was too ill and lame to go out, and other days followed when he had to lie on his hard bed, all alone. In these lonely hours, his thoughts turned to the Book that the people in the Mission Hall used to read, and a great longing came into his heart to possess a Bible and read it for himself. He knew very little about it, and he asked Granny if she could help him to get a Bible. But Granny only laughed, and asked "What did a lad like him want with Bibles?"

One day a boy friend, his only friend, came in, in great excitement, to tell him he had got a new situation and was going away.

"But I've got a real beauty present for you"; and taking a greasy little packet from his pocket he unwrapped a bright new shilling.

Tom's eyes sparkled. "Oh! Jack," he exclaimed, "will you take it and buy a Bible for me with it?"

"A Bible! well, I never! the idea of spending

all that on a Bible when it's taken me months and months to scrape it together for yer."

But Tom pleaded hard, and Jack at last went down the rickety stairs rather unwillingly to find a shop where he could buy a Bible: and presently he returned and handed the precious book to Tom. Tom hugged it to his breast and thanked his kind boy friend again and again.

Day after day Tom read for hours together, until he knew it pretty thoroughly, and best of all, he found out, under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, that God loved him, and the Saviour had died for him. As soon as he had made this discovery, he could not keep it to himself, for obedience to God's will means helping to save others. He thought and thought, and at last a plan came into his mind how he, a cripple boy in bed, could reach other souls with the good news. He got, somehow, a pencil and paper on which he wrote texts of Scripture. Folding each one, and directing it "To the passer by—Please read," he dropped it out of the window beside his bed into the noisy street below.

After some weeks of doing this, and praying that God would use His efforts to bring someone to the knowledge of salvation, one evening a tall, well-dressed, strange gentleman climbed the staircase and came into Tom's room.

"So you are the lad who drops texts from the window, are you?" he kindly asked.

"Yes," said Tom. "Have yer heard of someone as has got hold o' one?"

"Plenty, lad, plenty! And last evening I picked up one, and God blessed it to my soul."

For a long while they talked together. The gentleman found out that Tom got his Granny to buy notepaper for him instead of the ha'porth

of milk she gave him most days : his love for his Saviour made the sacrifice easy. In vain did his new friend try to persuade him to go to a nice country home among the trees and buds and flowers.

"No, sir," said he, "the doctor says I may not live long, and I ain't anxious to die easy when Jesus died hard. I'd rather stay here and carry on this work till He come to fetch me."

And so he stayed. Kind care and good food were supplied him until one wintry day the Lord Jesus took him home to the mansions above.

A parcel was delivered by the postman a few days later at the beautiful country home of the kind gentleman. In it was Tom's loved Bible. It was given to the young son of the house, a lad about Tom's age ; and the marked texts, and notes in the margin of the Bible made such an impression on this boy, that he gave himself to the Lord, and later on went out to Central Africa where he has worked as a missionary, and won many souls to the Saviour.

E. A.

\* \* \*

### AN UNHEEDED OFFER.

**W**E had been distributing some Gospel literature in and around some country villages situated near the Downs. It was about seven in the evening, and time our nearly two-year-old boy was tucked up in his little bed.

We stood on the slope of a hill admiring the fine scenery preparatory to turning home, and two children, coming from behind us, passed by. I regretted allowing them to pass without putting a Gospel magazine into their hands.

In an instant the child who should have been in bed observed that I had missed the children, and picking up a magazine from the bottom of his mail-cart, held it out in his hand, calling out with his wee voice, "Here you are, a little book ; here you are, a little book."

The two children with their backs to him were ignorant of all his entreaties, as he held out that book and called continuously, "Here you are, a little book."

At last, as they got to the bottom of the hill and out of sight, he withdrew his tired little hand and ceased his plaintive request.

It made me think of the many who are turning their backs on God and His salvation, going their own way farther and farther from God. As His hand is stretched out and He pleads with all to take the gift that He offers, many, very many, do not even trouble themselves to take any notice of Him ! They are occupied with other things.

My dear young reader, are you one of such ? Oh, listen, as He calls you to accept His gracious offer, the forgiveness of all your sins, because of the precious blood of Christ which has been shed for you.

Remember that word of old in the first chapter of Proverbs which says, "I have called, and ye refused ; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded." How solemn to treat God's love in such a way. Just pause and think of it ! Soon, it may be very soon, you will arrive at that point where you will be beyond the reach of the Saviour's hand and you will cease to hear His pleading voice.

L. A. A.

\* \* \*

### BLIND AND DEAF.

[These lines were written by a girl who is both blind and deaf, but who has found joy and comfort in the Saviour.]

**H**IM only do I hear,  
The Father's well-loved Son ;  
Earth's silence has no fear,  
Since He my heart hath won.

Him only do I see,  
In the Land of Light above,  
And naught can sweeter be  
Than the hours spent in His love.

H.

\* \* \*

### I WANT TO FIND JESUS.

**A** FRIEND of ours was conducting a service for children, and at the end of the meeting, when everybody had left, there sat a little ragged boy all by himself.

The preacher went to him and said, "Well, my little man, what are you waiting for ?"

He replied, "I want to find Jesus."

The preacher, wishing to test him, said, "Well, you had better go home, and tell Jesus so"; but the little boy said, "No, sir, I want to find Jesus here. Jesus don't live in our home. He is here, so I want Him to save me here and now."

He was saved, and went to his wretched home, taking Jesus with him. "Whoever cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out."

Surely this story should convict many who may have been brought up in Christian homes—with privileges which this boy did not have—with their sins and need of a Saviour.

## "TOO LATE!"

**A**N old Christian gentleman, when speaking of the way in which the majority of people treat God's wondrous salvation, a salvation offered them "without money and without price"—gave the following incident as an illustration:—

"I was one day passing a very tempting-looking confectioner's shop. Three boys of about the ages of seven, ten, and twelve were standing before the window, discussing which cake they would choose if only they had the chance.

"I said to them, 'Now, if each of you boys will go into the shop, and choose the cake you like best, I will follow you in, and pay for it.'

"They all looked at me, and then the two elder boys sidled off, with a cough, and a knowing look, which plainly said, 'You are not going to make a fool of me.'

"As the youngest boy still stood gazing at the cakes, I repeated my offer to him. He turned round, looked up into my face, and believing what I said, walked into the shop. I followed him, and when he had chosen his cake, I paid for it.

"In the meantime the other two boys were standing at the shop door with angry, disappointed faces, watching the little boy enjoying his beautiful cake, no doubt wishing that they, too, had taken me at my word, but it was now *too late*.

"As they began to show with their fists what they meant to do to the little fellow when he came out, I raised my stick in a threatening manner, and they ran off."

It was certainly a good illustration of God's free mercy. "*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely,*" and also of the different ways in which His offer is received, as well as of the attitude often shown by those who reject, towards those who accept it. In this illustration, however, there was no boy who represented that saddest class of all—those who "*neglect so great salvation*"—a boy who would much like to have the cake and who quite believed the old gentleman would pay for it, but who lingered about the door, and *never went into the shop to choose it*, only realising his folly when he saw the old gentleman had come out, and that it was now *too late*.

Alas! how many answer to this! They would like to be saved, but they go on day after day neglecting this vital matter, by never *definitely turning to God*, and accepting Christ as their own personal Saviour, thereby making salvation their own. Then death comes, and it is "*too late!*"

## A LITTLE BETHANY.

**H**AVE we ever thought how lonely the Lord Jesus must have been upon earth?

What it must have meant to Him to lay aside His glory—to leave all the joys of heaven—to be absent from His Father's loved Presence all those long, weary thirty-three years, to come to this cold, unsympathetic, antagonistic world to be rejected, scorned, misunderstood even by His own, forsaken by those nearest Him, to die that He might save us?

Yet there was one bright spot in the darkness, one streak of blue in His grey surroundings, one bit of heaven upon earth—that home in Bethany where Martha, Mary and Lazarus lived. Here He was always sure of a welcome—a loved, honoured guest, and how He loved that little home and its inmates.

Perhaps *you* have a Bethany? Some home that you love, because some one very dear to you lives there, and you delight to go, as you always receive such a welcome.

The Lord Jesus is still lonely, where hearts are closed to Him. If you have never yet come to Christ, He wants *your* heart as a Bethany—a place where He can dwell. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." Will you not open the door? The latch is on *your* side, and He will come in—a gracious, willing guest—and cleanse away all sin in His Precious Blood, and take up His abode there.

Then He wants *you* to be a Bethany to others—one to whom people instinctively come for help and guidance, because you are able to point them to the Saviour, and they know you live continually in His presence. An old woman lived in a tiny Scotch village. The world might look down on her, so poor and humble she was, but it was a privilege to visit her. She herself and her small bed-sitting room were a real Bethany. She so breathed the atmosphere of God that all her conversation circled round Him, and she spoke so naturally of Him as if she lived in His very Presence, and indeed one felt conscious of His nearness in that room which was always at the disposal of anyone who wished to have a little Prayer meeting or Bible study there.

No matter how poor, or young, or weak we are, each one of us may be a Bethany. Shall we not rejoice the heart of our Saviour, by saying to Him:—

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,  
There is room in my heart for Thee."

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in." (Rev. iii. 20).

# 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, 1920:

Subject—Matthew 4-5.

1. Mention two short sentences spoken by the tempter to the Lord Jesus beginning with "If?"
2. Give one of the Lord's answers beginning with "Man."
3. From what two books of the Old Testament were the Lord's answers quoted?
4. Name four disciples who were called in Matt. 4.
5. To what two things are the disciples likened in Matt. 5?
6. What are we told about being perfect?
7. Whom are we told to love and whom to pray for?
8. What two classes of people are promised the kingdom of heaven?
9. Find a quotation from Exodus and one from Leviticus in Matt. 5.
10. In what way does God treat the evil and the good, the just and the unjust alike?

## 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 4d. stamp (unless over 10s.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS, —

How do you like the new method of marking? I think it will be better, and I shall make the last two questions a little more difficult for the older searchers. Some have answered their questions by writing a few words, and then putting etc. This cannot be counted as an answer at all.

I hope you find the new questions interesting. I do want you to learn to read the Bible *thoughtfully*, so that you may find some of its hidden treasures. Have you found God's most precious gift—the Lord Jesus—and given yourselves to Him?

Thank you for your letters. I am always pleased to hear from you.

My love to you all,

Your friend,

J. L.

# March Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—H. Allibone, P. Allibone, L. Baxter, V. Baxter, E. Bainbridge, L. Brook, A. Coxon, E. Darral, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Fairbairn, J. Foster, J. Goldie, E. Harlett, B. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, H. Hughes, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, D. Lefeaux, E. Linley, J. Macdonald, M. Phemister, R. Richards, A. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Smalley, E. Swann, R. Swepson, Ruth Smith, M. Todd, D. Thomas, R. Thomson, M. Way, E. Wetherlock, G. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—I. Baxter, J. Bishop, J. Cooling, John Foster, E. Jones, C. Mansfield, M. Reed, L. Richards, J. L. Shell, H. Selley, F. Shepherd, F. Turner.

**3rd Class.**—S. Arch, C. Dodds, N. Hancock, D. Henderson, J. Macfarlane, E. Martin, E. Ritzema, A. Thorogood, F. Weatherburn.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—E. Elliott, A. Ellis, R. Griffiths, W. Hodgson, A. Jameson, F. Jenkins, H. Johnson, G. Loye, K. Mawson, A. Mansfield, J. Messenger, H. Moore, C. Routhan, L. Swall, O. Smith, R. Smith, G. Smith, M. Silk, E. Scott, K. Thomas, D. Watts, R. Wells, C. Willows, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—E. Baker, A. Fairbairn, B. Graves, W. Hill, H. Lewis, N. Lefeaux, R. Shell, W. Selley, J. Taylor, E. Thompson, R. Trotter, M. Walton.

**3rd Class.**—J. Birss, B. Cooper, F. Combes, D. Combes, N. Downs, G. Farrell, H. Farrow, E. Guisdale, H. Hawkins, N. Ives, W. Jack, N. Johnson, D. Macdonald, R. Minnie, K. Morton, H. Pilon, S. Radcliffe, W. Sanford, C. Slatter, C. Smith, E. Wood.

## Age under 10 Years.

**1st Class.**—H. Bennett, A. Dodds, A. Hewines, C. McIver, R. Pavey, A. Sewell, M. Weller.

**2nd Class.**—I. Deacon, V. Good, M. Lefeaux, W. Mitchell, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, K. Redman, A. Robotham, M. Tucker.

**3rd Class.**—J. Cooling, S. Combes, V. Hawkins, F. Nottingh.

## ANSWERS TO MARCH QUESTIONS.

Subject—Timothy or Timotheus.

1. See Acts 16. 1.
2. His work-fellow (Rom. 16. 21).
3. His mother was Eunice and his grandmother Lois (2 Tim. 1. 5).
4. He was to be an example in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity (1 Tim. 4. 12).
5. He was to follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness (1 Tim. 6. 11).
6. He was to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ (2 Tim. 2. 3).
7. He worked the work of the Lord (1 Cor. 16. 10).
8. He preached the Son of God, Jesus Christ (2 Cor. 1. 19).
9. To establish and comfort them concerning their faith (1 Thess. 3. 2).
10. Our brother Timothy is set at liberty (Heb. 13. 23).

TEACH ME  
THY WAY,  
O LORD.

*Psalm xxvii. 11.*

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—  
J. A. SINCLAIR, Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.  
WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE. | GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTOL PLACE, EDINBURGH.  
THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 63a, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. | BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"FOLLOW MY LEADER."

## "FOLLOW MY LEADER."

**S**OME one, in a bygone age, invented a game which has been a popular wet-day pastime in many homes. It was intended to represent the vicissitudes encountered by an energetic band of travellers in "the wilds"—locality unknown. The leader was chosen by lot, and then the game began.

It was, of course, a point of honour that all the travellers should follow the leader implicitly wherever he might choose to go, and he may choose to climb over every article of furniture in the room. Chairs, sofa, piano, table, are all crossed most painstakingly, and a few daring spirits have been known to traverse the book-case top, accompanied by much dust, and collecting barked shins and bruises in the process.

Out of doors an enterprising leader has a wider and safer choice of obstacles, unless he essays to climb trees and scale high walls. If he does it often results in some of his younger followers coming to grief. He may even lead them into positive danger, for they don't like to be thought afraid to "follow the leader." After all, boys and girls are very much like older people, and though this is only a youthful game, it is often played in the more important paths of life.

Look at that young fellow who is going in for worldly pleasures. He has a Christian home, and once would not have stooped to partake of the pleasures of sin. Now he has companions of a different sort, and one of them is the leader. The others follow just as in the game.

Look at that big girl. She reads novels secretly, keeps company with others whose conversation and ways are not such as her mother would approve. She doesn't like to be thought strict and "goody-goody," so she follows her leader in paths of pleasure and thoughtlessness.

But where does all this end? In danger of the most serious kind, for life is not a game, and *your soul* is at stake. There is only one true leader, the Lord Jesus Christ, and before we can follow Him as our *Leader*, we must know Him as our *Saviour* from the guilt and power of sin.

He says: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me" (Matt. 11. 28, 29).

\* \* \*

## AN IMPREGNABLE ROCK.

**T**WENTY-SEVEN years ago my little son walked with me near the Bishop's Palace, Fulham. The sun was setting.

The boy had been taught by his mother, when put to bed, to blow the candle out. To my great amusement, he now began to blow at the sun as if his cheeks would crack. Yet the great light went its way undimmed.

Why do wicked men endeavour to extinguish the light of God's Word? Because they "love darkness rather than light." Yet they are as unsuccessful as was my little boy.

We may also liken God's Word to a fortress. When a fortress has been captured the enemy ceases his attacks. Men go on attacking the Holy Scriptures, and prove thereby that this position has never been carried, by assaults that have been delivered for thousands of years. Every infidel book published is but a new proof that the writer realises that the work of destroying this Rock has yet to be accomplished.

\* \* \*

## CONNIE'S HYMN;

or, Jesus paid it all.

**I**T was during the early days of Moody and Sankey's first visit to Great Britain, and the new hymns were much sung in every place to which the evangelists went. In Newcastle the children on the streets marched in bands singing, "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and "Jesus paid it all," until even ungodly men in the shipyards on Tyneside were heard humming them while at work.

Connie and her sister May were at some of the children's meetings, and picked up the words and tune of the popular hymn, the chorus of which is, "Jesus paid it all: all to Him I owe." They sang it at home, in the house and at play, until their mother became so interested that she asked Connie one day, "What did Jesus pay?"

Connie, although the elder of the two girls, could not answer, but her sister May, three years younger, quietly said, "His own precious blood."

That she had learned at the meetings, and I think it had been received into her heart by faith.

When the two girls were alone, Connie told May how much she desired to be saved, and her younger sister told her how Jesus had "paid it all," and there was "nothing to do, but just believe on Him."

Connie believed, and was saved. Her mother went with her to the meetings and was saved, and before long her father also was converted. Now they all delight to sing, "Jesus paid it all," and call it "Connie's Hymn."



### "FOR KING AND COUNTRY."

**I**T was a cold winter's morning, with a biting east wind, which made one feel for the soldiers in the trenches, when a soldier's wife, a widow (alas! there are many such) came into the writer's house to assist in the house work.

Her husband had recently been wounded in France, and died there in hospital. Poor woman, how she missed him, and the dear children also—crying for a father who would never return.

She loved to carry about with her a photograph of his grave with the little wooden cross upon it.

On the morning referred to, she came in very much upset, and this was her story:

"One afternoon last week I went to a Memorial Service, which seemed to give me comfort, for I gathered from what the clergyman said, that the soldiers who gave their lives for King and Country, by so doing stood a very good chance of gaining heaven. I therefore felt that my husband, whom I knew was unconverted when he went out to France, had perhaps gained heaven by dying for his country.

"On the same evening, I went to a meeting room where Captain S— (a retired captain of his Majesty's Navy) was preaching the Gospel. During his preaching, he related how a soldier came to him the other day, and said, 'Captain, may I ask you a question?' 'Yes, certainly,' was the reply, 'and I will answer your question if I can.' 'Well, then,' said the soldier, 'this is it: If a soldier or sailor gives his life for King and Country whilst fighting the enemy, does he, through this, go to heaven?' 'Certainly not,' replied the gallant captain; 'if he never as a lost and guilty sinner accepted the lost sinner's Saviour (who gave His life upon the Cross as the sin-bearer), if he never received the forgiveness and cleansing freely offered to him through Christ's precious blood, that man, being a neglecter or rejecter of Christ, must bear the consequence; the wrath of God abideth on him (John 3. 36).'

"When I heard this,' said the poor woman, 'all my comfort left me, and being much perplexed, I said, I'll go and make enquiry about this question from —. I know they will tell me what is true and right."

Thus it was that she came to us, as stated at the beginning, and having unburdened her heart, she waited anxiously to hear what we had to say. In kindly tones we pointed out to her that what the captain had stated was right, for he had spoken according to the Word of God. But what the clergyman had said was wrong, being destitute of scriptural authority.

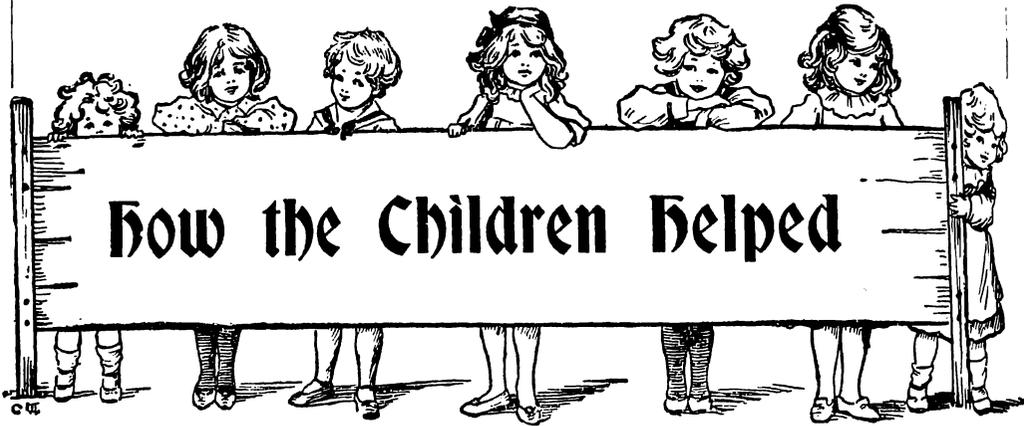
We went on to point out, that when her husband was in France—perhaps when in hospital—some message from the Word of God might have reached his heart and led him to trust in the Saviour before he died.

It is perfectly evident that no man can gain heaven by means of anything he can do. "By grace are ye saved through faith . . . not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2. 8, 9). Christ came from the heights of glory down to the Cross of shame, and there offered Himself . . . on behalf of sinful man.

"That whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3. 16).

LIMERICK.

"NEITHER is there Salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts iv, 12.



## How the Children Helped

### VI.—THE ORDER OF THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED.

ONE of the greatest of the great Missionary Societies was started just about two hundred years ago.

And it was started by a little boy.

Most of the Missions that we hear about were begun by grown-ups, but the one that you shall read of on this page was begun by a little lad ten years old.

This is how it came about.

Nicolaus Ludvig von Zinzendorf belonged to an ancient noble family in Austria. Everybody called him "Count": and even to-day, when his name is mentioned, it is always "Count Zinzendorf."

His grandfather had, for the Lord's sake, given up all his estates, and that heroic example of self-denial had been so impressed upon little Nicolaus in his very earliest years by his devoted grandmother and aunt, that before he was six years old, his heart was all on fire with love to the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is recorded that he wrote out this simple pledge, signing it with his name:—

"Be Thou mine, dear Saviour,  
And I will be Thine."

He so longed for communion with the Lord, that he used to write letters to Jesus, telling Him all that was in his heart, and would toss them out of the windows of the castle where he lived, confident that the wind would carry them up to Heaven, where Jesus would read them.

I think the letters *did* get right into Heaven, don't you? And the Lord Jesus answered them by living by His Holy Spirit, in the heart of that little lad, and making him grow strong and fearless and loyal in very marked degree.

When Nicolaus Zinzendorf was ten years old, and a schoolboy at Halle, we find him forming prayer circles among the other boys, and the outcome of their prayers was a mission band which they named "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed."

Can you guess why?

You remember that Jesus was one day speaking about the kingdom of Heaven, and how it would begin small, with a few fisher folk, but that it would grow bigger and stronger, as men and women and boys and girls came to know the Lord Jesus Christ (Matt. 13. 31). These boys felt that though they were not strong or clever enough yet to do great things for the Saviour who had captivated their hearts, yet, at any rate, they could be like the tiny grain of mustard seed, holding, each one of them, in his heart the true Eternal Life, and so help to bring this Life to others.

Years passed on, and Count Zinzendorf, no longer a little lad, but a strong, earnest man, devoted to his Lord with a passionate devotion, was the leader in founding the Moravian Missionary Society. The name they were first known by, and which still clings to them, was "Unitas Fratrum" or "United Brethren," and they were in the direct line of descent from the Bohemian Martyr, John Huss.

They were also linked to the martyrs of the Vaudois Valleys, and the spirit which caused the Christian martyrs to lay down their lives for the Saviour was the spirit which prompted the unparalleled devotion of the Moravian Missionaries. They went to the most difficult places—places where no one else would venture to go. To the frozen land of Greenland, to the torrid swamps of Central America, to the outcast lepers, to the chill, inhospitable borders of

Thibet, to such places they made their way, carrying the Light and Life of the glorious good news of salvation long before any other messengers had taken it.

Their travels were dangerous and extremely difficult. The people they sought to help were at first hard and degraded and unresponsive. But no matter what the difficulties or how great the disappointments, on these heroic missionaries toiled, and laid down their lives. Others were always ready to step into the gaps, and to the noble Society, started by a little boy who loved the Saviour with his whole heart, and mind, and soul, and strength, belongs the honour of leading the van of foreign missions.

E. A.

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### "MY HEART BOWS TO HIM."

"COME, child, let us go and worship Kali," said a Hindu mother to her little girl, named Oosha.

A Hindu temple stood close by the home of this little girl, and she was often made to worship the terrible image of this dread goddess. But she had been taught of Jesus at the mission school, and He had taken away all her fear. On that occasion she bravely said, "Mother, I am not afraid of Kali. I will not bow down to her. Jesus loves me : I worship Him in my heart."

"Wicked girl," said the mother, "do you want great calamity to fall upon us? Do you want the terrible small-pox? Do you want your father and brothers to die, worthless one?" With these words she beat her child, and made her bow to Kali's image. "Teacher," said the child at school next day, "Jesus loves me. He knows I love Him, and my heart bows down to Him always."

What a lesson this child gives to many in this land of privilege and liberty. She was not afraid of suffering for the sake of the Lord Who had done so much for her salvation. Surely the little dark-skinned girls and boys in heathen lands may put to shame many in England who know more than they do, and yet they do not love the Lord Jesus.

\* \* \*

### A SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"THE mind casts a shadow just like the body. This is absolutely true. As we pass through this world our mind, our personality, unknown to ourselves, and without an effort or desire, is ever casting shadows for good or evil on all whom we meet."

### "DOING" OR "DONE."

A PREACHER described the vital difference there is between mere religion and Christianity by the words, "doing" and "done."

The merely religious man builds his hopes of gaining heaven on what *he is doing* for God, his religious life, his good works, his liberal charities, or his kind deeds.

But while these good "*doings*" are most acceptable to God when they are the *fruit* of salvation, they are of no avail whatever in *gaining* it, for it is "*Not of works, lest any man should boast*" (Eph. 2. 9), and "*Without shedding of blood is no remission*" (Heb. 9. 22).

On the contrary, the true Christian rests solely on what *Christ has done for him*. "*His Own Self bare our sins in His Own Body on the tree*" (1 Peter 2. 24). "*He took the guilty culprit's place, and suffered in his stead.*"

Knowing that he was a lost sinner, he has turned to God, and as such has believed that Christ has died to save *him*—has shed His blood to atone for *his* sins: "*Through this man (Christ Jesus) is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things*" (Acts 18. 38, 30).

F. A.

\* \* \*

### "HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL."

Mark vii. 37.

A VISITOR at a school for the deaf and dumb was writing questions on the blackboard for the children. By-and-by he wrote this sentence: "Why has God made me to hear and speak, and made you deaf and dumb?"

The awful sentence fell upon the little ones like a fierce blow in the face. They sat palsied before that dreadful "why." And then a little girl arose. Her lip was trembling. Her eyes were swimming with tears. Straight to the board she walked, and, picking up the crayon wrote with firm hand these precious words: "*Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.*"

What a reply. She knew God was her Father, because she was made a child of God through having faith in the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. To such, "All things work together for good"; although they may seem mysterious to us in our present life, when in His presence we shall be able to look back and see that all the dark things as well as the bright in our lives were planned for our good and His glory.

## A BROKEN RESOLUTION.

"DO you trust in God?" was the question put by a Sunday-school teacher to one of her scholars at the close of Sunday school. Involuntarily the words "Oh, yes," came to Enid's lips, but she paused—*did* she trust in God?

She considered for a moment—God—that One whom she knew, or rather thought she knew, was terribly angry with her. Seeing her teacher waiting for her answer, she hurriedly said, "Well, no, I do not trust in God," and walked away with a cool, careless demeanor.

How mistaken one is in judging from outward appearances, for although Enid was apparently careless, her mind was in a tumult.

"Do you trust in God? do you trust in God?" came ringing through her brain. For the rest of the day her mind was occupied with the one thought, "Did she trust in God?" despite her efforts to forget it all.

At last she went to her room, and, feeling utterly weary and sick of everything, she dropped on her knees and cried, "Please Lord, if only Thou wilt forgive all my sins, I will promise never to sin again. I will make a new start and just do what Thou dost please."

She then arose and, to use her own expression, "had a good think."

No, she could not say she felt any happier. Never mind, perhaps when she had lived for a few days without committing any sins, she may feel easier in her mind. A piece of cotton tied round her finger to remind her of her promise to the Lord, lightened the burden that inwardly seemed to be weighing her down.

Would you now suppose that Enid lived a better life in her efforts to appease a righteous God for all her past sins?

Such was not the case, for Enid, being naturally a weak-willed girl, sank lower still, her life being marked by periods of depression which generally ended in her once again "turning over a new leaf."

For three years did this continue, and her dread of meeting God deepened.

At last the Lord in His infinite mercy led her to a hall where the glorious news of His free salvation was being proclaimed.

Very slowly she learnt that all her puny efforts to work for her own salvation were futile, and that her only hope was in the Lord Jesus who had by His own precious blood made propitiation for all sin, and that His loving heart was yearning over her, and longing for her to look to Him.

Can you imagine the relief and peace that it brought to her heart, dear reader? Only if

you know that glorious Lord as *your* Saviour can you in any measure know the joy and delight that it gave to her to rest in Him.

Thrice worthy is He of the devotion of our lives.

His love so full and free, and which many waters could not quench, is offered to all.

E. G.

\* \* \*

## "TAKE COVER" & "ALL CLEAR."

CHILDREN who lived in London during the Great War will know what the above words mean. But for the sake of others I will explain.

During the last two years of the war, enemy aeroplanes frequently found their way across to the great Metropolis. When it was known for certain that they were on their way, and were likely to reach London, a warning was given, so that people might take what shelter they could. Loud maroons were sounded in every district, and people quickly hastened to the nearest places of refuge until danger was past.

At such times what everybody wanted was a shelter. To stand in the open street was the most dangerous thing to do, and five minutes after the warning maroons had sounded, the streets and roads were deserted, and hardly a creature could be seen. Even the very dogs seemed to understand that there was danger, and crept inside their kennels or into houses.

Have you ever thought that you need a shelter, a place of refuge from the coming storm? Some of the places to which people hurried for protection were not so safe as they were supposed to be, and people were known to lose their lives when they thought they were beyond the reach of danger.

The Bible says: "Thou art my Hiding-place." If we have taken cover under Christ, and put all our trust in His precious blood, we may be quite sure that the storms of judgment will never reach us.

When the air-raid was past, it was the custom for bugles to sound the "All-clear," two welcome notes for which people eagerly listened. Then they could come out, as the danger was past.

What does the Bible say of all those who have trusted the Lord Jesus as their only Saviour? It says we are justified, which means we are cleared of every charge of sin. "Therefore being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."

May every boy and girl who reads this, know what it is to "take cover" under the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ on the Cross, and then they can know that all is clear for the future, since Christ is their hiding-place.

H. J.

# 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, 1920.

Subject—Matthew 6-8.

1. What two things are we told to do in secret?
2. Where should we lay up treasure?
3. What are the two ways and where do they lead?
4. What did the leper say to Jesus?
5. How did the Lord answer the man who said, "Master, I will follow Thee . . . ?"
6. What did the disciples say to the Lord in the ship?
7. What shall we learn by beholding the fowls of the air?
8. "How much more . . . ask Him"? Find this passage and write it out.
9. What did the Lord say of the centurion's faith?
10. How many people did the Lord heal in Matt 8. apart from verses 16-17? Who were they?
11. Please read the rules *carefully*.

## 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 1oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—

I have set questions on three chapters this month, and I hope you will think them over carefully. We have no questions on Matt. 7. 24-27, but I want you to read these verses and ask yourselves which foundation you are building upon. You would not like your house to be swept away, so be careful to build upon the rock. Then you can say, with the psalmist, "The Lord is upright, *He is my Rock*" (Ps. 92. 15).

A paper has come from Villiers Street, Stockton-on-Tees, with no name.

My love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

# April Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Coxon, E. Fairbairn, D. Henderson, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, H. Hughes, E. Linley, W. Marshall, C. Mansfield, R. Rickards, J. Rickards, J. Shell, H. Selley, R. Swenson, Ruth Smith, M. Todd, D. Thomas, P. Turner, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—F. Berry, J. Bishop, E. Darrah, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, John Foster, J. Foster, W. Good, E. Harleet, B. Horne, J. Jenkins, I. Jones, B. Jones, S. Lambert, D. Lefeaux, E. Martin, J. Macdonald, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Smalley, P. Shepherd, A. Thorogood, R. Thompson, E. Wherlock, J. Webster.
- 3rd Class.**—E. Bainbridge, C. Dodds, N. Hancock, T. Morris, M. Reed, E. Redman.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Barugh, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, R. Griffiths, W. Hodgson, N. Ives, F. Jenkins, H. Johnson, L. King, C. Lambert, H. Lewis, D. Macdonald, A. Mansfield, S. McMillin, H. Moore, H. Pilon, E. Price, J. Rillie, E. Routhan, L. Swall, R. Shell, W. Selley, O. Smith, R. Smith, C. Smith, M. Silk, K. Thomas, R. Trotter, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.
- 2nd Class.**—F. Combes, D. Combes, W. Dargie, N. Downs, E. Durant, E. Elliott, A. Jameson, J. King, N. Lefeaux, G. Lyle, K. Mawson, J. Messenger, E. Miles, R. Minifie, W. Newman, E. Rolle, G. Smith, E. Scott, E. Thompson, A. Wood.
- 3rd Class.**—E. Baker, H. Hawkins, W. Hiles, J. Ireson, L. Morris, K. Morton, A. Walker.

## Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Bennett, I. Deacon, A. Dodds, A. Hewines, C. Melver, M. Pavey, A. Pilon, M. Tucker, M. Weller.
- 2nd Class.**—S. Combes, V. Gooch, M. Lefeaux, R. Pavey, K. Redman.
- 3rd Class.**—D. Gapper, V. Hawkins, E. Milne.

## ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

(Matthew 1-3.)

1. Jesus means Saviour. Emmanuel means God with us (Matt. 1. 21, 23).
2. Where is He that is born King of the Jews? (Matt 2. 2).
3. As a Governor Who should rule the people Israel (Matt. 2. 6).
4. They fell down and worshipped Him (Matt. 2. 11).
5. He slew all the children from two years old and under (Matt 2. 16).
6. John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins (Matt. 3. 4).
7. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His path straight (Matt. 3. 3).
8. It was spoken of the Lord Jesus after His baptism (Matt. 3. 17).
9. When Jesus came back from Egypt, after having been taken there with His mother by Joseph (Matt. 2. 14-15).
10. I indeed baptize you with water. He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire (Matt. 3. 11).

Grace and  
Truth  
came by  
Jesus Christ.

*John 1. 17.*

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—  
J. A. SINCLAIR, Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.  
WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE. GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.  
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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.

R HOSPITAL



"THE HOSPITAL WAS SITUATED IN A POOR PART OF THE TOWN."

## HOSPITAL LIFE.

"**W**HEN does see the sad and miserable side of life in a hospital like ours," said a nurse to her friend. The hospital in which she nursed was situated in a poor part of the town. "The people come from such wretched homes, and it always seems so hard when we have nursed them, and they are for once in their lives well nourished and cared for, to have their friends come for them, and of course back they go to their former lives of poverty and struggle."

"Would you not think," replied her friend, "that such people would just eagerly receive the Gospel? They certainly have none of the good things of this life, and when eternal life is offered to them as a free gift, the forgiveness of all their sins, and a Saviour who would help them every day of their lives, you would think they would drink in the good news."

"Still they don't," answered the nurse. "They don't want Christ any more than those more fortunate in life. It is only occasionally that I find one even willing to listen. As a rule if I mention anything about their need of the Saviour, they say at once, 'Oh, nurse, am I really so ill as all that? Do you think I am going to die?'"

"It is just as difficult to speak to those who are ill and who you would think would be anxious to be saved, as to those who are well."

"Yes, I suppose so. Still, I remember a man once in a hospital, and I knew he would never be well again. I used to frequently speak to him about the necessity of turning to God as a poor guilty sinner and trusting the Lord as his Saviour, but all I could get him to say was that he really could not remember ever having committed any sins at all! He may once or twice as a boy have not been quite respectful to his mother, but this was quite the full extent of his wrong doing."

"I thought he was hopeless, but suddenly it seemed as if God began to work in his dark soul, and for the first time in his life he began to see himself as a sinner in God's sight."

"Then as he realized his sin and the danger of eternal judgment, the news that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, and that His blood could cleanse away all his sins, was gladly received by him, and he quite simply turned to God in repentance, believing on the Lord Jesus as the One who had died for his sins and who had been raised for his justification. It was really fine to see him afterwards—his heart full of gratitude to God for saving him, and then greatly interested in the other patients, anxious for their salvation, and passing on to them his little Gospel books."

H. H. S.

## A HEART FILLED.

"**W**HAT a sickening thing life is. Why do we live? I am sure that there is not much enjoyment in it at its best," grumbled a girl whom one would have judged to be about fifteen years old.

Rather surprising words, were they not? to issue from the lips of one so young.

How bright had seemed her prospects but a year ago. She still remembered the excitement that she had felt on her first day after leaving school.

Then gradually life had grown rather dull. First of all she had grown tired of the daily household drudgery, and then she had discovered that, instead of the freedom that she had so joyfully anticipated, there were many duties and ties that fretted her.

"No," she said, "Life after all is not 'milk and honey,' far from it. I think 'life' is the most miserable, miserable—" here words failed her, and she flung herself into a chair and stared moodily at her reflection in the mirror.

She pondered over the past year; she had been to a few dances, but what were they? a giddy whirl of pleasure for perhaps three hours, and what after?—oh, the usual monotonous life until the next time; so life went on.

"Dear me," she thought, "and is all life like mine? Is there *nothing* better that the world can give? Surely, one cannot *live* in a dancing hall or concert room. Well, what do other people do to be happy? Where *can* happiness be found?"

My dear reader, Mabel was asking herself a question that thousands of others are asking.

Are you one that is still seeking to satisfy the cravings that indwell you by drinking from life's broken cisterns?

Thank God, Mabel ended her search three years later.

Do you ask where? Do you think that it was in going to places of amusement? A thousand times no! She found her rest, her happiness, and everything that she craved for in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, dear reader, if you will only come to Jesus your aspect of life will change entirely.

Mabel found that the Lord had created in her heart the cravings and longings for an indefinable "something" or "someone" just that He in His tender love might turn her to Himself. In *Him* alone she found everlasting joy and happiness.

What *could* one crave for more? *He*, the altogether lovely One, stands at your heart's door. Will you admit Him? Is He not worthy?

E. D. G.



"OUR FRIEND THE CARPENTER HAD DECIDED TO HAMMER NO MORE. HE HAD GOT SOMETHING BETTER."

\* \* \*

### WHY HE DIDN'T COME.

ONE morning, about a month ago, a carpenter failed to put in an appearance at the house where he was working. Upon enquiry it was discovered that his wife had been left ninety-six thousand pounds, and that, in his altered position, our friend the carpenter had decided to hammer no more. He had got something better. This is the principle upon which Christians renounce the world. When they receive Christ they possess something infinitely better and richer than anything the world can give (Heb. x. 34).

### RUTH'S HAPPY CHOICE.

DO you know there is a book in the Bible named after a girl? She was called Ruth. A beautiful character she was, but an idolater, that is, she worshipped idols as many do now in India and Africa.

She and her sister Orpah, through the leading of the God of Israel, married Jewish husbands. In a few years they died, and Orpah and Ruth were left with their mother-in-law Naomi. After a time Naomi had a desire to return to her native town of Bethlehem, in Palestine. So the two daughters-in-law had to choose between remaining in their own idolatrous country or not.

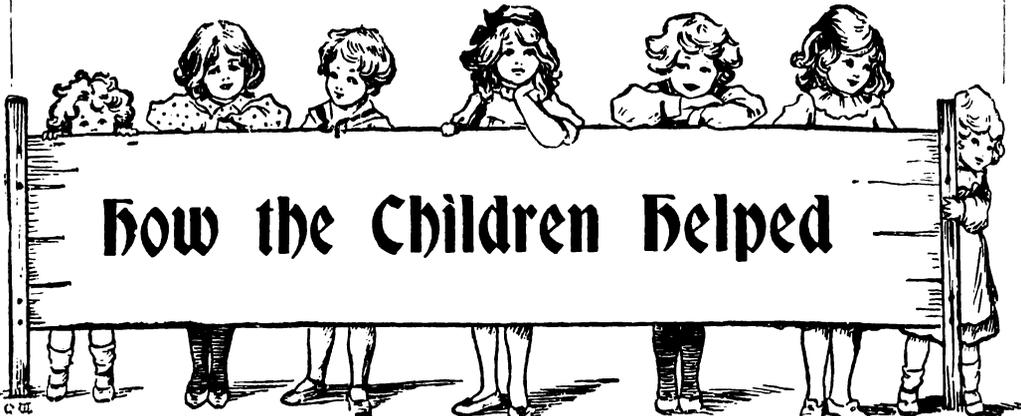
Ruth chose to go with Naomi, she loved her so much. She said, "I will not leave thee, thy God shall be my God." From that time the blessing of the God of Israel was upon her.

When settled in Bethlehem, she went to glean barley in the fields, to help the household food. By wonderful guidance she chose a field which she afterwards learned belonged to a near relative of the family. This man, whose name was Boaz, noticed this pretty, diligent young woman, spoke kindly to her, told her to continue gleaning in his fields, and also said to the other workers, "Let some barley ears be left for her"; so she was able to take home quite a quantity of barley each day.

The result of this friendship was, that the rich man Boaz loved the young widow Ruth, and married her. God blessed the union, and a little son was given them. He was named Obed, and he became the grandfather of David, king of Israel. You see from this beautiful Bible story, how one good step leads on to many more. Ruth made the service of the true God her choice, and found, as we read in 1 Tim. iv. 8, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

All young people have to choose in early life whether they are to serve Christ, or this world which will never satisfy their hearts.

Besides the happy life that Ruth enjoyed, she was brought into everlasting remembrance, as her name is mentioned in the genealogy of our Saviour in Matt. i. 5, who was born by descent as King of the Jews.



# How the Children Helped

## VII—JAMES HUDSON TAYLOR.

**W**HEN I am a man, I mean to be a missionary, and go to China!" Such was the resolve of a small boy of four or five years old, who afterwards became one of China's greatest missionaries.

But between this resolve and the actual fulfilling of it there lay many years of training and of difficulties. Through these years however there shone the golden hope of one day being the messenger of the good news to the far-away heathen land, into which very few of God's messengers had gained an entrance, and not one had been able to penetrate further than the ports on the sea coast. What sort of a boy was this, whose love for the Lord Jesus was so real and so deep as to fire his soul with the longing to tell others of that great love of God which was shed abroad in his own heart?

What was his name?

He was called James Hudson Taylor, and was a bright, sunny-hearted boy, capable of fun and mischief, and delighting in all outdoor pursuits, which he shared with his sister whom he loved most devotedly, even while he sometimes could not resist the temptation to tease her.

Many and many a happy Saturday afternoon these two spent together in the beautiful woods near their home, chasing butterflies and gathering flowers, to be taken home and carefully preserved for the collections that grew from these country walks. If the dear father could himself accompany them it was indeed a red-letter day, for he could tell them such wonderful things about the birds, and the flowers, and the butterflies.

Then, on reaching home, Mother would be ready to welcome them, and help them sort out

and preserve their treasures of natural history.

It was a happy home in which Hudson Taylor grew up, and it was a place very near to heaven, because God was loved and obeyed in it, and goodness was made attractive. Yet the discipline was firm, and while father and mother made their children happy, they expected prompt, unquestioning obedience, and self-control, knowing that unless the young folks learned these lessons early, they would grow up too wilful and too weak and selfish to be of much use in the service of God. So sometimes punishment and tears clouded the otherwise sunny days, and wrong-doing, though not constant, still entered at times into these little lives, and had to be dealt with by the parents, who loved their children far too truly to allow faults to go unchecked.

The years passed by. The story of them is too long to tell here, but through each day of these years the good hand of God was upon His young servant, guiding and upholding and strengthening him through the hard days of training, and at last taking him out to China.

Years again passed. Hudson Taylor had many disappointments and trials in China, but the God he loved and trusted never failed him, and had enabled him to bravely carry the banner of the cross into many places where hitherto it had never been uplifted. To his joy, too, some souls had been won for the Saviour, and he was pressing on to win more.

By this time he had a little daughter, Gracie, who was the joy of his heart.

One day, when they were walking together in a strange town, they came to an idol temple, and near by sat a man busily engaged in carving an idol out of a stump of wood.

Gracie knew that the Chinese people were idol-worshippers, but she had never before realized how terribly sad it was that they should make an ugly image for themselves, and then pray to it, and worship it, in the hope of getting what they prayed for, while all the time the great God in heaven was loving them and waiting to bless them.

The sorrow of it went deep into her little heart, and she said, "Oh father, do go and tell that poor man that Jesus loves him. But first, ask God to help him to understand."

"You pray, Gracie," said her father. So down upon her knees on the pathway Gracie dropped, and prayed with all her heart that God would make the poor man know that the Lord Jesus loved him, and could give him forgiveness and peace and joy.

That prayer went straight up to God's heart, as earnest, trustful prayer always does, and though she was only a little girl of eight years old, she was one of those children who have helped in the great battle against sin that God's people have been fighting in all ages.

E. A.



## THE HIGHLAND SHEPHERD.

IN the wild stretches of the Scottish moor an old shepherd and his wife lived in an isolated little cottage far away from human habitation. One day the wife was taken ill, and died suddenly, and when the minister heard, he set off on his long tramp to the lonely homestead, for he knew what a devoted couple they had been. When he arrived, he put his hand on the old man's shoulder with words of comfort.

"Ay," said the shepherd in his rugged way, "we've been acquaint these 50 years."

The words were brief, but behind them, a tremendous depth of pathos and meaning. The close intimacy of half a century, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, trials and pleasures—broken; the constant companion and friend parted from him.

The tie of earthly friendship and intimacy is very precious—getting acquainted with one another in a very real way, so that we may be a help and strength to each other—but there is something infinitely more precious, beautiful as human love and friendship are, and that is getting to know God. "Acquaint" now thyself with Him, and be at peace" (Job 22. 21). Such acquaintance grows deeper every day—more precious and blessed year by year. Christ is the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

## COME UNTO ME.

"SOMETHING very strange has come over F—. She takes not the slightest interest in anything, and says she cannot do so till she is saved.

"I have asked her why she does not consult you about it, but she says *you are not a Christian* and therefore you cannot help her." So wrote a young man to his aunt in London, concerning his sister.

On reading the letter his aunt burst into tears, exclaiming, "She says *I am not a Christian*." It seemed incredible that her niece, knowing what a good woman she was, could have thought so of her, and she was deeply hurt.

The words, however, proved a great blessing to her, showing her her true state in God's sight—a lost sinner—not a Christian.

"A most estimable woman" she was justly pronounced, kind-hearted, generous, and willing to give a helping hand to any one. It was hard to find that this weighed nothing in her soul's salvation, that even her righteousnesses were as filthy rags in God's sight, that God's forgiveness was offered to her as a sinner on the ground that Christ had died and shed His blood to atone to God for her sins.

On this ground God offers full forgiveness to everyone who in repentance turns to Him, and she saw her only claim to His forgiveness was that she was a sinner.

The humbling lesson was at last learnt, and as she was sitting alone one day, "weary and worn and sad," the words of the Lord Jesus came forcibly to her mind, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"But if I do come He will not receive me," she said half aloud.

Again the Lord's words came before her in greater power.

"Lord, I do come," was her glad response. She had found in Him a resting place, and He had made her "glad."

She now realized the vital difference there was between herself as a good religious woman hoping to gain heaven by her own merits and efforts, and herself as a Christian, as one who had turned to God and was trusting alone to what Christ by His atoning death had done for her as a sinner.

F. A.



"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

## DAVID'S MESSAGE TO CHILDREN.

"Come ye children, hearken unto me, and I will teach you the fear of the Lord."—PSA. xxxiv. 11.

**H**ERE David seems to have had a Bible Class: just think of it, King David like a Sunday School teacher! And the first word he says to the boys and girls is, "Come." What a fine word "come" is; "Come unto Me," are the first words our Lord says to us, and again He says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." A gentleman was speaking to a crowded meeting of young folks, and in the middle of his address he stopped, and a great silence fell upon the audience, and he said, "Who will come to Jesus just now?" All were very still and hushed, when a little boy, about seven years old, put up his hand and said, "I will, sir, I will."

The writer was preaching in a church in New Zealand, and he told this story. At the end of the service a little fellow of about seven years old came out of his pew and walked right up the passage, and up the pulpit steps, and into the pulpit, and said, "Sir, I want to give my heart to Jesus."

Now, would any of our young friends like to be saved? Well, you have only to accept the invitation of our Lord and come to Him, and He has pledged His word that He will not cast you out.

But one of you may say, "How am I to come?" Well, let us see what further word we find in King David's text; it is "Hearken," that is, listen, listen, hear—"hear and your soul shall live." God has only one thing to say to the sinner; it is, "Hear." God has got some good news to tell you; it is about His Son, how He died for us on the cruel cross, and so bore the judgment of our sins that we should have borne. Now we want you to notice this, that "faith cometh by hearing,"—to be saved you have only to listen to the word of God.

Oh, how beautifully simple this is! There was a Roman Catholic woman in Ireland who became troubled about her soul, and the priests and all her crosses, and masses, and prayers, could give her no peace. One day a faithful minister met her, and in the course of conversation repeated these words of God telling us that "the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." These words fell like a benediction on her ear, she listened, and said, "Is it true?" "Yes," the minister replied, "God says it; look, read it for yourself," and showing her the text, she believed and entered into "joy and peace in believing." This is how God saves us: we listen, and in listening we get faith, and faith links us for ever to the Lord Jesus Christ.

But David taught the dear young people something else. He said, "I will teach you the fear of the Lord." Oh that our hearts may ever be filled with the holy fear and reverence of the Lord! His name is holy. His book is holy, so when we pray, or read the Bible, let our hearts be filled with reverence, for we are unworthy ones every one of us, and we have to do with Him Who is the HOLY, HOLY, HOLY One. May we sit before Him and be taught "the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom," and listen to His own sweet voice as He calls us to Himself.

R. T. (Extracted.)

\* \* \*

## THE HIDDEN WILL.

**A**RICH man lost his only son, of whom he was very fond: and some time after he died himself. After searching in vain for his will, the State Attorney took up the case, and a sale of his household goods took place.

On the day of the auction a poor old woman, who had once nursed his only child, bought the boy's picture. She took it home, happy in having the portrait of the child she loved so dearly.

When repairing the back of the picture she found a legal document hidden there. She took it to the lawyer, who after examining it said, "You have certainly made a great find. This is the old man's will, and in it he has left all his property to the one who loved his boy well enough to buy his picture."

God, too, has left a will, by which untold riches become the inheritance of those who take the Lord Jesus Christ, for their own personal Saviour.

\* \* \*

## A TRAM CAR INCIDENT.

**T**HIE other day when I got into a tramcar I noticed a little girl in the car all alone but radiantly happy, humming a little tune to herself, a picture of joy.

I leaned forward and said, "Why, my little girl, aren't you afraid of riding all alone in this car?"

Her eyes went wide at my folly, her lips bubbled with laughter. "Oh," she said, "they can't hurt me on this tram; my father's the conductor."

We are thundering through the universe at inconceivable speed, swept through joy and grief, sickness and health, death and life, while all the time our heavenly Father is the conductor—only we don't always trust and sing in that way. If we trusted God more there would be more songs of praise upon our lips.

# 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, 1920.

(Matthew 9.—12.)

1. Name two things the Lord said to the man sick of the palsy.
2. Whom did Jesus call from the receipt of custom, and what did He say to him?
3. Whom did the Lord Jesus come to call?
4. What question did Jesus ask the blind men?
5. What did the Lord say of the cities that would not receive His disciples?
6. "Come . . . rest." Find this verse and write it out.
7. What question did John's two disciples ask?
8. What quotation from the Old Testament did the Lord use about John the Baptist?
9. "In this place is one greater than the temple." Who was this?
10. Whom did the Lord own as His brother, and sister, and mother?
11. Please read the rules *carefully*.

## 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 put Question 11 last month.—Please read the rules carefully. But I see you have not done so, as some still write the questions and some forget to put the chapter and verse where they find their answers. One searcher in Newcastle put no name on the paper. Another searcher wants a certificate for doing the searching for twelve months. We are considering the subject of certificates, but they would be given every six months, if at all, to those commended for their work but who were not up to the standard for prizes.

As I have often said before, the greatest reward in answering the questions is learning more of God's Holy Word. This will be a help to us all through our lives.

My love to you all, Your friend,—J. L.

# May Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—E. Fairbairn, John Foster, E. Hodgson, R. Scapson, D. Watts.  
**2nd Class.**—F. Berry, H. Benfield, J. Bishop, S. Bussey, A. Coxon, W. Champ, R. Devenish, G. Devenish, E. Harlett, B. Horne, I. Jones, E. Jones, D. Lefeaux, E. Litley, J. Macdonald, C. Mansfield, S. Major, E. Redman, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Smalley, J. Shell, Ruth Smith, H. Selley, M. Todd, D. Thomas, E. Wherlock, G. Wood.  
**3rd Class.**—H. Allibone, S. Arch, E. Baynes, E. Darrall, J. Foster, W. Good, H. Hughes, E. Martin.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Fairbairn, R. Griffiths, W. Hodgson, K. Ingram, H. Moore, H. Pilon, E. Spraggson, G. Smith, R. Smith, M. Silk, G. Scott, K. Thomas, A. Wood.  
**2nd Class.**—A. Barugh, N. Downs, E. Elliott, A. Elkes, N. Evans, G. Farrell, N. Ives, H. Johnson, N. Lefeaux, G. Lyle, D. Macdonald, S. McMillan, J. Messenger, R. Minifie, E. Routhan, L. Swall, W. Selley, G. Smith, C. Smith, I. Wareham, R. Wells, C. Willows.  
**3rd Class.**—M. Bean, M. Bussey, D. Combes, D. Gaines, Q. Hickson, V. Hickson, J. King, L. King, E. Price, W. Sanford, K. Stevens, E. Scott, F. Scudis.

## Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Doids, M. Lefeaux, C. McIver, A. Pilon, R. Pittuck, M. Weller.  
**2nd Class.**—S. Combes, I. Deacon, V. Gooch, W. Mitchell, F. Nottingham, M. Pavey, K. Redman, M. Tucker.  
**3rd Class.**—H. Bennett, D. Gapper, A. Hewines.

## Answers to May Questions.

(Matthew 4.—5.)

1. If Thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread (Matt. 4. 3).  
If Thou be the Son of God, cast Thyself down (Matt. 4. 6).
2. Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God (Matt. 4. 4).
3. From Deuteronomy and the Psalms.<sup>3</sup>
4. Simon Peter, Andrew, James and John (Matt. 4. 18-21).
5. The salt of the earth (Matt. 5. 13).  
The light of the world (Matt. 5. 14).
6. Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect (Matt. 5. 48).
7. We are to love our enemies and to pray for those who despitefully use us and persecute us (Matt. 5. 44).
8. The poor in spirit (Matt. 5. 3).  
Those who are persecuted for righteousness sake (Matt. 5. 10).
9. Thou shalt not forswear thyself (Lev. 19. 12).  
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth (Ex. 21. 24).
10. In sending His sun and rain upon all (Matt. 5. 45).

God,  
who is  
Rich  
in Mercy.

*Eph. 2. 4.*

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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THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 63A, BLACKFRIARS STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"THE YOUNG FARMER WENT EVERY NIGHT."

## NOW!

**Y**OUNG folks do not like to wait, they do not like to be put off; what they want very much they wish to have *now* at this very present moment. Well, this is God's word to you, my young friends, now, *now*. Just as you read these words Satan always whispers, "to-morrow" or "time enough to be saved," "wait a bit," "no hurry." But God Who cannot lie, says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." You must be saved in God's time and His time is this very moment.

A young farmer in Canada went to some meetings that were held in a little chapel in which an earnest young evangelist was faithfully preaching the Gospel. Many were saved; but this young farmer, though he went every night, was still unconverted. One morning he was awakened early by the noise of a trap going across the wooden bridge near his house. He jumped up and saw a farmer driving the young preacher away to catch an early train. This touched his heart very much, he thought all was over, no hope left to him, the Gospel had gone with the young preacher. As he was ploughing that day he stopped and sat down on the handles of the plough bewailing his state. Suddenly the words came into his heart, "Behold, now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation." He jumped up, exclaiming, "the preacher has gone, but God is here able to save sinners," and there on the field, he believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved.

A gentleman whom I know very well was addressing a meeting one afternoon, and sitting not far from him was a young man, well and strong, but in twenty-four hours he was in eternity. You see how little time there is to lose. So dear young readers, do not listen to Satan's "to-morrow," but accept of God's "now," come to our Lord *now* confessing your sins, and He has pledged His word to save you.  
R. T. (selected).

\* \* \*

## THE EARLY VISIT.

**I** WONDER what is bringing Sarah here at this hour of the day?" thought two maiden ladies as they saw their widowed sister drive up to the door in her pony carriage soon after breakfast one morning.

Her face showed that something more than common had taken place, as indeed was the case, for on the previous day after realizing for some time that she was a sinner in God's sight, she had completely turned to Him as such, and had trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as her own personal Saviour.

In her newly-found happiness her thoughts had turned to her mother and sisters—hence the early visit.

Anxious to hear the news, her sisters closely followed her into the room where their mother, a fine old lady of nearly ninety, was sitting, but what was their surprise and anger when their elder sister, the moment she was seated, turned to their mother, and said, "Mother, are you saved?"

"Ye-es, my dear, I *hope* so," stammered the old lady.

"Then how is it you never told *me*," said her daughter, in a tone of astonishment.

Conscience-stricken, her mother made no reply, but how anyone could know Christ as their Saviour, without seeking to bring those around them to Him, or warning them of their awful danger, if they refused Him, was now beyond Mrs. E.'s comprehension.

It may be that she had never been able "to read her title clear." In her youth she had been a member of a Bible class held by the wife of the well-known Mr. Fletcher, of Madely. Doubtless the good seed then sown had taken root in her heart, but there had been little in her life to help, and much to hinder its growth. Anyway, no one had ever heard her speak a word for the Saviour, though her meek and quiet spirit and blameless life would have given weight to her words if she had.

As her mother still sat in troubled silence, she then turned to her indignant sisters—

"Ann, are *you* saved?"

"I am quite as good as *you*," was the sharp retort.

"Are *you* saved, Jane?"

"I am quite as religious as *you*."

Both answers told their own tale, but their sister's question had brought the conviction to them that they were not right with God, and soon their hearts' cry was—"What must I do to be saved?"

Ann was the first to find peace. Jane, the younger sister passed through deeper waters.

"What shall I do? Oh! what shall I do?" she almost groaned out in the realization of her own sinfulness and helplessness.

"Aunt Jane," said her niece, to whom the words were addressed, "Christ died for *you*, a sinner."

"Christ died for *me*, a sinner," she repeated, as if trying to take in the meaning of the words, and as she went about her household duties, the words continually fell from her lips, "Christ died for me a sinner, for *me*," and then she simply believed, and rested on the precious truth she was stating, and consequently peace and joy filled her heart.



"AWAITING CUSTOMERS FOR PENNY RIDES."

### A BRAVE DONKEY BOY.

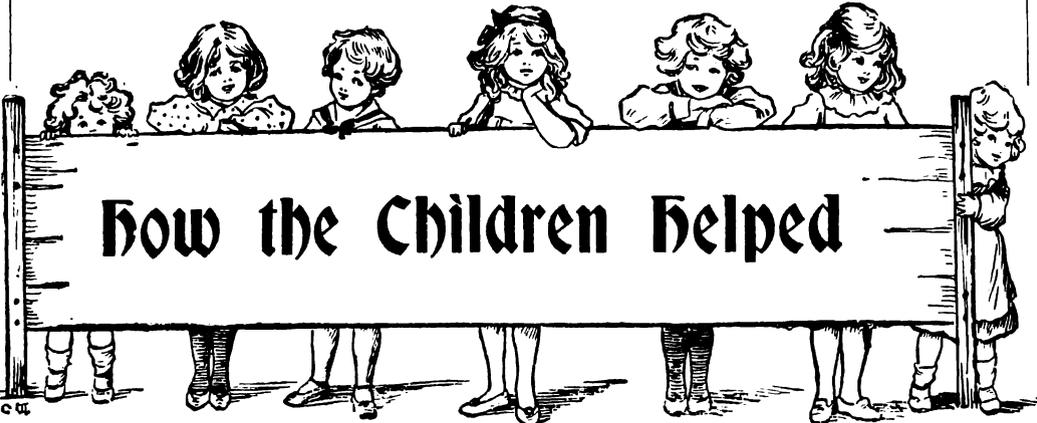
**T**ODAY, in the golden sunshine, thousands of boys and girls, accompanied by the teachers and friends, are romping along the sandy beach, and wading in the pools among the rocks. The presence of half-a-dozen of donkey boys, awaiting customers for "penny rides" recalls an incident of many years ago, in which one of these donkey boys was the hero.

A Sunday School "trip" of country children had come in the early forenoon for their Annual Trip to the seashore, and a number of the younger boys, unaware of the dangers of certain places of that shore, had slipped away from the rest and gone to bathe. All went well, until two of the more venturesome lads, getting hold of a boat, went out to get deeper water in which to swim. The strong current of the ebbing tide swept the younger of the two off his feet, and a cry of distress from his companion turned all eyes to the sea, where the helpless boy was seen waving his hands, and pointing to where his comrade was disappearing in the water.

There was no swimmer to rescue the drowning lad. A donkey boy was within call, and, throwing off his jacket as he ran, he dashed past the

others and struck out for the spot where the boy had disappeared beneath the waves. A minute more and he was on the shore with the half-drowned boy borne on his arm. But that act of rescue was not forgotten, for the rescued boy's father presented Dick the donkey boy with a watch as a token of his gratitude. My story has in it that which very simply sets forth (1) the sinking sinner, (2) the rescuing Saviour, (3) the trusting sinner, saved and thankful. We are *all* like the drowning lad, "without strength" to save ourselves (Rom. v. 9). For *all* the Son of God came to save (John iii. 17), yet only those who yield to Him are rescued.

On a steamer crossing from England to Ireland a gentleman was urging that living a good life was the only way to heaven, while a girl was showing from the Word of God that nothing but the death of Christ could save. To illustrate it she said, "Supposing you had fallen off this ship into the water and were unable to swim. All your efforts to save yourself would not help you at all. What you would need would be a strong swimmer to spring in and save you. Even then until you had ceased your struggles and had given yourself up to him to save, he could not help you. So Christ Jesus came into the world to *save* sinners."



# How the Children Helped

## VIII. A PRINCESS'S CHOICE.

**N**OT that you would think her like a princess, if you could see her, but that's only because our English ideas of beauty differ from those of the country where she lives, and it does not follow that our ideas are right!

She is a little black girl, and lives in a kraal in Swaziland.

"What's a 'kraal,' and where is Swaziland?"

A "kraal" is a collection of dried-grass huts, forming a village, and is the name given to the native dwellings by the Dutch when they went over to Africa some two or three centuries ago, and settled among the black people who were the inhabitants. You will find Swaziland marked on the map of Africa, on the south-east coast, just north of Natal.

"Fifi" is the princess's name, and the English meaning of it is "Tin." Now tin does not count as very valuable here at home, but in Fifi's country it is considered a precious metal, and no doubt when her mother gave her little baby girl that name, it was thought a very pleasant token of her value.

Fifi's mother was one of the wives of the late king of the Ezulwini district, and she is now Chieftainess. That's how it comes about that Fifi is "Nkosazana ya s' Ezulwini," or Princess of Ezulwini kraal.

Two or three years the Chieftainess wished her little daughter to come to the Christian Mission School at Ezulwini as a boarder, but of course her rank must be recognized: she must not be treated like the ordinary girls. At least it did not sound quite like that in Swazi language, but it is what she meant.

The missionary ladies answered that if Fifi came to school she would be treated exactly like the other children.

Fifi came, and the very first day another child accidentally knocked against her, and her pride was greatly hurt. She carried home the tale to her mother, who came angrily demanding an apology. The teacher said Fifi had better stay at home if she was going to be a source of trouble in the school. Peace, however, was restored, and soon Fifi settled down quite happily, and became a very sweet, obedient little girl, quite friendly with all the others.

School days slipped by, with lessons and play, and Fifi learnt quite a lot of useful things, and much enjoyed her life at the Mission School. When she had been there about a year, some special revival services were held, and then she decided to give her heart and her life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

She was very quiet and unobtrusive, and did not say very much about the great change that had taken place, and her teachers did not know how deep a work the Holy Spirit had been doing in her heart until some months afterwards.

A message came one day to her from her home saying that there was to be a big heathen dance and beer drink, at her home, in her honour, and her presence was requested.

Now Fifi knew quite well that this festival would be attended with very much that was terribly wicked, so she sent back word that she could not come. Her words were, "I belong to Jesus, and want to follow Him, so I will have nothing to do with this heathen dance. If you want to dance, you must dance to a heathen, and not to me, for I am a Christian."

Don't you think it was very brave and splendid of her? It meant that she would lose her place in the kraal, and her mother would perhaps be angry with her, but she made the same choice that Moses did. If you

look up Heb. xi. 24 and 25, you will see what that was.

The God who gave Moses, that great and holy man, strength and courage to make such a loyal stand for Him, is the same God who gave little black Fifi a like courage in the face of temptation. And you, my dear young reader, will find that He will help you too, when you have to make a brave decision between right and wrong.



### HILDA'S TEMPTATION.

**H**ILDA SMITH had recently accepted Christ as her Saviour, and was determined to let her light shine, and try to win others to Him. But she found, as others have done, that the Christian's path is not one of roses.

Being engaged in a city office, more than once she was instructed by her employer to say he was out, when he was busily engaged. This preyed upon her mind very much, so much so that she consulted her Sunday School Superintendent on the matter. "I cannot tell an untruth," she said, "and I might lose my situation."

"Never mind that," he replied, "God is watching over you, and if you are faithful to Him, a way will be opened for you; take it to the Lord in prayer, and stand up boldly for Him."

Again she was instructed to say her employer was out, and she refused.

"Well, I can't have any Christian girls here," he said, "and you must leave."

Hilda, remembering her Superintendent's words, left her employment, and sauntering a few days afterwards in the city seeking a new situation, she stopped before a solicitor's office. "Why shouldn't I go in there," she thought, "there will be no harm done. I will go in and enquire."

Being ushered in before a kind-looking gentleman, the latter naturally enquired of her why she had left her last place. Hilda related the facts. "Well, my young lady, I am pleased to tell you that I too am a Christian, and I am delighted to think you stood up boldly for the Master. I am in want of a clerk, and shall be very pleased to engage you."

Hilda to-day is praising God for the way He has led her. Perhaps some of the readers of this story are placed in similar positions, and are tempted to deny their Lord and give way as this young girl was. Take heed, and rest assured that if God be for us, none can be against us, and that we shall come off more than conquerors through Him who loves us. Remember that for every temptation there is a way of escape.

### A REAL FRIEND.

**I**N the biography of the Earl of Shaftesbury we find these words: "There was in the household a faithful old servant, Maria Millis, who had been maid to young Ashley's mother when she was a girl at Blenheim, and who was now retained as housekeeper. She was a simple-hearted, loving, Christian woman, faithful in her duties to her earthly master, and faithful in her higher duties to her heavenly Master. She formed a strong attachment to the gentle, serious child, and would take him on her knees and tell him Bible stories, especially the sweet story of the manger of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary. It was her hand that touched the chords and awakened the first music of his spiritual life. Although not yet seven years of age, there was in his heart a distinct yearning for God; and to her he was indebted for the guidance and the training under which the longing of his heart was ultimately developed into a settled and intelligent faith. . . . When Maria Millis was called to her rest, in her will she left him her watch, and until the day of his death he never wore any other. He was fond to the last of showing it, and would say, 'That was given to me by the best friend I ever had in this world.'" What a testimony! "The best friend I ever had in this world" Why? She brought him to Jesus.



### "I WILL COME AGAIN."

**D**URING the recent war, after a German attack, an American boy who came back to our lines discovered that his "pal," with whom he had fought side by side, was missing; he immediately asked permission to go back over the field and get him.

His officer advised him not to go, and said: "If you do, it will not be worth while. Go at your risk, but it will cost you your life."

The boy went out, found his friend badly hurt, and brought him back near our line, but at that point the wounded soldier died. The rescuer himself was then shot. Dying, he crawled back within the line.

The officer, leaning over him just before he died, said: "I told you you would lose your life. Was it worth while?"

"Yes, sir," replied the dying soldier. "He said he knew I would come."

The Master said He would rise again, and he kept His word. The Master says He will come again, and He will surely keep that word, too.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word abideth for ever." Trust it; earthly friends may fail us, but He is faithful.

## CALLING A MEETING IN AFRICA.

HERE are no public clocks to tell the time, no bells to call the people together to hear the Gospel, in the heart of Africa. A man blows a bugle to bring together the natives from the villages, to the place where an open-air meeting is to be held. There are no seats required, they squat on the grass, and there listen, many of them for the first time, to the old story of the Cross, old to us, but new to them. How wonderful it all is to those who have never heard it before. Slavery, cruelty, war and bloodshed they knew, but love, and especially the love of God, is new, and unheard of by them.

Need we wonder that an old chief who heard of God's love to sinners for the first time said: "Why were you so long in coming to tell us of it?" In these favoured lands with their many privileges, those who have heard the Gospel from earliest years, often treat it with indifference, and may turn away from it altogether. How solemn the responsibility of refusing to receive the message which has come to your ears, while millions live and die in darkness, without hearing its joyful sound.



## SOWING AND REAPING.

I DARESAY many of my young readers who live in the country, have seen a man in the fields with a basket in front of him, from which he took handfulls of seed, and cast across the ploughed soil. A little while before, the plough had gone over the ground, and broken it all up to receive the seed. Now the farmer and his servants are putting the seed into the prepared soil, and in a few months, when the golden autumn sun is shining upon golden fields, you will see them reaping in that same field, where in the springtime the seed was sown.

And there is one thing you will always find; that is, the very same kind of crop will be reaped in harvest as was sown in seed in the spring. If the farmer sows wheat, he reaps wheat. If he sows barley, he reaps barley. No farmer expects to reap wheat from tare seed; he reaps exactly the same kind of crop as he sowed. And so do we all. Our lives have a sowing and a reaping time, and God solemnly says, "Whatsoever a man soweth, THAT shall he also reap" (Gal. vi. 7). If you sow sin, forgetful of God, neglecting salvation, you must reap the same. If in the spring-time of your lives, you receive into your hearts the good seed of the Word of God, and the Son of God as your Saviour, you will bring forth the good fruit of a holy life; and you will be a glorious eternity

"for ever with the Lord." What are you sowing? Pause and think. What you sow you must reap. If you receive the good seed, which is the Word of God, into your heart, it will cause you to reap a golden harvest.



## THE FISHER LAD'S STORY.

ON a Northern trawler, fishing on the great North Sea, was a fisher lad, whose godly mother had put a Testament in his kit.

It was his first voyage, and he was aware of its dangers, for many a vessel with her gallant crew has gone down under the billows raised by November storms. But God is on the sea as well as on the land, and He sends His messengers of mercy on these great waters.

On the Sunday afternoon a Mission Ship appeared in the fishing fleet, and to his joyful surprise, her captain came on board, and had a short meeting. Tears filled the blue eyes of the fisher lad as he heard "the old, old story of Jesus and His love" told out on the great waters, just as he had heard it at his mother's knee.

On his arrival at home, he told of that service on the sea remarking, "It was the same Gospel and the same Jesus that you have mother."

When he came home the second time he was able to add, "And your Jesus is my Jesus now, mother." This was indeed joyful news.

It makes all the difference just to make the message and the Saviour one's own.

## PRIZE LIST.

### Age over 12 years.

1. GEORGE WOOD, age 15. 10, Priestman Terrace, Manningham, Bradford.
  2. ETHEL FAIRBAIRN, age 15. Whittin-beam, Northumberland.
  3. CUTHBERT MANSFIELD, age 15. 71, Bracebridge St., Nunclon.
  1. EVA HODGSON, age 11. 18, Sedgwick St., Darlington.
- COMMENDED.
10. Devenish, D. Thomas, John Foster, H. Selley.

### Age 10 to 12 years.

1. ROSALIE GIFFETHS, age 10. 12, Pantou Rd., Hoole, Chester.
  2. HILDA MOORE, age 12. 5, Morley St., Gainsborough.
  3. MILDRED STEL, age 11. Dairy Lodge, Alnwick.
  4. ALEC FAIRBAIRN, age 11. Whittingham, Northumberland.
- COMMENDED.
- W. Hodgson, F. Jenkins, A. Mansfield, W. Selley.

### Age under 10 years.

1. CHRISTIE McIVER, Sathanoor, via Kankudhalli, Bangalore District, S. India.
  2. ANNIE DODDS, age 9. 101, Castle Terrace, Ashington, Northumberland.
  3. MARY WELDER, age 9. 61, Lewisham Road, S.E.13.
  4. MARY TUCKER, Dock Cottage, West Hill, Portishead.
- COMMENDED.
1. Deacon, A. Hewines, M. Lefeaux, M. Pavey.

# 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, 1920.

Matt. 13-15.

1. How many parables are there in Matt. 13?
2. In how many places did the good seed fall?
3. What saying of the prophet was fulfilled by Jesus speaking in parables?
4. "O thou of little faith." By whom were these words spoken? Why?
5. What command about parents did the Lord Jesus quote?
6. What did Jesus answer when the people were offended in Him?
7. In the two cases of feeding the multitudes, how many loaves were there? How many people? How much was left over?
8. What did the disciples say when they saw Jesus walking on the sea? What did He answer?
9. Why did the multitude glorify the God of Israel?
10. The woman of Canaan spoke to the Lord three times. What did she say?

## 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 4d. 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. The prize-winners are very near together as usual, and those commended are not far behind. I hope these will win prizes at the end of the year.

Notice carefully if there are two parts to a question and answer both. Many of you gave only half the answer to Question 1 for June. Write your answers in as few words as possible, like those given each month.

You will be having holidays when this Magazine reaches you. I hope you will all enjoy them, and do something to add to the happiness of others. Make time to do your searching. Our answers for August are usually rather few.

My love to you all, Your friend, J. L.

## June Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Allibone, S. Arch, F. Berry, S. Bussey, W. Champ, A. Coxon, E. Darrah, R. Devenish, R. Dowdell, E. Fairbairn, John Foster, E. Horne, G. Holder, E. Hodgson, I. Jones, E. Jones, W. Johnson, D. Lefeaux, J. Macfarlane, E. Martin, C. Munfield, M. Phenister, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, V. Routhan, D. Swall, E. Swann, J. Shell, H. Selley, Ruth Smith, D. Thomas, H. Thompson, G. Wood.
- 2nd Class.**—E. Baynes, P. Crookes, G. Devenish, J. Foster, H. Hughes, E. Luley, S. Major, T. Morris, E. Routhan, L. Rice, C. Rose, O. Smalley, R. Swepson, M. Todd.
- 3rd Class.**—J. Bishop, E. Wherlock, J. Webster.

### Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, B. Griffiths, O. Hickson, W. Hodgeson, F. Jenkins, J. King, L. King, D. Macdonald, H. Moore, R. Shell, R. Smith, C. Smith, M. Silk, E. Scott, F. Scuddis, K. Thomas, R. Trotter, C. Twaits, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.
- 2nd Class.**—A. Baruzh, M. Bussy, D. Combes, W. Dargie, E. Elliott, A. Elks, N. Evans, D. Gaines, A. Jameson, H. Johnson, H. Lewis, N. Lefeaux, A. Mansfield, S. McMillan, J. Messenger, B. Minifie, J. Rillie, E. Routhan, L. Swall, E. Spraggon, W. Selley, O. Smith, G. Smith, J. Taylor, E. Thompson.
- 3rd Class.**—D. Anderson, M. Bean, E. Burrett, F. Combes, V. Hickson, N. Ives, J. Treson, G. Loyal, K. Morton, K. Stevens, I. Warham.

### Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Bennett, A. Dodds, A. Hewines, M. Lefeaux, C. McIver, F. Nottingham, M. Pavey, M. Tucker, M. Weller.
- 2nd Class.**—V. Gooch.
- 3rd Class.**—I. Deacon, D. Gapper.

## Answers to June Questions.

Matt. 6-8.

1. Giving alms and praying (Matt. 6. 1, 6).
2. In heaven (Matt. 6. 20).
3. The broad way leads to destruction and the narrow way leads to life (Matt. 7. 13, 14).
4. Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean (Matt. 8. 2).
5. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head (Matt. 8. 20).
6. Lord, save us: we perish (Matt. 8. 25).
7. That God feeds them and He will also care for us (Matt. 6. 26).
8. Part of Matt. 7. 11 written out.
9. Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith; no, not in Israel (Matt. 8. 10).
10. Five. The leper, the centurion's servant, Peter's wife's mother, and the two demoniacs.
11. Please read the rules *carefully*.

Christ  
also  
Suffered  
for us.

*1 Peter 3. 21.*

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.** | **GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTOL PLACE, EDINBURGH.**  
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# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



"ARCHIE GOT INTO THE FOOTBALL TEAM."

## ON OPPOSITE SIDES.

**H**AVE you ever seen a river at its source? It is quite a tiny mountain stream.

Let us suppose two boys following such a stream from its source right down to the sea. At first it is so narrow that they can join hands across it when one walks on each bank. Later on the burn widens, but they can still reach one another by jumping across the stones which project from the bed of the stream. Presently the stream broadens and deepens. It is hardly safe to wade across it now. Here and there are bridges, so that our two friends can meet occasionally if they wish to.

They continue, however, one on each side of the stream, which now becomes a swift-flowing river dividing the two friends by quite a hundred yards. They call to one another until the distance is too great to hear. By-and-by they can hardly see one another, and the river flows through busy cities where the friends quite lose sight of each other and pursue their journey alone.

Later on one of them looks over a magnificent stretch of water. It is the river estuary several miles across. Somewhere on the other side is his friend, but what a barrier lies between. Yet they started close together, and it is the same stream that they played beside up in the hills. The distance between them is there because they took different sides of the stream and gradually got farther and farther apart.

Such is the story of Eric Seaton and Archie Donald.

When life's stream was young they played together on its mossy banks; they followed its course together for many a year till the stream widened out, and when this took place it found Eric on one bank and Archie on the other.

So far as I know they are still on different sides of the great river of life, separated by everything that really matters, for one has chosen Christ as his Saviour, and is travelling to a destination prepared for those who know and follow Him here below. His friend, alas, is moving farther and farther from the path that leads to life, and his destiny, unless his course is changed in time, will be as far separated from the friend of his youth as heaven is from hell!

As they reached their teens these two fellows were both sent to H— College. They both slept in the same dormitory, both worked in the same form, both played the same games, though it was Archie who succeeded in getting into the football team after the first practice match—something of an honour for a new boy.

One night after preparation the whole school

was assembled, and a visitor who had come to address them for a short time was introduced by the headmaster.

Visitors of this kind were not uncommon at H—, for the head-master was glad to give facilities of this kind to anyone who happened to be in the neighbourhood, who could interest and instruct the School. Sometimes a noted scientist would lecture, or a returned missionary would give an account of his work and appeal for support for foreign missions.

To-night it was something quite different—something the School had never experienced before.

The visitor was Mr. E. Arrowsmith, well known for his evangelistic work and especially his interest in schoolboys, and as he spoke for a very short time in earnest, solemn tones, many a lad in that schoolroom realized for the first time the sinfulness of sin and the awfulness of a lost eternity.

With a closing appeal to all to seek the Saviour, whose atoning death alone can save from the power and penalty of sin, the speaker asked that all heads might be bowed in silent prayer.

Many a troubled heart throbbed during those tense moments. Eric Seaton was torn between real anxiety about his soul and fear of what Archie would think of it.

Archie's first words when they met afterwards were a scornful sneer at "that sort of thing," but this may have been assumed to hide a wounded conscience.

Eric was never really happy again till the awful fear of death and judgment was removed for him one night when he took the whole matter to the only one who can help in soul trouble, our Lord Jesus Christ.

For many a day he had tried to forget it, to drown his fears in games and other boyish pursuits, but the overwhelming sense of sin and guilt always returned at awkward times when Eric was alone.

That night, in confession of need and utter helplessness in himself, he came to the One who says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out." A deep sense of relief filled his heart as he realized that the remedy for everything is in the Saviour's atoning death, and not in anything that we can do or be. God's own word gave him assurance of forgiveness "through His name," and the knowledge that his soul's salvation was now a settled matter once and for ever.

When this happened Archie had already left the School to enter his father's office, and as Eric shrank from the satire of his old friend it was a long time before they met. At last he decided to go and tell Archie that he had

decided for Christ, and that he had been infinitely happier since he came with all his sins to the Saviour.

Archie did not scoff. He seemed to be rather impressed by his friend's hesitating confession. Still he made it quite clear that he did not intend to be a Christian just at present.

On he goes on the other side of the stream, which grows wider at every mile. Will they meet again? Perhaps there may be another bridge lower down.

In the dark days of the war it happened that these two spent an hour together on one of Archie's short "home-leaves" from the front.

He had seen something of life—and death—in the interval, and after the first hearty greeting it was not long before Eric asked him the all-important question, was it right with his soul, was he saved yet?

Archie seemed to have expected the attack and he was quite ready to debate the matter. Time had hardened him, and the infidel notions of the day strengthened his resistance against the voice of conscience and God's word to him.

After a long talk he said: "At any rate, I don't intend to turn Christian now; it would seem as if I had just done it for what I could get out of it."

He objected to being a receiver, ignoring the wonderful fact that God delights to bless the undeserving, and that He is now revealed as a giving God, freely giving eternal life to all those who receive His Son.

This is our last glimpse of Archie Donald. Somewhere on the other bank he pursues his way, without God, without Christ, without hope. And there are many Archies. . . .

J. A. S.



## DANGER AHEAD!

ONE summer a lady and gentleman decided to spend their holidays yachting off the coast of Scotland. Accordingly they and their staff set off northwards to join the yacht which was lying in the Clyde. After many delightful cruises amidst the beautiful scenery, one evening towards dusk they moored in the Clyde, where they were to spend the night.

After dinner and a lounge on deck, they retired to bed, followed shortly by the members of the staff, leaving one man on deck, on guard to see that all was in order, lamps alight, etc. All who went to bed slept restfully, little thinking of any danger, or that death was just hovering over them, but with pleasurable anticipations of the next day's excursion.

In the early hours of the morning, a large vessel bore down upon them—coming in the direct path of the yacht. Before the "look-out" man was aware and could give the alarm, the great vessel had cut the frail craft in halves, the two portions instantly sinking like stones—without any warning. The sleepers could hardly have been roused before the crash came, and must have perished almost before realizing their danger—cut off without any chance of escape.

Someone had blundered, for the pilot on the oncoming vessel declared there was no light on the yacht, and that in the darkness he never saw it until too late—when he was just upon it and could not avert the collision.

Is our light burning? Or, in other words, are we wearing the robe of Christ's righteousness, bearing *His* mark, so that in the day when He comes His garnering Angel may know that we belong to Him?

It reminds us of that memorable night in Egypt, when the avenging angel passed through the land, and passed over those houses where the blood was sprinkled on the lintels of the doors. We all know the story of the child who would not rest until he was assured that the blood was *really* sprinkled there. He repeatedly kept asking his father, who had left it to the servants and trusted them to do it. At last to convince him the father carried him out, and to his horror, saw that his servants had disobeyed the orders, which would have meant death to his first-born. Instantly he commanded it to be done, and then the child went peacefully to rest, knowing himself safe now that the blood was there.

Christ died for us, and if we are washed in His precious blood we are safe for time and eternity. "When I see the blood I will pass over you" (Exod. xii. 13). May we take our stand in that great place of safety. A. W.

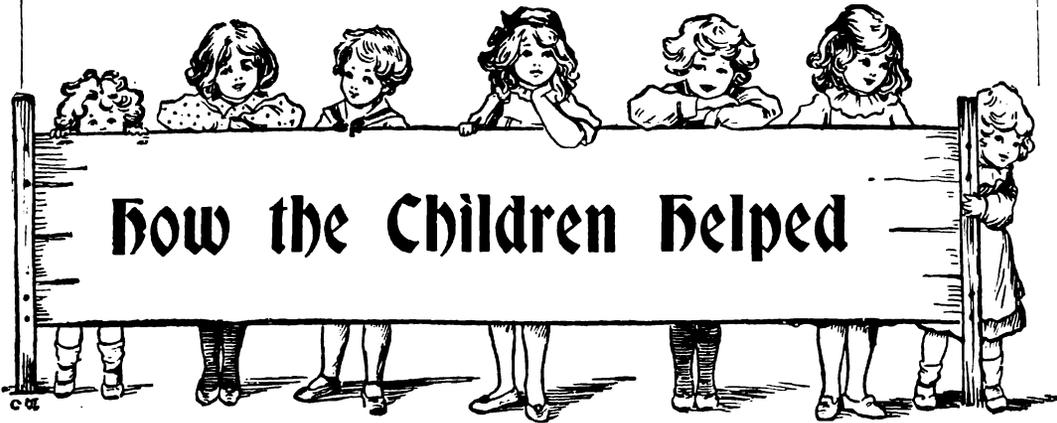


## A BAD HALFPENNY.

A LITTLE girl once told a gentleman that she was saving up £1000. "How much have you got now?" she was asked. "Only a halfpenny," was the reply.

It sounds amusing, but people who are trying to save up good works in the hope that they will thereby merit heaven, will never be able to save up the equivalent of a halfpenny—or if they could it *would be a bad one!*

God says, "all our righteousnesses" are as filthy rags, and that salvation is "not of works, lest any man should boast."



### IX.—THE MISSIONARY POTATO.

IT was in a plain, square, uncarpeted and unadorned building that it happened. James and Stephen Holt came to this church every Sunday of their lives. Their lives were not very old ones—in fact they were quite young, just school boys, and they lived in America, in a country place not far from Chicago.

On this particular Sunday they stood talking together about the mission collection. They felt rather bad about it, for a missionary collection was a new thing in their church, and neither of them had even a halfpenny to give. All the rest of the class had brought something, but James and Stephen had nothing. So they were putting their heads together to try and work out some plan by which they too could give.

Suddenly James spied a potato in one corner under a seat. "How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head towards it. "Somebody must have dropped it at Harvest Thanksgiving. I say, Stephe, we might give it. It belongs to us as much as to anybody else."

Stephen looked long and thoughtfully at the potato, and said, "That's an idea! Let's give it."

"Honour bright?" said James.

"Yes, honour bright."

"How? Split it in two and each of us put half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing. "We can't get it ready to give to-day, but suppose we take it home, and plant it, and then sell every potato that comes from it for the missionary cause."

"Right!" said James; and though their faces got rather red when the plate was passed and they had to shake their heads because they had nothing to give, their hearts were glad and

full of hope because of the plan that had come to their minds.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the sun and the dew about that potato. You never saw anything like it.

"Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was let into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes like that, it would make my fortune."

When the time came for digging up the crop, there were forty-one good sound splendid potatoes sprung from that one.

Next Thursday there was to be a big mass missionary meeting, for the church was getting very keen on missionary work. Having had a taste of giving, the people had found out the joy of it.

James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes very carefully, and then having written out forty-one labels, they pasted one on to each of the nice clean shining potatoes. This is what the labels said:—

"THIS IS A MISSIONARY POTATO;

its price is ten cents: it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to someone who will promise that he will plant it in the spring and give every one of its children to missions."

(Signed) James and Stephen Holt.

Didn't those potatoes go off! By three o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one of them was left, though a gentleman offered to give a gold dollar for one.

James and Stephen went on with their work for helping the missionaries, and they each have a thriving "missionary" garden.

So that's how these two schoolboys helped. There are such lots of ways that boys and girls

can find out in which they may help in the great work of sending the sweet story of old to people who have not heard it. But remember this—first and foremost and most important of all is to do what Paul said of some friends of his in 2 Cor. viii. 5: "They first gave *themselves* to the Lord"—the Lord Jesus wants *you* first, and then your work: for the only work that He can accept and use is that which comes from a heart and life that are yielded to Him.

E. A.



### HALF A BIBLE.

**D**URING the last century a Christian missionary was once calling for the small regular subscription from a man who could not afford to buy a Bible at once. As the missionary came to the gate the man said, "I am sorry, but work has been so bad that I cannot get my little money together to take us into the country when master sends us for the hay-making, so I am afraid I shall have to make my part of a Bible do until I come back."

"Let me see the part you talk of," replied the missionary.

"Here it is," said he, producing half a Bible.

"It looks well used, but how came you to have it in this cut state?"

"Well, you see, when my mother died, I and my brother both wanted it, so we cut it in half, and he had the New Testament and I the Old. I take it with me every year to read in the hay fields to my comrades."

The missionary, needless to say, was much cheered by such real appreciation of the Bible, so called the following day and left his own much-valued one with the man as a gift.

In these days it would be difficult to find any one who was too poor to buy a Bible for themselves, but alas! do we see many who so value the Scriptures that even half a Bible would be considered a treasure?



### WHAT DO THE BIRDS TEACH US?

**W**E can learn much from the birds; the Bible often speaks of them, and the Lord Jesus frequently referred to them when teaching the people.

Let us begin with the OWL. The owl is a bird of the night. He loves the darkness, and blinks and is half blinded when the sun shines on his face. It is in the night time that he seeks out his prey, and many a poor little sparrow has been snatched out of the nest while asleep, and killed and eaten by this night bird of prey.

Satan, our great enemy, loves the darkness of sin and ignorance of God; and it is when we are living away from God that he catches us before we are aware of what he is doing, and does his utmost to destroy our souls. Those who don't want to listen to the Word of God and prefer to live in the darkness of self-will and disobedience to Christ fall an easy prey to our great, stealthy, cunning enemy. But when we come to the Light of the world and get the light and love of God in our souls, Satan knows that we are for ever beyond his power to destroy us. Don't let us play into the hands of Satan by remaining a day longer in the darkness of sin and distance from God and His love.

One of the most interesting birds to watch on the wing is the SWALLOW. He seems always on the go, always enjoying himself on his swift, strong wings, and is one of the last birds to get home at night.

Does he not remind us of those who live as if God had made them butterflies, and they had no other business in life than to amuse themselves? To play is quite right and proper, and it is sad for any boy or girl to be prevented from taking part in proper games by reason of sickness, or weakness of body, or overmuch home duty. But our souls are not playthings, and there is something better and higher to go in for than to be able to play well. "First things first," says the Bible. "First things first," echoes back our conscience.

It is said of the OSTRICH that sometimes when pursued by the hunter he will hide his head in the sand, as if he thought that because he could not see the hunter, the hunter could not see him! Just a picture of those foolish people who won't face the facts, but prefer to live in pleasant dreamland. They refuse to think about their sins and the way to be saved, because it makes them feel uneasy and they would rather remain in comfortable ignorance. Better far face out the matter now and get things put right between our souls and God. Do you not think so?

There's no need to explain what the PEACOCK is a picture of; we are all familiar with the saying, "As proud as a peacock." But his tail, of which he is so vain, becomes his chief drawback and hindrance when he is overtaken in a gust of wind or shower of rain.

It is astonishing how almost everybody has something which he is proud of. Some are actually proud of being great sinners; they think they have more pluck than ordinary people because they are more ready to do wrong and silly things. Others are proud of being—so they think—better than other people. Some are very proud of keeping their promises; in fact they think that keeping their promises is

a kind of religion which will take them to heaven at last! The Pharisee in the parable was like the peacock. He was too proud to own up to God about his sins, and only told God how good he was. And we know that he got no blessing. The first step to blessing is to come down and confess to the Lord that we are sinners who must have Christ as our Saviour.

The SPARROW is so common in our cities that he seems not worth taking notice of. Yet our Lord tells us that every sparrow is cared for by God, and that we are of more value than many sparrows. A little girl who often said, "Nobody wants me," found out that the Lord Jesus wanted her, and this filled her with joy in spite of her poverty and bad health.

Yes, Jesus wants us, and we need Jesus. Don't let's lose ourselves in the crowd, as it were, and imagine that God does not care about us because we are "nobodies." God loves the "nobodies" just as much as the "somebodies"; and Jesus died for the "nobodies," and longs that they should come to Him that He may bless them with the forgiveness of all their sins and enrich their lives and make them count for the most.

The DOVE is quite a harmless bird and is no match, with beak and claws, for the other birds that would seek its life. The Christian is to be like the Lord Jesus, who was "holy, harmless, undefiled." He is not to give "til for tat"; he is not to give as good as he gets; he is not to do evil to gain his ends. The devil does the easy work, for he destroys, and it is always far easier to pull down than to build up. A madman can set fire to a haystack and destroy in a few minutes what has cost much time and and labour.

But although the dove cannot defend itself it knows where to find refuge from its enemies: when pursued it hides in the clefts of the rock, and is safe. The poor sinner who feels that he is in danger because of his sins and knows that he cannot save himself, is only too glad to find safety and rest in Christ the "Rock of Ages" cleft for him. And ever afterwards, as we advance in the Christian life, we find our rest and strength in the Lord Jesus, who saves us day by day from the sins that would otherwise master us, and who makes us happy, and useful in His glorious service.

E. A.—S.



CITY SPARROWS.

# 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, 1920.

Matthew 16—19.

1. When they asked a sign from heaven, what sign did the Lord refer to?
2. Whom did Peter say that Jesus was?
3. What are we told of Moses and Elias in Matt. 17.?
4. What is the "will of our Father" about the little ones?
5. How often did the Lord say that Peter should forgive his brother?
6. What answer did Jesus make when they asked, "Who then can be saved"?
7. What made the disciples "exceeding sorry"?
8. Why did the young man go away sorrowful?
9. "Nothing shall be impossible to you." How could this be?
10. What two questions did the Lord ask the disciples about the soul?

## 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 so glad to welcome some new Searchers this month, and hope they will continue with the work. When you go back to school, perhaps you can get some of your school friends to do the searching. Try and encourage the younger ones to start, we have very few under ten years of age. They may write in pencil, but all over ten must use ink.

I hope you find the work interesting and that as you study the chapters to find the answers you may learn to know the Lord Jesus better. The Apostle Paul speaks of the "excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus" (Phil. 3. 8). How much do we know about this?

My love to you all,

Your Friend, J. L.

# July Searchers.

## Age over 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—R. Allen, F. Berry, J. Bishop, W. Champ, P. Crookes, A. Coxon, E. Darrah, G. Dovenish, R. Dowdell, M. Fear, John Foster, J. Foster, B. Horne, G. Hobler, E. Hodgson, B. Humphries, E. Ireland, I. Jones, E. Jones, W. Johnson, L. Lefeaux, E. Lacey, E. Martin, J. Macdonald, C. Marstfield, E. Redman, R. Richard, L. Rickard, L. Rice, A. Routhon, C. Rose, D. Swall, J. Shell, Ruth Smith, G. Scott, M. Todd, D. Thomas, D. Watts, E. Wheelerlock, J. Webster, C. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—E. Baynes, M. Bolton, S. Bussey, R. Dovenish, W. Good, R. Howlett, M. Hodgson, H. Hughes, J. King, D. Macdonald, S. Major, O. Smalley, E. Swain, H. Selley, R. Swenson, R. Smith, (U.S.A.).

**3rd Class.**—G. Elks, H. Flint, F. Wraith.

## Age 10 to 12 Years.

**1st Class.**—M. Allen, M. Bussy, J. Denson, N. Downs, E. Elliott, N. Evans, A. Edmonds, G. Farrod, D. Gaines, A. Gough, J. Heavies, Q. Hickson, W. Hodgson, N. Ives, N. Lefeaux, G. Loyal, A. Manfield, S. McMillin, C. McFether, H. Moore, K. Poulley, H. Pilon, J. Rillie, E. Routhon, L. Swall, B. Shell, W. Selley, G. Smith, M. Silk, E. Scott, F. Suddis, K. Thomas, H. Thornton, M. Tucker, C. Twatts, R. Wells, L. West, C. Willows, A. Wood.

**2nd Class.**—F. Combes, W. Dirgie, L. King, H. Lewis, J. Messenger, E. Price, E. Spazzon, O. Smith, J. Taylor.

**3rd Class.**—C. Bean, D. Combes, V. Hickson, J. Ireson, K. Stevens, A. Walker, I. Watelana.

## Age under 10 Years.

**1st Class.**—H. Coxon, A. Dodds, S. Hodgson, D. Matthews, F. Nottingham, A. Pilon, A. Teasdale, M. Weller.

**2nd Class.**—L. Allen, H. Bennett, D. Gapper.

**3rd Class.**—M. Pavey.

## Answers to July Questions.

Matthew 9—12.

1. Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee. Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine house (Matt. 9. 2-6).
2. Matthew. Follow Me (Matt. 9. 9).
3. He came to call sinners to repentance (Matt. 9. 13).
4. Believe ye that I am able to do this? (Matt. 9. 28).
5. It shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom and Gomorrhah, in the day of judgment than for that city (Matt. 10. 15).
6. Matt. 11. 28. written out.
7. Art Thou He that should come, or do we look for another? (Matt. 11. 3).
8. Behold, I send My messenger before Thy face, which shall prepare Thy way before Thee (Matt. 11. 10).
9. The Lord Jesus (Matt. 12. 6).
10. Those who should do the will of His Father (Matt. 12. 50).
11. Please read the rules carefully.

HE THAT  
BELIEVETH  
on the Son  
hath  
Everlasting  
Life.

*John 3. 36.*

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—  
J. A. SINCLAIR, Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.  
WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE. GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTOL PLACE, EDINBURGH.  
THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 65A, BLACKFRIARS STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

## YOUNG WITNESSES.

**T**HE story of the captive maid (2 Kings v.) is a beautiful illustration of how children can be used of God in blessing to others. No doubt she was treated kindly by her mistress, and life in the house of the popular general may have been quite pleasant, but still she was a captive, away from home and friends, amongst the enemies of her own nation.

This did not deter her from testifying to the power of God, the God of Israel, and pointing the way which eventually led to her master's complete recovery.

Don't say that you can do nothing for the Saviour. If you have trusted Him yourself He will surely show you how you can serve Him if you are willing to do so.

The following tells how a young lad in a foreign land led others to the Saviour.



**A** FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy from a missionary school, while on a visit to some friends, went into a village temple one afternoon, and there found a feeble old man passing from idol to idol, and praying and offering incense sticks.

The boy's heart was touched by the sight, and tears rolled down his cheeks. At last he went up to the old man, and said, "Would you mind a boy speaking to you? I am young; you are old."

The man was not offended, and after some conversation the lad told him the story of God's love. The man's heart was melted as he listened. "Boy," he said, "I have never heard such words before."

He took the lad home with him, so that his wife might hear the wonderful story. And these two were led to the Saviour before they ever saw or heard of a missionary.



## THE CHRISTIAN'S VICTORY.

**W**HEN Richard Weaver was a pit worker, he inadvertently angered a fellow-miner. "I have a good mind to smack you on the face," the man exclaimed. "Very well," Weaver replied, "if that will do you any good, you may do it." The man struck him. Weaver turned to him the other cheek. The man struck again. *This was repeated five times; and when Weaver presented his cheek for the sixth time, the man turned away, cursing.*

Weaver cried after him: "The Lord forgive thee, for I do; and the Lord save thee!"

His assailant was the first man Weaver met next morning in the pit; and, as Weaver

approached, he burst into tears. "Oh, Richard," he cried, "do you really forgive me?"

Together they knelt, and *he rose a saved soul.* Vast resources of power lie unused because we do not yield an obedience to Christ, which the world will instantly see is more than human.



## THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

**T**WO little girls were in the habit of going out to meet their father, on his way home from work in the fields. It was harvest time, and the grass in the meadow was very long. The children delighted to gather flowers as they went along.

One day the younger child told her father, "What a pretty thing we saw in the grass to-day."

He went over to where they pointed, and found a large and dangerous snake. How often sin and Satan appear like that "pretty thing," yet how dangerous!

Do not be charmed with the outward appearance of things, believe what God says about them. The world is full of such dangers, and only those who are "in Christ" are safe from them.



## THE RELIGION OF THE BOOK.

**A** ROMAN Catholic woman once came to the house of a Christian gentleman with her son, a fine young fellow, about seventeen years of age.

"The truth is," she said, "we don't know what to do; we are both ignorant, and what can we know?"

I gave her son a copy of the New Testament, and the following testimony shows the good use he made of it.

Some time after he met the woman and asked her, "What is your son doing with the Bible?"

"Oh, then," said she, "that's a strange lad. Since the day he got the Book, nothing will do for him but reading, and now he is so queer that he makes myself ashamed of the way he goes on, speaking against the Roman Catholic religion. Instead of coming to the chapel, as the other young men do in the street, he will go into some quiet place and be always reading—always at Luke and John."

Then when I asked her, "What religion does he think the right one?"

"Why then," she said, "to tell you the truth, I am sure in my heart he does not care a straw for any one, but only altogether about what the Book tells him—he is all for the religion of the Book."

## A PAUSE IN THE PRAYER.

"If I should die 'fore I wake," said Donny, kneeling at grandmother's knee; "If I should die 'fore I wake"—"I pray," prompted the gentle voice. "Go on, Donny." "Wait a minute," interposed the small boy, scrambling to his feet and hurrying away downstairs. In a brief space he was back again and, dropping down in his place, took up his petition where he had left off. But when the little white-gowned form was safely tucked in bed, the grandmother questioned with loving rebuke concerning the interruption.

"But I did think what I was saying, grandmother; that's why I had to stop. You see, I'd upset Ted's menagerie, and stood all his wooden soldiers on their heads just to see how he'd tear around in the mornin'. 'f I should die 'fore I wake,' why—I didn't want him to find 'em that way; so I had to go down and fix 'em right. There's lots of things that seem funny if you're goin' to keep on livin', but you don't want 'em that way if you should die 'fore you wake."

"That was right, dear; it was right," commented the voice with its tender quaver. "A good many of our prayers would not be hurt by stopping in the middle of them to undo a wrong."

\* \* \*

## A DISCOVERY.

IN the isles of the outer Hebrides, around which the wild waves of the Atlantic beat in their grandeur, there lived a fisherman in his cot by the shore. He was a God-fearing man, and taught his children to reverence the Word of God, which he loved and rested on for His salvation.

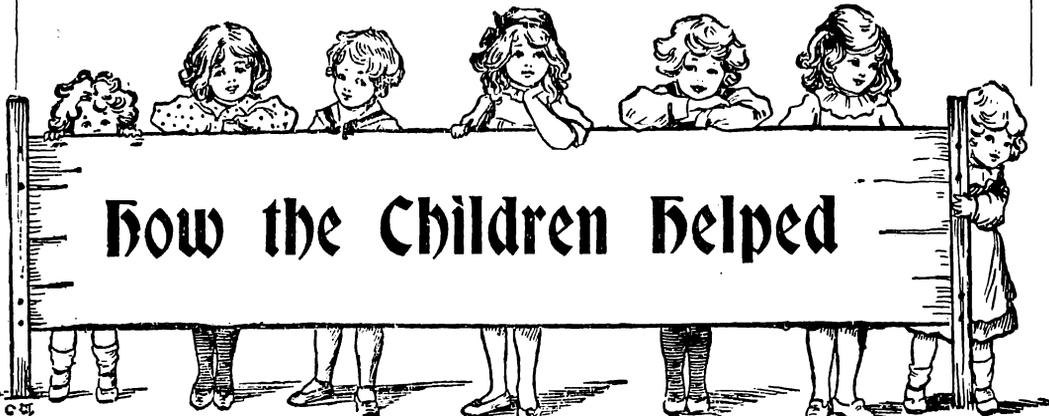
In a furious gale, his fishing boat was swamped, and he, with another, sank to a watery grave. His wife, always feeble in health, sickened by the shock, was laid in the grave a few months after, leaving Nell, and her brother Josey, to the care of an aunt, poor in this world's things, but rich in faith. She counted on God to provide for her sister's orphans, and would not let them be severed from her.

Out on these lone isles people believe in God, for as one of them well said: "We have none to trust but Him, cut off from the world as we are." And the orphans were taught by their



godly aunt to "set their hope in God" (Psa. lxxviii. 7), for daily bread, as well as for eternal salvation.

The orphan children, gathering shellfish by the seaside one day, noticed a strange-looking object out in the sea, floating towards the rocks. The tide was bringing it nearer to where they stood, and curious to see what it contained, pulled it toward them with a piece of wood. A neatly-tied parcel, when opened, disclosed a Bible, and the astonished children ran to show it to their aunt. On opening its water-soaked pages, she found a number of bank notes, placed between the leaves. This she at once made known to those who had authority in the isle, but as the usual proceedings brought no claimants, it was unanimously decided that they should be returned to the orphan finders. And they proved enough to bring them up, to educate and send them out into the world. They are now both happy in the Lord's salvation.



## How the Children Helped

### X.—"THE NOBLE ARMY OF MARTYRS PRAISE THEE."

**A**S we sing these words—words which have been sung in the worship of God in many lands for seventeen centuries in the old Latin hymn we call the *Te Deum*—do we think of those people in olden days who, because they were witnesses to the Lord Jesus, were called upon to lay down their lives for the faith? The word martyr really means "witness," but we usually apply it strictly to those who seal their witness with their blood.

And we are quite sure that as they are gathered around the throne of God in heaven, they *do* praise Him for His great love in opening that beautiful home for them.

The martyrs have been found in every age and in every land. They have been young and old, learned and unlearned; they have had black, and yellow, and white skins; and they have reached heaven through different forms of persecution. But the one thing in which they are all alike is that they have been made children of God through faith in Christ Jesus, and have had their sins washed away by His most precious blood.

Amongst that praising martyr throng are three African boys. Their names were Seruwanga, Ka Rumba, and Lugulama. They had black skins and woolly hair, and perhaps if you had seen them you might not have quite liked the look of them. But the *outside* of us does not matter. It is the *inside*, the real "you," that is the thing that counts. And more often than not a true, warm heart, and a fine noble character are hidden inside an unattractive exterior.

Now how came it about that Seruwanga,

Ka Rumba, and Lugulama were called upon to suffer and to die for their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was in the year 1885 and in the country of Uganda. Uganda, as most of you know, is a large kingdom in the heart of Africa. It has great natural beauties, and its people were less degraded and more resourceful than most of the other peoples in the great dark continent.

Explorers had been there, and had brought back word of the mountains and lakes they had discovered, but it was not until Henry M. Stanley (and his is a name you must find out more about) wrote home in 1875 a glowing and fervent appeal for Christian missionaries, that Uganda began to be thought of.

Five months later—in April, 1876—eight brave young Christian men, two engineers, a curate, an architect, a working man, and a builder, made up the party of pioneer missionaries for that distant and needy country.

Now, more than thirty years later, it is a comparatively easy thing to get to the heart of Africa, and before very many more years pass, there will be few difficulties left. But when these eight young men started out, they had to face obstacles and dangers that demanded all their strength and all their courage.

However, they held on their way, and by so doing made the way easier for those who followed them.

As years passed by, more missionaries went out, and the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ was preached among the natives, and many believed.

Then a sad thing happened. The King, Intesa, who had been favourable to the missionaries, though he did not become a Christian,

died. His son, Mwanga, succeeded to the throne. He was a thoroughly bad man, cruel, vicious, and treacherous. He did not like the white man to be in his country, and he did not like any of his people to embrace the white man's religion. So persecution began. Some of the Christians managed to escape, but some were captured and put to death by torture and burning, amongst them the three boys named above.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train."

F. A.



## GOSPEL ARITHMETIC.

**T**HERE is a sort of addition which everyone can do and does do, and that is adding sin to sin. During the last day, the last week, the last month and the last year, you have been doing that kind of addition. Even if we committed only one sin a day—and we do far more than that—there would be at the end of a year about 365 sins against us; and at the end of, say, ten years, we should have committed between 3000 and 4000 sins. And when we remember that ONE sin is enough, if unforgiven, to shut us out of heaven, we see what a terrible sum in addition we have been working out in our lives. And the solemn fact is that we cannot take a single sin away, although we go on adding daily!

No, we cannot do SUBTRACTION of sins, however hard we may try, whether by turning over a new leaf, or forming good habits, or performing religious duties such as attending church or saying our prayers.

But JESUS can do subtraction of sins, and is just waiting for us to receive Him as our Saviour in order to take all our sins away. You remember how John the Baptist, pointing to the Lord Jesus Christ, said, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Yes, Christ is the taker away of sins; He can do subtraction of sins.

And He is so eager to do it for us. A little boy had behaved badly at home, and as a punishment he was forbidden to see his mother, who happened to be ill in her own room. The poor little fellow felt it keenly, and presently took a slate and wrote on it these words: "Dear mother, if you forgive me, please clean the slate." Then he handed the slate to the nurse, who gave it to his mother. Presently nurse came out with the slate in her hand and gave it back to the boy. It had been cleaned,

and underneath, written by his mother, were the words: "With mother's love."

And that is how the Lord forgives us the wrong things that we have done against Him—and all sin is against God. He is so pleased to take away our sins, and He does it "with love." There is therefore no reason, except our own wicked self-will, why we should hold back from going to Him that He may subtract all our sins.

Then there is MULTIPLICATION. This speaks to us of growing in grace. When we get our sins forgiven, that is the first step in the Christian life. We must make progress; we must "get on" and learn to please our Saviour and Lord better and better. Only a very dull and stupid boy or girl remains always in the same standard at school. The teacher expects his scholar to get on and make progress. And our great Teacher and Friend expects the same from us who belong to Him and are in His school. And we know what we are to do to grow as Christians. We are to study God's Word; we are to go to Him constantly in prayer; we are to seek to obey His will every day. It is not hard, but a pleasure, to serve One Whom we have learnt to love. Let us then see to it that we practise Gospel multiplication by making progress in the Christian life.

And what does DIVISION tell us of? It speaks of separation. In the life of our Lord on earth it is mentioned more than once that "there was a division" among the people because of Him. People had to take sides, so that they were either for Him or against Him. And so it is to-day. We must take sides. It is of no use saying, "I'll be neutral," for He said, "He that is not for Me is against Me." Some say, "I'm thinking about it"; and then, perhaps years afterwards when they are asked whether they are on the Lord's side, they give the same reply, "I'm thinking about it." To be on His side means being on the winning side; it means being on the side of all that is true, and good, and pure, and brave and unselfish. It ought not then to be hard to say, "Yes, I am on the Lord's side." Jesus claims your heart, and life, and service. It is God's will for you that you should commit yourself to Christ. And so every day that you remain away from Him is a day spent in disobedience to God. Will you not then come to Him so as to belong to Him for ever? You will then know how true and blessed are these words:—

"Happy is the boy who trusts in Him;  
Happy is the girl who is cleansed from sin;  
Never to a child did the Lord say, 'No';  
Let us one and all to the Saviour go."

## BABY'S HAND.

ONLY a tiny baby hand, and yet what a mighty work it wrought!

Have you ever felt the clasp of baby's little chubby hand around your finger? If so perhaps you will appreciate this story of a dear little babe whose daddy was drawn from the path of indifference, which surely leads to destruction, on to the path of faith in God, which leads to life everlasting.

He was a seafaring man, and only saw his loved ones at intervals of three or four weeks, and then only for a day or two, but such a loving husband and father. After one of these voyages he returned home to find his darling babe very ill and felt that she was not long for this world. Oh, the anguish of his heart to see her there, all unconscious of the loved presence.

He did not know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour; he had hitherto been quite indifferent about eternal things and knew not what was about to take place for his darling. He got down on his knees at the bedside and tried to think it out. Would she die and be buried and he would never see her again? "Oh, no; God in mercy spare my child, I cannot part with her. If she lives I will lead a better life and read my Bible." Thus he agonized for his babe's life, but God did not seem to hear. While he was on his knees, that well-known and loved verse came home to him from the Fatherland: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." If only he could be sure that his child would be with Jesus, and that some day he might see her again, he felt he could be more resigned to letting her go, so once again he asked God if he would give him the assurance that he desired by letting the little hand be raised and all sign of pain and distress pass from the loved face.

Oh, children, or reader, do not try to make bargains with God, who offers you full salvation for nothing but belief in His word. God does not always answer our prayers as we desire, for sometimes we ask for things which would not be good for us; on this occasion, however, He gave the answer direct, for while Daddy watched the life fluttering away from his darling's breast, up went the little hand, straight over head (not half-way up as some of us put our hand when asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?"), and the face was transformed into one of marvellous beauty.

Oh, the patience of grace of our God to use our dearest earthly treasures in this way. He knew his babe was safe home with the Jesus who had said, "Forbid them not," but he felt so unworthy to follow her, so now his cry was, "God

be merciful to me, a sinner," and this prayer was as speedily answered as the last. He saw Jesus in all His perfection, taking the sinners' place and bearing our sins in His own body on the tree, and a great peace filled his soul, which no amount of difficulties or earthly cares could disturb.

S. A. R.



## WHAT SHALL I DO?

"I SAY girls, do let us all have a rest, I'm tired out," and suiting her actions to her words, the speaker, a girl of thirteen summers, flung herself upon the green sward beneath her and proceeded to fan her perspiring face with her hat.

Glad of the opportunity, the other girls at once followed her example and soon all were comfortably seated.

They had been playing at "Rounders," a game that is most exciting and enjoyable, but which, played on a broiling summer's day, has the effect of making one feel "rather warm."

"Let us each tell what we are going to do when we leave school," said one.

This suggestion met with everyone's approval, and soon all were discussing the various ways of spending one's life, so as to get the most enjoyment out of it.

How sad to note that in the expressing of each of their aims not one took the Lord into account, or considered for a single moment His interests. Each one was too busily engrossed in thinking of what would give them the most satisfaction.

How truly are the words, "Away with Him, we will not have this Man to rule over us," echoed in the hearts of people to-day.

"Oh," says one, "I don't say that I *won't* have the Lord. I wouldn't go so far as *that*, but I think the best way is to have a good time here on earth and then, when you get too old for pleasure, *then* if you like you can turn religious."

That is worldly wisdom. Would you, dear reader, treat your best friend like that? To scorn and shun him until the day came when you needed his help? "Nay, surely not," you say, "It would be mean."

Now consider Him, the Lord Jesus. Will you reject His friendship? His love? The love for you that cost Him so much?

If you will not accept Him as your Saviour, you will one day meet Him as your Judge, but oh, now in this day of grace, while He so mercifully offers you His free pardon and forgiveness, trust in Him. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

E. D. G.



I am  
the WAY,  
the TRUTH,  
and the LIFE.

*John xiv. 6.*

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

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME.



THE SAILING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

## SOMETHING TO BE REMEMBERED.

**D**URING the last few months, a great deal has been said and written about the Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed from Plymouth, and founded one of the earliest settlements in America three hundred years ago. They were very plucky folk to sail away across the great ocean in a small ship to an unknown land, but I am sure you know their story well enough, so I shall only tell you one thing about them which is not usually told in history books, or referred to in celebrations such as those which have recently taken place.

The Pilgrim Fathers first of all left England for Holland because they were persecuted for their faith, and later they left Leyden in that country for Plymouth in order to start on their ocean voyage thence. Well, when they left Leyden, John Robinson, who had preached to them, gave them a parting word, in the course of which he said this, "I am verily persuaded the Lord hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word".

That sentence has become famous, and I want you to remember it. The three hundred years that have passed have proved how right he was in what he said. The Reformation had then not long taken place, and though the truth of justification by faith had been clearly brought out, and many began to see how false was the idea of the Romish church that men could be saved by works and penances and sacraments, yet there was a lot more truth that was not understood at that time. No one seems to have understood, for instance, about the second coming of Christ, so as to be really waiting for Him.

Yet all the while that truth, and all other truth, was there in God's Holy Word. It only needed eyes to see it, and hearts to understand.

When you take the Bible into your hand, remember that it is the fountain-head of God's truth. All that God has to say to us is there. You may not see much yet. It may seem to you, especially in some of its books, not very interesting or understandable; but by-and-by, if you love and obey it, the very parts you now find dry will become full of blessing and help. So as you read it always say to yourself, "I am verily persuaded the Lord hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word".

F. B. H.



"ALL ye 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" (Isaiah liii. 6).

## THE MOTHER'S CONVERSION.

**T**HE widowed mother of a large family was much troubled by her only daughter showing signs of "turning religious".

Now religion was all right if it was confined to saying your prayers night and morning, and going to Church on Sundays, but she did not see that any more than that was necessary.

Doubtless some time or other she had heard those precious verses of God's Word, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16). "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). And perhaps that solemn question of another verse, "*How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?*" (Heb. ii. 3), but they had left no impression on her mind.

She never looked into her Bible to see how she must be saved, so therefore knew nothing of Christ having died and shed His blood to atone to God for her sins, or of the awful eternity which awaited her if she did not turn to God for the forgiveness He was offering to her in virtue of it.

She soon found the religion she so deplored was rapidly spreading in her family, for her daughter, as soon as she had trusted in Christ as her own Saviour, had lost no time in bringing before her seven brothers the momentous subject of their soul's salvation, showing them that though they were such good, steady young men, they were not Christians any more than she had been, and that they needed to be saved just as much as she did.

The result was that one after another, though with widely different experiences, and in some cases with strong opposition at first, they all took their places before God as sinners and confessed Christ as their Saviour.

The mother knew what was going on in her family, having read the letters sent home by some of her sons, but had given no clue as to its effect on her own mind, until one day the words dropped from her lips, as if involuntarily, "My children are all saved, and I am left out".

The glad news that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners", that His own Self bare our sins in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24), was brought before her, and in a few days she said with a very happy face, "Oh! how simple it is, just taking what Christ has done for me".

Yes, it is just taking, appropriating for ourselves, what Christ, by His atoning death, has done for us, but at what infinite suffering to Christ was this priceless salvation obtained for us.

F. A.

## "CHILDREN, OBEY YOUR PARENTS" (Eph. vi. 1).

IS this a difficult text for our young friends? No; where there is love to the father and mother it will be easy, and the home will be one of happiness and peace.

There was a little girl, named Dora. When asked to do anything she would reply, "In a minute". It was a bad habit she had.

"Dora, go upstairs, and bring me down my comb".

"Yes, mother, in a minute".

"Dora, come to your dinner".

"In a minute".

One day Dora's bird was hopping about on the floor. Dora's mother said, "Dora, shut the door, or the cat will be after your bird".

"Yes, mother, in a minute", said Dora, "I just want to finish this line in my drawing".

But the cat did not wait.

In he came, and with one dart had the bird in his mouth. Down went the slate on the floor, and away went cat, bird, and

Dora. There was a wild chase on the lawn. "In a minute" Dora came back weeping, with the dead bird in her hand.

Dora cried; mother was sad, but said, "A great many things may happen in a minute".

Dora never forgot that lesson. All her grief would not restore her bird to life. She had learned from experience the evil of delay, so may all who read this story.

\* \* \*

### SOLOMON.

SOLOMON, who was King David's son, and who came to the throne of Israel on the death of his father, was very wise, so wise that the Bible says, "Solomon exceeded all the kings of the earth for riches and for wisdom, and all the earth sought the presence of Solomon to hear his wisdom, which God had put into his heart" (1 Kings x. 23-24).

Did you notice the last few words of that passage, "which God had put into his heart"? You remember the Lord appeared to Solomon in a dream very soon after he had been made king, and God said to him, "Ask what I shall give thee". Solomon answered God by asking for an understanding heart to judge the great nation of Israel, "For", he said, "who is able to judge this Thy so great a people?" Solomon did not ask for riches, or for honour, or for the lives of his enemies, and because of his asking for an understanding heart, which God gave him, in addition he was given riches and honour, so that there was not a king like him.

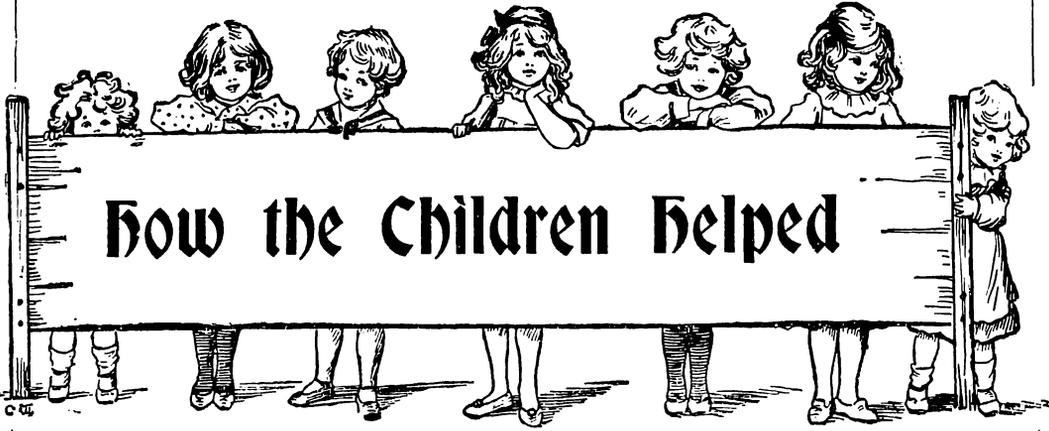
I wonder now, what you, dear boy or girl, would have asked for had it been you to whom the question had been put? A little girl when asked this question by her Sunday-school teacher, replied, "I should ask Him to take me to heaven". She was told that although she was a sinner and not fit to go into God's presence because of all her sins, sins which perhaps were forgotten, and little things she had done which probably she did not think were naughty, yet God had made it possible for her to go to heaven, where all is pure and holy, and where no sin nor anything that defileth can ever enter, through the precious death on Calvary of God's beloved Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and that by simply trusting in Jesus all her sins would be washed away and she would be made fit to go to heaven.

Solomon's name means "Peaceful". God gave him a peaceable reign, and every child, man, or woman who trusts in Jesus for salvation has in his or her heart a peace which passeth knowledge, and happy indeed are they who enjoy this peace, a peace which will last forever.

Dear children, will you not come to Jesus and trust Him as your own Saviour, and this peace and happiness will be yours. L. H.



SHE WOULD REPLY: "IN A MINUTE".



## How the Children Helped

### XI. THE CHILDREN OF THE COVENANTERS.

**S**OME of you perhaps remember reading in the January number of *OUR CHILDREN* how the Quaker children of Reading kept their Sunday meetings for worship during the time that their fathers and mothers were in prison for conscience' sake.

About the same time that the Quakers were being persecuted in England, the Christians in Scotland were enduring severe sufferings. All who would not conform to the form of religious worship ordered by the king, because they felt that God's Word showed them a way more acceptable to Him, were hunted from their homes, their property confiscated or burnt, and very often they were put to death in a cruel manner.

The king's soldiers, headed by John Graham of Claverhouse, scoured the country, the horse-men, or dragoons, taking the hilly parts, and the foot soldiers searching the lower districts. Houses were entered rudely, and searched for suspected people: old and young, men and women alike, were taken before the magistrates, and if they were found to belong to the "Covenanters" they were thrown into prison, if they were not killed outright.

These conditions caused many of the men and some of the women to fly from their homes when they knew the soldiers were coming, and take refuge among the heather-covered hills, where were many concealed caves, and lie in hiding for days together until the danger was past, for the time being.

Even little lonely whitewashed cottages, standing by themselves on bleak hillsides, or in the shelter of some wood, were not safe from the invaders. No pity was shown to even the weakest or most aged man or woman who was

known to belong to the "psalm singers", as they were tauntingly nicknamed. If King Charles had only known it, these people who feared God so much that they dared to disobey their earthly monarch rather than disobey His Word, were amongst his most loyal and faithful subjects. But he did not know that, for he listened to what his foolish and wicked courtiers said, and did not take the trouble to find out the actual truth.

One morning when the summer sun was shining brightly, and all seemed peaceful, a group of about thirty boys and girls were playing among the heather not far from the tiny hamlet where their homes were, when all at once there came upon them a troop of soldiers. The officer shouted roughly to the children, frightening them, and causing them to huddle closely together in the attempt to protect one another.

A firing party of the soldiers was drawn out before them, and they were bidden to look straight at the muskets.

"Now", cried he, "you shall all die if you do not answer what I ask. Tell me where your fathers and mothers are, and who comes to your homes."

Not one of the children answered, whereupon the man pointed to one lad of ten years of age who stood bravely with his head up, saying "You, what might your name be? And what is your father's name?" The boy answered truthfully, but to all the other questions not a single answer was forthcoming from any one of the youngsters. They all knew what suffering might come to their elders if they told, and they were too brave and loyal to do so.

At this the officer waxed furious, and cried out, "Put up a prayer this minute, for ye shall all die, every one of ye!"

So the soldiers made the children kneel down, all but the one lad who had first answered, and who now stood with his shoulders set back as though he were at drill. "I have done no wrong. I'll die this way", said he.

Then on being again ordered to pray, a little girl named Maggie, who had hold of her six-year-old brother Alec's hand, said,

"An' it please you, sir, me and Alec canna pray, but we can sing 'The Lord's my Shepherd', gin that will do. Ma mither learned it us", and before anyone could stop her, she was on her feet, saying, "Stan' up Alec my wee mannie", and in a clear voice, quickly joined by the other children, she began:—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by."

As the childish voices sang verse by verse of the beautiful Scotch version of the 23rd Psalm, trooper after trooper turned away his head, for, hardened men as they were, they had all learned that psalm when they were boys. Tears ran down many cheeks, and at last even the cruel officer turned his bridle rein and rode off with his men loosely following him, the sound of the childish voices still in their ears,

"Yea though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill,  
For Thou art with me: and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still."

Thus it was that God sent His angel and protected His little ones from the cruel purposes of these wicked men.

Boys and girls, prize as your most precious possession the liberty given us in these days to read the Bible and to worship God, and keep His day holy, none daring to interfere with us. This liberty was bought with the sufferings and the life blood of our forefathers. Let us take care that we use it rightly, and do not let it slip away from us as though it were of no value.

E. A.

\* \* \*

## THE SUMMER HOLIDAY.

**T**WO girls were sitting and chatting to each other, when one remarked, "Well, Elinor, where are you going for your summer holiday?"

"Oh, I am going to S— again. My mother and the others have arranged to go there, so of course I must go too, but it is not a pleasant prospect, I assure you".

"No, I should think not indeed", replied her friend sympathetically. "I really can't think why they choose such a gay, fashionable kind of place. But why don't you suggest a change, and propose a nice country holiday?"

"I am afraid I can't do so very well, as they all like S— so much. It would sound rather selfish, as I am only one amongst them, but I should just love a country holiday".

A few weeks later the two friends met again. "Well, Elinor," exclaimed Edith, "you *do* look well, in spite of having spent the time in such a place. Tell me all about it. Did you find it very trying?"

Elinor laughed as she replied, "Oh no, I really can't complain, and I want to tell you about an old woman I visited, and I really believed she turned to the Lord, so that made up for everything else".

"I should just think so. Do tell me about her", said Edith eagerly.

"Well, I went with a good supply of Gospel tracts, and whenever I got an opportunity to slip away by myself, I went to some of the slum parts of the town and gave out the books. Oh! what awful places some of them were. One can hardly conceive of human beings living in such surroundings. The contrast seemed so great between the gay and bright-looking people I passed and these wretched folk.

"The children used to crowd around me, and I had some fine talks to them as I gave them some books. One day I went to a room where a poor old woman was lying ill. The furniture was composed of dirty old boxes, and I sat on one of these while I talked to her.

"When I offered her a book she replied that she could neither read nor write, so I just talked to her as simply as I could. I said, 'Now you would like to know you were going to heaven and not to hell, would you not?'

"'Aye yes, indeed I would', she said; 'I am terrified when I think of going to hell'. So I told her that God was wanting to save her, and had given His Son to die for her sins, and bare the punishment due to her. As I went on to tell her that God was offering the full forgiveness of all her sins as a free gift because Jesus had died for her, and all she had to do was just to take what God was offering to her, I noticed she listened with a good deal of interest.

"Then I suggested that she should tell the Lord that she would like to be saved and would trust Him as her own Saviour. I knelt down, and after a few minutes of quietness she suddenly said, 'Oh Lord, I *do* believe on Thee'. Then I prayed aloud for her, and after a little more talk, and repeating a good many Gospel verses, I left.

I called several times after that, and felt quite sure that in her simple way she had really believed on the Lord Jesus.

"So you see my holiday had its bright side, too".

H. H. S.

## MY FIRST SLIDE; OR, HOW TO TRUST.

I SEE a number of boys and girls on the ice sliding and skating. One little fellow, afraid to venture out on the lake alone, is held by his two sisters, one on either side, while he has his first slide. He seemed very much afraid to place his whole weight on the ice at first; perhaps he thought it would not bear him, but as he was led on and felt it firm beneath his feet, and saw bigger and heavier boys flying across it fearlessly, he gained confidence, so that before half-an-hour he was as far from fear and as full of confidence as any there.

As I walked along from that frozen pond I remembered how, when a lad, I was just like that little fellow on the ice, in regard to my faith in Christ and in His power to save. I was awakened to see myself a sinner in need of a Saviour at the age of nine, during a season of awakening, when many old and young were saved. I wanted to be saved, but was afraid I would "fall away" and return to my sinful ways and companions. Others of my school-mates had trusted in Christ and were happy, two of them especially, who had been my play-mates, and they were very earnest in seeking my salvation.

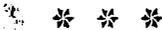
On a Sunday afternoon, as we all walked along from Sunday School, these two boys, Jim and Willie, got hold of me and spoke to me about Christ.

"I believe that He died for me, but I am not saved. I do not have the right kind of faith", I said in reply.

"Just trust yourself to Him, Jack", said Willie, "it's the easiest thing in the world. You just let go all else and give yourself over to Him".

That simple explanation of "believing", or "trusting", was used to bring the light of the Gospel into my heart. "Give yourself over to Him", like as the child trusts himself on the ice, and the lad learning to swim commits himself to the water.

Yes, that was what showed me the real meaning of faith, which had so puzzled and perplexed me before. I did trust myself to Christ, Who is "Mighty to save", that afternoon, and He saved me as He promised, for it is written in the Word of God, "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe" (Prov. xxix. 25). Have you so trusted, or do you fear to "give yourself over"?



"I HAVE gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant" (Psalm cxix. 176).

## LOST EDDIE.

THE little fellow left home in company with a group of companions to look for a travelling circus coming along from the next town, and was last seen in the vicinity of a bridge.

Night came, and Eddie was not to be found. We started off to seek him, and after walking for miles and asking at every house, we heard that a lost boy had been found by the wayside crying, and taken to a farmhouse further along.

There Eddie was found, seated by the warm fireside, and quite happy. He could tell his name and where he lived, but was unable to find his way home.

Very like the sinner, away from God, lost, and unable to find the way back. But if you are willing to own your name to be "Sinner," then it was for *you* that Jesus died (Rom. v. 6). He came to seek and to save the "lost" (Luke xix. 10). When we took Eddie home there was great joy, as there is in heaven over every sinner saved.



## "I KNEW HE'D COME".

SOME years ago several little boys were camping out in an old building some distance from any house. In the night a terrific thunderstorm arose, and the boys were greatly frightened. In the midst of the storm's uproar they heard some one at the door, and, more frightened than before, they clung to each other in an agony of fear. One little boy, however, ran to unfasten the door and led in a man. "It's my father", he said quietly; "I knew he'd come".

This little boy knew his father, believed in his love to him, and therefore went to the closed door without fear, so if you know the Lord Jesus as Saviour you will not be afraid in the difficulties and dark days that may come in your life. His word is, "Fear not, though thou passest through the waters I will be with thee".



## INFLUENCE.

A LITTLE disc of gold is put into the coining press. It is only there a moment, but its contact with the die has produced an impression which 100 years' wear will not obliterate. A moment's contact with an influence for good or evil may leave a mark for time and eternity.

# 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, 1920.

Matthew 23-25.

1. How may we be exalted?
2. What three words did the Lord say to the scribes and pharisees many times?
3. "How often . . . not". Find this passage and write it out.
4. What did the Lord say of the buildings of the temple?
5. What shall pass away and what shall not pass away?
6. Why are we told to watch?
7. What did the foolish virgins say when they found the door shut?
8. Why did the Lord say, "Well done", to some of His servants?
9. To what two things is the "coming of the Son of Man" likened?
10. Two things are spoken of as "prepared" in Matt. 25. Say what they are and for whom prepared?

## 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 1oz.) and post to reach by end of month. Answers from abroad may be sent later.

### DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

I am glad to have more answers sent in this month. Our numbers always seem to shrink in August. I suppose many of you go away and perhaps forget your Magazine.

When you find the answer to Question 5, I hope you will see how important it is to search the Scriptures and learn what God would teach you from them. Do not spend your lives on things that will only pass away, have something that will never pass away. The Psalmist said, "How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God" (Ps. 139. 17).

Someone has sent a paper with Kathleen on it and no surname. Someone from the Home at Hampton has sent a paper with no name at all.

My love to you all,  
Your friend, J. L.

## September Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—S. Arch, A. Coxon, M. Fear, E. Hodgson, C. Mansfield, L. Rice, R. Swepson, R. Smith (U.S.A.), G. Scott, M. Todd, D. Watts.
- 2nd Class.**—J. Bishop, M. Bolton, S. Bussey, W. Champ, R. Devenish, R. Dowdell, John Foster, J. Foster, G. Holder, W. Johnson, E. Martin, H. Plint, R. Rickards, L. Rickards, C. Rose, D. Swall, H. Selley, R. Smith, C. Smith, D. Thomas.
- 3rd Class.**—M. Bean, F. Berry, N. Foster, B. Horne, H. Hughes, E. Ireland, E. Jones, J. King, D. Lefaux, E. Linley, S. Major, K. Pauley, E. Redman, O. Snidley.

### Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Coxon, Q. Hickson, W. Hodgson, R. Howlett, C. McIver, W. Selley, O. Smith, G. Smith, M. Silk, R. Wells.
- 2nd Class.**—M. Bussey, A. Fairbairn, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, N. Ives, N. Lefaux, S. McMin, W. Newman, H. Pilon, E. Price, V. Rennells, E. Routlan, L. Swall, K. Thomas, C. Twaits, I. Wareham.
- 3rd Class.**—E. Ackroy, C. Bean, E. Elliott, N. Evans, G. Farrell, D. Gaines, L. Hewines, V. Hickson, Kathleen, L. King, G. Loye, A. Mansfield, R. Minnie, H. Moore, E. Spraggon, F. Scudde, M. Tucker, M. Walton, C. Willows.

### Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Bennett, J. Long, M. Pavey.
- 2nd Class.**—A. Dodds, D. Gapper, M. Lefaux, A. Pilon, M. Weller.
- 3rd Class.**—None.

## Answers to September Questions.

Matthew 16-19.

1. The sign of Jonas the prophet (Matt. 16. 4).
2. The Christ, the Son of the living God (Matt. 16. 16).
3. They were talking with Jesus (Matt. 17. 3).
4. It is not the will of our Father which is in heaven, that one of these little one should perish (Matt. 18. 14).
5. Until seventy times seven (Matt. 18. 22).
6. With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible (Matt. 19. 26).
7. Because the Lord told them of His betrayal, and death and resurrection (Matt. 17. 22, 23).
8. Because he had great possessions and the Lord told him to sell them and to follow Him (Matt. 19. 21, 22).
9. If they had faith as a grain of mustard-seed (Matt. 17. 26).
10. What is a man profited, if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What shall a man give in exchange for his soul? (Matt. 16. 26).
11. Please read the rules *carefully*.

Behold,  
I stand at the  
Door,  
and knock.

Rev. 3. 20.

Short interesting articles containing the Gospel will be welcomed by the Editor:—  
J. A. SINCLAIR, Westgate Hill Grange, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CENTRAL BIBLE TRUTH DEPOT, 5, Rose Street, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.  
WESTERN BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 12, WATERLOO STREET, WESTON-SUPER-MARE. | GOSPEL MESSENGER OFFICE, 2 & 3, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.  
THE NORTHERN COUNTIES BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 63A, BLACKETT STREET, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. | BIBLE & TRACT DEPOT, 373, ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.

# OUR CHILDREN

FORMERLY  
WORDS OF WELCOME



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

## PRAYER AND PAINS.

"**A**H yes," says somebody, as they read our title, "if you happen to have a pain, it is just as well to pray besides swallowing the doctor's medicine." You are right. Prayer is a great resource to the true believer in the Lord Jesus, whether it be a question of pain or any other trouble, but that is not just what we mean when we write about *prayer* and *pains* to-day.

Let me explain. We were thinking last month of the Pilgrim Fathers, and the saying of one of their number before they started on their perilous voyage across the great Atlantic. It is just 300 years ago this month (December) since they descended from the 'Mayflower' into her little boats, and landed on the American coast.

A few years later, in 1631 to be exact, a young Cambridge graduate, John Eliot by name, landed amongst the many who speedily followed the hardy pioneers. He soon set to work to preach the Gospel to the Indians who lived in those parts. He mastered their difficult language that he might do so, and he published an *Indian Grammar* for the help of others. At the end of this grammar he explained how he had accomplished this big task, and the closing words were these:—

"And thus I came at it. We must not sit still and look for miracles: up, and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and Pains, through Faith in Christ Jesus, will do everything."

Now here we have another sentence worthy of being remembered by every boy and girl. Is my young reader nor converted? Well, then, remember that though painstaking perseverance may accomplish much in school, or play, or business, *without* faith in Christ Jesus it will accomplish nothing for eternity. If you do not believe in Christ, how can you pray or do anything rightly? "Without faith it is impossible to please God" (Heb. xi. 6).

And perhaps you ARE converted. You have faith in Christ Jesus, and you confess Him not only as your Saviour but as your Lord. We want you then to be a bold confessor of His Name—"a good soldier of Jesus Christ", as the Bible puts it. You will find how much you need *prayer*, because you are powerless in yourself and need to depend upon the Lord. You will find also you need *pains*, that is, painstaking care and perseverance, for God does not bless the idle or the lazy. Put those two things together, and keep them together, and you will be surprised to see what the Lord will do through it.

F. B. HOLE.

## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

**I**N a squalid room at the very top of a high tenement house in one of the dingy back alleys, lay a young lad upon a litter of filthy rags and straw, his body wasted by disease, hunger and neglect, yet to-day a weary smile hovered over his pallid face, for had not mother been much kinder these last few days?

Perhaps the sight of that pale, wan, pinched face, and helpless little body, growing weaker every day, had stirred some long-silent chord of sympathy—had touched some spot in her heart. Certain it was that she had changed.

"To-morrow's Christmas, Mother," said Freddy, "d'yer think yer cud get a bit o' that there green stuff wi' red berries on't fer me?"

"'Oolly, be yer meanin'?" answered his mother, "na, lad, I ain't got no brass—I wishes I could."

"Oi sees one o' they toffs cum down oor alley at Christmas toime wi' green stuff an' a foine big basket full o' things. Wonder w'ere 'e goes, Mother? D'yer think ef 'e knew 'e'd cum ter see th' loikes o' oi."

The mother gazed wistfully out of the window. Long forgotten memories were surging—strange feelings were stirring her heart. "W'y not arsk th' Lord Jesus 'bout it?" she said at length.

"Lord Jesus, 'oos 'e?" queried the boy.

"Yer've 'eard o' Gawd, 'aven't yer? 'E's Gawd's Son. P'raps I orter 'ave tauld yer', but la! 'tis so long ago since I 'eard o' 'im in Sunday School wot I used to go to as a gal. It's all so 'azy. Can't remember much. Me father niver 'eld wi' no Sunday School an' took us 'way soon as mother died, an' yer father tauld me w'en we was married 'e'd no use fer Gawd. But lemme see wot I remembers. Teacher tauld us Gawd loved us an' sent 'is Son into th' world to die—an' us cud allers pray to Gawd."

"Pray, 'ow d'yer do that?" came the next eager question.

"Well, son, oi've niver prayed fer years; but it's arskin' Gawd fer things, same as yer done me fer 'olly, only 'e can give."

"Oh mother! d'yer think 'e'd 'ear me?" cried Freddy excitedly.

"P'raps 'e wud, w'en 'e sees ow pore an' 'elpless yer be."

"But 'e wudn't know me, 'e'd niver see in this 'ere place," his face clouding over.

"Teacher tauld us Gawd knowed allus," said his Mother, knitting her brows together in puzzled thought. "Try it, Freddy."

"Tell me wot ter say, Mother."

"Jus' arst 'im wot yer wants same as yer wud me."

Freddy, with his face aglow, clasped his thin hands, "Lord Jesus, Gawd's Son, send some gent bloke ter see me, same as 'Enery Saunders tauld me went ter wicet 'im w'en 'e were ill."

The simple prayer of the ignorant, untaught boy, full of unconscious faith, winged its way to the Father's heart of love.

All day the boy waited and watched, and next morning Freddy said, "Sure, 'e'll cum'n s'arternoon." But the short winter's afternoon grew on and Mrs. Gibbs had to go out. As the boy lay alone, very exhausted and weak, the ricketty stairs creaked. Up, up the footsteps came, and then a sharp rap at the door. It opened and a gentleman came in. "Well, and is this this Jimmy Sykes? How are you to-day, my boy."

"Please sor, I'm no Jimmy, Oi'm Freddy Gibbs. Jimmy lives up top o' op'site 'ouse. I thort Gawd 'ad sent yer," he ended up disappointedly.

"What do you mean, sonny?" asked the gentleman, sitting down on the one broken chair the room possessed. Bit by bit he got the story out of Freddy.

"Yes, I am sure, my boy, that God *did* send me," he said at length, "my friend who usually visits Jimmy could not come, and asked me to go instead, and I thought it was the top floor of the middle block on the *right*-hand side; but through that mistake God led me to you. And now, Freddy, I want to bring you a message from the Lord Jesus."

"A message, sor? Oi niver even 'card tell o' 'im till yesterday."

Little by little Mr. Morgan told him of God and His love; of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ Who came down to earth to die for His sheep because He loved them so, and He was ever seeking the lost ones. Freddy drank in the message eagerly—it was like water to a thirsty soul—he who had known so little love and care.

Mr. Morgan saw that the little life was not long for this world. He rose. "I must go and see Jimmy now, but I'll be back again presently."

When mother returned, Freddy had so much to tell her, and Mr. Morgan had explained about God and the Lord Jesus so simply and clearly that Freddy was able to pass on nearly all that he had said.

About an hour afterwards Mr. Morgan paid his second visit to that dingy garret room—this time laden with Christmas cheer—and as he opened the parcels, Freddy's big eyes grew wide with wonder and delight. A Christmas pudding, tea, sugar, margarine, a piece of meat for them all, jelly and grapes especially for him, a ticket for coal and another for milk,

some lovely sprigs of berried holly, and a picture book with simple stories of our Lord's life in large print, beautifully illustrated.

"Ow can I ever thank yer, sor?" said Mrs. Gibbs, tears starting to her eyes.

"Please do not try to. I want no thanks; all I ask is that you will trust yourself to the Lord Jesus. Just as you and Freddy accepted these presents I brought, so the Lord Jesus offers you His free gift of eternal life, and you have just as simply to accept it."

In such words Mr. Morgan led them to the Saviour and after a very touching prayer he left, promising to come and see Freddy again soon. Soon after he had gone, Mrs. Gibbs said, "I'll go, now, an' git th' coals an' milk wi' these tickets, an' then Father'll no' be in till early 'ours o' the mornin'. I'll tidy up the place a bit for Christmas."

Mr. Gibbs came home about 1 o'clock, and stood amazed in the doorway. "Wot in aw the world 'as 'appened 'ere?" he remarked. His sneers and laughter were not pleasant to hear when all was explained, but when Freddy said, "Father, yer'll spend Chrismus wi' us, won't yer? it'll be ma last 'ere," he only turned into his shakedown with a grunt.

The next day was the first real Christmas the Gibbs's had ever spent. It was the happiest day of Freddy's life. His Saviour was so real to him, and father spent most of the day at home. It was so changed—cleaner than he had ever seen it. A good dinner, a nice fire, and there was no inducement to leave it, and in his heart John Gibbs ceased to jeer, and only wondered at the change.

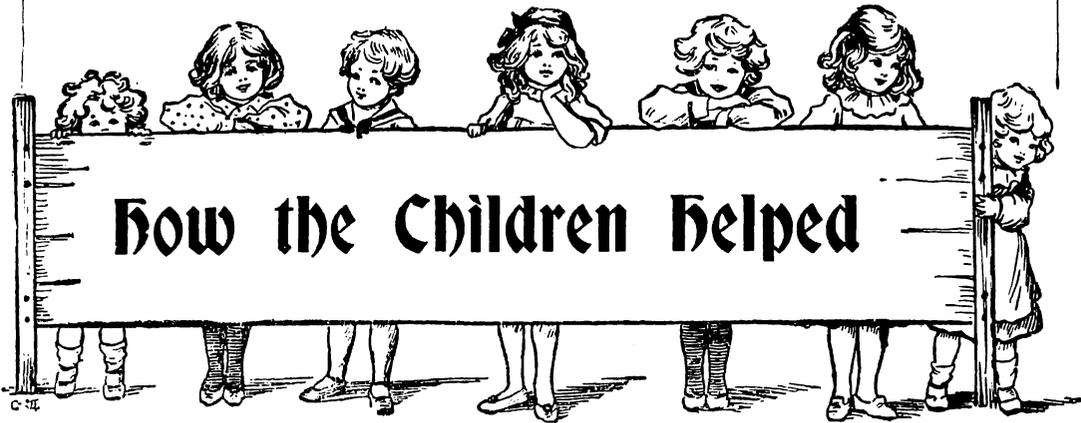
True to his promise, Mr. Morgan came constantly to visit Freddy, but ere the New Year was very old, the Lord came to fetch His lamb to Himself, and Freddy was so glad and ready to go, his only regret that he could not work for the Master he loved so dearly. But did he not? It was through his prayer that Mr. Morgan came, and both he and his mother were saved, and Mr. Morgan is now after John Gibbs who is very near the Kingdom, so impressed is he by his wife's changed life, and he is turning to the Saviour.

And who can say it is not largely due to Freddy's prayers and bright testimony. God offers to each one of us His free gift—shall we not take it?

A. W.



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



## How the Children Helped

### XII. MARY JONES AND HER BIBLE.

**I**N the large house in London which is the home of the British and Foreign Bible Society, there are a number of specially valuable and interesting Bibles kept in glass cases, to be looked at, but not touched. Each of these has a history of its own, but perhaps the most interesting of all is a rather large and clumsy-looking volume, printed in the Welsh language.

On the fly-leaf is written in English, in a girl's handwriting, the fact that the book belonged to 'Mary Jones', in the year 1800.

Who was Mary Jones? and why should her Bible have a place of honour among so many honoured books?

She was a Welsh girl and lived in a tiny cottage in the village of Llanfihangel.

Her father was a weaver, and his loom nearly filled the little room of the house. Two or three stools, a bench, and a kitchen table were all the furniture, for the home was not a rich one, if riches are reckoned by money. But we know, do we not, that money cannot buy the things that matter most, and Mary's father and mother were truly rich, although their home was not a grand one, for they were 'rich toward God', and that is what really counts. They knew much of God's Word by heart, and they had taught all they knew of it to their little daughter. She loved the Bible stories, and could repeat from memory many chapters and verses. But she could not read, although she was eight years old, and her little heart hungered to know more of the wonderful book of which she had learnt so much, but which she had never yet seen.

For in those days Bibles were very scarce and very expensive, and it was as much as Mary's father and mother could do to earn enough to buy necessary food and clothing. While they were busy weaving the woollen cloth, Mary, young though she was, was busy in sweeping and dusting indoors, and digging and weeding in the garden.

It was Mary who looked after the bees, and who fed the hens, and hunted for the eggs. She was a busy, happy little girl, except for the great longing to learn to read. Many a prayer went up from her heart, and reached the ears and heart of the loving Father in Heaven, that He would let her learn and not grow up ignorant.

At last her desire was given her. One evening her father came home from a village two miles away where he had been to sell his cloth, bringing the joyful news that a school was to be opened there, and that Mary might go to it.

The three weeks which had to pass before the school really did open seemed as though they would never come to an end. But by-and-by Mary started, and found her lessons an unmixt delight. Eagerly she gave her mind to learning, and before long she could read and write.

A kind farmer's wife, knowing the child's desire to read the Bible for herself, told Mary she might come and have tea with her every Saturday afternoon and sit and read the big Bible which she and her husband had.

A resolution formed in Mary's mind, "I must have a Bible of my own!" and then began a saving up of every farthing and halfpenny she could earn by doing little odd jobs for the neighbours.

For six years she stuck steadily to her purpose,

and at last to her great joy she found her little money-box had enough in it to buy the treasure she had saved up for. But there were no shops handy. The only place where a Bible could be bought was from a minister, Rev. Thomas Charles, who lived at Bala, twenty-five miles away.

Nothing could daunt our heroine, or turn her from her one desire. One fine spring morning, Mary, now 16 years old, rose as soon as it was light, and after dressing with more than usual care, for was not this a very special day? and eating her breakfast of hot milk and bread, she started on the long walk to Bala. Her father and mother having commended her to God's care, watched her as long as they could. In her hand she carried a wallet, which a kind neighbour had lent her in which to bring her Bible home. In this wallet was some food for the day, and also her one pair of boots, a far too precious possession to be worn on a twenty-five mile walk.

On she went, her bare brown feet treading swiftly along the road. It was a long, long walk, but the eagerness with which she looked to possess a Bible of her own carried her on without weariness. At last as evening drew on she entered the little town of Bala, and went to the house of a kind Methodist preacher, who received her with fatherly kindness, and explained that it was too late that night to see Mr. Charles. So Mary had to wait a little longer. She was given a comfortable bed and fell fast asleep.

Early next morning she was able to see the minister who had the Bibles. He received her and listened to her entreaties that she might have a Bible of her very own; but had to tell her he had not one to spare.

This was too much to bear, and poor Mary broke down and sobbed as if her heart would break. Mr. Charles, seeing her keen sorrow and disappointment, and realizing how brave and patient and earnest she had been through all the years of waiting, felt that he could not send her back without a Bible, and although all that he had were already promised to other people, he gave one to her, with gracious words of comfort and blessing.

With her treasure in her wallet, Mary walked back the twenty-five miles to her home. She lived to be quite an old woman, and was a blessing to everyone who knew her.

It was through her earnest desire and efforts to possess a Bible that the British and Foreign Bible Society came into being, and through its great work the Scriptures have been printed into hundreds of different languages, and circulated in every part of the world.

E. A.

## KING GEORGE III AND HIS ARCHITECT, or "READY TO GO".

IT was the desire of King George III to be buried with his family in a place less public than Westminster Abbey, the usual place of burial for the sovereigns of the realm, so he arranged to have a private mausoleum erected at Windsor. Mr. Wyatt, his architect, was accordingly instructed to draw up plans for the royal tomb, which he did.

One day he had occasion to consult His Majesty with reference to the plan of the design, and some details concerning the execution of it; the king went carefully over the matter with his architect, and at the close, after thanking his sovereign for his condescension towards him he said apologetically that he had asked His Majesty to go over the plans so minutely with him in order not to again discuss with him a subject that must of necessity be a disagreeable one to him.

To this the Christian king replied pleasantly: "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go!"

Was not this a beautiful answer? We are told in the Bible that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but it does not say, "not any". That letter saves the rich and the high and the learned from despair, should they wish to be amongst "the called of Jesus Christ".

And this king, though not the wisest of rulers, was a true Christian, a humble believer in our Lord Jesus Christ for salvation.

One good proof King George III gave of his Christianity was that he loved his Bible. Those who knew him and his habits of daily life well said that the Bible was one of the few books the king read; and he always kept it in reach on the table in his private room. And the commentary he selected to help him in the understanding of its teachings was that of the godly and sound Matthew Henry, the best of his time, no doubt.

Ought we not to be glad to know that Christ was known, and honoured, and loved in the royal palace? The king did himself and his kingdom great honour in thus acknowledging Christ's claims upon them, and their need of

salvation by Him as much as any of the poorest or worst in the realm.

One of the servant-maids said of her master, the king, "I love to follow my master in his reading of the Scriptures, and to observe the passages he turns down. I wish everybody made the Bible as much their daily study as my good master does".

Yes, and we might all wisely pattern after the royal Christian in his constant reading of the Book of God. No one can study it too much, and we all read it far too little. But there is something more important for you to follow the king in, than his reading of the Bible, children, if you are not yet saved; it is to be ready for death, as he confessed himself to be. And how, think you, did he become so confidently prepared to die? was it by works, prayers, alms-giving or his daily reading of the Bible? Oh no, that is not the way any one can prepare to die and meet God; it is only by believing in Christ, by trusting in Him for salvation, that anyone may be prepared for death and eternity, whether they be mighty kings upon their thrones, or paupers in the poor-house, or even criminals in prison; for Scripture says, "There is no difference; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 22, 23).

If you trust the Saviour, little reader, you will be saved and have the fear of death taken out of your heart, just the same as King George III.

C. K.

\* \* \*

### WHOSE STAR?

**D**URING the Great War it was the custom in the town of Winnipeg, in Canada, to place in the window of each house from which a Son, or father, had gone to serve as a soldier in the British Army, a small Union Jack. And when the news came that the man had been killed, a silver star was placed on the flag.

One evening an English chaplain was walking through the streets of Winnipeg, accompanied by his little son. The sun had gone down, and the stars were beginning to shine out in the darkening sky.

It was a very unusual thing for the small boy to be out of doors so late, and he looked up at the twinkling stars with wonder. He had heard much about the war and the soldiers, and he knew all about the silver stars on the flags, but he could not understand why the sky was decorated with so many. But Daddy would be sure to know, so the little chap, who had been

trotting along quite quietly beside his father suddenly broke the silence with, "Daddy, whose star is that?" pointing his finger upward. Daddy was thinking over many important and difficult things, and was hardly prepared for this sudden question, but he at once answered: "Oh! that's God's star."

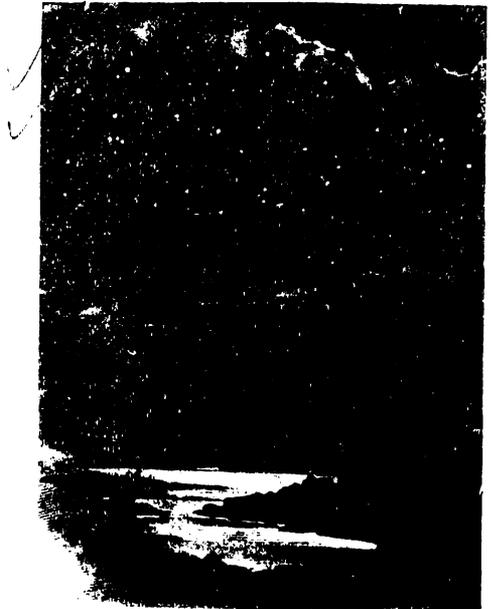
Silence again reigned for a few moments, and then an awed and reverent little voice said:—

"Did He give one?" And then the father told the little chap how God *did* give One, His only and well-beloved Son, to conquer and overcome the greatest enemy of all, so that little boys and girls, as well as men and women, might have their sins forgiven and be fitted for the beautiful Home from which He came, and to which he returned, "having obtained eternal redemption for us".

The Lord Jesus tells us Himself that He has gone back to His Father's house to prepare a place for all those who love Him and obey Him, and He has promised that He will come again and take us to be with Him in that Home (John xiv. 2, 3). We do not know *when* He will come, but we are quite sure that He will keep His promise, and it may be very soon.

Are you looking for Him, and longing to see Him and to be with Him?

E. 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 December, 1920.**

Matthew 26-28.

1. What question did Judas ask of the chief priests?
2. What did the Lord quote from the Old Testament to show that the disciples would be offended because of Him?
3. What message did Pilate's wife send to him?
4. Mention three things that happened when the Lord Jesus died.
5. What did the Lord tell the disciples to teach?
6. What did the Lord say to the disciples about power?
7. "For this . . . sins." Find this verse and write it out.
8. Who followed the Lord afar off, and what was the result?
9. Mention two Old Testament Scriptures that were fulfilled at the crucifixion of the Lord Jesus.
10. "Jesus met them." Who were "them"? What message did Jesus give them?
11. Please read the rules *carefully*.

## 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,

This month brings us to the end of our subject, and to the end of the year. As we look back, how much we have to thank God for, how good He has been to us! "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?" (Psa. 110. 12)? The psalmist answers the question and says—"I will take the cup of salvation." Have we all done this? If not, let us turn to the Lord Jesus now and take the salvation which He offers to us.

G. Loye ought to do 8 questions now. Some one has sent a paper from Seedes Farm without a name. Please try and get a good number of new searchers for January and encourage those under 10 years old to begin.

My love to you all,

Your friend, J. L.

## October Searchers.

### Age over 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—S. Arch, F. Berry, A. Coxon, R. Devenish, R. Dowdell, G. Elks, M. Farrier, J. Foster, N. Foster, B. Horne, G. Ifolder, E. Hodgson, M. Humphries, J. Jones, E. Jones, W. Johnson, D. Lefeaux, E. Linley, S. Major, K. Morton, M. Reed, E. Redman, L. Rickards, C. Rose, D. Swall, O. Smalley, J. Shell, R. Swepson, Ruth Smith, G. Scott.
- 2nd Class.**—J. Bishop, M. Bolton, S. Bussey, W. Champ, C. Dodds, H. Hughes, W. Jack, J. King, R. Rickards, E. Ritzema, M. Todd, D. Thomas.
- 3rd Class.**—E. Baynes, M. Bean, M. Fear, M. Griffiths, E. Martin, H. Selley.

### Age 10 to 12 Years.

- 1st Class.**—H. Coxon, W. Dargie, I. Deacon, N. Evans, A. Fairbairn, G. Farrell, R. Griffiths, V. Gooch, W. Hodgson, R. Howlett, L. King, N. Lefeaux, S. McMin, C. McEyer, H. Moore, E. Price, L. Swall, R. Shell, M. Silk, M. Tucker, M. Walton, R. Wells, C. Willows.
- 2nd Class.**—A. Barugh, M. Bussey, A. Elsdon, A. Edmonds, D. Gaines, L. Hewines, Q. Hickson, J. Messenger, R. Minifie, H. Pilon, V. Rennells, E. Routhan, W. Selley, G. Smith, P. Sudds, K. Thomas.
- 3rd Class.**—E. Aekory, E. Elliott, V. Hickson, N. Ives, E. Lee, G. Loye, K. Pauley, E. Spraggon, K. Stevius, I. Wareham.

### Age under 10 Years.

- 1st Class.**—A. Dodds, A. Haywood, J. Long, M. Pavey, P. Yellow.
- 2nd Class.**—M. Lefeaux, A. Pilon.
- 3rd Class.**—H. Bennett.

## Answers to October Questions.

Matthew 20-22.

1. Matthew 20. 16 written out.
2. Those for whom it is prepared by the Father (Matt. 20. 23).
3. Behold, thy King cometh unto thee, meek, and sitting upon an ass, and a colt the foal of an ass (Matt. 21. 5).
4. This is Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee (Matt. 21. 11).
5. The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof (Matt. 21. 43).
6. As many as they found, both bad and good (Matt. 22. 10).
7. The man who had no wedding garment on (Matt. 22. 11, 12).
8. The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou on My right hand till I make Thine enemies Thy footstool (Matt. 22. 44).
9. I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob (Matt. 22. 32).
10. Matt. 21. 42 written out.  
The stone is the Lord Jesus.

© Give thanks  
unto the  
LORD,  
for He is good.

*Psalms 107. 1.*

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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