

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

On the Home-going of a Man of God, Benjamin Barry Wake.

BY THE EDITOR.

PERHAPS not many of our readers knew this beloved man of God, Barry Wake as he was familiarly called. The writer had the privilege of knowing him intimately for many, many years, and is glad to bear this humble testimony to his sterling worth as a faithful worker for God, and as a fine christian man.

Anyone who ever met him must have been impressed even by his appearance and splendid physique. His massive head and strong intellectual face gave the impression that he was a man of no common character, and those who knew him best would attest that this was true indeed. He was, in many respects, a man of striking individuality; broad-chested, stalwart, and evidently possessing in his younger days, great physical energy, he was, in every sense of the word, a truly noble specimen of a christian man. His work, however, for God, was the predominant feature of his long life. For well-nigh fifty years he was one of the most untiring and indefatigable open-air workers for God that ever lived, although, during part of his career,

S.W.

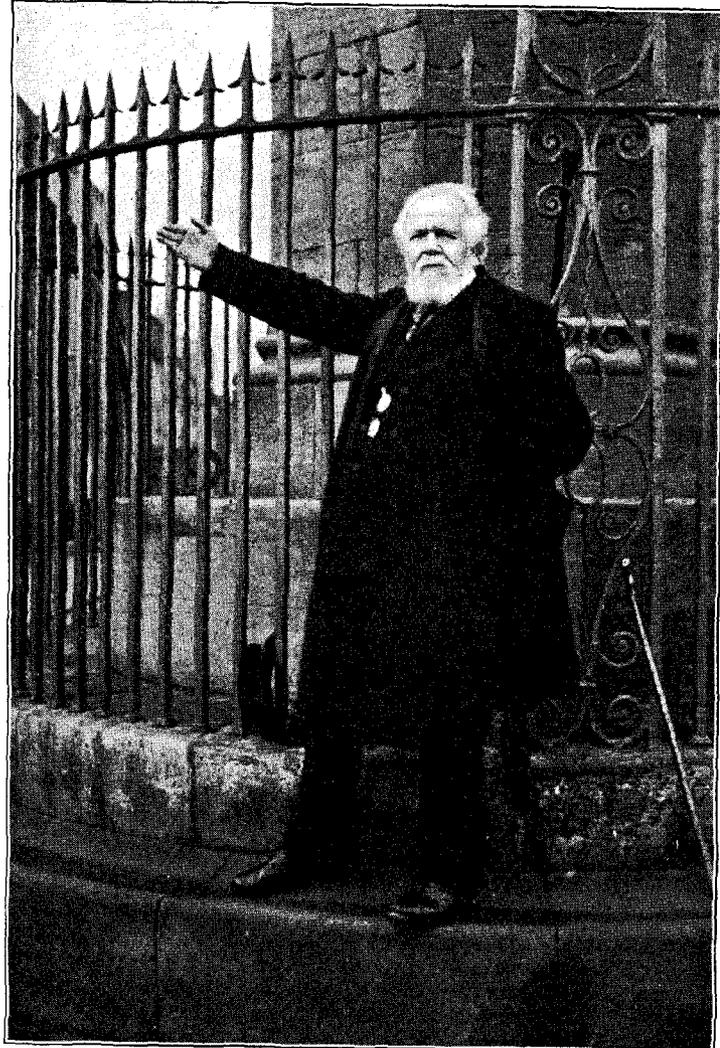


Photo.]

[Mathewman, Doncaster.

BENJAMIN BARRY WAKE, AS HE STOOD PREACHING THE WORD OF GOD BY THE STATUE AT DONCASTER DURING THE RACES.

engaged in important business circles in the city of London, he yet found time, at every conceivable opportunity to go forth to towns and villages, to fairs, and particularly to racecourses,

to proclaim the wonderful story of the love of God in Christ Jesus the Lord.

At Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, Goodwood, and many other places where pleasure-loving crowds gathered, he went with other faithful men to preach the glorious Gospel, and we know that God honoured the testimony of our beloved friend to the eternal salvation of many a poor weary-hearted despairing sinner who heard his burning words.

The first time we listened to an address from him was very memorable. The effect at a large gathering of christian workers was wonderful, and never-to-be-forgotten, for he gave the record of a week's mission at Epsom, and especially on what is known as Derby day. He told how the devil had arrayed all his mad and terrible forces to prevent, if possible, the public announcement of God's glad tidings of life and peace to the vast multitudes assembled. But a bold, prayerful, determined band of christian men resolved that the fashionable people crowding the grand stand and those in the royal box should hear the gospel preached for once in their lives at any rate, and so they approached as closely as they were able to do, and Barry, with his sonorous and yet capitally cultivated voice, *compelled* the mighty throng to listen to his words telling of the wonderful love of God and of the dread realities of ETERNITY. He made them hear the words of the Son of God that "GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD THAT HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, THAT WHOSEVER BELIEVETH IN HIM SHOULD NOT PERISH BUT HAVE EVERLASTING LIFE" and that "HE THAT BELIEVETH ON THE SON HATH EVERLASTING LIFE; AND HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT THE SON, HATH NOT LIFE; BUT THE WRATH OF GOD ABIDETH ON HIM."

Amongst the hearers in the royal group that spring afternoon was our present King Edward (then the Prince of Wales) and various members of his family. Let us trust that, at any rate, some day the words spoken by our valiant friend on that occasion may bring forth fruit to the praise of God even amongst the highest and mightiest in the land. Anyway, our dear brother told us how not a few poor weary bankrupt, broken-hearted sinners were definitely led to decide for Christ during that mission on the racecourse, and on that memorable Derby day.

As he grew older, and his activities were, of course, not quite so strenuous, we believe our dear brother's spiritual susceptibilities deepened, and his experiences of the love of Christ produced a mellowness in his manner as a christian, which rendered any little fellowship with him exceedingly delightful and pleasant.

We can only mention one example in proof of

this. Just about two years ago we had a letter from our late beloved friend R. C. Morgan, asking us to visit dear Barry as he had heard he was very critically ill, so in the afternoon, accompanied by our daughter and a friend, Mr. J. H. Allan, we made our way to Morden College, the picturesque and lovely place at Blackheath, in which our friend was privileged to spend the peaceful closing years of his life.

When we arrived, we found that our venerable friend was extremely weak and low, and apparently very ill. We sat with him quiet and still for a little while, and then we asked if he would like us to read a short portion from the Word of God. In his usual quiet courtly fashion he bowed assent, and we read several passages from Col. i.: "Giving thanks unto the Father, Who HATH made us to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light, Who HATH delivered us from the power of darkness, and HATH translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." He seemed to intensely enjoy these scriptures and interposed comments such as, "Just fancy, HATH made us meet." "How wonderful!" and "listen," said he, "hath delivered us" and "hath translated us. Those 'HATHS' are grand." Then we prayed together, and the old man put his arm around us as we knelt, and gently ejaculated "the Lord bless you my boy!" This was the affectionate way in which he often addressed us. "My boy" was his term of endearment to one with grey hairs like his own. Now it really seemed as if the Word of God had not only refreshed the spirit of our beloved friend, but it had positively put new vigour and power and energy into his seemingly debilitated body, for he rose from his chair and, to our surprise, said, "now we'll have a song," and then he started some old familiar hymn and we all sang it together, and it was lovely and delightful. He was always fond of music and singing. All bright believers are; they cannot help it. It is part of their new nature, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

Just before we left he said "there is one other hymn I want you to sing with me before we say good-bye," and he began as if thoroughly invigorated and well, to quote the following words, and then to his expressed delight and joy the four of us stood and sung the beautiful hymn. Many readers may be glad to read this fine old hymn, so we quote it in full.

YES, we part, but not for ever.

Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;

They who love the Saviour, never

Know a long, a last farewell;

Blissful unions lie beyond this parting vale.

Sweet this hour of benediction,
 When such unions come to mind ;
 When each holy heart-conviction,
 With the promises combined,
 Tell of meetings by the Lord for us designed.
 O what meetings are before us !
 Brighter far than tongue can tell ;
 Glorious meetings, to restore us
 HIM with whom we long to dwell.
 With what raptures will the sight our passions swell !
 Now, indeed, we meet and sever :
 Chequered is our transient day ;
 Life's best flowers perish, ever
 Tending to a long decay.
 Fairest flowers bud and bloom, and die away.
 Soon will cease such short-lived pleasures,
 Soon will fade this earth away ;
 Brighter, fairer, nobler treasures
 Wait the full redemption day.
 Hail the rising of the wished-for new-born ray !
 Thus, upon the coming morrow,
 Leaving scenes I love so well,
 Joy shall blend with chastened sorrow,
 As I bid you each farewell !
 Thus I leave you, dearest friends, Farewell—farewell.

Ever since the incident we have described our beloved brother has laboured on persistently in preaching the Gospel. He could not rest ! As long as he had any strength he must point sinners to the Saviour, until one day, not long ago, on a Lord's day the Lord called him, very suddenly his heart stopped beating, and he was gone ! The Lord truly had need of him. What rest for the grand old warrior ! What peace for the victor in many a hard-fought battle for the truth's sake ! What a triumphant and an abundant entrance into the presence of his Lord ! How he loved Him ! His glorious Name and Character were ever on his tongue ! And Christ truly seemed to possess every fibre and tissue of his being.

Our beloved wife said of him, " That was the death he ought to die if at all. A splendid home-going, so peacefully and painlessly to be called away. After such a life of increasing service for God." It is like the often silent and wonderful way in which typical men have been called hence. GOD WAS IN IT. " Enoch walked with GOD, and he was not for GOD took him." Like Moses " who died . . . ACCORDING TO THE WORD OF THE LORD, and HE buried him in a valley in the land of Moab," or, as with the prophet Elijah " It came to pass WHEN THE LORD would TAKE UP Elijah into heaven by a whirlwind . . . there appeared a chariot of fire and horses of fire . . . and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven."

The Lord cares for His servants and if they are called to pass through death, He declares that " Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints " (Ps. cxvi. 15.)

We shall miss our dear friend ! How often

on Mondays he came to have just a few words together about the work, and above all about his Lord. His conversation was constantly fragrant with the mention of the glorious attributes of the Lord Jesus, and if we speak much of the servant, it is because he always so exalted the Saviour, for all his wonderful ways of mercy and grace to him.

Our brother rests eternally, but the rest is in serving his glorious Lord even there ! " And His servants shall serve Him and they shall see His Face " (Rev. xxii. 3, 4). We are left down here only for a little while and our Lord will come Himself and we shall all be gathered home as it is so beautifully expressed in 1 Thess. iv. 16, 18.

For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God ; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air : and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

In that long-looked-for day we know we shall be like our glorious risen Lord, " FOR WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS." And we shall meet again beloved Barry and many another loved one who has passed on before. Until that bright and golden day shall dawn God give each of His own more grace to serve Him for has He not promised " He giveth more grace " ?

Then brightly let the lamps of hope be burning :
 The LORD Himself shall quickly, quickly come.
 O may we girded, watch for His returning,
 Nor, while He tarries, in His cause be dumb.

Because He lives, we wait for the restoring
 Of precious dust—by Jesus put to sleep ;
 Together then, the Father's love adoring,
 The " many sons " His festival shall keep.

The Coming Crowning Day.

THE crown of righteousness is laid up for all who love the Lord's appearing, and the crown of life is promised to those who love the Lord. The crown of glory is for those who for love's sake feed Christ's sheep.

Earthly crowns will fade away, those the Lord will give are everlasting. All the Lord's people shall be kings and priests before God His Father, holy, happy, glorious for ever.

Honour and glory will be the portion of all in heaven, whether we be little children or grown-up persons. Let us give our hearts to the joys which God has prepared for them who love Him ; joys which, though no heart has conceived, yet God has revealed to us by His Spirit. May you all be crowned with righteousness and life and glory.

The Old Gardener's Conversion or, how He Entered in.

HE was a fine old man. For some forty years he had been the head-gardener in one family, and was living on a pension which his long and faithful services had procured for him.

It is difficult to define his spiritual condition, but as far as his expressions went, he gave me the impression that he was, in homely phrase, on very good terms with himself.

Being informed that he was very ill, I went to visit him. His illness was simply the weakness of old age, for he was in his eightieth year. His mind was clear, and he was well able to converse. My first desire was to ascertain his real condition of soul. I said, "And, now, how is it as to your future? I suppose you are doing your best?"

He replied with great earnestness, "Oh, yes, I pray day and night."

"Well, and now as to your *sins*, what about them?"

After earnest reflection, he replied with tremulous lips, dwelling on each slowly uttered word, "I *think some* of them are forgiven."

There had evidently been an earnest survey on his part, and the issues dependent on his condition in this respect seemed to present themselves to his mind in great reality. It was as if he dared not say, "all were forgiven," and yet the converse "none forgiven," was either an admission too fearful to make in view of the consequences involved, or he was clinging to some hope that his "prayers," his "best," had procured or would procure some sort of remission of sin.

He was depending on his unceasing prayers—his earnestness—his sincerity, doubtless energised by the thought of soon having to meet God; and all was vague, dark *uncertainty*.

God connects *certainty* as to salvation with simple faith in the testimony He has given as to the person and work of His beloved Son the Lord Jesus Christ, therefore it could only be *uncertainty* with our aged friend.

His remark above quoted led me to present, as much as possible in the words of scripture, GOD'S SALVATION. I endeavoured to show that "salvation," "grace," "mercy," "peace"—the various precious terms in which God proclaims His blessed news—*suppose* man to be in the *deepest need* of such treatment on His part. Beyond this that God's righteousness is presented for man's acceptance on the ground of faith (Rom. iii.). Man has no righteousness of his own before God—faith implying that man had no part in producing the righteousness, and must

be a receiver and only a receiver. God's salvation is full, complete, worthy of God and of His Eternal Son, through Whom alone this salvation could come, and that it is brought to us (Titus ii. 11). Then, further, it cannot possibly be "*some*" sins forgiven. It must be "*all*" or none; eternal life given and possessed, or "God's wrath abiding on" the sinner.

I spent an hour with him unfolding the blessed truths of the Gospel, which so strongly condemn sin, and yet which so fully present the perfect and only remedy to the sinner.

He asked me to pray *for* him before I left. I mention this by way of contrast with what followed at my next interview. I left him with the words "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from *all* sin" (1 John i. 7), adding, "Would you have your '*some*' put instead of God's precious '*all*'?"

On calling a fortnight later I found him very much worse. He was not able to speak without effort; but every word was all the more carefully chosen, and his manner and tone of utterance gave his expressions more than usual force. As I entered I began with a word of sympathy, but before I could reach his bedside, it evoked from him a loud ejaculation of "Better—*much* better." On looking at his face I knew the words could not refer to his poor body, and I was therefore greatly cheered.

"It is all right now," he said.

I asked, "How about your sins—is it '*some*'?"

"Oh, no, they are all gone."

"Well, now, tell me all about it—you could not say this a fortnight ago."

"No, I could not;" and he added in a kind, fatherly sort of way, "You need not doubt it—it is all right now."

"I had no thought as to doubting you—I wish only to share the joy with you."

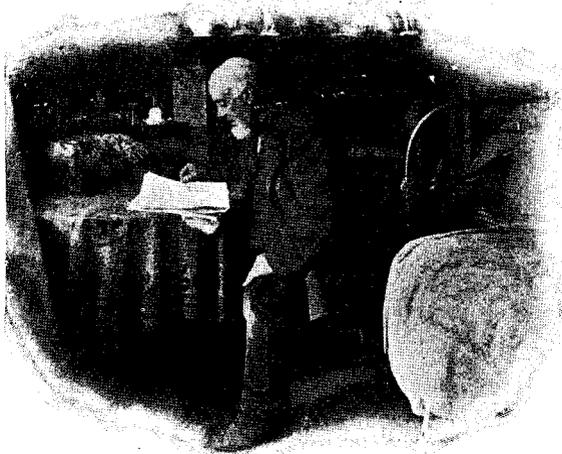
"Oh," he said, "I had nothing to do, only to enter in" (John x.). After a pause, looking up with an intelligent, appreciating gaze, he added, "He showed me"—"Bless the Lord that He should let me see it all now!"

What a retrospect there was in that "now" of his. Nearly eighty years spent—well, at all events, in the sin and folly of such hopes as he had been building upon, and "now"—at last—after such patience and long-suffering of our God, to have his eyes opened to see that he was, to use his own words, "a poor vile sinner" before God, and to find before it was too late that it is *Christ who saves*. What mercy—what grace! The thought of it seemed to overwhelm him.

His beautifully-simple explanation, though

short, presented really the two sides, so to speak, of salvation. On man's side, "Nothing to do—only to enter in." On Christ's side—"He showed me." The former surely speaks of grace, but I felt there was also a sanctifying power in his hastening on to the latter—to give all the glory, all the praise to Him Who had saved him.

"I am a poor, vile sinner, but what a weight is now taken off me," he said, smiting his breast as he spoke. Then, looking up, he said, "And this is nothing to what it will be."



He did not ask me to pray for him this time, as I have remarked, but together we rendered praise and thanksgiving to our God and Father for His matchless grace.

When I spoke of sending him some little delicacy next day, he said, "I may not be here to want it;" and when I left him, "Good-bye; we shall meet above if not again here." He was now sweetly calm about everything.

A week later it was very difficult for him to speak. "I am happy," he managed to say several times. Alluding to his inability to eat much, and as if glad at the thought of soon having done with it for ever, he said, "I want heavenly food." This led to a remark that Christ was first his Saviour, then his Food.

One who saw him the next day wrote of him as follows:—

"The words 'It is finished' were on his mind. He repeated them several times in course of conversation. I asked him if he were afraid at the thought of eternity, and with such a bright, happy expression he looked at me and said, 'Oh no, not now; it's all right now.'"

Before he passed away he bore happy, triumphant testimony to his absolute trust in the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Stedfast, Unmoveable, Always Abounding.

THE NEW YEAR, 1910.

"Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—I COR. xv. 58.

"ALWAYS abounding" is Thy call O Lord, We cry for power to obey Thy Word; And as we stand upon redemption ground We would in Thy most blessed work abound. For Thou art worthy of our very best, Fain would we give it, leave to Thee the rest. We know, O Lord, our labour's not in vain, Sure the reward, for Thou wilt come again.

Thou wast a servant, and in Thee we see The perfect pattern of what we should be. Doing Thy Father's will Thy one intent, In wondrous works of grace Thy life was spent. Help us, O Lord, to imitate Thy ways, To live to serve Thee all our future days. O that we ever may abounding be! Our aim Thy glory for eternity.

"Always abounding," Master teach us how; Call, send, equip, empower us just now. Ourselves we unreservedly would yield, Appoint our task in Thy great harvest field. Through storm, or sunshine, forth for Thee we go, With weeping, bearing precious seed to sow, Our only object to extol Thy fame, Our one ambition to exalt Thy Name.

"Always abounding"—quicken our zeal for Thee, To render service true, whole-heartedly; A burning zeal, yet to Thy will resigned, Still labouring on, forgetting things behind. Thy guiding hand alone we ask to see, As time and strength we gladly yield to Thee, Abounding in Thy service, at Thy call, Our Lord, our Master, and our All in all.

Abounding still, valiant for Thee we go, Withstanding scorn, advancing to the foe. With girded loins, and armour clear and bright, With lights aflame in this world's darkening night, May we not falter for the battle's Thine, And we can conquer in Thy might divine; And when our warfare's past—our race is run, Then shall we hear Thy blessed words—"Well done."

A. GARDNER.

The Sense of what Sin is.

PREACHERS and teachers of the salvation of God should earnestly seek to bring their hearers to the sense of sin. On every hand religious men are practically denying, by their efforts after goodness, the absolutely lost and sinful state of man. Sentimentalism in religion would perish out of the heart before the presence of the stern reality of the sinful state of the sinner; and where sin is truly felt, the Saviour is truly needed. How little is repentance toward God as well as faith in our Lord Jesus Christ declared and pushed home now-a-days.

Our Bible Portion

"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."

—MARK XI. 22.

Undoubting Faith in God.

"And Jesus answering saith unto them, 'Have Faith in God.'"—MARK XI. 22.

"HAVE faith in God," fellow christians! Faith for the things of the day, faith for the intervention of God in the difficulties and trials of life, and faith in God for the things which concern His own glory. Prayer is too often formal, not from the heart; it lacks faith, and so obtains no answer.

All true christians have faith in God, in the sense that they believe God gave His Son to die that sinners might live, and they believe Christ, their Saviour. We may say that all true christians have faith in God for their *eternal* good, even should their faith be at times clouded by doubts, but

How few have steady faith in God for their present good!

Indeed, some are quite astonished when they hear what and how God works for those who trust Him for the day—the record reads to them like a fable, or a tale of bygone times.

Let us borrow an illustration concerning faith from our daily life. A faithful father makes a promise to his little child. That father will do anything in his power rather than allow his promise to fail, and thereby his child to doubt his word; he will inconvenience himself in any kind of way, rather than be the means of one single hesitation as to his faithfulness springing up in the mind of his little child. That father feels that he is the guardian of his child's confidence, and he knows well that absolute trust in his word is of the utmost importance for the present moral well-being, and for the future of his child. The character of the father thus becomes the ground of the confidence of the child, who thinks thus: "My father will do what he says," not, "Can my father do what he has promised?" nor, "Will he do it?"

Our faith in God depends greatly upon our acquaintance with Him.

If we walk with God, we shall learn daily to walk in faith. "Walking" is the general demeanour and conduct of the soul, and is governed by what governs the heart. "Have faith in God," which is an exhortation of our

blessed Lord to His followers, leads us right up to God Himself in His absolute faithfulness. We cannot have faith in one of whom we know nothing, and we have small faith in those of whom we know but little, but God has made Himself fully known to us in and by His Son, and Jesus bids us have faith in God, who is our Father.

If any of our readers should ask, "Where shall I draw the line, and cease bringing things to God?"—and many do so inquire, thinking that only great things may be brought to Him, and that we must not, as it were, intrude our trifles upon the Almighty—we reply, "Be like a little child who has no reserve whatever in his heart, and who brings all his cares and pleasures to his father." A little child will run to his father with a pricked finger, or a broken toy, and the father is only too pleased to listen to the little one's troubles expressed in speech almost too infantile to be clearly understood.

We want to be more child-like with our God and Father,

dear christian reader, and to bring everything to Him, and to have faith in Him for all things, all the moments of our life.

Now mark what our Lord says about our hearts as to faith—"Shall not doubt in his heart." If we doubt in our hearts, we are mistrusting God. A little child would not doubt his faithful father, he would credit him. Those who are most simple in their faith, receive the reward of faith. Faith is a reality, and if we do not doubt in our hearts, but believe that those things which we say to God in respect of the difficulties which are the subject of our prayer shall come to pass, we shall have whatsoever we ask. "Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them" (Mark xi. 24). "Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive" (Matt. xxii. 21, 22).

How a Baron was converted.

THERE were few names better known or more respected in Ireland fifty years ago than Baron P. He was an upright, honourable, and even religious man, yet as in the case of Naaman there was a "But" (2 Kings v. 1), though hidden from the eye of man.

His cousin called upon him, and in the course of conversation, he admitted to him that he was a sceptic, though he regularly attended church, remained for "the sacrament," etc.—he thought it his duty to do so from the position he held. He could not understand the Bible.

His cousin replied, "what would you think of the captain of a ship who refused to go by the compass, because he could not understand how the magnetic influence affected the compass?" He saw at once that he was a fool, and was led to Christ. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God" (1 Cor. ii. 14).

Have any of the readers of this little story, only a name to live and yet are dead "Turn you at my reproof; behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you" (Prov. i. 23).

A. G. W.

Only One Remedy.

THERE is only one remedy for sin, and that is Jesus and His blood—Jesus Christ and Him crucified. He gives rest to the soul, and none but One who is Divine can do this. His cross is the Divine witness of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the proof that there is none other remedy for sin.

627. Wont Somebody Tell Them?

Rev. W. C. Poole.

Anna G. Lambert.

1. Ov - er the mountains so bleak and so cold, Far from the
 2. Lost ones are grop - ing in sin's aw - ful night, Fall - ing and
 3. Speed with the mes - sage, oh, speed in His name, Hast - en the

1. beau - ti - ful cit y of gold, Lost ones are stray - ing be
 2. dy - ing a way from the right; Man - y the mes - sage of
 3. sto - ry of Christ to pro - claim! Hast - en to bring back the

1. cause you and I Nev - er have told them a Sa - viour stood nigh.
 2. Christ nev - er heard, Lost ones for whom no one ev - er has cared.
 3. fall - en and lost, Speed with the mes - sage, what - ev - er the cost!

CHORUS.

Oh, wont somebody tell them, Tell them of Cal - va - ry's tree;

Tell them the sto - ry of Je - sus, What a great Sa viour is He!

REDEMPTION SONGS.

THROUGH the great kindness of Messrs. R. L. Allan & Son we are able to give the above very splendid hymn and melody in this issue. It is taken from the new selection just published, entitled "Redemption Songs." This is a capital volume of songs and solos, many of them not having appeared before. It is published with words and music in paper boards at 2s. 6d.; cloth limp, 3s.; cloth boards, 3s. 6d.; words only (paper), 2d.; cloth limp, 3d.; large type cloth, 6d. Our publishers are glad to supply any of these books.

Jottings about the Bible.

"Speak unto them and tell them, **THUS SAITH THE LORD GOD.**"—*Ezk. ii. 11.*

Words about the Book.

"THUS SAITH THE LORD GOD."

THE roll of the book was spread out before the prophet: it was written within and without, and there were written therein lamentations and mourning and woe.

Before the prophet could deliver the word from God to Israel he must eat that word himself—"Open thy mouth and eat that I give thee." So Ezekiel opened his mouth, and Jehovah caused him to eat that roll (Read Ezekiel ii. and iii.).

What a lesson lies herein! Before the prophet could open his mouth to speak for God he had to open his mouth to eat for himself the words of God. He had first to make the word his own; next to deliver that word to others. First to receive the word for himself; then to give it out for God, but as part of himself.

We see a messenger of God whose soul is filled with what he speaks about; whose whole heart is taken up with the truth—the truth, as it were, part of himself. The words of that man are irresistible. We see another servant; he knows all about what he is speaking of, but his soul is not filled with the word. His message falls lifelessly on the souls of the hearers. He does not speak for God; he speaks about a truth.

"Son of man, cause thy belly to eat, and fill thy bowels with this roll that I give thee," said Jehovah to Ezekiel, and obediently the prophet ate that bitter roll of lamentations and mourning and woe. Ah! when men thus receive God's word of judgment on sinners which He gives them, how real to them are His words.

Then followed the strange result; the prophet said: It was "in my mouth as honey for sweetness." When we truly receive the word of God in our hearts it is sweet to us. What reads so sternly is as honey to us. God's word is holy, just, and good, for it is His word.

Now, by such process, such experimental work in eating the word, true ministry for God issues from the mouths of God's servants. Let us see to it that we do in this manner become filled with His word. This is very different from having the head stored with knowledge, let us

remember. Head utterances are unctionless, heart utterances are powerful. The truth is made our own at our God's bidding. He bids us fill our hearts with it, and thus do our mouths become full of sweetness. His word, experimentally known, is sweeter than honey in the mouth.

God's way with His servants is that they should be themselves the exponents of what they declare. We are not machines. He has put His Spirit in us. Hence is true testimony. Lifeless preaching is heartless preaching. Mere head work is dead work. "That man believes what he says," is the effect of reality on the listener's soul: "We have believed, therefore have we spoken," is the cause that produced the effect.

Until we have opened our mouths to eat our God's word, until our hearts are filled with it, we cannot open our mouths to speak of God to others in such a way as touches their hearts. How is it that the words of a young convert are generally so effective in arousing others? Because he is full of what he believes. Shame on such as become less earnest as they grow older, clearer, but colder. Such mouths are not filled with sweetness, but dryness! The word of God is not as honey in such mouths, but as common everyday words.

Let us prayerfully ponder over this scripture: "All My words that I speak unto thee, receive in thine heart, and hear with thine ears—and go . . . speak unto them and tell them, Thus saith the Lord—"

Is it Religion or Christ?

IT is quite possible to take up the cause of religion very zealously and yet to have no heart for Christ. Let us inquire of our hearts how we stand in this matter. We live in a day when very many are very religious, but being religious does not save us, or make us meet for God's presence. We must have Christ for ourselves, or we are without God and without hope in the world. Let us ask our own hearts, Have I Christ for myself? It is of the first importance that we should be really right with God ourselves at the very start of our christian life.

God's

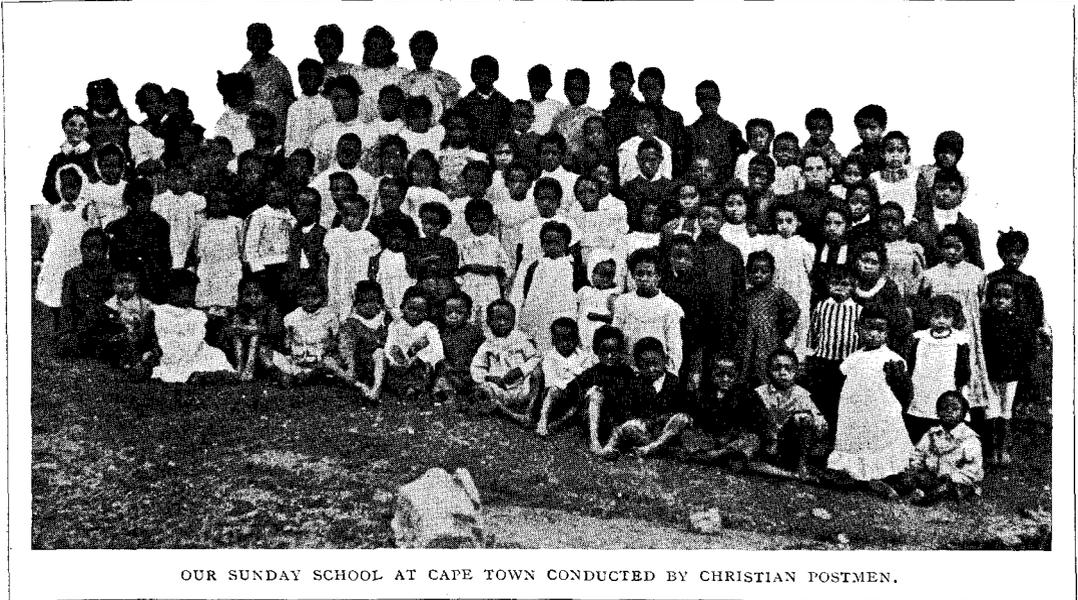
Work Amongst the Peoples
of other Lands.

Lights which is a spiritual help to the lonely officials in up-country offices. It not only

gives them something helpful to read, but also puts them into communication with our workers at Cape Town—who are only too thankful to write a word of sympathy and cheer, and to point any anxious one to the loving Saviour.

Postal Officials in South Africa.

THIS Sunday school for little black children is carried on by some of the christian postmen at Cape Town. Dry Dock is a poor district on the outskirts of the town.



OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL AT CAPE TOWN CONDUCTED BY CHRISTIAN POSTMEN.

Some of the little children in this picture have given their hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ. Among these is the little girl in a white pinafore in the right hand top corner, she is a dear little christian. Her mother also is a christian, and since her conversion is quite a witness for Christ amongst her neighbours. The one little white boy in the group (see left hand corner) is called Willie; his father is one of the postmen who conducts this beautiful Sunday school. There is also a Band of Hope and a Mission Meeting for grown-up people which has been much blessed to the men and women who attend it.

We are very thankful that this and other good works, such as an open-air meeting on the Jetty, are carried on as a direct result of God's blessing on our postmen's rooms at Cape Town where many have been brought to Christ.

We have also a little magazine called *Beacon*

CHINESE POSTAL OFFICIALS—WAITING FOR THE ANSWER.

Now we turn right away to a distant harvest-field. The great Empire of China. *Waiting for the answer*—that is the present position of our work in China. For eight years we prayed for the post offices of China *before* the opening came for work amongst them.

An abundant answer was given in the beautiful opening and response, when we sent them 1,000 BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS. We had in reply a large number of answers full of gratitude, and asking us for further help and teaching for their souls. How earnestly then did we seek and pray for the right man to go out to them as their missionary. Again the Lord tried our faith, until at length our prayers were answered in the sending out of Mr. J. A. Heal, three years ago—who was given to us by the China Inland

Mission, having been formerly one of their missionaries.

God is blessing Mr. Heal's work and opening it out all over the great Chinese Empire; he gets into touch with, and is able to help post office clerks who are 100 miles from any Mission. There is ample scope for the work in China now, as two new post offices are started every day.

Mr. Heal also hopes soon to send New Testaments and our little gospel magazine to the post offices in Thibet.

In answer to prayer, God gave first the open door, and then the missionary. Now we are waiting for the answer for sufficient funds to support this work. Many kind friends do help us in sums from 1d. upwards, but not nearly enough is coming in. Last Spring God gave us this beautiful promise: "CALL UNTO ME, AND I WILL ANSWER THEE," and we are STILL WAITING FOR THE ANSWER. Is it possible that amongst the readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL," there may be some whose hearts He will touch to be the answerers of that prayer?

We need the prayers and the help of God's people in this country both for South Africa and China in order to carry on this work. Perhaps some who cannot give large sums could help by taking one of our little collecting boxes or cards, and we shall be very grateful.

The English correspondent for this work is Miss Hodgkin, Wraycroft, Reigate, Surrey.

Jehovah-Jireh, or, The Lord will Provide.

"And Abraham called the name of that place JEHOVAH-JIREH" (that is the Lord will see or provide).—GEN. xxii. 14.

JEHOVAH-JIREH—blessed thought
 For all the days that lie before,
 With sunshine or with shadow fraught
 We see not, thro' its opening door,
 Yet o'er it we the words descry—
 "My God shall all your need supply."
 He will provide the grace to bear,
 Thro' daily round and common task,
 Life's fret and friction; for each care
 Give needed wisdom when we ask;
 Faith in His word the golden key
 To Christ's own all sufficiency.
 Jehovah-Jireh!—fearful heart
 Why then so doubtful and afraid?
 Thy God will daily strength impart
 If thou dost seek His promised aid;
 Be strong, fear not, whate'er betide,
 Jehovah-Jesus will provide.
 "God will provide"—'tis a blank cheque
 In crimson signed by His own hand;
 Of all thy wants but little reck
 His promise honoured aye shall stand!
 Rejoice, for Christ who ransomed thee,
 Gives life, and power, and victory.

J. H. S.

Faith's Happy New Year.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

MY life peals on a merry chime,
 And Jesus is the music!
 I hear the gladness all the time,
 And with a song,
 March still along,
 His praises ever singing,
 In rhythm to joy's ringing.

My life is like a flow'ry field,
 And Jesus is the fragrance!
 What sweetness doth His sweetness yield,
 Heaven's choicest flower,
 In every bower:
 A perfume onward winging
 As still the bells keep ringing.

My life is like an ocean shore,
 And Jesus is the ocean!
 That floweth gently on and o'er,
 In waters bright,
 With glory light:
 As filled with deep devotion,
 I bathe in the full ocean.

My life is just an orchard fair,
 And Jesus is its beauty!
 The golden apples growing there,
 Divinely sweet,
 For faith to eat:
 As resting she divideth
 The fruit her Lord provideth.

My life is just a little heaven,
 And Jesus is its glory!
 An earth-cloud with God's sunshine riven,
 And all the light,
 With love made bright
 Is from His face outshining,
 A sun without declining.

Quiet from Fear of Evil.

"Whoso hearkeneth unto Me shall dwell safely, and shall be quiet from fear of evil."—PROV. 1. 33.

"DWELL safely"—midst the storms of earthly life,
 Turmoil of nations, war and ceaseless strife,
 Because we hearken to His blessed voice,
 Who ever bids the trusting heart rejoice.

"And shall be quiet," too from doubt and fear,
 Because the One who loves and guards, is near,
 And not a sorrow o'er our path can fall—
 Sunshine, or shadow—but He sends it all.

"Safely to dwell," and dread no coming ill:
 O anxious heart! here rest thee, and be still,
 And trusting in the covert of His wings,
 Hope thou in God, and leave all troublous things.

C. P.

"THOUGH AN HOST SHOULD ENCOMP AGAINST ME, MY HEART SHALL NOT FEAR; THOUGH WAR SHOULD RISE AGAINST ME, IN THIS WILL I BE CONFIDENT. . . . FOR IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE HE SHALL HIDE ME IN HIS PAVILION; IN THE SECRET OF HIS TABERNACLE SHALL HE HIDE ME." (PS. xxvii. 3 and 5.)

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlvi. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—I.

WHEN we are first brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ there is beyond doubt a very powerful drawing to the gospel of John, even though we do not realise at once what it is that makes us value that gospel so highly.

But when our judgment has been more matured we understand that every part of scripture has some special value and importance, and we are able also to understand why the gospel of John is so full of profit to our souls.

Amongst other matters this gospel shows to us how men and women are brought to Christ, what He teaches them, what their souls are fed upon, and Who works in their souls this knowledge of and love to Christ. Gently but surely does the Holy Spirit—the Comforter—lead the newly-awakened soul into a knowledge of the love of God and into an experience of the peace and joy (Rom. xv. 13) that comes through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, if only such an one is willing to drink in the gracious words of this gospel.

In a very special manner may this gospel be compared to the Rock which Moses struck at the command of God, and immediately there came forth water for the people to drink (Exod. xvii. 5). If you will turn to 1 Cor. x. 4 you will read they “did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that went with them (see margin); and that Rock was Christ.”

Blessed be our gracious God and Father! That Rock still goes with all believers, and now we have only to speak to the Rock and the water comes forth abundantly (Num. xx. 7—11).

Now if you will turn to the gospel of John you will soon see that provision is made for an abundant supply of living water for all believers who will now SPEAK to (that is, ask of) the Lord Jesus.

Look, for example, at the first chapter. We read John the Baptist’s testimony, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world” (verse 29), and further on, “the same is He which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost” (verse 33).

Here we are brought face to face with the Rock (smitten *once*), that He, as the Lamb of God, might by His one offering make a full atonement for our sins for ever (Heb. ix. 12, 26, and x. 10, 12), and to all who speak to Him in faith is given the Holy Spirit.

The very same truth is made known unto us

by the prophet Isaiah: “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. . . . Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. . . . For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth and maketh it bring forth . . . so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth . . . ye shall go out with joy and be led forth with peace” (Is. lv. 1, 7, 10—12).

Here is abundant water for every thirsty soul. Put the two passages together.

God bids “all men everywhere to repent” (Acts xvii. 30), that is to return unto Him—not the people who are righteous in their own eyes and will not come, but “the wicked” and “the unrighteous man”—and He says “He will abundantly pardon.” “Behold” says He “the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world,” and “come to the waters” and drink.

The word of God is both meat and drink to the soul; therefore it is compared to wine and milk, and the drinking in the words of God into the soul by faith bring joy and peace.

“These things I have spoken unto you, that in Me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world” (John xvi. 33).

Go, my friend, go, I beseech you, to the Rock. Go in faith. Believe that God bids you return and that He will receive you. Speak to the Rock and receive by faith the words of life that the Lord speaks in His word and then “Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His Name” (Psalm xcvi. 8).

W. H. B.

He Came to Seek and to Save.

IT is sweet to repeat the Lord’s words, “The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.” It was the express purpose for which He came from above. He came to declare the glorious message that “God is love.” He, the Sent One, declared that “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”

He did not spare the “living water,” He gave it freely. Have you in your heart drunk “living water”? You know what natural thirst is! You have thirsted a thousand times, and probably will thirst again. Have you ever thirsted for that water whereof if you drink you will thirst nevermore?



Echoes of Berean Sunday.

WE pass on our motto for 1910 to all our members and friends as our message to them for the new year. "Lay up," says the great Lawgiver, "these My words in your heart and in your soul." It is by carrying out this injunction that we shall all enter and abide in the pathway of blessing. God has spoken to us in His Book, our part is to "lay up" His words and they will then surely prove themselves spiritual and living, bringing us into fellowship with His heart and mind. Memory is but the medium through which our own heart and soul can be nourished with the bread from heaven. May every Berean "lay up" and lay out these Heavenly provisions. Receiving from God that they may give to men.

Just upon 150 sermons and addresses were delivered on Berean Sunday supporting the movement, and to all those who have so generously helped we would again express our warm gratitude. We are glad to be able to give our readers a few echoes from pulpit and platform. Canon Barnes Lawrence, preaching at Blackheath said, "Only last week I had an illustration of the benefit of the practice of committing to memory portions of God's Word. In visiting one who is ill he expressed his happiness in having his mind stored with Scripture, 'I am not able to read now, but passage after passage comes to my mind day and night.' Let me heartily commend the Berean Band." At the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Pastor Archibald G. Brown spoke on Jer. xv. 16. He reminded his hearers that there were many precious treasures hidden beneath the surface in God's Word, which only those who sought would find. It was not enough to find the words, we were to "eat" them, and not to "cook" them first. Don't let us "bolt" the Word, but read, mark, and learn it. It was a good thing to have it treasured in the memory, for the day might come when our eyes will grow dim. Preb. Webb-Peploe spoke of the blessed privilege of knowing the Bible. It is the dearest treasure on earth, for in it we find the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Mr. W. Y. Fullerton, in commending the Berean Band at Melbourne Hall, Leicester, said "If a boy eleven years of age would begin to learn a text every week, at the age of 21 he would have over 500 stored in his memory, and that would be a very good fortune with which

to enter upon his majority." He also urged the people to cultivate accuracy of quotation.

Most people would be astonished if they were out a text and then compared it with the verse in the Bible, to find how inexact their knowledge of Scripture is.

Mr. John Tuckwell said "You will find it of great service to have your minds well stored with the Word of God, when temptations assail you the answer of that Word will be like a maxim gun to the enemy; or, if evil thoughts like unclean birds, come flocking into your heart, by the time you have recited a chapter of Scripture to yourself, they will all have fled like bats and owls before the light. I have found it of incalculable value to me in my christian work, whether of conflict with the unbeliever, or for the instruction and comfort of the believer, to have the very words of Scripture plentifully at hand for immediate use without having to open the Book."

Our calendar "My Remembrancer" has been a great success. The first edition was exhausted very shortly after it was delivered. We have now prepared a second edition, and friends wishing to secure copies should apply at once to the Hon. General Secretary of the Band. Those who have seen the calendar are delighted with it, and friends are ordering it by the half dozen and dozens. It will make a beautiful new year's gift, and there is something very practical about it, it helps the memory and adorns the home. The price is 6d., post free 7d.

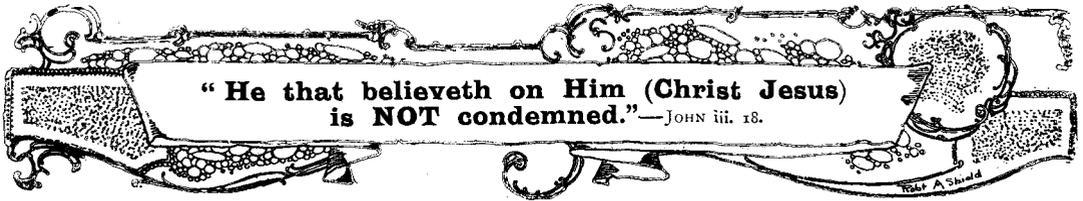
The verses to be committed to memory during the month of January are as follows:—

God.

- Jan. 2. John iv. 24.—God is a Spirit.
- " 9. Jer. xxxii. 17.—The Creator.
- " 16. Isa. xlv. 18.—The Only God.
- " 23. Jer. x. 10.—The Living God.
- " 30. Deut. vii. 9.—The Faithful God.

Address all communications with reference to the Berean Band to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwin Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Go straight to Christ, just as you are in your sins. He is the Saviour for sinners; He washes us from our sins. No one else does or can do this. No one receives His salvation save from Christ Jesus, Himself. Why spend your life in vainly trying to wash away your own sins, when He is waiting to save and to cleanse you? Go straight to Him. Do not seek to improve yourself: you need salvation.—not improvement.



Great Truths about Salvation.—I.

“There, is, therefore, now No Condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.”—ROM. viii. 1.

CONDEMNATION is the present condition of man in nature. Yet true seekers after God oftentimes act as if their state was that of probation; they behave as if God were testing and trying them to find good in them. God tried Israel by the law, and those who lived on the earth when His Son was here, by grace, but the result of the first test was a broken law, and its consequent condemnation; of the second, the murder of God’s son, and condemnation of man as a responsible being—condemnation of man in nature, root and branch, for ever. Since the cross of Christ man has not been tested or tried, weighed or proved; but man has been treated by God as the criminal in the condemned cell to whom pardon is brought, and whose prison door is open. Forgiveness and life have, since the cross, been proclaimed by the cross.

That which is the ruin of the gospel hearer is not that his nature state is condemnation, but “this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil” (John iii. 10).

The gospel hearer’s doom lies in his love of sin, and rejection of Jesus Christ, his deliberate choice of darkness rather than light.

No poor trembling heart yearning after the light of life and turning from sin and the darkness of death, shall ever be lost. The Lord Jesus will in no wise cast out.

We read of a man who, by the cruelty of an oppressor, was condemned to an underground dungeon, into which pure daylight never came. Here the prisoner slowly lost all he loved the most. His friends died, his perceptions decayed till at length his very love of freedom was eaten up by a dull lifeless liking for his gloomy dwell-

ing. Years passed by, and the oppressor died. The day came bringing to the prisoner the glad tidings of release; but instead of hailing freedom with delight, so accustomed had the man become to the fatal gloom, that he preferred his damp, dark dungeon to the day. He wished to remain and to die as he was.

So now with men. They love darkness rather than light. The prison door is open, but they will not go out. Pardon is proclaimed; life, eternal life, preached; but they will not believe in Jesus.

But ponder these words **NO CONDEMNATION**, for God lays down in His word that

For those who are in Christ Jesus there is no condemnation.

This is the security of their state or condition, God looks upon believers in His Son as in Christ, not as in their sins, or in Adam. They are in the fortress, and their position is unassailable. Possibly they may fear the war which wages without, but they are in Christ Jesus, and none can touch them there. The believer in Jesus is not in a state of probation, neither is he under condemnation; but he is in Christ Jesus, and for him, in that strong fortress, there is *No condemnation.*

“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.

“He that believeth on Him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God” (John iii. 16—18).

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on Him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life” (John v. 24).



Our Young People's Pages.

COUSIN EDITH'S BIBLE CLASS and Cupbearers' Circle.

The Coming of the King.

"There came wise men from the East saying, 'Where is He that is born King of the Jews; for we have seen His star in the East, and have come to worship Him.'"—MATT. ii. 2.

HEROD was troubled, and not he only, but all Jerusalem with him. And why was this? Certain wise men had come from the East to Jerusalem, having been instructed by God of the birth of the King of the Jews, and they presented themselves in the city of the King with their gifts, for they had come to worship Him.

The coming of the King meant the putting down of many "mighty from their seats," and Herod the king amongst them; so no wonder that he was troubled. But why should all Jerusalem be disturbed? Jerusalem was the seat of true religion on the earth. Its temple, in course of erection, was for Jehovah's habitation; its services, its glories, were all for God's glory. Why, then, should Jerusalem be troubled at the coming of her King?

Herod called for all the chief priests and scribes of the people; he would know on sound religious authority where the Messiah of Israel's hopes should be born. The Scriptures of God were opened, the prophecies unrolled, and Micah's words, uttered seven hundred years before Christ's coming were quoted. To Herod's inquiry the answer was readily given—"In Bethlehem of Judæa."

There was a handful of loyal hearts in Jerusalem waiting for the consolation of Israel; they read the Scriptures in loving hope: but Herod's instructors in divine truth seemed to have had little joy in Christ. We do not hear of even one of them going to Bethlehem to worship the King! But the wise men departed from the uncongenial palace of Herod, and their heavenly guide, the star in the sky, went before them, and "they rejoiced with exceeding great joy."

They beheld the infant King, and "they fell down and worshipped him," and they presented to Him their offerings, their gold, frankincense and myrrh.

Israel gave Him no welcome; the chiefs of Jerusalem had no heart to see Him: none of

His own gave Him royal homage, this was rendered to Him alone by the great men from the East, into

whose hearts God had placed holy desires for earth's Ruler.

As for Herod, his only thought about Christ was at once to get rid of Him, and to make sure of his purpose he slew all the children of Bethlehem and its surroundings, from two years of age and under. His sword fulfilled the prophecy of Jeremiah concerning the tears of the disconsolate mothers; and then Herod died—the murderer of the little ones of Bethlehem, and the enemy of the Christ of God.

Herod, and the religious world he consulted, knew well that the Lord's coming was declared in the Word of God; therefore, he had no excuse. But he and Jerusalem did not want Christ! They could build the temple, and interpret Scripture, and the priests could perform religious services in the name of Jehovah, but their religion was Christless.

There is a solemn voice to us in their spirit. Christ is coming the second time. He was born the King of the Jews, and he must reign. Will He be more welcome at His second coming than He was at His first? Is it not written, "All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him"? When He comes He will disturb kings and chief priests and scribes. He was not wanted by man generally at His first coming, nor will He be wanted at His second coming. But when He comes the second time to this earth, it will not be as the Infant, but as King of kings and Lord of lords, attended by the armies of heaven. And when the great day of His wrath is come, who shall be able to stand?

Shall you: Shall I? Let us answer this great question to God Himself, in the silence of our own hearts!

Our Cup-bearers' Circle.

IT is New Year's morning, dear girls, and giving and receiving will make the day for many of us a bright and busy one. And it is well it should be so, for—

*"Love can only live by serving,
And by serving love shall grow."*

Our cups may not be large, they may not be costly; but however small or homely, they will suffice if filled at the fountain of living waters; to carry cheer and refreshment to some thirsty, weary one. "Despise not the day of small things," is a Bible precept, and we all need to

be on the alert to make the most of small opportunities; so much time and strength is often wasted in waiting for the larger ones, which perhaps, seldom come our way.

Your Cousin Edith, is really very sorry that circumstances over which she has had no control have prevented our "Missionary Study Circle," from making a good, orderly beginning with the first month of the New Year; but it has been pleasant and encouraging to find so many of our "Cup-bearers" and a few who have not hitherto joined our Circle, for whom our welcome is no less cordial, are willing to join a band, of whom it is hoped, every member will be a working one. Our marching orders are, "Go ye . . . and teach all nations" (Matt. xxviii., 19). And before entering upon the study of any special mission field, it may be well to take as we hope (if the Lord will) to do in the February number of "THE SPRINGING WELL," a wide outlook, and see how far the servants have borne in mind, and kept the charge of their risen Lord. Millions are still in the darkness of heathenism; among the hill tribes of China and India, there are thousands who have not yet heard the Saviour's name. "Are there any who know the

my village, and while away, I passed through a town, and in the bazaar, I heard one speak, I know that he said, many times 'Jesus,' I thought it was the name of his God, but (alas! he said) I do not know who Jesus is."

The story of missionary enterprise in Africa, linked as it is with the honoured names of men and women, who counted not their lives dear unto them, so that they might carry the "Glad tidings to those who dwell in darkness must ever be one of absorbing interest, and if we think of lands where Islam holds almost undisputed sway, and the followers of the false prophet may be counted by millions; our hearts will surely be moved with deep Christ-like pity for our Mohammedan sisters, work among whom, though difficult, is at the present time full of interest and encouragement. Among those veiled women, are some who do believe in Christ, but are afraid to confess Him by baptism, for fear of being poisoned."

But it is high time to go to press, so after wishing you all a bright and happy New Year, bright with the blessing of the Lord, and happy, because walking in the sunshine of His Love, Cousin Edith must be content to close with one suggestion, Why should we not all bring what missionary knowledge we possess, and so add to the common stock? Write to Cousin Edith, tell her what missionary books you have read lately, or are reading.

Two small parcels of warm garments, already passed on to the very poor, or sick children, have been received, and are gratefully acknowledged.

Your sincere Friend,
COUSIN EDITH.

Please note change of address. Letters and parcels for Cousin Edith, should now be addressed to her at 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon.



"AH SAHIB, I AM BUT A POOR COOLIE!"

Lord Jesus in your village?" was the question put not very long ago by a christian officer, to a native. A pause, then came the answer, "Yes, there is one man who knows; he lives over the hill, near that clump of tall bamboos." Away went the officer, hoping to find a brother in the faith. It was the height of an Indian summer, and the way seemed long and dusty, but at last the hut was reached. "Do you know the Lord Jesus?" was asked.

"Ah Sahib, I am but a poor coolie, not a learned Brahmin; but once I carried loads for an Englishman to a town, many days journey from

Come NOW. Not To-morrow.

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—PROV. xxvii. 1.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. vi. 2.

WE never read one verse, from the beginning of the Bible to the end, where God says, "Come to-morrow." In Isa. i. 18 is the gracious invitation: "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

This invitation is to you; will you accept it? Will you come to the Saviour, that your sins may be washed away in His precious blood?

"All sin," as it is written. "The blood of Jesus Christ (His Son) cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN i., 5.

A Welcome Winter's Song.

THE robin is a cheery bird. It is winter—the frost glistens upon the trees and dead ferns, and in the very midst of frost and icicles sits our red-breasted instructor, and sings his bright song! He does not sing only on the bright spring day—true, he sings more sweetly than—but his dear little song is more welcome on the winter morning. Is he “singing in” the coming spring? Let us be like him, christian, and, amid the distress and trials of life, lift our cheerful voice to Him who loves us, and “sing in” the coming day, the day without clouds, which is so near at hand.

There is no other Cross.

“For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God.”—1 COR. i. 18.

LEAVE to the old Cross, comrades, bravely fighting,
That Cross to victory hath ever led,
It is the theme in heaven still delighting
The warrior-saints, who for the faith once bled.
O shout that watchword to the brave hearts bearing
The stress of battle counting life but loss,
Sing of the glory Christ's redeemed are sharing—
THERE IS NO OTHER CROSS!

REFRAIN:—

There is no other Cross,
There is no other Cross,
Living or dying, I will sing for ever
The glory of the Cross.

Proclaim that Gospel to the lost and weary,
And point them to the holy Lamb of God.
Beneath it's light, in sin's haunts cold and dreary,
Fair flowers will blossom from the mouldering sod.
O breathe that comfort to the poor and dying
Amidst the shadows and the darkness gross,
Until their souls awake, and sing replying—
THERE IS NO OTHER CROSS!

Tell forth the message of the Cross revealing
The love of God in Christ the Crucified;
The Tree of Life is there, whose leaves are healing,
Salvation floweth in the crimson tide.
O sing that refrain ever to the lonely,
As “without hope” on life's wild sea they toss,
Bear to them tidings glad of Jesus only—
THERE IS NO OTHER CROSS!

There is no other Cross—His Cross uplifted
Doth high o'er all, in lowly splendour stand;
Amidst the wreck of worlds, of empires rifted,
It triumphs still o'er men of every land.
O sing to them the ever wondrous story,
Until they find all earthly things are dross
Beside that bliss—that far exceeding glory—
THE GLORY OF THE CROSS!

J. H. S.

“God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.”—Gal. vi. 14.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE return our heartiest thanks to all who have helped our various efforts to assist the needy, the suffering, and the physically afflicted children. We are certain that God will abundantly bless all who have shown such marked fellowship with us, whether in prayer or in rendering practical help.

We are especially touched by the way in which so many teachers and dear young scholars in the different Sunday Schools help us in the good and blessed work, and we feel persuaded that nothing but real love for the Lord Jesus Christ could prompt our kind friends to write as they do. We thank them every one, and we ask them to understand that, although they cannot hear the words, we most earnestly say “God bless you all.”

We have received parcels of vests for the poor leper girls, and jerseys for the boys, in the Lepers' Home at Bapata, and have forwarded them to our correspondent, Mr. Philip Bryant. We are quite sure they will be most useful and be very thankfully received.

We have received the following donations for this month, which we acknowledge with grateful thanks:—

For our New World-Wide “Springing Well” Leper Fund. £ s. d.

From Scholars, South Grove Hall Sunday School	1	1	0
„ Scholars, Elim Hall Sunday School, Crosshill, per Mr. H. Thatcher	1	1	0
„ A. H. and C. M., New Zealand	0	13	0
„ M. J. J., Worcester	0	5	0
„ G. W., Co. Fermanagh	0	10	0
„ A Sunday School Class in Montreal, per E. P. R.	1	0	0
„ Mrs. M., Senr., Springsure	0	10	0
„ A Friend, Birmingham (For Dr. Fowler's Work)	0	2	6
For the Support of an Adult Leper for one year, from a Friend	6	0	0

Our “Springing Well” Free Distribution Fund. £ s. d.

A. W., Malvern	0	10	0
Mrs. J. B., Canada	0	7	6

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind. £ s. d.

W. B., Rascred	0	2	6
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For our “Lamb and Flag” Cripples' Holiday Fund. £ s. d.

W. B., Rascred	0	1	0
M. S., London	0	2	6

Also for Mr. Bergmann's Fund for the Yiddish Translation and Circulation of the Scriptures 1 0 0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render “THE SPRINGING WELL” increasingly useful.

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THE Springing-Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"



The Story of Adam Podin. A Russian Sailor Saved to Serve.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

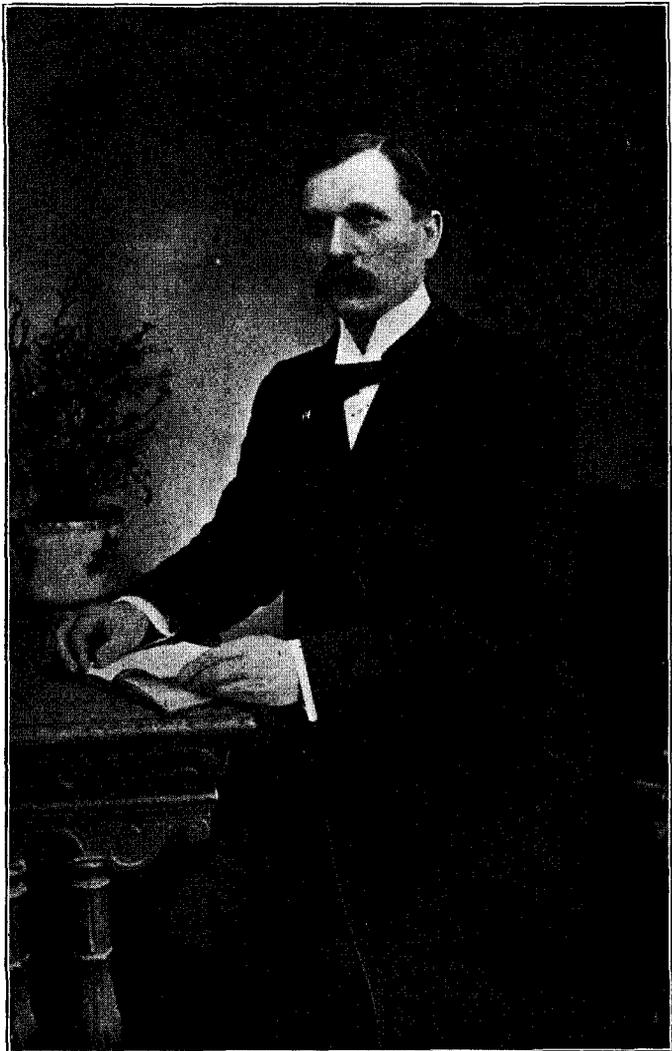
JUST before Miss Child, of the "Sailors' Welcome Home," entered the presence of her Lord, a Russian sailor told her, if she had been the means of nothing more than his conversion and the conversion of his brother, she would have done a good life-work.

That Russian was Adam Podin, who called Miss Child "Mother," and over her coffin said, "All I am I owe under God to her, who twenty years ago this month taught me the way home to my Heavenly Father."

What wonder that he felt it an honour to be one of other sailors who carried that "mother" to her grave. Over the tea-table he told us of their first meeting, in the days when Ratcliff Highway was noted for drinking and dancing saloons, and worse.

Miss Child was explaining the parable of the five talents to a few men around the fire, and Adam was particularly struck with the doom of the unprofitable servant, to whom the Lord said:—

"Thou wicked and slothful servant, thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not s.w.



ADAM PODIN, THE RUSSIAN SAILOR, CONVERTED TO GOD AT THE "WELCOME HOME," NOW PREACHING THE WORD TO HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN.

strawed: thou oughtest therefore to have put my money to the exchangers, and then at my coming I should have received mine own with usury. Take therefore the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents. For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall

have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. And cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth" (Matt. xxv. 26-30).

That man could give back his lord's money; but this sailor felt he had wasted his talent, and could not give anything back. "CAST YE THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT INTO OUTER DARKNESS" followed him everywhere. He got drunk to escape it; but "CAST YE THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT INTO OUTER DARKNESS" ran in his ears. He went with a shipmate to Barnum's Show, but he there felt he was "THE UNPROFITABLE SERVANT."

"Poor thing!" said Miss Child, seeing his misery; but he did not feel poor, for at that moment he had £6 in his pocket: yet towards God he was "unprofitable." He tried going to church, and as the minister announced the Lord's Supper, he thought that might help.

"Why do you wish to take it?" asked the servant of Christ.

"Because I am so wretched," he replied.

"But that cannot do you good."

"What must I do then?"

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST."

This the Russian did not understand; so went away feeling he would soon be cast "INTO OUTER DARKNESS."

In this state of mind he heard Miss Child explain another parable, concerning an unprofitable son, which ended very differently:—

"And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry" (Luke xv. 20-24).

Thus Adam Podin returned to God. His brother Carl, or Charlie, afterwards came to the Home, and through it to the Father's Home. Adam continued his sea life, but worked for his Lord everywhere he went. In China and Japan he stood outside the bad houses with tracts, warning the sailors and others; and when in London he went with the "Christian Lifeboat Crew," which Miss Child had organised, to many meetings, where he gave his wonderful testimony.

"Those meetings were my High School, fitting me for the work God has trusted me with." Such was his acknowledgment on the day of Miss Child's funeral. All this time he was

earning money to pay for his brother's training at Bethshan.

At this time, while in Smyrna, a missionary was in great trouble over his Bible, having upset the ink on it, and not knowing where he was to obtain a new one. Adam at once gave him his own beautiful copy, and, as if God smiled at the sacrifice, he received a most valuable one by post soon afterwards, and which he showed with holy thanksgiving.

As soon as he had seen his brother through he saved money to pay for his own training being assured of his call by 1 Chron. xxviii. 20.

"And David said to Solomon his son, Be strong and of good courage, and do it: fear not, nor be dismayed; for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee; He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee, until thou hast finished all the work for the service of the house of the Lord."

Adam thus began a work among Russian sailors in New York, which was afterwards taken up by his brother Carl.

"But my heart was for Russia itself," he said, "for I seemed to hear the Lord saying, 'GO HOME TO THY FRIENDS, AND TELL THEM HOW GREAT THINGS THE LORD HATH DONE FOR THEE'" (Mark v. 19).

So to Russia he went, depending only on God.

At the commencement of this work he wrote to Mr. Blaauw, whose wife now carries on the work at the "Welcome Home," "Glad to tell you that the Lord has enabled me to glorify Him a whole month in this very strange and dark land. The people are hungry and thirsty to hear the Gospel, but the way is full of difficulties. Police, priests, Satan himself, are doing their uttermost, but I am still alive, and have lifted up Christ every day, and glory to God, He saves to the uttermost. I have had some very interesting cases of conversions and victories through the Lord. I visited an old and sick merchant; he had been a very great sinner and Sabbath-breaker. The Word I read to him and the prayer I had with him had awakened in him a thirst for salvation. One day the police came and examined me and my papers, desiring to know too much from me. I asked him to come next day and I would show him my work. So the next day he came with his horse and sledge, and we went to see the same old man for the second time. Just as we went through the door the dying man cried out—

"'You man of God, I have been waiting for you day and night. Have you something more to say about the sinner's Friend, Jesus?'"

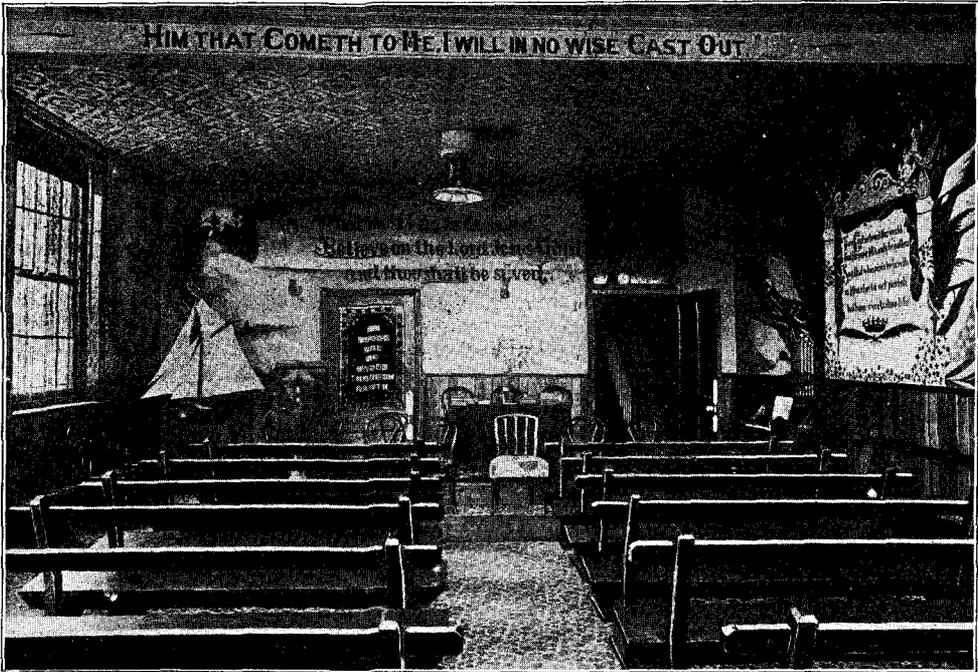
"So I went on my knees to ask God to give us something, and after the prayer I read a portion and explained, and closed again with prayer, and policeman too. The man is saved,

and I have perfect liberty now to go from house to house and preach the Word. But the priests are more to fear than the police. I gave some tracts to the police, who asked me to visit him. I have visited some hundred houses and held several small meetings. My needs are so richly supplied that no good thing has been withheld from me. I have an offer of 400 roubles, even from Reval, where I preached for a month, and an invitation to spend some months with them again. I have met some good God's children

cock; and the same room is kitchen, without chimney. The only chimney is door, where all the smoke must go out. Often I come home with headache. I need very much your prayers that I may be kept from all dangers, and that great liberty might be given and real outflowing of the Holy Ghost."

The police referred to in this letter were sent by the provost or bishop, a man who afterwards died by his own hand.

Afterwards the preacher got such a good



THE INTERIOR OF THE "WELCOME HOME" IN CANNING TOWN, THE SCENE OF ROSETTA CHILD'S WONDERFUL WORK FOR GOD.

here in Esthonia, but they all are so secretly, and dare not to come out. Most of them have received the light from and through English travellers. O, how wonderful is the Word! Dr. Baedeker preached here some fifteen years ago, and only once, and souls have been saved and testified to the keeping power. So I sow the seed in great hope.

"The life is so different than in England. I wish I could paint some of these homes. You would be surprised how and where some men lived. In one room there are men, women, children, sheep, dog, cat, half dozen hens, and a

character that the police did not even trouble to come near his house.

"We know no bad men come to you," they said.

For a year and a half Adam travelled with his bag, Bible, and violin, preaching Christ, and God working with him and preserving him. Many friends were raised up, one of which offered land to build a house and a church, but not being sure if this was of the Lord, our friend refused it. Then money was offered with which to build, and he thought—

"Did you ever know such an offer, if not from God?"

Assured that he should thus settle, he accepted the land and money.

"Now God has given me a house of many rooms, all furnished, and used for Him and His children, and on the garden He has let me build a house for Him; and when all was paid I had five shillings over, and all without writing one begging letter. At first I only knew of three christians there; now fully fifty baptized believers are in fellowship with three other stations for services."

One gentleman, whose son died, sent £50 out of money saved for his benefit.

At the centre thus established Adam Podin has held several annual conventions or small Keswicks. Last year 200 christians came together, and spent four days in Godly fellowship.

Four years ago this humble servant of Christ was granted permission to go into every Russian prison to preach and distribute Bibles, and when we remember that such prisons contain 300,000 prisoners, we see the wideness of these open doors.

In some of these visits Rev. J. D. Kilburn was with our friend. One prison was entered where there were over a thousand inmates, some of whom were under sentence of hard labour lasting from five to twenty years. The governor of the prison allowed the men and women under his charge to be assembled in a large church, where Mr. Podin spoke to them from Luke xiv. 7: "Come, for all things are now ready." After the meeting each one present received a Testament. On a similar occasion a Gospel address was delivered to an audience consisting of 440 prisoners, and again the Word of God was freely distributed.

At Nijni Novgorod were held two meetings, at which some who were awaiting execution were present, while others were anticipating the arrival of the death sentence. One of these gatherings was attended by 117 women. Mr. Podin chose as his subject, Luke viii. 43-48, which tells how the woman with an issue of blood had in a moment been healed by her faith and the grace of Christ. The address was the means of bringing peace and comfort to many whose condition, viewed from a human standpoint, was utterly destitute of hope.

Last November, at the "Welcome Home," Adam told us he was then the only man doing this work, and that during the previous few months he had been in contact with 14,000 criminals, many of whom had accepted Christ. In six months he had distributed 10,000 Scriptures in twenty different languages.

Our brother, to the end, looked upon Miss Child as his "Mother," saying at her funeral,

"When Miss Child led me, a wicked sailor, to Christ, she did not know I should be thus used."

We never know what may be the result of leading a soul to Christ Jesus the Lord.

"I cannot understand how you have had such liberty in a country like Russia," I said.

He humbly answered, "WHEN A MAN'S WAYS PLEASE THE LORD, HE MAKETH EVEN HIS ENEMIES TO BE AT PEACE WITH HIM" (Prov. xvi. 7).

Yes, that was the secret of all. Adam is now back at work in Russia, and his brother Carl serving God in America.

The Home Call of the Founder of the "Sailors' Welcome Home."

A TESTIMONY FROM MRS. BLAAUW, HER COMPANION AND FRIEND FOR MANY YEARS.

FOR more than four years no one but the Lord knew how great were the sufferings of beloved Miss Child before she passed away. Her last four months on earth were spent in bed, and although very often the pains were intense, she would constantly say, "I will bear it patiently; one minute with the Lord will make up for it all," the weary time of pain was ended by this loyal and consecrated worker being summoned to the presence of her King.

On Wednesday, November 3rd, after a memorial service at the "Welcome Home," her redeemed body was laid in its last earthly resting place.

"Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

Rosetta Child began her work among the sailors in Ratcliff Highway in 1877. Her plan was to watch the public-houses and try to prevail upon seafaring men to leave the premises. The men wanted a better place to spend their time in. This led Miss Child to speak to some philanthropically-disposed people; and it was arranged to open a mission room in the Ratcliff Highway. Then it was found that a great need existed for a coffee-room and sleeping accommodation. So a larger house was taken for the meetings, and the old mission house was kept for a sailors' "Welcome Home." The work went on in Ratcliff Highway till 1896, when a move was made to Canning Town, where the present "Welcome Home" was opened. In company with the late Lady Beauchamp and Miss Waldegrave, Miss Child used to bring the men to the basement of the mission house—"the Fo'c'sle," as it was known and is still known in all quarters of the globe. There meetings were held, and they sometimes used to be kept going until one and two in the morning.

Miss Child's influence over the sailors was

remarkable. The men might have been merry in their drink, but they were always respectful to her. She said to a friend just a few weeks before her departure, "My wish is that the work should continue, and if possible even to increase," and that her subscribers would help her friend and companion in the work for over thirty years—Mrs. Blaauw—with their support and sympathy which she herself has so long received.



THE SAILORS' TRUE FRIEND AND HELPER.

R. Child

Rosetta Child: A Devoted Saint of God.

A TESTIMONY FROM WILLIAM LUFF, HER FAITHFUL FRIEND AND FELLOW-WORKER.

ROSETTA CHILD commenced work as a public-house visitor among the sailors of Bridport. Coming to London, a wider sphere was found, at the instigation of Annie Macpherson, in Ratcliff Highway, where in 1877 the "Welcome Home" was opened—the celebrated "Fo'csle"—which was the spiritual birthplace of many another sailor as well as Adam Podin, of whose conversion to God we have written in our first article. The "Home" was afterwards removed to Canning Town, the shipping having gone further east. For four years Miss Child was a great sufferer, and on October 30th, 1909, the Lord called her to rest, aged 75. At her request sailors carried her body to the grave at

Chingford, where, on November 3rd, we sang her favourite hymn:—

"Though often here we are weary, there is sweet rest above,
A rest that is eternal, where all is peace and love.
Oh, let us then press forward, that glorious rest to gain;
We'll soon be free from sorrow, from toil, and care, and pain."

"I am longing to see Jesus. The thought is so sweet to me now, that I shall soon be with Him." "For ever with the Lord." "Be ye also ready." "And do not forget to tell them, the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." These were among her last messages. The work is left in the hands of Mrs. Blaauw, who has been with Miss Child from the Bridport beginning.

A lamp in the night, a song in time of sorrow,
A great glad hope, which faith can ever borrow,
To gild the passing day with the glory of the morrow,
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord.

"The Lord be with You."

I SAM. 20, 13; 2 THESS. 3, 16.

"Say what is thy mind and I will do . . . and the Lord be with thee."—I SAM. xx. 4 (margin), x. 13.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU," launching forth
Upon the unknown way,
"The Lord be with You" as you go,
And be with those who stay.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU" every step,
May He thy strength command,
In all things may you clearly see
His own sure guiding hand.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU." He alone
Can comfort give to thee;
When parted from thy loved ones here,
With you He'll ever be.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU," none but He,
In hours of loneliness,
Can lift the drooping spirit up,
Can succour, and can bless.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU," only this
Would be our prayer for you,
For with His presence all is well,
Be comforts great or few.

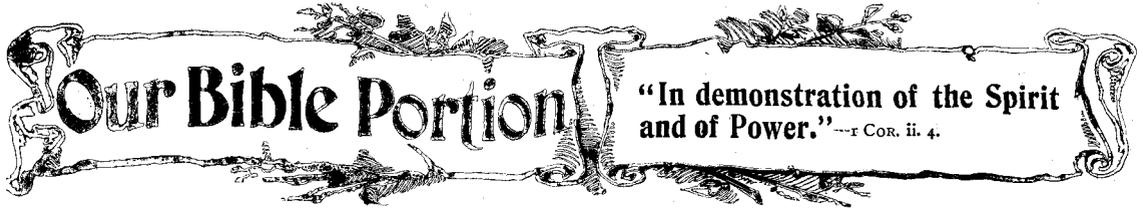
"THE LORD BE WITH YOU," to His care,
We, thee, and thine command.
And may His blessing which makes rich,
Thine earthly path attend.

"THE LORD BE WITH YOU" till thy course
On earth is past and done,
Then you shall be with Him for aye,
Beyond life's setting sun.

F. B.

"NOW THE LORD OF PEACE HIMSELF GIVE YOU PEACE ALWAYS BY ALL MEANS. THE LORD BE WITH YOU" (2 THESS. iii. 16).

We shall print these lines separately, in the "Greystone," series on a nice card at 6d. a dozen.



Our Bible Portion

"In demonstration of the Spirit and of Power."—1 COR. ii. 4.

True Power from on High.

"But we have this treasure in earth-vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.—2 COR. iv. 7.

POWER! Oh, how God's servants yearn for more power! How shall the fight be fought against the forces of infidelity and superstition, and how shall the vast mass of indifference be broken up? How shall captives be won for Christ, and the number of His soldiers be increased?

It would almost seem that, as they sigh over present infidelity, several of God's servants are growing faint-hearted. They say: "People's minds are taken up with the popular religious notions of the day, and they simply ridicule the old truths of the Bible." Others of God's servants seem so occupied with, what may be termed, religious machinery, that they find but little leisure to go down deep into the workings within the hearts of men.

True it is, that one contented with the noise and show of religious machinery will not perceive the need of which we speak. The flourishing cause, the well-filled building, the elegant music, the eloquent discourse, do not mean power; with all such things existing,

The power of God the Holy Ghost may be absent,

and the end be but building up the profitless "wood, hay, stubble," which will be burned up in the great day. (1 Cor. iii. 10, 12, 13.) "A successful church does not mean souls won for Christ," said a minister of a London congregation to us the other day. There also may be the exact opposite of all this exteriorism, and instead, the plain religious service, the orthodox congregation, coming and going week after week. But still no movement of God the Holy Ghost, no witness of His work—nay, the spirit of stagnation.

Certain evidences mark the existence of spiritual power in a community of believers. There will be holiness in life and walk, love to Christ, devotion to the sick and the poor, caring one for another in the affections of Christ; and also there will be a gathering out from the world and the ranks of the enemy of sinners for God and for Christ. Neither the whirl and

bustle of mere religious machinery, nor a state of stagnation, can exist in the presence of true power.

The need of power will surely be felt.

Once let the soul of a believer be awakened to the fact that divine power is needed, and the desire be awakened in his heart for the work of God, then hope is near, for a step is taken out of the former state of contentment.

A power which is of God.

Power! What do we mean? Power that is not common to men, power that no strength of man can attain to, power which is above, beyond, outside all mere human ability—the power of God. None, save God, can really turn the heart of man to God—none, save God, can fire the Christian with divine energy, or make the sinner feel his sins.

When our Lord was leaving this earth for heaven He said to His disciples, "Behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." (Luke xxiv. 49.) They had had the advantage of His blest company and guidance, but, nevertheless, they were not fitted for the work before them without being endued with power from on high. Even all that they had seen and heard of Jesus would not suffice—even all the knowledge of His ways, and the memory of His words, would not effect the end required—they must first be endued with the power from on high.

For we have no power of ourselves.

Power from on high! How these words take us out of ourselves! We lift up our eyes to God our Father, and to our Lord in heaven. We are nothing: we can do nothing. What! do we heartily, honestly thus speak? If so, there is a further step gained. Yes, when we truly believe our own inability, we are on the way to power, provided we believe it not as a doctrine, but as a reality—believe it not in the abstract, but for our very selves—believe it in the presence of God, for such belief cannot exist as a dead thing in the soul.

God the Holy Ghost, is the power of God's people.

A West-country Woman's Story.

WHAT first made me think was Grandmother's death.

You see, I was living away from home because I was married, and it was not very long after my baby was born, that they sent me word as how Grandmother was taken worse, and not likely to last long. So I went to her, and she says: "I am going, Nellie"—And I said: "I expect you are, Gran, and where are you going to?"

She answers: "Well, lass, I *hope* I am going to heaven."

That struck me as a very poor thing, and I said, "Only *hope*, Gran? I expect you'll want something better than that before you go—*Hope* doesn't seem to me quite enough."

But I could not get more than that from her, and as I had a two-mile walk to take to the town that afternoon, I left her.

As I went along the road I kept thinking of Grandmother, and her hoping to get to heaven, and I says to myself: "Just think of that! pretty near on eighty-four years in this world and only *hoping* to get to heaven at last. Dear me! that would not do for me if I was dying. I must have something better than hope before I go out of the world.

Still, I didn't come to Christ, nor much change; but it shook me.

Then, a few months later, my mother lay a-dying. She sent for me. I think I am saying true when I tell you I was always a favourite with my mother. I was not as good as her other children. I had always been a bit mischievous and troublesome, so father, he didn't take to me as he did to the others, and though I would not say Mother made flesh of me and fowl of the others, yet I must say I was favoured by her.

And now I stood by her bedside, and she dying! She looked at me very earnest, and said: "Nellie, I want you to promise to meet me in heaven—I can't die easy until you do so."

With that, I stood and looked at mother that straight, but could not speak, for what could I say? What was this she was asking of me? How could I promise to meet her in heaven when I had never set off for heaven, and when I knew I was all on for the other way? So I just stood still, and looked straight at her, and didn't answer a word. And she says: "Nellie, I see you are hard put to, but it's no use looking at me that fashion. I can't go back from what I have said, and if you want me to die easy, you must promise to meet me in heaven. I cannot last long, so you must lose no time. Go back home, and make up your mind one way or t'other, and come back in an hour and tell me."

My sister, Liza, she lived with me then as she does now—Liza wasn't like me, she knew the Lord, so I told her what Mother had bid me do—and I said: "You know I ain't going to heaven, Liza, and whatever can I say to poor



"YES, MOTHER, YES; I'LL JOIN YOU IN HEAVEN."

Mother, and she dying? Whatever shall I do?" But Liza said, "You must just settle the matter, Nell, yourself with the Lord. This is a thing no one can settle for you."

And there was the hour going by! I had to go back to Mother. I went to her bedside, and I said, "Mother, you don't want me to t-ll you a lie, and you know quite well I am not on the way to Heaven." But she pleaded, oh, so pitifully! "Nell, my child, my child, say you will meet me there, say you will meet me there," till I could hold out no longer, and I broke down, and sobbed out, "Yes, mother, yes, I'll join you in Heaven." And it seemed to me that just then and there the Lord received me, and I became His.

Next time the fair was on in the town I did not even care to go, and that had always been the special time of the world for me, and I had thought it would be awful hard to give it up, but you see He changes our tastes, and I didn't care any more for it when I belonged to Christ, and had the joy of His salvation in my soul.

AUNT ALICE.

Jottings about the Bible.

"Its holy transforming influence upon the hearts and lives of men."

The Power of the Book.

WE are glad to give the following remarkable instances of the power of the Book, as it is scattered about in different parts of the earth, and through the blessing of God's Holy Spirit continues to have its holy transforming influence upon the hearts and lives of men of all nationalities and climes. These incidents are taken from the Bible Society's most excellent report.

The Cross inside

God's Word of reconciliation brings men's hearts together at a common focus. The Bible Society's mission is central, in that it fixes attention upon the whole content and purport of Holy Scripture. In these days, when so many christians have their souls distracted by side issues and their activities diverted into the details of doing good, it is no small gain to be recalled continually from things accidental to what is the very essence of christian faith. In Canada last year an Italian immigrant objected that there was no cross on the cover of the Italian Bible which was offered him. "No," replied the colporteur, "but if you read it, you will find the Cross inside."

A Brahmin in Burma.

In a jungle village in the Pegu district of Burma one man for many years held himself haughtily aloof from the other villagers. If their shadow fell across his food, the food was thrown away. For he was a Brahmin of the highest caste, whose proud traditions clung to him in his adopted country. Three years ago there came into his hands a copy of the Gospels in his own language. Before long he grew ill-content with Brahminism, as the little book told him of the common salvation. He sought and obtained a New Testament, then a Bible, and studied them eagerly. To-day that Brahmin is a humble and devout believer in Jesus Christ.

An Armenian in Moldavia.

Peter Klein, one of our Rumanian colporteurs, has Moldavia for his field. This is perhaps the most backward part of Rumania, where education and culture, commerce and travel-inter-

course, have least affected the people. In the busy Danube harbour of Braila he laboured among the dockers with good success. Here and in the neighbourhood he circulated over 1,000 copies in three months.

It is not generally known that in Rumania a good many Armenians are settled. One of these encountered last year by Klein spoke of how he loved his Bible, and told a curious story of how he first grew acquainted with God's Word. He was employed in an apothecary's shop, and noticed that leaves were being torn out of an old book to wrap up drugs. He took away some of these leaves to read, and discovered that the book was God's Word. Then he sought to gain possession of as many leaves as possible, but the apothecary would not allow this, and told him it was a sin to read the book. So the young man began to long for the day when he could buy a copy of his own, and is now the happy possessor and a diligent reader of the Bible.

The first Bible he had ever seen.

One of our Japanese colporteurs at Uwajima in the island of Shikoko recently sold a Bible to a man who was starting out on a photographic tour. He wanted a book to read during his journey, and bought the Bible just as he would buy an ordinary novel. On the deck of a coasting steamer he was sitting reading the book when another passenger, the Rev. W. P. Turner, a missionary at Uwajima, fell into conversation with him and advised him to study the Bible carefully. A few days later Mr. Turner met this man again at an hotel in a small town where he had gone to hold a service. He attended the meeting at Mr. Turner's invitation. He took his Bible and was deeply impressed by what he heard. At the close he said: "This is the first time I have attended a christian meeting, and this Bible is the first that I have ever seen or read." He promised when he returned to attend Mr. Turner's service at Uwajima. He kept his word, and soon became so interested in christianity that, after due study and preparation, he was baptized, and has since shown himself a sincere christian.

A Gospel Boat for the Wonderful Rivers of China.

To the Readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL."

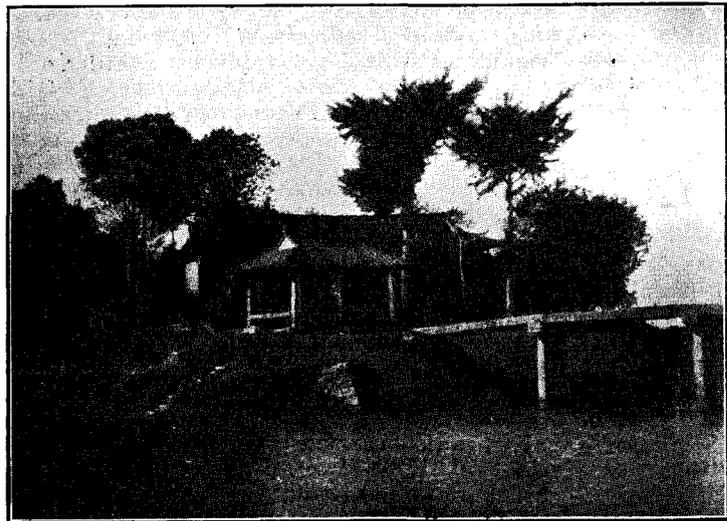
DEAR FRIENDS,—In the January number of "THE SPRINGING WELL" I told you of Mr. Heal's work amongst the postal officials of China. He lives in Shanghai and corresponds with the offices all over China, but sometimes he takes journeys to visit some of

written "My hope is that some day we may have a boat of our own for the work called 'The Gospel Mail.'"

Some of us here at home are praying that the day may not be far distant. One friend has it much on her heart and began a year ago to collect for it. She has a "Boat Box," which she calls a "Self-Denial Box," as when she receives some little present the boat goes shares with her and gets a part. She has now over £16 towards it, but the boat will cost £50 or £60. Will you help by prayer, or if you can by gifts to make this boat possible?

Mr. Heal also mentions two special needs—namely, a small organ (cost about £6), to use for leading the hymns in the room he has for meetings for the postal officials in Shanghai—also a few Scripture or "Pilgrim's Progress" slides for his lantern, to use in the same meeting-room.

I feel sure that many christians read these pages, and I pray for the sympathy and help of any of God's people. We are hoping that this New Year many may be led to give half a crown a year to help support the general funds of this work. This would



those he has written to, and these journeys are mostly by boat.

In some places there are a good many very low bridges and they are troublesome to travellers. The one in this picture is only about as high as the bank, so an ordinary house boat could not well pass under it; but Mr. Heal would have his own boat made with a movable cover which can be lifted right off when necessary to pass under the low bridges.

There are many difficulties as well as encouragements on these journeys. The difficulties are often caused by the owners of his hired boat. They profess not to know where the places are he wants to visit. At other times they loiter along so as to make him pay more for the boat. Sometimes the boats are very uncomfortable, and one leaked so much as to be quite dangerous. You can understand, therefore, Mr. Heal's having

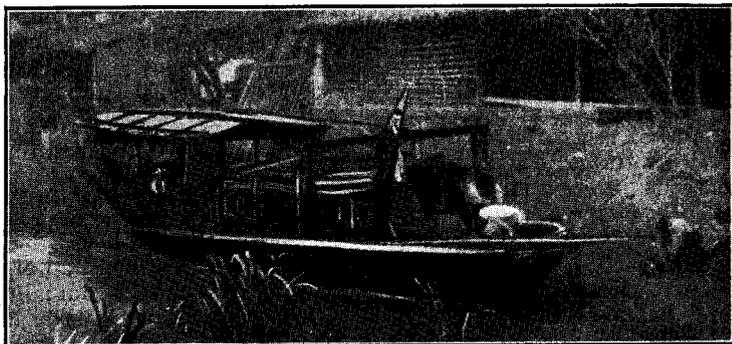
indeed be a wonderful help in this service for Christian China.

Yours sincerely in His service,

ANNIE HODGKIN.

Address Miss HODGKIN, Wraycroft, Reigate.

How thankful we should be if through the instrumentality of our paper kind friends were led to think of this most excellent work in China.



THE BOAT MR. HEAL OFTEN HIRES. IT IS MOORED AT A PLACE WHERE HE VISITED THE POST OFFICE.

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—II.

THE gracious work of the Holy Spirit upon the soul and in the soul of believers is compared to "the waters of Shiloah that go softly" (Isa. viii. 6), and the work of the Lord Jesus in bringing the sinner to receive these waters is compared to that of a shepherd, who leadeth his flock "beside the waters of quietness" (Ps. xxiii. 2, *see margin*). Of the Lord Jesus we read, "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd: He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young" (Isa. xl. 11).

That the Jews might know and be sure that He was the Shepherd of Israel (Ps. lxxx. 1) He spake the parable concerning a shepherd recorded by John (x. 1—18), and declared that He was the good Shepherd (verse 14) sent by the Father, and that He would lay down His life for His sheep (verse 15).

That the Gentiles (that is all the race of mankind outside the Jews, including you and me) might know that He is willing to be our Shepherd, if we will turn unto Him and trust in Him, although He came (according to the will, purpose, and promise of God) in the first instance to the children and family of Abraham, He made plain in various ways. For example, God inclined a poor woman of Canaan (Matt. xv. 22, called by Mark a Greek, or Gentile, *see margin*, vii. 26) to come by faith to the Lord for a blessing. The Lord knew her thoughts and faith, even as He knows the thoughts (Matt. ix. 4) and faith (Nahum i. 7) of all men now; but it pleased Him to try her, and that for two reasons: First, because every man's work has to be tried (1 Cor. iii. 13), and faith (which though exercised by man is really the work of God, *see Rom. x. 14, 17; Eph. iii. 20; Phil. ii. 13*) is highly regarded by God (*see Heb. xi.; James i. 3—6, and 1 Peter i. 5—9*), and, when exercised in submission to God's revealed mind, will receive in eternity a reward exactly according to its exercise now (Matt. ix. 29; xiii. 23; Mark ix. 37 compared with John i. 12, and xii. 48—50 and Rev. ii. 17). Secondly, because He would have all men know that God's gifts (such as those of the Holy Spirit, of salvation, eternal life, and of eternal glory) are freely given to all believers, of whatever race, for He "hath made of one blood all nations of men" (Acts xvii. 26).

To the children of Abraham it is true special outward promises were made, special outward

privileges were accorded, and they were chosen by God that of the seed of Abraham, according to the flesh the Messiah, the seed of the woman (Gen. iii. 15), the Redeemer (Isa. liv. 5), the Lord of the whole earth (Zech. iv. 14), the Saviour of the world (John iv. 42), should come (Gal. iii. 16, and Heb. ii. 16).

But it was always God's Will to bless all nations through Christ, as we read in Genesis: "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed" (Gen. xxii. 18). This is explained by Paul in writing to the Galatians. First, he declares that "the Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen (that is Gentiles, other than the natural seed of Abraham) through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8); and secondly, he shows wherein this blessing consists: "That the blessing of Abraham might come on the Gentiles through Jesus Christ; that we might receive the promise of the Spirit through FAITH" (verse 14).

The great Gospel blessing is here shown to be the gift of the Spirit coming into the soul of the believer, whose heart is turned in simple faith to the Lord.

The most wonderful and simplest revelation of Christ, as the Good Shepherd, giving the Spirit to the Gentiles, is set forth in John iv.

I wish I could write an exposition of this account as tenderly and softly as the Spirit of God reveals it.

Read for yourself how the Good Shepherd gently leads that wandering sheep to the waters of quietness. He draws her attention to Himself by making a simple request, and quickly tells her that if she knew Who He was she would ask Him for the gift of God—the living water (John iv. 10, 14)—the Spirit of life (John vii. 38, 39).

Will you, dear reader, in faith, encouraged by the Lord's gracious dealings with this woman, go and ask Him for the living water, remembering the promise in Luke xi. 9—13?

W. H. B.

I should like to point out to my readers the great profit they will receive if they will turn to the Scripture texts, to which reference is made, and read them and meditate upon them.

THE Bible is a book which may well interest the mind of man, for it is a revelation of infinite wisdom; but many a man reads it as a study, who never has had his conscience reached, or his heart broken, over its pages. Oh, read the Bible as a message from God to you, and you will not fail to find what will meet your need.



We are Going Forward for 1910.

THE many expressions of appreciation and gratitude that are continually reaching us, are not only a source of great encouragement but are received with deep sense of God's goodness, for they indicate very clearly that His blessing is still resting on the Berean movement. A Scotch member tells us that he finds it "very helpful being a member." A member residing at Reigate writes: "I joined the Berean Band in 1908, and have been greatly blessed through it"; and a Shanklin member writes: "I find the learning of my weekly text a great joy." This is just what we would expect, for the Lord Jesus Himself said: "These things have I spoken unto you that your joy might be full," and the words from the Book of God cannot but bring their message of joy to every heart in which they are hidden. A London member tells us that "she has enjoyed learning the texts during the year, which she never thought she would be able to do." Now, this is a triumph for the "Berean" method, and it is to help such friends as this one that the Berean movement was started. We feel sure that there are thousands who would gladly form the "Berean" habit if they could look forward hopefully to success. None need despair if they are willing to adopt the "Berean" method: a verse every week, with perhaps a portion of it learned daily, if time and talent forbid a larger acquisition. Let something definite be accomplished, and the inclination and ability to acquire more will grow. Thus help, blessing and enjoyment will come from the simple habit of storing the memory with the Word of God.

"I have found all the subjects given to us during 1909 delightful. I have a book in which I enter every subject as I study it with the 'Berean' questions." The friend who writes this may probably be giving a useful hint to other members. The beauty of the Berean method is that it fits every one. Those who have only the opportunity of learning the weekly verse have fulfilled the condition of membership, while others will not only learn the selected verse but will gladly "search the Scriptures," and as they find nuggets of pure gold will store them up for future use in the King's service.

"I became a member of the Berean Band last

year," writes a friend from Sheffield, "and I have found it so helpful that I am anxious

for others to prove it for themselves, so I am trying to form a branch in the church to which I belong." This is quite on Apostolic lines: "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." We are sure if friends would only test the value of learning the Bible we should soon double our membership, and, what is infinitely more important, our friends would soon double their usefulness in christian service. We make poor soldiers if we are unskilled in the use of the Sword of the Spirit. We would like all our members to follow the example of "S. S.," of Clapham, who writes and says: "I have found such great help from joining the Band, that I have persuaded some friends to become members also." Four more became identified with the movement because one had been helped. The moral to all our members is "Go thou and do likewise."

We are very glad that our new leaflets have been accorded such an appreciative welcome. A Manchester member writes: "I should like to say how delighted we are with the verses entitled, 'Everyone's Need'; they are so much to the point." We hope to have something more to say about leaflets next month.

The movement is starting the year most encouragingly. 130 new branches have already been formed and the aggregate membership is largely in excess of what it was this time last year. There ought to be at least 500 new branches formed during 1910, and if our workers will continue to work as they have done in the past and seek to enrol other workers, who will soon become as enthusiastic as themselves, we should be able to report a thousand branches at our annual meeting in May.

We would thank very heartily all those who have responded to our Treasurer's appeal for "Pioneer" contributions to extend the work. Next month we hope to publish the first list of "Pioneers."

The verses to be learned during the month of February are as follows:—

SIN.

- February 6. 1 John, 3, 4—The transgression of the Law.
- „ 13. Rom. 3, 12—None that doeth good.
- „ 20. Psalm 90, 8—Secret sins in the light.
- „ 27. Rom. 6, 23—The Wages of sin.

Address all communications with reference to the Berean movement to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

The Mystery of Suffering.

Special Solos.

WE may be sure that the power and the presence and the immutable love of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit will secure us against any suffering that is not absolutely necessary. If nine hundred and ninety-nine aches and pains will answer the purpose, we shall not have a thousand. If a thousand hot tears coursing down our cheeks will accomplish the end the God of all comfort has in view, we shall not have a thousand and one. We do not know what is best for us, but He does, and we can say with the prophet, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. O Lord, correct me, but with judgment; not in Thine anger, lest Thou bring me to nothing" (Jer. x. 23, 24). Out of the Word that liveth and abideth for ever comes the sweet response to this prayer: "The God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you. To Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen" (Pet. v. 10, 11).

In view of this, surely some light is shed upon the mystery of suffering, when we see that sorrow at least furnishes the dark background on which the God of all grace shows His sufficiency for all our need, and the platform for the manifestation of patient submission to His will. It is obvious also that those who suffer according to His will are doing His will, not less truly than those in the field of active service, and shall fully share in the reward to be given at the coming of Christ Jesus. "As his

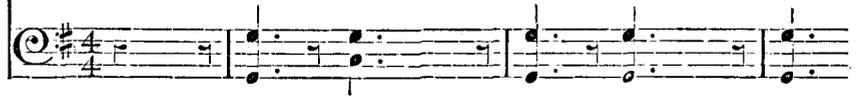
776 Unanswered Yet?

DUET.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.



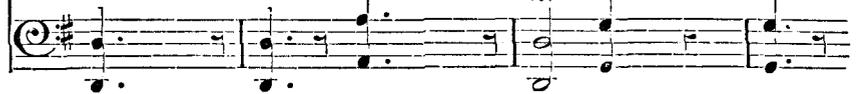
1. Un - answered yet? The pray'r your lips have plead - ed In a - go - ny
2. Un - answered yet? Tho' when you first pre - sent - ed This one pe - ti -
3. Un - answered yet? Nay, do not say "un - grant - ed;" Per - haps your part
4. Un - answered yet? Faith can - not be un - an - swered; Her feet are firm



1. of heart these ma - ny years? Does faith be - gin to fail? Is hope de - part - ing?
2. tion at the Father's throne. It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing,
3. is not yet whol - ly done; The work be - gan when first your prayer was ut - tered,
4. ly plant - ed on the Rock; A - mid the wild - est storms she stands un - daunt - ed,



1. And think you all in vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the Fa - ther
2. So ur - gent was your heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since
3. And God will fin - ish what He has be - gun, If you will keep the
4. Nor quails be - fore the loud - est thun - der shock. She knows Om - nip - o -



1. hath not heard your prayer, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some -
2. then, do not des - pair; The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some -
3. in - cense burn - ing there, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some -
4. tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It shall be done," some - time, some -



part is that goeth down into the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike." (1 Sam. xxx. 24).

If the suffering children of God would recognize

the dignity and greatness of their calling, and the truth that "the Lord hath His way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of His feet" (Nah. i., 3), they could press through the tempest to His bosom, finding how true it is that

"There is a point of rest
At the great centre of the
cyclone's force,
A silence at its secret
source:
A little child might slumber
undisturbed,
Without the ruffle of one
fairy curl,
In that strange central calm
amid the mighty whirl."

Let them remember that when their Lord was on the earth, He not only rebuked the roaring winds and raging waves, but muzzled the sea, as the Greek word means, and that He still lives to muzzle our afflictions, lest they go too far. We may be made to weep, but Faith will look up with the cry, "Put Thy my tears into Thy bottle: are they not in Thy book?" (Ps. lvi. 8). Yes, they are all in His bottle, preserved before His throne; and then, as if He feared that some of them might be lost, they are recorded in His book. Every one of them will sparkle like a gem in the crown of the sufferer's rejoicing, at "our gathering together unto Him" (2 Thess. ii. 1), and every page upon which they were entered will be luminous with the splendour of His grace and glory.

"When we touch the shining strand
Where the waiting angels stand,
In the far-off Fatherland,
We shall know,
In the happiness unending
Of a blissful comprehending,
What our life-work meant below.
In the fulness, deep and wide,
Weary souls, by sorrow tried,
Knowing, shall be satisfied
In His rest:
Finding, in the perfect sweetness
Of an infinite completeness,
That God's ways are always best."

An Appeal to the Nation.

By SIDNEY COLLETT,

Author of "THE SCRIPTURE TRUTH."

○ ENGLAND! illustrious nation!
How greatly thy people are blest!
Thou hast, since the great Reformation,
Had liberty, riches and rest.

The Bible has laid thy foundations,
The Sabbath has given thee rest,
The Truth thou has sent, to all nations,
The Jew is by thee unoppressed.

Such blessings are not of thy making,
'Tis God Who has given thee all;

But, if His great laws thou art breaking,
Like Babylon, soon thou shalt fall.
What strange spirit now has possessed thee?
What means all this unrest within?
What! leaving the God who has blessed thee,
For worldliness, pleasure and sin?

The Bible—once held in such honour—
Is slighted and criticised sore;
E'en men of the world stand and wonder
Why valour of Truth is no more.

Thy Sabbaths—no longer kept holy—
Are given to pleasure and gain;
Alas! oh, what madness and folly
So precious a gift to profane!

The Church, which our forefathers gave us,
Is learning Rome's ways one by one;
Though Rome, as her history tells us,
Great Empires and Kings has undone.

Few preachers now preach the "old" message,
The services "pleasant" are made;
While "popular" Sunday songs presage
The glory beginning to fade.

The army and navy will fail thee,
If God thou thus spurn and forsake;
Political schemes won't avail thee
If sacred commandments thou break.

Thy Guides are for "party" contending,
(How few seek the country's true weal!)
On human schemes they are depending
The ills of the nation to heal.

Thy people are drunken with pleasure,
Or with cares their minds are engrossed,
Scarce finding for God any leisure;
And soon, alas! all will be lost.

For God has His eyes on this nation,
O, England! to thee will be sent
The doom of thy just condemnation
Except, ah! "except thou repent."

Then hearken, thou proud British nation,
Give heed to the Lord's written word;
Now humbly confess thy transgression,
And turn from thy sins unto God.

The above can be had in leaflet form from our
Publishers, 2½d. per doz.; 1s. 1d. per 100, post free.

Unanswered Yet?—Continued.

1. where, You shall have your de - sire, some - time, some - where.
2. where, The Lord will an - swer you, some - time, some - where.
3. where, His glo - ry you shall see, some - time, some - where.
4. where, And cries, "It shall be done," some - time, some - where.

THIS is another striking and very solemn solo taken from the new collection, "Redemption Songs." We trust many of our readers will secure copies of this fine collection of songs and melodies. It is published with words and music in paper boards at 2s. 6d.; cloth limp, 3s.; cloth boards, 3s. 6d.; words only (paper), 2d.; cloth limp, 3d.; large type cloth, 6d. Our publishers are glad to supply any of these books.

Our Young People's Pages.

COUSIN EDITH'S BIBLE CLASS and Cup-bearers' Circle.

DAVID'S DAYS OF DISCIPLINE.

"The King shall joy in Thy strength O Lord, and in Thy salvation how greatly shall he rejoice."—Ps. xxi. 1.

"And David was greatly distressed, for the people spake of stoning him, because the soul of the people was grieved, every man for his sons and for his daughters: but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."—I SAM. xxx. 6.

OUR Bible-class lesson for to-day, is one full of interest as well as instruction. Shall we open our Bibles at the thirtieth chapter of the first Book of Samuel? Its opening verses throw a strong sidelight on much that was noble and generous in the character of David. He had been "hunted like a partridge upon the mountains"; he must often have grown weary of wandering. On one occasion Saul, the king, weary with the day's march in pursuit of David, slept in a cave; his body-guard not suspecting danger were not on the alert, and David was urged by his friends and followers to use what they considered a providential opportunity to place himself on the throne which God intended he should one day occupy. But though so near the slumbering monarch that he was able to cut off a portion of his robe, an act which he afterwards regretted as betokening a want of respect to the one whom his loyal heart still owned as king, he refused to stretch forth his hand against the anointed of Jehovah. We cannot read of the interview that followed without being touched by the gracious and affectionate spirit of David as he pleaded with his father-in-law not to entertain hard thoughts of one who had only sought his good.

We will not do more than briefly glance at certain remarkable events that could not have taken place very long before David was called to occupy the throne; but ease and leisure formed no part of the training by which he was being fitted for the high destiny to which God had appointed him. "He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God" (2 Sam. xxiii. 3), and it was well for David, that even by mistakes and failures he should be stripped of self-confidence; "My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth" (Ps. cxxi. 2), is the language of one, and one only, who has come to the end of his own resources.

"Though we may seem to stumble, He will not let us fall
And learning to be humble is not lost time at all."

David's faith for the time at least, had wavered; he had surely lost confidence in God when he "said in his heart, I shall

now perish one day by the hand of Saul; there is nothing better for me than that I should speedily escape to the land of the Philistines; and Saul shall despair of me, to seek me any more in the coasts of Israel: so shall I escape out of his hand" (1 Sam. xxvii. 1). Who were these Philistines against whom David had so often gone out to war? The enemies of God's people. We are not told that David inquired of the Lord; had he done so he would hardly have sought the help and protection of Achish, King of Gath. For a time all appeared to go on smoothly. He and his followers (some six hundred in number), seemed to have cast in their lot with those with whom they sojourned, and Ziklag was given to David as their dwelling-place. But though, as a brave soldier and skilful general, David had found favour in the sight of the king, distrust and suspicion soon rendered his position anything but safe or comfortable.

For about sixteen months David and his followers seem to have had peaceable possession of Ziklag, but again all was in readiness for a battle between the hosts of Israel and the armies of the Philistines; Saul, who appears to have gone from bad to worse, "was afraid, and his heart greatly trembled" (1 Sam. xxviii. 5). Instead of seeking help and counsel from God, the man who had once sought to rid the land over which he ruled of wizards and those that had familiar spirits, turned in his hour of need to the "witch of En-dor," and, may we say in passing, that these old-world wizards bore such a strong family likeness to the Spiritualists of modern times as to leave no room for doubt as to their near relationship.

How would David act? Could it be that one who had so often fought the battles of Jehovah would make common cause with the enemies of His people? Well it was for David at this trying moment in his history, that the dislike and distrust that had doubtless been long smouldering in the hearts of the lords of the Philistines, found expression in words. "What do these Hebrews here?". David and his six hundred men of war were not, they felt, allies to be trusted—might they not at any moment desert the cause they had seemed to espouse, and fight against, instead of for, the Philistines? Achish, though sorry to part with one whose skill and courage he could not but admire, saw that under the circumstances the best thing to

be done was to send David and his followers away, so he not only allowed, but urged them to depart.

We almost seem to see them, as the light of day began to gild the temples and towers of Gath, leave the royal city, and turn their steps towards Ziklag; bright visions of the joyous welcome that would await them, doubtless filling the minds of many. Visions that were to end only in disappointment, for when after the weary march they reached the city, silence and desolation reigned. Their homes had been burnt with fire; their wives and children carried away as captives.

David had led his followers into a false position, and well they knew it. For the moment at least, they had lost faith and confidence in their leader, and even talked of stoning him. Forsaken by friends, and in constant danger from foes, the future king of Israel did the one right thing. He "encouraged himself in the Lord, his God." He sought wisdom and guidance of the One who "giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not."

We may well take an example from David, and endeavour as opportunity arises to act in what we may consider small things, in the same noble spirit that he exhibited in greater things. In any case, whatever the difficulties might be, David "encouraged himself in the Lord his God." May the Lord give every reader, young or old, to do the same.

A Story from the Life of Gideon.

A CAKE OF BARLEY BREAD.

Judges vii. 14.

SOME of the Old Testament incidents are full of interest and profitable teaching to the young reader as well as to those of maturer years. That is why we have inserted two in this issue, one concerning David, and now about Gideon.

We are taught in this story that God must be first in everything. It is not a question even of satisfying our own desires; but of doing His will. "Everyone that lappeth of the water with his tongue" was "set by himself," the chosen of God to be valiant for Him. The Lord grant that every young believer may be satisfied first to be as "one that lappeth of the water" and then to be ready for the Lord's happy service.

And then there was the dream only about "a cake of barley bread," and yet what great events resulted therefrom. Let us never despise these simple indications of God's wonderful guidance, because they often presage blessing and a mighty victory.

The first test applied to Gideon's army was the proclamation, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early from Mount Gilead" (verse 3). More than two-thirds of his army melted away, and Gideon was left with only ten thousand. But these were still too many for Jehovah. He knew how, if allowed to fight, they would take to themselves the credit of the victory. The next test appeared a very simple one, but it brought out in a striking manner, the thoughts and intents of the heart—"a little water" for thirsty, tired soldiers.

What harm could there be in that? Certainly, not any, but the question was, what was the object before them? Was it personal gratification; or were they eager to fight the battles of the Lord? Water was doubtless a good thing, and by far the greater number made the most of it, falling upon their knees to indulge in copious draughts. Three hundred only being content, forming most likely, a cup with both hands, to drink a little in passing. These three hundred must indeed have seemed a handful to the leader, who but a few hours before could count his forces by thousands. Still, they were enough, for God was with them.

Even at that trying moment, Gideon was not left without encouragement. He overheard one of his army telling his comrade a remarkable dream. A cake of barley bread, a very small and worthless thing, had fallen upon and overturned the tents of Midian. And his fellow answered and said: "This is nothing else save the sword of Gideon . . . for into his hand hath God delivered Midian and all his host" (verse 14). Gideon felt sure that both the dream and its interpretation were from God. He was content to be the "cake of barley bread," if the God in Whom he trusted would work by so feeble an instrument.

The attack upon Midian was to be made under cover of night. After dividing his little band into three companies, Gideon put into the hands of each man a trumpet, an empty pitcher, and a lamp, or as the margin reads, a torch, or fire-brand. We may not linger over the details, but it was not until the pitchers were broken that the light could stream forth. The discomfiture of Midian was complete. A panic appears to have fallen upon the entire host and they fled, in disorder, closely followed by their conquerors.

Are there no parallels to the broken pitchers of Gideon's army in some shadowed lives? Are there not some even among those we know, whose life-plans and hopes seem to have ended, if we look at them only from a human standpoint, in disappointment and failure? but from

God's standpoint they may have been full of unbounded blessing. If we are content to be only broken pitchers, the light will surely be manifested in the Lord's good time. Let us then never, never be discouraged, but trust in the Lord. He will surely give the victory, though it may be only through "a cake of barley bread," "a trumpet," "an empty pitcher," or a lamp held in the hand.

How a Friend Helped!

WE have reason to thank the Lord for all His goodness to us and especially for the exceeding kindness we have received from so many of God's dear children, in providing us, quite spontaneously, with funds to assist the very, very poor, the despairing, the suffering, and the distressed.

What a great privilege it has been indeed; one generous friend placed in our hands at the close of last year a considerable sum to be devoted to the rescue and help of those in extremest poverty and need. We have endeavoured to disburse these funds in such a way as might prove in every way for the benefit of many poor cripples, for the blind, and for other helpless little children and invalid women in their homes, many of whom had been in our hospitals, and needed special nourishment when they came out.

May our Lord Himself abundantly bless this dear friend, who will be glad to know that his generosity has directly benefited scores of the poorest of the poor, at the "Lamb and Flag" Mission, at the Toulon Street Mission, at the Gray's Inn Yard Mission to the Destitute and Hungry, at the Princess Terrace Mission, Peckham Rye, at various other places where *voluntary* christian workers are striving to meet the dire necessities of the poor, and to the Edinburgh Castle Invalids' Kitchen at Limehouse. This seems to us a splendid work, for hundreds of poor men, women, and children are obliged to leave the hospitals, and after severe illness often need special sustenance and care. Very often the physicians prescribe "soup" or "chicken," or some other special diet. How are these poor things to get such delicacies unaided? Of course they would never have them; but our wonderful friends of the Invalids' Kitchen come along and supply these things in the dwellings of the poor, and generally see that they eat them. All such worthy works we have been enabled to help, and more, and we thank God for the opportunity, and praise Him with our whole heart.

We have received also a most interesting

letter from a friend in India, telling of the distribution of articles of clothing from our readers at Christmas amongst the leper children, and expressing gratitude for the monetary help rendered. We regret we have not space in this issue to give extracts from this communication. It is full of thanks to God and gratitude to our readers.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE are more thankful than we can fully express to the kind helpers we have in connection with these several funds. We especially desire to thank the friends at the Sunday School, Nottingham, who through Mr. J. Hawkins have sent us £2 2s., as noted below, on behalf of our Leper Fund. We pray that the blessing of God may rest upon them all, teachers, scholars and superintendents.

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
From S. S. I., Nottingham, per Mr. J. Hawkins	2	2	0
John iii. 16	0	2	6
A Sympathiser	0	5	0
H. H. V., Walthamstow	0	5	0

Our "Springing Well" Free Distribution Fund.

	£	s.	d.
John iii. 16	0	2	6
A Constant Reader, London	1	0	0

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
John iii. 16	0	2	6
Anon., Manchester, October 20th, 1909	0	3	6

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
John iii. 16	0	2	6
A Sympathiser	0	5	0
J. B., Timsbury	0	1	0

We have also received from several dear christian friends at Akaroa, N. Z., most generous contributions to our funds. We thank them heartily and shall (D.V.) acknowledge fully in our next issue.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

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THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

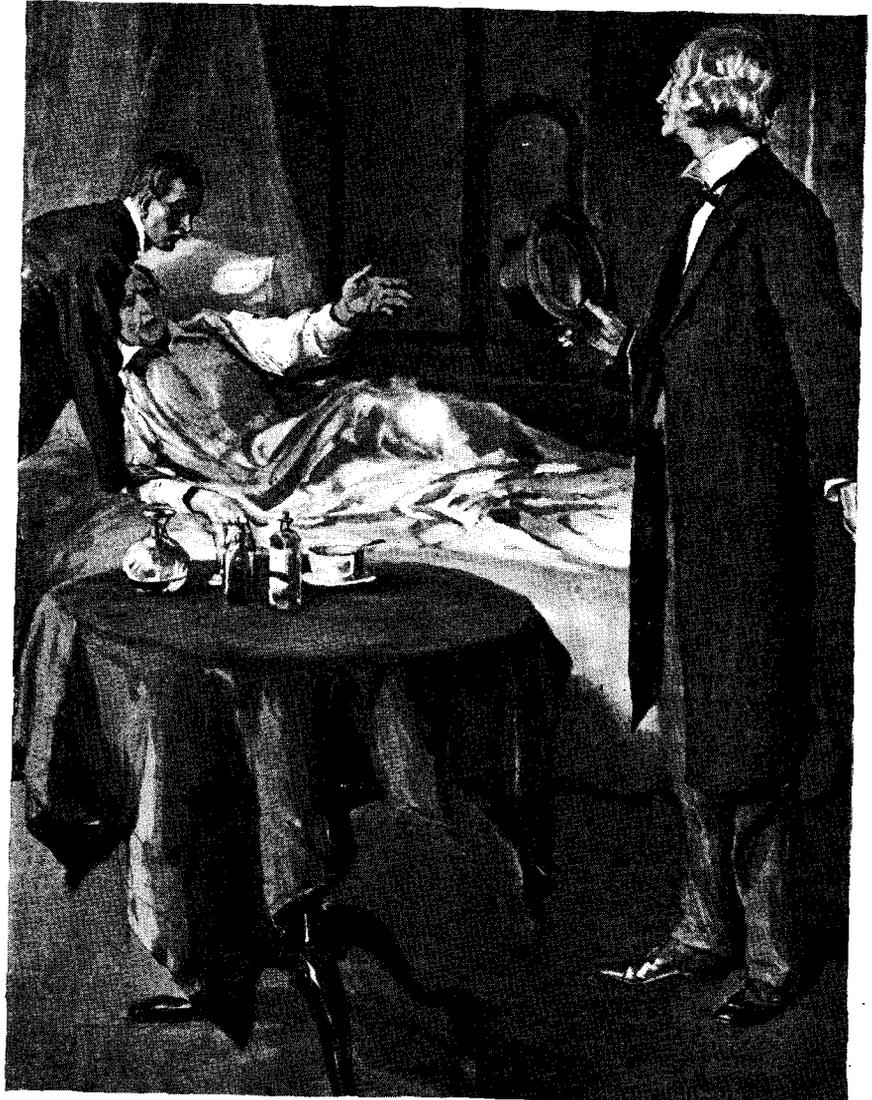
"SPRING UP, O WELL"

"It is too late now, Sir"; or, The Devil's Gospel — not Now!

SOME time ago I was talking to a very shrewd, hard-headed farmer in the north of Ireland. Our conversation turned upon God's way of saving sinners, and, amongst other Scriptures which I quoted to show the perfect freeness of God's grace, was that in the tenth chapter of Romans, "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (ver. 13). It was indeed a shock to hear him answer, "That is the sort of gospel I like. I mean to call on God when I am on my death-bed, and I have His own word for it that I shall be saved."

The case of this farmer is by no means a solitary one, as those who speak to people about salvation can testify. Man insults God, and rejects His present offer of mercy, and gives as his reason for doing so the very freeness of the gospel. Could anything reveal more clearly the utter badness of the heart of man? But because man thus abuses God's grace, are we, therefore, to deny it, or tone it down? Far be the thought! On the contrary, we need to declare all the more clearly and earnestly

"God's easy, artless, unencumbered plan"



"WITH THIS HORRIFYING SENTENCE VIBRATING IN MY EAR, I DESCENDED FROM HIS BEDROOM."

for saving the ungodly; but along with this declaration there should also be that of the awful consequences of neglecting this "great salvation." Those are solemn words in the first chapter of Proverbs, "Because I have called,

and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all My counsel, and would none of My reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh. . . Then shall they call upon Me, but I will not answer; they shall seek Me early, but shall not find Me" (vers. 24—28).

The following solemn incident, narrated by a minister of the gospel, may speak more loudly than any mere argument to the conscience of some procrastinator:—

"I went, some years ago, to visit one of my own hearers, who was so far gone that his physician pronounced him to be beyond recovery. On offering my hand he shook his venerable head, covered with the silvery hairs of age, and said, with a tremulous voice, 'It is too late now, sir.' I endeavoured to shake his confidence in the impossibility of his salvation, by arguments drawn from the design of our Lord's mission and death, and from His power and willingness to save the chief of sinners. He listened with profound attention to all I said, but to every argument he replied, 'It is too late now, sir; I have loved my money, and neglected my soul. Yes, sir, it is too late now.' I varied my method of appeal, and multiplied my arguments of encouragement, but the monotonous reply came with still stronger force of utterance, 'It is too late now, sir.' I proposed praying with him. He objected, saying, 'It is too late now, sir.' After a kind and lengthened remonstrance, he consented. We knelt together at the throne of grace, and when we arose, he said, with a look and with an accent I shall never forget, 'It is too late now, sir.'

"With this horrifying sentence vibrating in my ear, I descended from his bedroom and walked away, sighing as I walked, occasionally turning as I passed onwards to look on the dwelling in which still lived a sinner, who could only utter one sentence, and that one sentence proclaiming his fixed belief that it was too late for him to hope for his salvation. He survived this heart-rending interview only a few hours, and then expired—

"Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day."

Dear reader, if you have, up to the present, been one of the numerous class of persons who believe that they can be saved just when they like, let the above true, and by no means rare incident, induce you to flee at once to Christ, who is waiting to receive you. Think of the dreadful alternative.

"Say, O sinner, who dwellest at rest and secure,
And fearest no evils to come,
Can thy spirit its wailings of sorrow endure,
Or bear the impenitent's doom?" D. W.

"Even as He had Said."

"His disciples went forth, and found as He had said unto them."—MARK xiv. 16.

EVEN AS HE HAD SAID"—sad heart so lonely
Since friends "put out to sea,"
Thou art not left alone if Jesus only
Doth still abide with thee:
He "never will forsake"—rest thy bowed head
Upon His love, and prove what He hath said.
Comfort thee, weary one, tho' crushed by sorrow,
Tempted, and tried indeed,
Help from God's Word thou mayest freely borrow,
Always, for all thy need;
Seek till thou find—each "thorn" hath its "instead"
Where myrtles blossom, even as He said.

Art thou disheartened by thy labour fruitless
In barren soil, and dead?
Doth seed that springs too often seen but rootless
E'en as the Master said?

"He that goes forth to sow 'midst tears and rain,
Shall doubtless with rejoicing come again."

What tho' perchance some faithless one hath riven,
Heart bonds that once had been;
What tho', by those for whom thy prayers have striven,
Some dart is winged unseen?

"No weapon formed shall prosper," naught appal
Those who can trust their God whate'er befall.

EVEN AS HE HAD SAID"—Is thy soul fearing
The shadowed vale of death?

When its cold stream thy steps at last are nearing,
And fainter grows thy breath,

"Where is thy sting O death," thy cry shall be,
"Where, O thou grave, is now thy victory!"

And then, beyond, thro' life's eternal ages,
Whose mysteries no pen

Can ever trace, nor wisest of earth's sages
Unravel unto men?

Soft echoes of God's thoughts are borne along—
"There will be perfect bliss, triumphant song."

J. H. S.

"Although the fig-tree shall not blossom,
neither shall the fruit be in the vines; the labour
of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield
no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the
fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:
YET I WILL REJOICE IN THE LORD, I WILL JOY IN
THE GOD OF MY SALVATION. THE LORD GOD IS
MY STRENGTH AND HE WILL MAKE MY FEET LIKE
HIND'S FEET."—Hab. iii. 17—19.

"Make much of Christ."

THIS ought to be the main purpose of all true
ministry. The one object and desire of
every true servant of God, for he or she who can
so influence his or her fellow-Christians as to
lead them to make much of Christ, and nothing
of what is not Christ in the church of God, has
not lived or laboured in vain! Such work will
stand in the great testing day, when the fire
shall try every man's work of what sort it is.
Mere ISM will never cross the threshold of
heaven.

The Tell-Tale Mirror.

"They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy." — JONAH, ii. 8.

QUEEN ELIZABETH one day called for a true glass, saying that she had not seen one for years. She was surrounded by everything that earth's glory could give, and courtiers daily vied with each other in paying flattering compliments to her, speaking of her youthful beauty and gracefulness. All who were present trembled as they heard the call for a true glass, anticipating the consequences, but her command must be obeyed. It was brought, and she took it in her royal hand; she gazed upon the truthful reflection of her own features, but, instead of finding the youthful beauty which her flatterers spoke of, she saw the wrinkles of old age and



QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER COURTIER.

the unmistakable signs of her passionate nature. She only gazed a moment upon it, then dashed the mirror to shivers upon the ground. She could not bear the naked truth.

I have met an old man (pattern of many others), whose hair is gray and whose steps are faltering; he is evidently near the grave. The devil, who deceives the whole world, whispers in his ear that he is so respectable and even religious that he needs no Saviour. He has never done anybody any harm, he attends church, he is very familiar with his prayer-book, and if he has committed a few little sins in his long lifetime they will pass unnoticed; on the whole, he is one of the best men he knows.

There is an old book, called "The Word of Truth," which describes him as accurately and

precisely as a man's natural face is reflected in a true glass. Does this book coincide in its description with the flattery of the devil? No: far from it. Amongst many terms applied to him there, we find the following: "sinner," "ungodly," "without strength" (Rom. v. 6, 8), "lost" (Luke xix. 10), and a "child of wrath, even as others" (Eph. ii. 3). Has he never read this? Yes, he has; but he loves the devil's lies, and cannot bear the naked truth, therefore he finds fault with the book which condemns him, and seeks, so far as it is in his power, to dash it to pieces.

Reader, hear God's word!

"They received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness." (2 Thess. ii. 10—12.)

The world is full of the devil's lying flatteries—thousands of souls are beguiled by him; they turn their ears from the truth, their minds are filled with fables, they are deaf to all God's tender, earnest entreaties of grace and love; they are blinded by Satan, who is leading them on to the fearful moment when God shall leave men to the lies they have loved, and to everlasting perdition. Grieved for their misery, God's heart yearns over men with tender love and compassion; so great is His love, that "He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, reader, he speaks to you, and warns you by His word: in it, and there alone you have the TRUTH—the truth as to your state and condition by nature, a godless, helpless, hopeless sinner, and the truth as to the perfect eternal salvation which God has provided for those who are such, and through Christ Jesus, His blessed Son. Through "belief of the truth" we are saved; but those who refuse to receive the love of the truth that they may be saved will be left to the lie they have loved, with its fearful consequence—eternal damnation. Shut out for ever from the presence of the Lord and all that scene of eternal glory and blessedness, where believers in Jesus shall have their place with Him, there will be found together the maker of the lie (the devil) and those who have loved it, spite of God's warnings and entreaties. (Rev. xxii. 15.)

"O sinner, to the Saviour bow:
The truth believe!"

Though a sinner do evil an hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God, which fear before Him. But it shall not be well with the wicked. (Ecc. viii. 12—13.)



The Pity of the Lord.

"Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord, that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy."—JAMES V. 11.

IT was the firm opinion of the learned Dr. Johnson that "Pity is not natural to man. Pity is *acquired* and improved by the cultivation of reason." If such be the case, one can readily see the necessity for that exhortation in 1 Pet. iii. 8: "Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be *pitiful*, be courteous." Observe, this is a word for professed christians. The sad, sad fact is that some believers seem woefully deficient in this grace. Who can ever forget Job's pathetic plea: "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends; for the hand of God hath touched me" (Job xix. 21); a request they refused, to their everlasting shame. Unfortunately Job's three friends have many descendants in these days. But if pity is an acquirement, how may it become ours? "Pity's akin to love." It is possible to be pitiful without love, but never to love without being pitiful. Strictly speaking, true pity is the fruit of love; therefore to excel in pity, the love of God must be shed abroad in our hearts more abundantly by the Holy Spirit.

But what is pity? Not a mere sorrow at the sight of a fellow creature in pain or disgrace; not what we mean when we say concerning some unwise and foolish one: "He is to be pitied." This is compassion, not pity. The finest definition of pity is that given by Dr. Johnson: "We may have uneasy sensations from seeing a creature in distress without pity, *for we have not pity unless we wish to relieve them.*" In other words, pity is not compassion only, but benevolence; not mere sentiment, but a service; not dream, but deed; not the heaving of a sigh and the falling of a tear, but the stretching forth of the hand to save, to keep, and to bless.

All this has practical application to matters of highest import.

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds
That sees into the bottom of my grief?"

is a question that often surges up from the hidden depths of our being. There are times when

even the most pronounced agnostic and sceptic finds himself making this inquiry; such times when his soul re-asserts itself, in spite of his creed, and revolts at the thought that, at the hub of the universe, there is naught but a blind force, an unalterable law, "a socket without an eye." Even the child feels his need of such a grace, for at his mother's knee his very first request to Heaven is "pity my simplicity." "Is there no pity sitting in the clouds?" Pray remember that in your childhood's prayer to the Lord you expressly stated

"Thou art pitiful and kind,"

and forget not that scripture which says: "Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; *that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.*" (James v. 11.) Thank God! there is an eye to pity! And the proof of the existence of the pitying Eye is seen in the outstretched arm to save. He is not only compassionate but pitiful; not only sympathetic but benevolent; not only grieved at the sight of our forlorn condition, but hastens to our relief. And no greater evidence of His pity could be given than the Cross: "In His love and in His pity He redeemed them." (Isa. lxiii. 9.) This clearly proves that redemption is the outcome of God's pity as well as God's love.

In the parable of the unmerciful servant (Matt. xviii. 33) *pity is spoken of as equivalent to the cancelling of a debt*: "Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, *even as I had pity on thee.*" That enormous debt—£67,500,000 according to some authorities—is nothing in comparison to the immensity of our transgression in thought, word, and deed against God. But, as in this servant's case, directly there is the acknowledgment of our debt and the plea for mercy God will, for Christ's sake, show pity by freeing us from that intolerable burden of guilt and debt.

In Prov. xix. 17, *pity and the bestowal of gifts are spoke of in synonymous terms.* In the scripture sense, to pity the poor is to confer on them freely of our bounty. Thank God, in His pity He not only meets our spiritually insolvent condition by cancelling the debt, but enriches us with Heaven's best gifts. (See Rom. viii. 32; John i. 16.)

His pity is further shown by Him, in sharing with us our suffering. "In all their adversity He was no adversary" is the R. V. margin of Isa. xliii. 9. Of course He is not. If He decides that sorrow and suffering "are necessary" for us, He not only sends them but suffers with us. "No throb nor throe that our hearts can know but He feels it above." Oh, what pity is this! "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." (Ps. ciii. 13.)

But what about Eternal punishment—will there be no pity in the heart of God when the unsaved stand before the great white Throne? Certainly there will. But pity for what? Some have reasoned that because God is love, He will be so pitiful toward those who have died out of Christ that He will give them another chance. Such is utterly unscriptural. In this connection let us quote the utterance of an eminent judge: "Let me remember when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is likewise pity due to the country." Exactly; none will deny the justice underlying this principle. In committing to eternal doom the lost the Lord will exercise pity—a pity for His holy Law which they have ignored; for that precious Blood they have despised; a pity for that Holy Name they have slighted, and for the redeemed ones they counted as fools.

God forbid, dear reader, that you should be one of that doomed throng. "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die." (Ezek. xxxiii. 11.)

ROBERT LEE.

"Be Ye also Ready."

DURING the early part of last winter, a servant of the Lord went one Saturday night to distribute tracts in a large village, where numbers from the neighbouring hamlets usually congregate for the purpose of doing their week's shopping, or of amusing themselves. On this occasion, a "cheap Jack" had taken up his stand in the centre of the village, and the showman was busily employed in puffing his wares or playing his tricks, when the Lord's messenger mingled with the crowd, giving a tract here or speaking a word there. Presently the showman began jeeringly to upbraid the people with their stupidity and dulness in not accepting his account of his goods, and after further joking proceeded to say that it was all very well to talk about sending missionaries to

teach the heathen in foreign lands, but he should like to send a missionary to teach them to make them believe.

To the surprise of all, above the laughter that

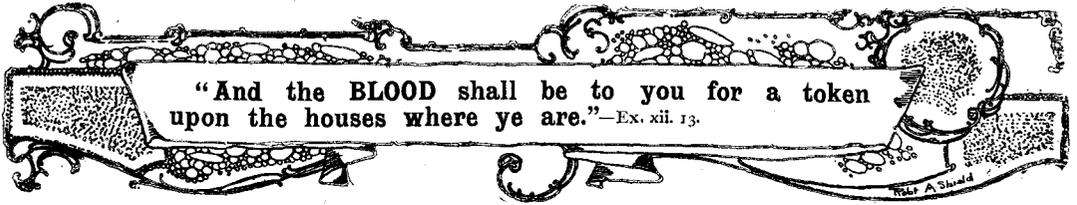


"THE SHOWMAN WAS BUSILY EMPLOYED."

ensued, was heard the voice of the Lord's servant—the true missionary—giving the message, "FLEE FROM THE WRATH OF GOD!" "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. Now, then, we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech by us: we pray in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God." (2 Cor. v. 19, 20.) What a hush there was! what a solemn pause as thus, without a minute's warning, the messenger proceeded to proclaim the good news.

How startled that showman was, and those simple eager villagers, as they gathered around to hear the words of life which had so suddenly broken in upon their amusements. In that day when the counsels of the heart will be made manifest, we shall know which of those poor souls drank in the message of God's love and passed from death unto life.

As suddenly as they were surprised by God's messenger, so will it be when Jesus "shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." Men will be eating and drinking, buying and selling, when suddenly, as a thief in the night, He will come. "THEREFORE, BE YE ALSO READY, FOR IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH." (Matt. xxiv. 44.)



Great Truths about Salvation.—II.

"And when I see the Blood I will pass over you."—Ex. xii. 13.

THROUGH Christ's sacrifice and blood is the only way whereby sinful men may be pardoned and accepted of God.

When God was about to bring Israel out of Egypt He gave them, in the words recorded in Ex. xii. 13, both a sign for their confidence and the secret of their security in the blood of the paschal lamb. "The blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are"—this was the sign for their confidence: "and when I see the blood, I will pass over you"—this was the secret of their security.

"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us"; His blood, once shed upon Calvary, is the sign for our confidence.

That which the sacrifices of the patriarchs and of Israel foreshadowed has been fulfilled. Jesus Christ the Son of God has died; his blood has been shed. The blood of the paschal lamb was to be a token to Israel in their houses where they were, and they were forbidden to go out of their houses until the morning; therefore their token, as they awaited their freedom, was out of their sight. We do not see our token, but the blood of Jesus shed for us is the sign that salvation is ours, and thus we rest, and so await the morning of our joy.

There are those who look for a basis of confidence in other things, and not solely in the blood of Christ's cross, and they live a life of uncertainty. We heard once of a man who was brought to what he had reason to believe might be his dying hour; indeed, as the doctor stood over his bed, he said five or ten minutes would decide whether it should be life or death. At that solemn moment he had no experience of joy in Christ; he was in a heavy state of soul, and as he overheard the doctor's statement, he said to himself, "In ten minutes I may have passed out of time into eternity; I feel no touch of

Christ's hand at this moment, how then shall I go hence? I will go with this text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'

There is no other sign for the believer than Christ's blood. He has died, and since He has died all who trust in Him have, by grace, the privilege of resting in the sign which God has given for their confidence—the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son.

Beyond the divinely given token for our confidence, God tells us his regard of the atoning blood, and herein lies the secret of our security.

"And when I see the blood, I will pass over you." There was surely a divine intention in the fact of the people of Israel being constrained to keep within their houses on the night of the Passover. It was not God's will that they should be continually looking at the lintels of their houses to see if the blood was really there; their responsibility was to do what God had bidden them do in sprinkling it, and then to trust His word to them about it. But God's eye rested upon the blood—"And when I see the blood"—as if to teach us that God sees in the blood of His Son what human eye can never see.

We often measure the value of the blood of Christ by our sense of need, but God sees therein that which is infinitely precious toward Himself; and, because of what Christ's sacrifice is in itself, there is absolute security for all who put their trust in Him. Now, if for all time the only way to God for a sinful man was by sacrifice, eternity itself shall prove that by the blood of Christ alone sinners stand before God. When the eternity of blessedness shall dawn upon all the children of faith, the ceaseless songs of heaven will attest the self-same truth, as every voice swells the song, "Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."

The Sacrifice of a Grateful Heart.

"An odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God."—PHIL. iv. 18.

"But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."—HEB. xiii. 16.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."—GAL. vi. 10.

IT is beautifully recorded in the Word that our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ "went about doing good," and His people are reminded in Eph. xi. 10 that they are "created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should WALK IN THEM." To do good in some shape or fashion should be the common purpose of our lives, precisely as it was with the Lord Jesus Himself when He was upon earth.

It cannot be always by giving money; but how often it may be by the word of comfort, the simple word of hopefulness and cheer for the weary-hearted, or the earnestly-expressed desire for the well-being and blessing of some neighbour or friend! What a privilege are all these opportunities of usefulness to the true christian man or woman! Let us, beloved christian reader, never be weary in well doing, but go on quietly, faithfully, prayerfully, and God's sure blessing will be with our efforts, let them be ever so simple or feeble in our own estimation. He knows! He observes! He values each action at its intrinsic value. Of one He said, "This poor widow hath cast in more than they all"; of another who loved Him He said, "She hath done what she could."

To do good ought to be the expression of the true christian life, and just as to "offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually" is well-pleasing to Him, so also is the sacrifice of a grateful heart! It is nothing else but praise—a thank-offering—and God is surely well pleased therewith!

A. H.

"The Knowledge of Him."—EPH. i. 17.

"Then shall we KNOW, if we follow on to know the Lord."—HOS. vi. 3.

"That I may KNOW Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings."—PHIL. iii. 10.

HE NOTHING KNOWS, WHO KNOWS NOT CHRIST,
THOUGH KNOWING ALL OF LORE,
HE KNOWS ENOUGH, WHO CHRIST DOTH KNOW,
THOUGH KNOWING NOTHING MORE."

But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ, yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the KNOWLEDGE of Christ Jesus my Lord.

All of God and God Alone.

"All the words that I command thee to speak unto them, DIMINISH NOT A WORD."—JER. xxvi. 2.

NOT of man the Holy Scripture!
Not of man the Book Divine!
God inspired the precious volume:
Beams from Heaven, through men,
here shine.

God the Author!

All of God—each glowing line.

Not of man the Christ Emmanuel!

Born of God—His only Son.

God from birth to resurrection:

God to-day before the throne.

God incarnate!

All of God and God alone!

Not of man—the Life within us!

Living faith, and hope, and peace.

Life begotten by God's Spirit,

Growing with a glad increase.

God begotten!

Life that cannot die or cease.

Praises, everlasting praises,

For the Word and Life Divine!

For the God that lifts us Godward!

For Himself, where faith can twine!

God above us,

In us, near us, mine and thine.

What were nature if to-morrow

We could take the sun away?

Such were life with all its sorrow,

But for God's enlivening ray.

God in all things!

Owned, believed, our hope, our stay.

WILLIAM LUFF.

"Concerning Thy testimonies, I have known of old that Thou hast founded them for ever."—Ps. cxix. 152.

God's Word alone Authoritative.

THERE is no truth more severely assailed in our day than that of the authority of God's Word. At the first, Satan's inquiry was, "Hath God said?"

And in these last times, on every hand it is being asked,

"Hath God said?"

"Higher criticism" calmly assures us God hath not said a very large amount of the Bible, and that all of it is to be measured by human reason! Thus does infidelity take away from the soul the truth of the authority of God's Word. Romanists and Ritualists tell us that had not the church so decided we could not know whether the Bible was God's Word, and that to the authority of the church we are indebted for our faith in the authority of the Scriptures! Herein do Rome and infidelity show their close relationship; both go to man for authority, both deny the Divine authority.

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—III.

IN considering this subject last month it was pointed out that the Lord Jesus is the Good Shepherd sent by the Father Who gives the Spirit of life to those who ask Him, and that this is the great gospel blessing.

Around the truths herein set forth is gathered all God's revelation, all God's salvation, all man's eternal happiness.

If neither man nor angel had sinned, God's kingdom would have been maintained amongst men, and a dwelling of man in the presence of God with the Spirit (or breath of life, see Gen. ii. 7) in the soul, and under the blessed rule of the Lord Jesus, would have continued on the earth unto this day.

But "by one man (that is Adam) sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men for that all have sinned" (Rom. v. 12). So long as the Spirit (or breath) of life remained in Adam's soul and he was obedient to the teachings and instructions of the Spirit, there was no need of "the law." But in consequence of sin, man's knowledge of God and submission to the Lord were lost, hence we read "the law entered that the offence might abound" (Rom. v. 20), by which we may understand that it was necessary that the law should be given in order that our consciences should learn that disobedience to God's Spirit (which is the root sin) has caused all manner of sins (or fruit) to exist in us, which are called "the works of the flesh" (Gal. v. 19).

Now, when the Lord Jesus spake to the poor Samaritan woman at the well (John iv.), He spake to her of the Spirit of life—the living water. As soon as she had been induced to ask for this living water, the Lord spake to her of her sinful life ("the works of the flesh"), and of her need of worshipping God aright, not in a formal way, but with the inner man. Now this inner man in us—the spirit—can only worship God aright as we are brought to yield obedience to the Lord Jesus, and our souls have found rest, peace, and joy, through the indwelling Spirit—the living Water—showing to us of our full acceptance with God through the finished work of Christ Jesus, or in other words, enabling us to trust in the Lord Jesus as our Saviour (John iv. 42).

Now why do we need a Saviour?

We need to be delivered and saved from sin, its guilt, pollution, and its power; from Satan,

his lies, his rule, and his power; from the world, its false pleasures, its ways, its rule; and finally from our own selves, the "I" of whom Paul wrote in Rom. vii. 7—25, notice particularly verses 15, 18—20, 24, 25, and this deliverance is obtained only by trusting in the Lord Jesus.

It is from all these evils that Christ Jesus came to save us. They are so great that God only knows their greatness, and God only can deliver us from them. The glorious nature of God's grace is made known to us—of the race of mankind—by the Gospel. Therefore we who have believed in the Lord Jesus, and have come to know of the fulfilment of the following desire of the apostle Paul, know that we are on sure ground when we bid others to believe in or trust in the Lord Jesus and ask for the living water: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost" (Rom. xv. 13).

Not only do we know this, but we know that the Lord's words are true, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (or more correctly, "unto the end of the age," that is until He comes again into this world and sets up God's manifested kingdom) (Matt. xxviii. 20).

The consequence is that just as we read in Luke v. 17, "the power of the Lord was present to heal them," so we read in Acts iv. 4, "howbeit many of them which heard the word believed." The reality of the saving of the souls of these men and women was at that time, according to the goodness and wisdom of God, borne witness to by the healing of the bodily infirmities of a man lame from his mother's womb (Acts iii.), to which fact Peter appealed (Acts iv. 8—10), and then declared that just as that man was healed, not "by our own power or holiness" (Acts iii. 12), but "by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth" (Acts iv. 10), "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).

Dear reader, I have shown to you why we need a Saviour—what we need to be saved and delivered from. I appeal to your conscience. Are you not convinced that there is a judgment to come? True, "the whole world lieth in wickedness" (1 John v. 19), but Christ has come. "Who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father" (Gal. i. 4); believe now, yield now, trust yourselves now to the Lord, and so shall you be "delivered from the power of darkness, and be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son" (Col. i. 13).

W. H. B.

Gone! But Whither?

AMONGST the last lines written by the late Robert G. Ingersoll, America's greatest agnostic, were these:—

"Is there beyond the silent night

An endless day?

Is death a door that leads to light?

We cannot say.

The tongueless secret locked in fate

We do not know. We hope and wait."

Alas! for him, if in such ignorance he died. He would find that hope departs for ever from those who die in darkness, that eternal sorrow is the portion of all who know not Christ, that those who have rejected the light of God's glorious Gospel in this day of grace, sink down into the blackness of that night of speechless sorrow which shall never know a dawn.

But Ingersoll is gone; we will not seek to draw aside the curtain, or attempt to say what is his fate. God knows. One thing is certain: it is sealed for ever, and no power in the universe can alter it. His blasphemies are over, his agnosticism has passed away; he does not now say, "We do not know." He is dead, and our object now is not the dead, but the dying; not those who have gone, but those who are going, and we ask—Do you know?

Do you know where the pathway you are treading leads to? When you die, where will you go? Can you answer? There are thousands who can joyfully reply, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. v. 1).

Again, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is" (1 John iii. 2).

Special Solos.

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S. C. KIRK.

Is it True?

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



1. So strange it seemed and wondrous, When first it came to me, The sto - ry of my
2. And when I heard the sto - ry Told o'er and o'er a - gain, How Je - sus, now in
3. Then soft - ly was it spo - ken, "Come, lean up - on My breast, Ye weary ones, heart -
4. A voice came sweet and ten - der! It seemed to touch my woe; I felt my heart sur -



1. Sa - viour; I asked, "Can such things be?" I felt my heart re - ply - ing, "O
2. glo - ry, Was walk - ing still with men, Was fill - ing hearts with gladness, And
3. bro - ken, And I will give you rest." My heart, so sad and lone - ly, A
4. ren - der— I cried, "O Lord, I know!" My Sa - viour, Thou hast spo - ken! The



1. if I on - ly knew! The cross, the thorns, the dy - ing! O is it, is it true?
2. scatt'ring sunshine thro'; My own heart longed in sadness To know if it were true!
3. lit - tle clos - er drew; I cried, "O Lord, if on - ly I felt and knew it true!"
4. old, old story's new! And Thou dost give the to - ken! I know, I know it's true!



CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3. I love to hear it spo - ken, I love to read it through;
4. My Sa - viour, O my Sa - viour! The old, old sto - ry's new!



- 1, 2, 3. But O for word or - to - ken To tell me it is true!
4. My strength, my joy for - ev - er, I know, I know it's true.



From whence gained they this knowledge, and what is the ground of their assurance?

Do they rely upon the opinions of men, or trust the changing feelings of their hearts? Nay! They have God's unerring Word.

God's

Work Amongst the Peoples of other Lands.

God's Work in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, February 10, 1910.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—A line or two about my journeyings may assist you in praying intelligently about Russia. I spent a few days at the Bible School in Berlin where twenty-five young men of different nationalities—ten of them being Russians—are being helped in the study of the Scriptures, to enable them to preach with more intelligence and power the “glad and glorious gospel” in Russia and Eastern Europe. The principal, Mr. Köehler, an ex-Lutheran pastor, is a gifted, gracious and Godly brother; the vice-principal, Mr. Harnes, is also specially fitted for the important work to which he has been called. Mrs. Köehler is a “mother in Israel,” and takes a lively interest in the welfare of her large family. An hour after my arrival I spoke to a goodly company of christians in a hall attached to the Bible School. On Sunday evening I was privileged to tell out the “old, old story” to a full hall of deeply interested Germans. A man said to my interpreter (Mr. R. Cooper) that he desired to be saved ere he left the building. God had spoken to him through a tract he received entitled “Forty Years Old and Not Saved,” and that was his age. He professed to accept God's pardoning mercy and left rejoicing in the Saviour.

The journey from Berlin to St. Petersburg is slow and tedious, occupying thirty-four hours. Mr. Prophanoff met me at the station and I am his guest. I have been here ten days and have spoken thirteen times. On Sunday I spoke at four meetings, reaching home at ten o'clock weary and tired in the work but not of it. It is wonderful what God has wrought in the Russian capital during the last few years. There are eleven or twelve meeting-rooms where the gospel is proclaimed earnestly, tenderly and faithfully. What strikes me is the intense eagerness of the people to hear God's way of Salvation. They sit and stand, earnestly catching each sentence as it falls from the preacher's lips. We have had large and most encouraging gospel meetings. I have spoken in five or six halls in various parts of the city. As of old, it is the “common people” who attend the services; the masses of

the Russian people being staunch upholders of the Greek Orthodox Church.

On Monday night I was privileged to

hold a gospel meeting in a *salle* in Princess Leven's mansion which was once used as a ball room. On another occasion I addressed a company of earnest souls in a hall built by one of the nobility within her own grounds. The need of the day in Russia is more earnest study and meditation on God's Word on the part of believers, and a clear scriptural gospel testimony. The door is open but who knows how long it will continue so? The Russian Empire has a population of 150 millions of souls. There are innumerable open doors, and we must plead with the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth more labourers into the harvest field.

With love in Christ Jesus,

ALEXANDER MARSHALL.

To the Editor of “THE SPRINGING WELL.”

We are quite sure that many christian readers will be delighted to read this most interesting letter from our dear friend and brother in Christ, evangelist Alexander Marshall. Let us unite in earnest prayer that God may make this visit to Russia an occasion for much blessing to the people in its famous capital, and indeed wherever he goes with the message of life in that truly wonderful land.

[Editor “S. W.”]

The Bible for Russian Prisons and Prisoners.

WE are glad to give the following interesting extract from the Bible Society's report referring to the good work of Mr. Adam Podin, and the late Dr. Baedeker. The Report states that, “Our ‘assisted’ *gratis* distribution had its main sphere in the prison work of Mr. Adam Podin, in which the spirit of Dr. Baedeker still lives. Mr. Podin not only distributes the Scriptures, but has every facility given to him by the authorities for preaching the gospel to the prisoners. In last year's report we mentioned his work in the Baltic provinces; in the year under review he has visited prisons in south Russia and in Orenburg, beyond the Volga. He reports the earnest attention with which his presentation of the gospel has been received, the breaking down of hardness of heart, the sobs and the tears, the many promises of amendment.

A movement has been initiated by the Postal and Telegraph Christian Association to conduct a *gratis* distribution of Scriptures among the postal and telegraph employes of Russia.”

Jottings about the Bible.

The Work of Colporteurs and Bible-Women.

The Bible in Korea.

WE are thankful to be able to give the following additional intelligence of the good and gracious work in Korea resulting from the circulation of the Blessed Word of God amongst the Koreans. The Bible Society in its Report tells how it "has continually ministered to Korea in the distribution of the Scriptures since 1883, when Korea was attached to the Manchurian Sub-agency of the China field. In 1895 it was made a separate Agency."

The ideal of the Society—that it should be possible for every man to obtain a copy of God's Word in his mother-tongue—is expressed in the system of widespread circulation of the Scriptures by colporteurs and Bible-women. Nowhere, perhaps, has the soundness of this method been seen to better advantage than in Korea—as is evidenced by the reports.

The appreciation of colportage is evidenced, not only by the words of praise sounded by the missionaries, but even more by the fact that this system has been taken up and adopted by the Korean Church. The Koreans know their own people, and as we note in the Mission reports that colporteurs and Bible-women are employed very extensively, we can only conclude that the system adapts itself to the people and the country, much as Wycliffe's "poor preachers" adapted themselves to mediæval England.

In the pioneer work of the missionaries, accompanied by the colporteurs, "much book-selling" was reported. This early seed-sowing bore fruits that have stood the test of time. We are constantly meeting with results from those early pioneer journeys.

A Living Concordance.

This story of a dead colporteur is related by Dr. R. A. Hardie, of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, South:—

"I shall never forget how Yun Sung Kun, who died in Kang Won Province in 1904, used to ply me with questions relating to the Gospels as I travelled along the road with him in the interior. His constant companion was the New Testament, and his progress in gaining a knowledge of its

teaching was a marvel to those of us who knew him well. For more than three years before his death he was almost a living Concordance, so far as the New Testament is concerned; if you suggested almost any passage, he would give its position in the Book. Many times when I have been itinerating with him, no matter how hard or long the day's walk may have been, his first work on arriving at our stopping place for the night would be to preach to all he could meet, and after two or three hours of this duty he would retire to his room and begin the study of the Scriptures with far greater earnestness than most christians in the homelands ever show. Yun Sung Kun was the first man I ever heard make open confession of specific sins. Some of these confessions were very humiliating and would never have been made had he not had grit and grace, as well as a tender heart. A short time before his death he told me, on his way home from the first revival services in Wonsan, that he had been praying that God would bring to his mind all his past sins, so that he might have opportunity to repent of them, and that he was then reminded how, on a certain payday, more than twenty years before, when he was working in the Mint—long before he had heard of the Gospel of Jesus Christ—he had been overpaid to the amount of four dollars. Of course he had kept the money, but now he said he knew that restitution must be made. So he gave me the money and requested that I should see it was returned to the Finance Department. I now possess the receipt for this amount, probably the first 'conscience money' ever returned to the Korean Government."

The Work of Women.

The reports from their superintendents are full of encouragement. We cannot do better than quote one or two examples:—

"Yi Sung Syung is a faithful and humble woman, ready to go anywhere to do the Master's work. During the past year she taught in seven Bible classes, and when not teaching, she went about to the different country churches, taking another woman with her. The two would go to all the villages near by with the Word of God."



We Are Still Going Forward.

WE cannot too urgently insist upon the importance of a very widespread dissemination of Berean literature. We must confess to a sense of some disappointment that a greater number of our readers have not responded to the suggestion we made last month that they should send to us for leaflets for gratuitous distribution. A hundred thousand leaflets at least should be distributed during March, and if our friends will apply by post card to the General Secretary stating the exact number that can be used by them, a supply will be sent.

A division of privilege might well be undertaken. We are grateful indeed to those friends who have so kindly supported our Treasurer in his appeal for "Pioneer" contributions in order to enable us to extend the movement. Through their help we shall be able to produce suitable literature, and we rejoice in this responsibility. Now, will our reader complete the trio of privilege by helping to scatter Berean literature far and wide? If all will send a post card with a promise to use a definite number of leaflets we shall be glad and encouraged.

A new series of leaflets is just being issued entitled "Sharp Arrows," being pointed appeals which should prove effectual, if widely circulated, in securing a large addition to the ranks of the Berean Band. A supply of these will be willingly sent to our helpers.

The dates of our annual meeting and sermon have been fixed. The meeting is to be held (D.V.) on Monday, May 9, at All Souls' Church Home, Great Titchfield Street, London, W., at 8 o'clock. Pastor W. Y. Fullerton and the Rev. Harrington C. Lees have promised to speak, and Canon Barnes-Lawrence will preside. Our annual sermon is to be preached by Dr. S. A. McCracken, at Trinity Church, John Street, Edgware Road. We mention this in good time, so that all our friends may reserve the dates and make a point of being with us on both occasions. Will all pray that much blessing may be the outcome of these gatherings?

There ought to be a number of annual meetings of our branches in the provinces this year. Could not our friends at Bath, Cheltenham, Colchester, Derby, Hull, Tunbridge Wells and other places arrange to have a gathering of

members early in May? Now is the time to make definite arrangements.

The stock of our beautiful little Calendar is nearly exhausted, any wishing to secure a copy should apply immediately or they will be disappointed. The price is 6d. each.

Rev. R. Middleton, of Norwich, says: "The habit of committing texts of Scripture to memory is one of the most helpful means of feeding, sustaining and comforting the soul. You cannot always have time to read when needing guidance or comfort; but you can always find time to remember, and the Holy Spirit will bring to our remembrance whatsoever the Lord Jesus has spoken through His Word. There are times when one is too ill to read, at other times in the gloaming of oppression you may have a tendency to strong despondency—but the remembered Word of God acts as an instant invigorator, a tonic and a strengthening. God is in it, and that is why."

A kind helper writes: "I like 'Everyone's Need' very much, and I am sure it will be helpful in getting fresh members." We want to circulate an additional 10,000 of this striking appeal on behalf of the movement, and would enlist the help of all our members in this effort. Copies will be sent gratuitously to any of our members if they will forward to the Central Office of the Band in Acton a stamped and addressed envelope large enough to contain the leaflet. All our members should become fellow-workers in this delightful work.

Hundreds are being added to the membership of the Band every week, yet there is still "much land to be possessed," and if we are to report a thousand branches at our annual meeting we must all be up and doing our best.

We shall issue a list of those who have recently contributed 5s. or more to the funds of the Band.

The list of verses to be learned during the month of March is as follows:—

SALVATION.

- | | |
|----------|-------------------------------------|
| March 6. | 1 Tim. 1, 15—A faithful saying. |
| „ 13. | John 5, 24—Hearing and believing. |
| „ 20. | 1 Pet. 1, 18, 19—Redeemed by blood. |
| „ 27. | Rom. 5, 9—Saved from wrath. |

The condition of membership of the Berean Band is to learn one verse of the Bible every week. Annual subscription 1½d., or 1d. each member if branch is formed, which must consist of not less than six members.

Address all communications to Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Our Young People's Pages.

How God heard the Voice of the Lad.

I AM going to tell you about a lad whose voice God has lately heard. A lad, who, like Ishmael, had appeared very indifferent and careless as to God's words or ways. And when you dear christian mothers read this little story, you will think as I did, that God still hears the voice of lads when mothers cannot, and you will trust Him for your boys.

George, in prayer and in faith, had been given when a baby to the Lord by his parents. As a child he had listened, as other children do, to Bible stories, had learned little hymns and verses, had prayed at his mother's knee, and sometimes had almost seemed to love the Lord, and to wish to please Him.

But as he grew tall and strong, and unusually successful in sports that youths love, the things of God appeared distasteful to him, the Lord's day a weariness, and the world pulled hard to draw him into that broad and easy road that leadeth to destruction. Full of life and spirits, the ringleader in all the fun of his younger brothers, George seemed drifting away, and when at last the day came that he must leave home to make his start as a man in a distant land, those who lovingly watched for his soul felt he was like the prodigal taking his journey into a far country, "without God and without hope."

His mother wept long and bitterly the day she parted from him. Not because it was the first break in the happy home circle, but because her boy had gone forth without Christ—as a ship without a pilot, as a traveller in unknown wilds without a guide.

Still prayer followed him; pleading with God to close His hand on the gift brought to Him so many years ago, and if faith trembled, it did not fail to stay the hearts of the parents on the Living God whose arm they knew is not shortened.

And now comes joy for them! God doing "exceedingly abundantly" above all, they could ask or think (Eph. iii. 20), and that their mouth is filled with laughter, and their tongue with singing! (Ps. 126, 2).

For the first letter to come from George from the new country is this, which I copy that others may rejoice, and that the faith of praying parents may be strengthened.

It was written the day before he landed on

he had sought the Lord, "who is not very far from any one of us."

"November 30th, 1909.

"Mother has all the everyday news this mail, but I think I may safely say that I am giving you better news still.

"I wonder if you can guess it. Do you know that this morning Jesus fulfilled what I have been wanting, ever since that sermon which we heard Dr. Campbell Morgan preach together. Somehow I felt I was *accepted* all of a sudden, and I have never felt so simply perfectly happy in my life before.

"Isn't it simple!! I wish you were here to share my gladness with me. I can't tell you how absolutely, perfectly, and more than perfectly happy Jesus has made me.

"I wonder what day you will get this. I know you will be perfectly delighted with it. But I must not stop here. I must get to work at once, and try to let others share my joy. I don't doubt that you fully remember when you gave yourself to Jesus and felt accepted, and so you will be able to understand my feelings now. The best of it all, is that I am talking with Him, and have been practically all morning, since I felt this acceptance, when I was praying to Him this morning.

"Dear, dear! I don't know how to express myself, I am so happy! It is a grand satisfaction to know that my sins are all forgiven, and that Jesus is now, this moment, making constant intercession for me at the Throne of Grace, I only wish I had yielded myself to Him sooner, and started in His service earlier.

"This news will, I know, put out all your anxieties as regards the temptations in my new path, for Jesus is constantly present with me, and with Him I am sure to surmount and prove more than conqueror.

"Please tell Mrs. V., and all at home this lovely news. I am sorry I have no more time to talk with you about it, but I could not express myself, if I had. Thank you for being such a father to me, I remain ever your very loving son.

"Of course you will give this to mother to read."

Now I want to add just a few words to any undecided, unsaved young people who may read this.

The Lord is perhaps calling you to-day, as He had been calling George, and you know you are

the far distant shore. Perhaps loneliness and home-sickness had weighed on his young heart, and, alone in the crowd,

uneasy, unhappy, dissatisfied, though you don't want anyone to suspect it. It is not of much avail to tell you again "the old old story of Jesus and His love," you know it so well! But what you perhaps do not know, or have not grasped, is that though Jesus has died for you, He cannot save you against your will. You have to do your part if you want to know this acceptance of which George writes, if you wish to be made "absolutely, perfectly, and more than perfectly happy." *Your* part is to definitely yield yourself to Him, in (as George says in a later letter) "*an unconditional surrender.*"

When you do this, He will accept you. He will bless you with the forgiveness of your sins, and He will fill your heart with this "joy unspeakable and full of glory" (1 Peter, i. 8).

AUNT ALICE.

A Hero of the Fire.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

"HE saved others, Himself He cannot save" (Matt. xxvii. 42), though said in scorn, was strangely true: and was illustrated by an act at the terrible fire last December near Clapham Junction—an act thus described by an eye witness and published in the daily papers.

"Just as the fire was about at its worst I saw an heroic act which I believe cost the hero his own life. I saw him at a window on the top floor just as the fire escape had been run up to take him down. As he was about to scramble out of the window he went back, and then reappeared with two women, shop assistants. He placed one of the assistants on the escape and sent her down; but as she neared the bottom she fell, and was picked up by the firemen. The young man then put the second girl on the escape, and she also fell before she reached the bottom. They were both carried away. Then, to my horror, the young man suddenly threw up his arms and fell backwards, out of sight. I did not see him again, and so I suppose he perished."

The Story of George Naber.

It was Christmas week, and the merchants
Were showing their Christmas stores;
And the greatest in all South London
Had opened its festive doors.

Outside there were festooned garlands,
And children and passing feet;
And within five hundred buyers
Were making the sale complete.

Just then, in an evil second,
A globe in the window smashed;
And the flash of electric fury
Round the window in anger flashed.

The shop was ablaze in a moment,
As the crowd rushed wildly out:
And the flames leaped onward and upward—
"Fire! fire!" was the awful shout.

It seemed but a few brief minutes,
And the place was aglow right through;
When aloft at an upper window,
A figure stood forth to view.

He came at the proper moment,
As a ladder-escape was raised.
"Step out and be saved!" But backing,
With a courage that all men praised,

He lifted a frail young woman
Aloft on the ladder there.
And hurried her down to safety.
Where she fell in a dread despair.

The flames were around the ladder,
And firemen, scorched, stepped back;
But our hero lifted a second
To that narrow, red life-track.

And then, ere his foot could follow,
The fire had claimed its prey:
He had helped the two from the burning,
But his own life had to pay.

They were terribly bruised and broken,
And one by the fall was killed;
But George Naber,—a noble neighbour—
Had a noble thought fulfilled.

He might have escaped.—And Jesus,
Whose coming each Christmas tells,
He might have escaped the burning
Of sin, and its thousand hells.

But He wanted to save the people,
The young and the old, and so:
He suffered Himself, that others
Might life and salvation know.

So many Sunday School teachers and other christian workers write to us asking for suitable recitations for their scholars, we are, therefore, glad to insert the above striking poem written by our dear friend, Mr. William Luff.

Now, we will give 5s. to the young friend, not over 16, who *publicly* recites these verses without any mistake before the whole school. The prize will be awarded to the competitor whose letter is first opened on March 25th, and which must contain the written assurance of the Sunday School Superintendent, and the scholar's teacher, that the piece was exactly rendered; 3s. will also be given to the second one examined, and 2s. for the third, containing similar guarantees. Letters must be sent to "W. L.," care of the Editor, "THE SPRINGING WELL," 14, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

God has found in the work of Christ a perfectly righteous way of blessing sinners, and He is finding His heart's deepest delight in taking to His arms of love poor, sinburdened souls. If you will acknowledge yourself to be a sinner, lost, guilty and helpless, you will get the blessing, for "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost" (Luke xix. 10).

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

By COUSIN EDITH.

I.—THE ROUGH HOUSE AND ITS BUILDER.

THE cholera had raged in Hamburg during the summer months of 1832, and isolated cases proved all too plainly that its presence was not a thing of the past, when, on an October evening, a few men assembled in the room of the schoolmaster. The house was small, and the room simply, almost poorly furnished; but a common interest had drawn that little band together; one glance at their grave and earnest faces would have been enough to give the impression that they were men of high aims and firm purposes. They were members of a small, and at that time little known, but useful and hard-working society, the object of which was to visit, and, as far as possible, help the poor.

Perhaps their leading spirit was Immanuel Wichern, who at that time was about twenty-four years of age, but on that night he was more than usually grave and silent. He was facing a problem, how best to deal with, how most effectually to relieve, not only the terrible poverty but the grave social evils with which his daily walks and visits in the poorest and most crowded parts of the town had brought him into contact. Educated as he had been in a school where the Evangelical movement that had again quickened the religious life of Germany had made itself a felt power, while still a schoolboy, he had been won for Christ, and his early manhood had been consecrated to the service of his Saviour.

When toward the close of the meeting, Dr. Wichern spoke, it was with deep feeling, and his hearers were strangely moved by the force and pathos of his words. Something must (he said) be done to save the children. The children who were growing up to be hardened criminals. He had taken a class in the Sunday school but was far from satisfied with the results, of his work. Crime seemed to be the very air breathed by some of the boys with whom he came into touch for a couple of hours every Lord's-day afternoon. Several of his boys had more than once been convicted before a magistrate and had undergone longer or shorter terms of imprisonment. Unless they could be removed from the example and influences of their homes, if homes they could be called, there seemed little ground for hope that they could grow up honest and useful members of society.

A child of ten had told him a sad story. His drunken father had often deserted his family, but was brought back by the police. It was a wretched home, yet the mother was a link to the

children; what kind of mother she was may be gathered from the fact that on the return of the poor, drunken husband and father, she used not only to allow, but to encourage the children to beat and abuse him. When she died, the home, such as it was, was broken up, and the children divided among families as poor as themselves. "What shall I do?" said the little fellow to his sister, in another family. "Go and drown yourself, and I'll soon follow." He waited till dark, it was Sunday, and then went to the water, and put off his clothes. God saved the child, as a sudden



THE RIVER ELBE AT HAMBURG.

fear of the cold, dark waters came over him, and he hastened from the river's brink. "Only the other day," the doctor continued, "a little unknown child came to me in the street, and with many tears tried to kiss the hand that had never done it any good, crying, in a voice choked with sobs, 'Come with me and see for yourself!'" He went, and the scene of misery he witnessed had haunted his dreams, and filled his waking thoughts. The time for action had, he felt, come. Could they not open a home where such destitute and outcast children could be sheltered, fed, clothed, taught and surrounded by christian influence?

The scheme commended itself to all present, but how was it to be carried out? Not one in that little company was possessed of more than a very moderate income; all, or nearly all, had in one way or another to earn their daily bread; not one was able to give any considerable sum, and yet money seemed absolutely necessary.

They had one resource—prayer; and very earnest and heartfelt were the petitions that went up to the Throne of Grace, and after arranging to meet again the following month, they parted. They talked little about the matter, but they prayed much. If they met each other

the question was, "Are you still praying?" A few days later a gentleman, who knew nothing of their desire, gave them one hundred thalers, about £15, to help the poor, saying, at the same time, he should be glad if they could see any way in which to use it for the benefit of the children. It seemed a large sum, and they decided to place it as trust-money, in the hands of a lawyer of high reputation. Almost to their surprise he accepted the trust, and told them that he was executor to the will of a christian merchant, who had left large sums to charitable objects, among others, £1,000 for a reformatory, which sum, he added, he should place at their disposal.

Their November meeting was one of praise; some of their number started a periodical, pleading the claims and needs of the children. On the day of its first issue a lady sent a generous gift; soon after they were cheered by hearing that servant girls were collecting their mites. On hearing of the proposed home, a shoemaker emptied his savings-box to help forward the work; other friends sent in gifts, many of them wrapped in encouraging texts of Scripture; and they felt greatly encouraged.

A few days later, the will already mentioned was disputed, and they found they could not have the thousand pounds; this was a real trial of faith, yet they felt constrained to go on. A friend suddenly remembered a little place belonging to him on the banks of the Elbe, which, he said, he should be willing to give for the proposed home; but there were difficulties in the way, it was leased, and the lease had some time to run; the tenant might not be willing to leave. However, he would go over and see what could be done. It was made a subject of prayer, and he returned with the intelligence that the tenant was not only willing but anxious to quit.

The Lesson of the Lilies.

'Hark the lilies whisper, tenderly and low,
'In our grace and beauty, see how fair we grow.'
Thus our Heavenly Father cares for all below.
Let us then be trustful, doubting not, although
Much of toil and trouble be our lot below.
Think upon the lilies, see how fair they grow."

The Lord Jesus said to his disciples, "And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you, 'That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these'" (Matt. vi. 28, 29).

The usual "Cupbearer's Circle" paper has not arrived from Cousin Edith. We are, therefore, obliged to close this issue without it.

Thy Word for Ever.

"SEEK ye out of the Book of the Lord, and read: No one of these shall fail" (Is. xxxiv. 16).

"Upon Thy word I rest
So strong and sure,
So full of comfort blest;
So sweet, so pure.

"Thy word that changeth not,
That faileth never,
My Lord, I rest upon
THY WORD FOR EVER."

"There failed not ought of any good thing, which the Lord had spoken" (JOSH. xxi. 45).

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE have increasing reasons for thankfulness and exceeding praise to God that so many generous friends manifest their continued fellowship in our humble efforts to further His work through the instrumentality of this magazine. Very many have written to us during the past month, and we thank each kind correspondent for the words of cheer and encouragement sent, and for the practical aid so generally rendered. We are especially thankful to those helpers in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and other parts of the world, who have contributed. We trust in an early issue to give further particulars of the work carried on under the auspices of our Subscription Funds. It is a matter of the greatest possible pleasure to us that God has touched generous and loving hearts by our simple article of last month, entitled "*How a Friend Helped*." May God's blessing rest abundantly upon all our beloved christian readers and fellow-workers. We acknowledge the receipt of the underrated amounts:—

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund. £ s. d.

From a few christian Friends at Akaroa,					
per Mr. H. T.	4	9
E. J., Bolton, 2s. 6d.: a Friend, Dornoch, 1s.	0	3	6		
From the S. S. Lachute, Canada, per Mr. B.	6	3	2		
From "Invalid," 5s.: W. J. L., Ont., 1s.	0	6	0		

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund. £ s. d.

From "Invalid," 5s.: a Friend, Dornoch, 1s.	0	6	0
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For the Very Poor. £ s. d.

Mrs. C., Hampstead	0	2	6
T. W., Coaleys	0	1	0

We acknowledge, also, on behalf of our friend, Miss Hodgkin, the receipt by her of the following amounts for the work in South Africa and in China:—

From "Victory," Southampton	1	1
" M. E. S., Swansea	0	1
" " B. B.," for China	0	10

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL!"

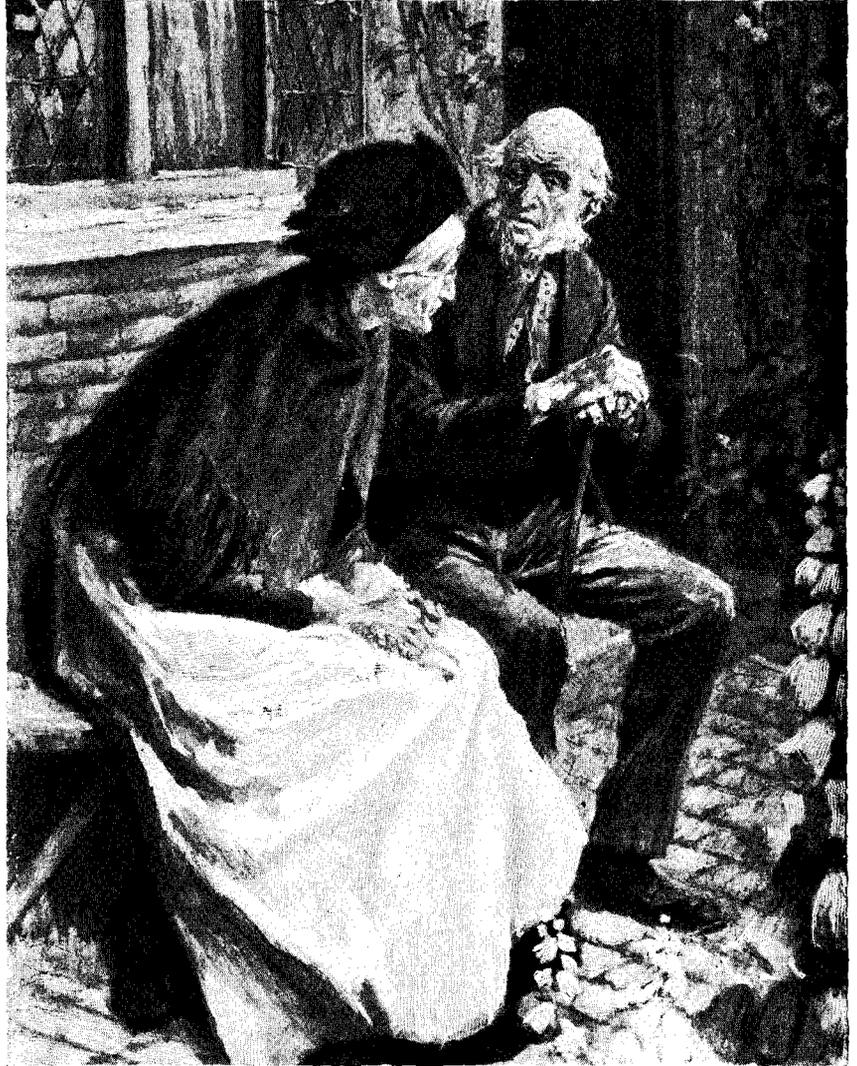
The Old Stone-breaker's Home-going; or, "Will Meet up Yonder!"

SOME summers ago two friends were driving in the country late one afternoon when doubt as to their road arose in their minds. They were miles from home, and it was growing late. One thought it would be wiser to turn back to the sign-post last passed, but the other had impressed upon her mind a conviction that they had not "lost the way," but were just being sent by God to some child of His, whose need and whereabouts were to them as yet unknown.

So they drove along, enjoying the restful beauty of the quiet lanes and the subdued evensong of the birds. At last they came to some lonely cottages on a hill-top, a long way from any other houses, and only separated from the roadside by little gardens full of old-fashioned flowers. Through the open door of one the housewife was seen preparing the evening meal, and glancing out the while, for passers-by were very few and far between.

Tired with the long drive, they were wondering whether they could ask for a cup of tea, when words of warm welcome drew both inside the clean little room.

S.W.



"THE COTTAGE WAS SOME FOUR MILES FROM THE NEAREST TOWN."

Facing the door sat an old man, hale and cherry-cheeked, though bent with the weight of years, and the travellers soon found that he and his wife were rejoicing in the knowledge of the love of Jesus, and walking humbly with their

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God. Sitting awhile over the refreshing cups quickly placed before them, they grew deeply interested in hearing the old man's simple story of his conversion half-a-century before, and the marvellous way in which the Lord had since led him.

The cottage was some four miles from the nearest town, with only a few dwellings of farmers' labourers and the like scattered here and there among the fields, and all these long years he had gathered into the tiny room behind, on the Lord's day, such as would come to hear of Jesus and His love, and he also held a little Sunday school for the children of his poor neighbours.

"Out o' this room, sir," he said, "I do bless God those little 'uns have gone o'er the wide world, and some on 'em are now ministers, some missionaries, telling others in a better way nor mine what they first larned here."

His hymn-books were old and shabby, and his Bible almost worn out. His faith in the power of the living word of God, as well as the wisdom he had received from above, were most remarkable.

At seventy-six he now broke stones on the highway for his daily bread, but evidently no thought of complaint entered his mind. "I has some glorious times on my knees, I can tell 'ee, sir," he said, with glowing face.

From the wife, the reason why the Lord had guided that particular afternoon to the cottage was learned, and those so guided there, rejoiced in the privilege thus given of rendering the little needed help. Then, kneeling upon the stone floor, the two visitors commended themselves and the aged pair afresh to the loving care of God, and went their way home.

Since then at times, a few gospel magazines or papers have been sent to the cottage, and also an occasional cheering note written to the old people. Sometimes a few lines in reply have been received, telling their simple but peaceful story. But one day came news from the wife that the old man had been nine weeks in bed, very ill, and that he probably would not again leave it. At the earliest opportunity his friends went to see him once more, and thus does one of them describe the meeting; "I shall never forget the manifest peace of that dying chamber. He was propped up by pillows, his long snow white hair giving him the venerable appearance of his age—now seventy-eight—and his clear bright eyes telling of the mind unimpaired and the soul untroubled. Although our visit was quite unexpected, and he had only seen us once before, he knew us directly. Upon the white coverlet lay the old worn Bible open at the 103rd Psalm, and

upon it the large horn spectacles through which he had learned so many precious promises, now the comfort of his declining days.

"They call this a deathbed," he said, with a happy smile; "I calls it just beginning to live."

"I can't say much, sir, I grows so faint, but I do want to tell 'ee this: Jesus Christ to-day is more precious, more sweet, more comforting to me nor He was fifty years ago. He is with me all the day long, and I'm just waiting."

"The effort of speaking brought the perspiration over his wrinkled face, and as his wife tended him with loving hands, he whispered, 'Just waiting till He takes me.'

"His failing strength could not bear more, and we bade him good-bye, his trembling finger upraised to heaven and his farewell words, feebly spoken, but how strong in faith! 'We'll meet up yonder!'

"Through the open window the cool evening air fanned his brow, the trailing rose that clung to the cottage wall threw its fragrant scent into the room, and the twitter of the birds in the thatch was the only sound that broke the stillness; all was peace.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

E. B.

Forgiveness for King and Commoners.

IN the thirty-second Psalm King David praises God's forgiveness. He does so, not as a king but as a man. Whether kings or commoners, we all need God's forgiveness, and we may all have it; but we can have it only as sinners. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom Jehovah imputeth not iniquity." *Whose transgression is forgiven. Whose sin is covered. To whom sin is not reckoned.* Of transgressions all have been guilty. We have gone off from the straight line of righteousness—our feet have turned aside. Had we made but one wrong step in a long lifetime, our name would be—transgressor. Since no one who reads these pages can plead ignorance of God's commands, and honestly declare that he has done all that God commanded, and that he has not done what God has forbidden, he is a transgressor. David had very grossly transgressed, and the evil he had done lay as a crushing burden upon his soul. He felt the weight of God's anger upon him. He became truly repentant. Then he made a clean breast of his evil ways to God—he made a full and real confession, and God forgave him, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven," he cried. Oh! how blessed—how happy!

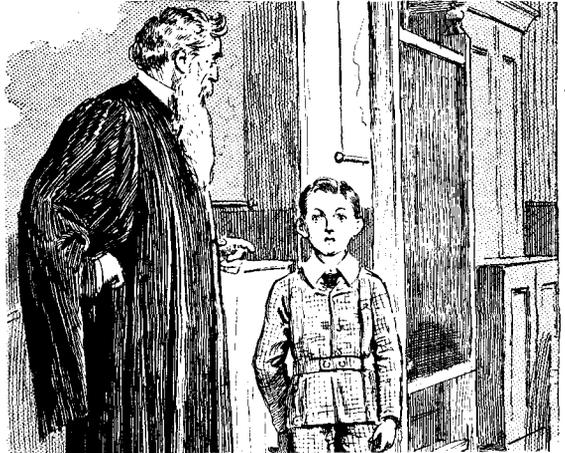
"How I tried the Five C's."

MY first trial, or to speak more correctly, the trial of a loved mother to make sure that her darling boy was all right for Heaven, was when, as a little crying babe, I was "CHRISTENED" in an old-fashioned English church on the outskirts of Newcastle-on-Tyne. My parents were led to believe, and in day and Sunday school I was taught, that in my baptism, I was made "a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." No greater fallacy was ever foisted on respectable people, for neither by the sprinkling of children nor the immersion of adults, did one soul ever become "an inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven." God has declared that "Without the shedding of Blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). With all a mother's good intentions, I was as much a "child of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3) as the darkest heathen in darkest Africa.

My next trial Heavenward was induced by the schoolmaster asking one day if any of us boys would like to join the church CHOIR. Clothed in white robes, seated in the chancel, singing the praises of Jehovah, the white-robed choristers had often stirred the desire in my heart "to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand." Never shall I forget that fateful Thursday evening, when on giving a display of my musical abilities, I was promptly placed amongst those "cast out," and all hope of Heaven by way of the choir was gone. Yet such only added to the joy of learning years after—when thinking of the Blood-washed "Choir of Glory"—that Jesus said, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37). Melodiously musical, or miserably unmusical, all may be welcomed, re-created, moulded, and "made meet" for the endless glory song of the ransomed. "Unto Him that loved us and loosed us from our sins in His Own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

When fourteen years of age, the schoolmaster again enquired if any of us boys would care to be CONFIRMED, as the Bishop of Durham was to hold a confirmation service in a neighbouring church. A few of us attended the rectory for examination, and were asked questions from the Catechism. No Bible was opened, no suggestion was made of our being "condemned already" (John iii. 36); of the absolute necessity of "being born again" (John iii. 3); of the simplicity of a present and purchased salvation (Acts xvi. 31). We went forward as we had seen hundreds of others; the Lord Bishop prayed "Everliving God, Who hast

vouchsafed to regenerate these Thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and has given unto them the forgiveness of their sins," etc., crossed his hands, and laid one on "the heads of every one severally" "to certify them of Thy favour and gracious goodness to them." I left the impressive service under the conviction that in



"I WAS PROMPTLY PLACED AMONGST THOSE 'CAST OUT.'"

some undefined way I had moved a step nearer the Kingdom of Heaven. Had anyone seen a number of us the latter part of that day, it would have been quite apparent that the Bishop's hands had effected no change, and that we were still manifestly "on the broad road to everlasting woe." Neither that of apostle, bishop, minister, deacon, or other human hand can usurp the prerogative of the peerless Son of God, who alone can give eternal life (John x. 28), and dispense effectual blessing (Eph. iv. 8).

The rule being that "there shall none be admitted to the Holy Communion, until such time as he be confirmed," I was now a proper subject for "Holy COMMUNION." A book giving instructions to young communicants was handed to most of those who had been confirmed, but there was no personal dealing as to the significance and solemnity of the ordinance. Without any pretence to being regenerated, I was free to take "Holy Communion," at which it is said "then we spiritually eat the flesh of Christ and drink His Blood; then we dwell in Christ and Christ in us; we are one with Christ and Christ with us." Like myriads more, as an unconvicted, unconverted sinner, I was "eating and drinking judgment to myself" (1 Cor. xi. 29); a corpse at a feast; a church member, but not a member of "the church" (Acts ii. 47); a professor without real possession; a deceived soul "in danger of eternal damnation" (Mark iii. 29).

Last of all, and best of all, I found "CHRIST" (John i. 41). From my youth upward, I had been a devout attender at "Divine Service," a strict teetotaler and non-smoker, yet I felt there was one thing lacking! What was it?

Meetings were commenced in a farmer's barn by a preacher who made no pretence at eloquence, wore no surplice, used no paper, and feared no man. The first night he preached from "The wicked shall be turned into hell" (Ps. ix. 17). It was resented. The heathen might need such texts, but decent church members were entirely different. Yet conscience answered, "Unregenerate churchman, it is true of you." The nights following, a clear testimony was given as to the truth that "All have sinned"; "There is none righteous, no not one"; "Without faith it is impossible to please God"; "To him that worketh not but believeth, his faith is counted for righteousness"; "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (Rom. iii. 23; Rom. iii. 10; Heb. xi. 6; Rom. iv. 5; John iii. 36). Realising that I had the shadow without the substance, religion without the Redeemer, I sat a hopeless, helpless sinner, anxious to be saved. The preacher put the matter like this: "If you had been the only person who had ever lived, and Christ had died, as He could not die for His own sin, He must have died for you." A glimmer of Heavenly light shone into my soul. He continued, "As if you had been the only person who had ever lived, stand by faith before the Cross of Calvary, gaze on the dying Lamb of God, say in your heart, 'The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me' (Gal. ii. 20), and you will be saved." Acting on the advice, in desperate earnestness, I closed my eyes, clenched my fists, and from my heart said, "Sink or swim, just now I'll trust Him." There and then, sitting on a wooden plank in a farmer's barn that cold night of November, 1874, I realised that:—

"Soon as my all I ventured, on the Atoning Blood
The Holy Spirit entered and I was born of God."

John v. 24 became my birthday text as I learned its five golden links: "He that (1) *heaveth* My Word, and (2) *believeth* on Him that sent Me, (3) *hath* everlasting life, and (4) *shall not* come into condemnation, but (5) *is passed* from death unto life." I had heard, I believed, I passed from death unto life, I possessed eternal life, and I should never come into condemnation. Although cast out from the church choir as unmusical, that night I ceased not to make melody in my heart, as I repeated over and over again:—

"I've received Him, and He's received me,
The torment and the Fire, mine eyes shall never see."

Well nigh forty years of happy experience of the reality of regeneration leads me joyfully to witness that "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that Day." HYP.

She Trifled with God.

"TOO serious for me." Such was the expression of a poor woman at the close of a gospel meeting. The preacher had dwelt on these words, "Ready to perish," and most earnestly unfolded to his hearers their utterly lost condition and their awful position. He had also pleaded with them, telling them that though by nature "ready to perish," yet "the Lord is not willing that *any* should *perish*," the proof being that "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). Lastly, he warned his hearers of the fearful consequences of refusing God's proffered grace, in God's own words—"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish!"

At the close of the meeting the subject of this narrative rose up, with her husband, to leave, shrugging her shoulders, saying, "No; it's too serious for me." She trifled with God and His Christ. God "called"—she "refused." And with what result?

A few days after, as this poor woman was sitting in her room upstairs working, her husband, who was below, heard a noise. He ran upstairs, and, oh! what a sight met his eyes! His poor young wife lay upon the floor, her body crouched up, and her face ashy pale. He thought she was in a fit, and sent for the doctor, but when he arrived she was dead! Thus did this unhappy despiser of God's grace pass into eternity.

Friend, be warned by this solemn incident not to procrastinate. God is still saying to you in His mercy, "Turn ye, turn ye . . . for why will ye die?" (Ezekiel xxxiii. 11). But He will not call for ever—

"Soon that voice will cease its calling;
Now it speaks, and speaks to thee;
Sinner, heed the gracious message:
To the blood for refuge flee.
Take salvation!

Take it now, and happy be."

"He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy" (Prov. xxix. 1). "Turn you at My reproof: behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you" (Prov. i. 23).



**A Lesson from the Spring-Time—
On Our Abiding in Christ.**

"I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing."—JOHN xv. 5.

EVERY plant or tree feeds upon the rain from Heaven. But where is the mouth which receives the nourishment? In the root, and only in the root. Unless the water reach the mouth, the tree must die of starvation. Now at the extremity of the fibres are organs resembling sponge in their porous character, and these suck up all the nourishment that comes in their way. In large trees these sponge-like organs extend to its farthest branches, and then the foliage, which, as an umbrella, protects the fibres that would be injured by water, causes the drops of the shower to drip over the mouths of the tree.

The moisture at first ascends from the roots into the tree, in a simple state, being little more than water, but as it circulates through the leaves, it is elaborated by their own peculiar organs into sap, and then it descends again.

Now how these facts help us to see the force of the Lord's word, "I am the vine . . . abide in Me . . . without Me ye can do nothing." The branch abides in the vine and receives nourishment for every phase of its growth. The tender buds receive the sap in its simplest form, resembling milk in the animal creation; the largest shoots, the blossoms, and the fruits receive the same sap, though in different degrees of strength.

The branch abides in the vine for everything, and by the sap the vine abides in the branch, causing its life, verdure, and fruitfulness.

Our abiding in Christ and He in us is essentially practical, intimate, and simple. It really is coming to Him for nourishment every moment, dwelling in spirit continually in Him, doing the simplest things never apart from Him. This supposes a knowledge of our perfect weakness, and also our complete surrender of ourselves to Him. The branch does not periodically draw from the vine, but the vine is the one continuous source of its existence.

When we rise in the morning a day lies before us. Every hour of that day belongs to the Lord

Jesus, and therefore He must be considered in everything, down to eating and drinking. This brings us to the branch dwelling in all its own emptiness in another; and then Christ abides in us; He causes the Spirit to flow forth according to the need of the day, and keeping to our figure, whether the need be the preparation of the new germs in winter, or the bursting forth of the buds in spring, or the supporting of the leaf in the summer heat, or the strengthening and filling of the ripening fruit in autumn.

"I can do all things through Christ strengthening me." Alas, how little we know Him, because we so little know the need of Him!

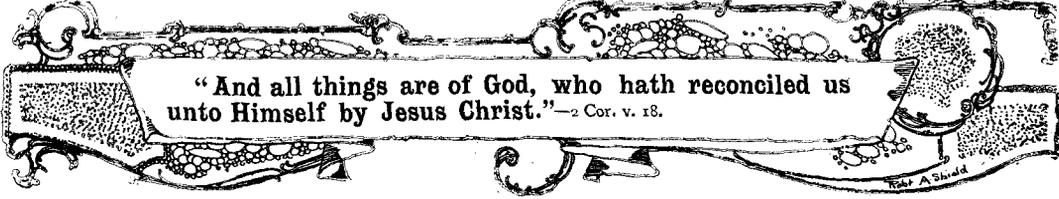
If we thus abide we must rest assured before doing anything that He will be with us in doing it. Then it will be no longer with us—Is such a thing right or wrong? but—"Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" Thus, again, even in what we look upon as good works, visiting the sick, for instance, we must, if we abide in Christ, be assured that He directs us.

This casts us each one entirely upon Him for guidance, as we see so frequently expressed in the Psalms, "Teach me the way wherein I should walk." "Shew me Thy paths." "Lead me in Thy way." "Make Thy way straight before my face." And if we really thus wait upon Him, and seek His guidance in everything, we shall abide in Him in what we do. We shall lay the path before Him, in a sense of our real felt weakness, and cry, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths."

Also, if we abide in Him, His words will abide in us; and the soul thus brought into divine wisdom, will so pray that whatsoever it asks can be granted. We shall ask, not ignorantly, because Christ and His words abide in us.

The beauty and glory of the vegetable kingdom is lavished upon the one short process of setting the fruit, as the gardener speaks:

The enquiries of man have not yet discovered why those organs should be adorned with such exquisite beauty of form and colour. But it is a most interesting consideration that the whole aim, if we may so speak, of nature, is to produce the flowers, and when these are produced, and the fruit formed, the task is completed, and the charm of its beauty has passed away.



"And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. v. 18.

Great Truths about Salvation.—III.

"When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son."—Rom. v. 10.

DEAR christian friends, be diligent readers of and searchers into the precious mine of God's truth. Dear christian workers, be careful to have exact understanding of the great gospel truths, for you will reap in the souls of men the kind of seed you sow.

Reconciliation is a Bible truth of very great practical importance, and we will endeavour to approach it. Reconciliation is the change of the state of enmity to that of favour. Man is at enmity to God by nature, as Scripture declares, and as facts witness. There is nothing in man, fallen as he is, common with God. God is holy; man is sinful. Man's conscience makes him fear the holy One, and his love of evil creates in him not one wish to return to God. Scripture is very explicit as to man's hatred towards God, and we cannot receive its teaching on reconciliation unless we bow to its declarations as to our state of natural opposition to God. "Enemies" (Rom. v. 10), "alienated" or estranged (Eph. iv. 18), "alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works" (Col. i. 21), are the solemn realities given in God's word.

The starting point with us shall be Rom. v. 10: "When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son." In this text four facts are stated. Our natural state—*enemies*; the time of our being reconciled—*when we were enemies*; to whom we were reconciled—*God*; and the means of the reconciliation—the *death* of His Son. This text should be very earnestly pondered over. Again in this passage—"God, who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ" (2 Cor. v. 18)—we are presented with kindred truths. God produces the gracious state of favour on behalf of those and in the hearts of those who were

once His enemies. He does this blessed work for us by or through Jesus Christ—and He works in our hearts by His Spirit, so that we receive the reconciliation.

It is apparent that if two men are severed from each other by existing enmity, unless the cause of their enmity be removed, they must remain sundered from each other. And it is also apparent that if the wrong be only on one side, and that the man who has done the wrong will not move towards him whom he has offended, the wrong-doer must remain at a distance, unless indeed the one wronged should graciously make the advances. Again, if all the strength be on the side of the one who has been wronged, the case of the weak and wicked man is in itself hopeless. Now we do not read in the Scriptures of poor, frail man making any advances to God, or even wishing for reconciliation with God, but we learn that God is the reconciler, and that "all is of God, who hath reconciled us to Himself." "All is of God" is a grand gospel note.

The means God uses to effect the reconciliation according to His own holy requirements is the *death* of His Son. Not the life, not the miracles of tender works of love of Jesus, but His *death*. It was necessary before God could bring us into friendship with Himself, that everything in us contrary to Himself should be put away out of sight. Hence it is nothing less than the death of Christ by which God reconciles poor sinners to Himself, for the death of Christ is indeed the end in God's sight of all those for whom Christ died.

We are not yet speaking of what God does in our hearts, and His work of grace there, our first object being to centre our thoughts on the great fact that God Himself is the reconciler, and that the death of His blessed Son is that whereby He effects His gracious and wondrous work for His own glory.

The Last Words of Captain Murly.

Special Solos.

770 Just as I Am I Come to Thee.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

CAPTAIN MURLY was an old man. He had taken his part in the battle of Trafalgar, in 1805, where Nelson's last words were, "Thank God, I have done my duty." The old captain had served in various engagements, and bore many a medal on his breast, which gave the name of the battle and the honours of the wearer.

We have from the old captain's daughter her father's last words. They were in praise of our own great Conqueror, the Lord of All—

"Glory unto Jesus be
From the curse who set
me free.
All my guilt on him was
laid:
He the ransom fully
paid."

Good old Captain Murly had learned that neither his medals, his honours, nor skill and courage would take him to glory. None but Christ could admit him there—nothing else than the blood of Christ could fit him for the home above.

"Glory unto Jesus," said the dying man—"Jesus, who has made peace through the blood of His cross.

"Glory unto Jesus who His own self bare my sins in His own body on the tree.

"Glory unto Jesus, who has saved me from death, from hell, and from judgment.

"Glory unto Jesus! He is my rest, my peace, my life, my joy, my aid.

"Glory unto Jesus! I am going to spend eternity with Him. I shall be like Him; I shall be with Him for ever."

There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, but Jesus,

1. Just as I am I come to Thee, My - self I can-not bet-ter make;
2. Just as I am, yet this I know, The blood will all-suf - fi - cient be;
3. Just as I am I come to day, My hungry soul cries out for Thee;
4. Just as I am, my Life, my Love, My soul here finds a per-fect rest;

1. The pre-cious blood my on - ly plea, Oh, save me for Thy mer-cy's sake.
2. I shall be whi-ter than the snow, Made ful - ly whole in trust-ing Thee.
3. I can no long-er stay a - way, Thine, whol - ly Thine, I long to be.
4. While, like the wea-ry, wand'ring dove, Safe fold - ed in Thy love I rest.

CHORUS.

Just as I am, Just as I am, Just as I am I come to Thee;
Just as I am, Just as I am, I come to Thee;

Oh, hear me, bless me, save me, Lord, Just as I am I come to Thee.

and Jesus only. He is the Son of God, by whom God can justify a sinner freely by His grace through the redemption that is in Him.

May we all trust and rejoice in Jesus the Lord, as did Captain Murly.

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—IV.

I HAVE pointed out in the last paper that we need a Saviour, because we need to be delivered and saved from sin, death, Satan, the world, ourselves, and the corruptions of our own heart.

Now it is the work of the Holy Spirit to point men and women to the Saviour, as you read in John xvi. 14. In this verse the Lord Jesus, Who was about to lay down His life for His sheep (John x. 15), and afterwards rise from the dead and return to the Father, expounded to His disciples one of the secrets (Ps. xxv. 14) of God's covenant of grace, namely, that the Holy Spirit would come down from heaven and dwell in the hearts of men and women who were brought to trust in the Lord Jesus, and thus said the Lord, "He shall take of Mine, and shall shew it unto you" (John xvi. 15).

In 1 John v. 7, 8 you read of three who bear record or witness—"the Spirit, and the water, and the blood."

Firstly, we have the Holy Spirit Himself dwelling in our hearts (1 John ii. 20, 27) as anointing oil, as soon as we really believe in the Lord Jesus (Gal. iii. 22).

Secondly, we have the Word of God, which is compared to water (Eph. v. 26), because the Spirit of God, the living Water, is the Author of the Scriptures (2 Tim. iii. 16; 2 Peter i. 21), and so the Scriptures are identified under the name of water with the Author (the Spirit of God)—hence you read in Ezek. xlvi. 9 (last clause), that "everything shall live whither the river cometh."

You will notice that in several parts of Scripture words are spoken of as giving life, as being of a refreshing character, or as being like water (or liquid, as honey). For example: "As the rain cometh down, and . . . watereth the earth . . . so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth" (Is. lv. 10, 11); "Thy lips drop as the honeycomb: honey and milk are under Thy tongue" (Song of Solomon iv. 11); "The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the well-spring of wisdom as a flowing brook" (Prov. xviii. 4); "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life" (John vi. 63); "How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" (Ps. cxix. 103).

Thirdly, we have the great truth of the full

atonement for sin made by the Lord Jesus, Who "was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 28), signified to us by the one word, "blood." Therefore Christians are told that "the blood of Christ" (or the true doctrine concerning His offering Himself as the "one sacrifice for sins for ever," Heb. x. 12) should so act upon us as to "purge our conscience from dead works to serve the living God" (Heb. ix. 14), and we are reminded that we have been "redeemed, not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ" (1 Peter i. 18, 19).

Now, consider that it is the Holy Spirit Himself, "the Spirit of truth, Whom the world cannot receive" (John xiv. 17), but Whom believers do receive "by the hearing of faith" (Gal. iii. 2), Who takes of the things that belong to Christ's life of obedience (Phil. ii. 8), His death, His resurrection, His ascension, and His coming again, and opens to our understandings their meaning and their deep significance.

How sorrowful was Stephen as he realised that his brethren according to the flesh continued to "resist the Holy Ghost" (Acts vii. 51), Who was bearing witness through his (Stephen's) lips of the exceeding grace and love of God, Who had given His Son to be our and their Saviour!

Here let me point out the close agreement there is between the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—the one true God—in the work of our salvation.

The Father gives the Son (John iii. 16); the Father gives the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13; John xiv. 16, 26; Eph. i. 17), and He begets us (by causing the word to be preached and enabling us to receive the Lord Jesus as our personal Lord and Saviour, and the Holy Spirit as our Comforter) "with the word of truth" (James i. 18, and 1 Peter i. 3), and for this purpose He draws us unto Himself (John vi. 44) through Christ Jesus the living Way (John xiv. 5—10), so that we say in our hearts "I will arise and go to my Father" (Luke xv. 18). Thus we, who were "far off," "strangers and foreigners" (Eph. ii. 13, 19) are brought "into subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live" (Heb. xii. 9).

The Holy Spirit comes as the Comforter (which is a very significant word, and means that He, dwelling in the hearts of believers *advocates* the cause of God and of the Lord Jesus in our souls, and witnesses to our comfort of the reality of our salvation).

The Lord Jesus gives Himself to be our All, the meaning of which we only learn by degrees, as the Holy Spirit teaches us.

Jottings about the Bible.

God's Work in Palwal, North India.

TWO THRILLING CONVERSIONS.

With the Bible in India.

IN the Bible Society's excellent and most interesting paper "The Bible in the World," for March, there appears the following thrilling story telling of the mighty power of the Word of God. We consider it a privilege to reproduce it in these pages as it gives such evidence of the way in which the Scriptures are used in blessing in these distant lands where the missionaries and colporteurs distribute them.

A TIGER-SPIRIT TAMED.

The following striking incident was related by Dr. Vincent Thomas, of the English B.M.S., Palwal, North India.

On the mountain rampart overlooking the north-west frontier of India, a fierce, unruly Muhammadan tribe inhabits one district aptly called the Black Mountain. A young man of the tribe, wandering down to the plains, came upon a copy of the Gospel according to St. Luke. He was charmed with the story; and enquiring of a friend where any other such books might be found, he was directed to a mission station, where he obtained the other three Gospels. He had not read the little books through twice before he was convinced, not merely of the beauty, but still more of the truth of what he read. The purity, the truth, the love, the wisdom, the goodness of the Prophet of Nazareth convinced him that He was more than a prophet, even the Son of God, and his Saviour and Lord.

He returned to his home on the Black Mountain, and told his people of his new faith, and showed them his books. His father, a fine, tall old fighting man of over seventy years, but bitterly hating Christianity, was so furious with the boy that he wanted to shoot him on the spot. The mother pleaded for her son, so the old man said: "I give him three months; at the end of that time, if he does not give up this accursed nonsense, I'll shoot him like a dog." During that period the young man fell ill, and seemed in danger of death, and his father exultingly said: "See! God is laying *His* hand on the dog; no need for me to kill him." Then the lad began to mend, and the father was angrier than ever, saying: "I shall have to kill him myself, after all."

A cousin came to the lad and said: "I don't believe in your Christianity, but I don't want to see you murdered; so I'll help you to get away down to the plain as soon as you are fit to go." In due time the young fellow escaped to the railway, and travelled as far as Amritsar, where he was introduced to the C.M.S. missionaries, was baptized, and began to work in the Mission hospital as a "compounder." One day he came face to face with his father in the bazaar. Neither of them knew that the other was in the city. At once the young man turned and in terror fled to the Mission for his life. With great difficulty he was assured that his father could not shoot people in British territory as in the Black Mountain. "Ah! sir," he said, "you don't know my father!"

The old man was politely invited to the missionary's house, where he was asked to remain as long as he wished." Respectful, courteous, and kindly treatment tamed the wild tiger-spirit, and he talked long and often with the doctor on all manner of subjects, day after day, till at last he said he must be going home.

"But what about your son?" asked the missionary.

"He is no son of mine," replied the father. "I came down here with murder in my heart, intending to kill him. But I cannot do that now. Christians are better people than I thought. Take him and train him as you will." He took the lad's hand and placed it in the doctor's.

"Will you promise me one thing?" asked the doctor. "I want you to read this book." It was the New Testament in his own tongue.

"Is that all? That's nothing to promise. Of course I'll read it, if you wish."

So the old man went home, and months passed by. Again he found his way to the doctor's house in Amritsar.

"I have not come to stay," he said. "We have been reading that beautiful book you gave me, and as it is called the New Testament, we have thought there may be an *Old* one. If so, we should like to read that, too."

He received a copy of the *Old Testament* and

returned home immediately. Some eight or nine months later he came for the third time, and this was now his story :

"We find that the Old Testament tells of our own prophets, Abraham, Moses, David, Daniel, and so on. They spoke of a coming One, and in the New Testament Jesus of Nazareth says that they spoke of Him. His teaching is most beautiful and true. He is so pure and good that He has won my heart, and I have come to be baptized."

So this old man was baptized at the age of about seventy-two, his tiger-heart tamed and turned to the heart of a little child ; his hands, red with many murders, now lifted up in praise to God for His mercy and saving grace.

Look Straight Ahead at the Plank.

WHEN I was a young man I was asked to make one in a party engaged on a kind of work I had never done before—namely, unloading a barge with wheelbarrows up a plank on to the shore, and running the barrow along the shore for some distance. I started, and very soon found the barrow and its load overboard. Again and again I tried, frequently getting the wheel off the plank, and only saving the barrow from falling into the water by getting its frame on the plank, where I had to hold it till someone helped me on again.

An "old hand," who had watched me, at last came to me, and said, "Here, I'll put you right. The reason you get off is that you are continually watching—first your feet and then the wheel. Now never mind the wheel, nor your feet either, but look straight ahead at the plank."

I did as he told me, and very soon I could run a barrow with any man.

Jesus says, "I am the Way" (John xiv. 6). Keep your eye on Him—not on your load, nor on your feet ; look straight off on to Him, and you will not fail. "Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 2).

A MAN was in great anxiety to board a steamer ; he rushed down the steps to the landing stage, and just as he was about to cross the movable bridge was dragged back, and, with one foot upon the steamer, he fell into the water and was lost. That man is a picture of many who delay seeking salvation till it is too late—yes, of many who flatter themselves they are partly saved, and therefore more safe than when they were lost out and out.

"God cares."

"He found him in a desert land, and in the vast howling wilderness. He compassed him about. He cared for him. He kept him as the apple of His eye."—DEUT. xxxii. 10.

"Casting all your anxiety upon Him, because He careth for you."—1 PET. v. 7.

"GOD cares," He cares for thee, O soul,
When tried and trouble-tossed ;
Thy very feeblest sigh or groan
To Him is never lost.

He cares, He cares far more for thee
Than earthly friend could do ;
Thy Heavenly Father's heart above
Is occupied with you.

"God cares," He cares for thee, O soul,
When anxious and oppressed ;
He wants thy burdens to remove,
And give thee perfect rest.

He cares, He cares, then do not doubt
His wond'rous love for thee ;
It ne'er will alter or will fail,
'Twill always changeless be.

"God cares," He cares, then why should fears
Arise within thy breast ?
'Tis He who watches o'er thy path
Then thou art safe and blest.

He cares, He cares, He knows thy need,
In great things or in small.

"God cares," and whatsoever thy need,
He can supply it all.

"God cares," He cares, then rest content,
Whate'er thy lot may be ;
The God who reigns and rules o'er all,
He cares and plans for thee.

He cares, He cares for thee, O soul,
O dwell upon this thought ;
And may it blessing bring to thee,
As it to me hath brought.

F. B.

We shall print these lines separately in the "Greystone" series on a nice card at 6d. a dozen.

The Exalted Lord and Christ.

IN Him, the now exalted Lord and Christ, are all God's thoughts centred, and those who know Him as Saviour and Lord remain in doubt no more. Their pathway is lighted up by the truth of God, and eternity is ablaze with glory for them.

Their sins are gone, for they have heard God's proclamation and believed it. "Be it known unto you therefore, men and brethren, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins : and by Him all that believe are justified from all things" (Acts xiii. 38, 39). Reader, is this blessed knowledge thine ? If not, why not ? Thou art a guilty, needy sinner, but Christ died for such as thee, and God's Word declares that through His death there is blessing for thee. Oh, miss it not ! Trust in Christ. Be saved to-day.



Are we in good Company.

THE highest authority for the practice of learning the scriptures is undoubtedly to be found in the sacred writings themselves, where we find precept and example alike to direct and encourage us to hide God's Word in our hearts. But whilst we have God's authority for committing the scriptures to memory, it is refreshing to find that this has been the practice of the godly in all ages.

When the christian faith was spreading in the Roman Empire, the scriptures were comparatively rare and costly, yet the preachers and teachers of those days exhorted the believers to secure, whenever possible, a copy, so that they might both read and learn the Word of God for themselves. Jerome, the well-known translator of the scriptures, said, "We are taught that even the laymen ought to have the Word of God, not only sufficiently, but abundantly; and one to instruct and warn another!" Again, he tells us how the christians "commonly have this contention among themselves who may learn most scriptures."

The father of the learned Origen made him learn the scriptures before he sent him to study the arts and other learning. Eusebius, the Church historian, was taught the holy scriptures from his infancy, and we are told that this was the custom of the country. Of Macrina, a noted woman, it is written she was, in her infancy, taught the easy portions of scripture suited to her youth, and of one Marcus it is said that, whilst still a youth, he could repeat the whole of the Old and New Testament without the Book.

Of the early Waldenses—that faithful people who in their Alpine valleys kept a pure faith and practice when nearly all Europe was sunk in the darkness of Romish idolatry—it is said: "They can repeat by heart, in the vulgar tongue, the whole of the New Testament and a great part of the Old." No Church has ever kept a bright testimony for God which has not made a practice of reading, studying and learning the sacred oracles. To those who have tasted the sweetness of God's Word, the Holy Spirit has made it a message of strength and comfort. It has proved repeatedly the vehicle whereby our Heavenly Father reminds us of His manifold purpose and His loving kindness towards us, and let us not forget that when the testing time came to God's

people in the prison and at the stake, it was again and again the words of scripture,

once memorised, which refreshed and comforted them.

When John Huss was led to the stake, he fell on his knees, sung several portions of the Psalms, looked steadfastly to heaven, and said: "Into Thy hands O Lord, do I commit my spirit: Thou hast redeemed me, O most good and faithful God." When the English Bilney lay awaiting the like fate he had these words of Isaiah often in his mouth: "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned." When the young, gracious and learned Lady Jane Grey perished at the block it was the recitation of the 51st Psalm that steadied her soul. This psalm has indeed received special honour, for it often rose from martyr lips at that last dread test of faith and love; but, whether it be the psalm of confession and praise, or the words of evangelists or apostles, or the utterances that came more directly from the Lord Jesus, these acquired by the mind, and stored in the heart, and quickened by the Spirit, are the cordials for times of sorrow and the companions of our hours of joy.

The verses to be committed to memory during the month of April are as follows:—

THE LORD JESUS.

- April 3. John 10, 9—The Door.
- „ 10. John 6, 35—The Bread of Life.
- „ 17. John 8, 12—The Light of the World.
- „ 24. John 11, 25, 26—The Resurrection and the Life.

Address all communications to Mr. C. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

A Praising Universe.

NOT only the earth and the heavens are called upon to praise the Lord, but the heaven of heavens, and the waters that be above the heavens.

- "Praise ye the Lord,
- Praise ye the Lord from the heavens.
- Praise Him in the heights.
- Praise ye Him, all ye hosts.
- Praise ye Him, sun and moon;
- Praise Him, all ye stars of light
- Praise Him, ye heavens of heavens,
- And ye waters that be above the heavens:
- Let them praise the name of the Lord,
- For He commanded and they were created."

"Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord" (Ps. cl. 6).

Our Young People's Pages.

I.—Hugh: A Story for little Boys.

NOW you see this is a story for little boys. I don't say the girls must not read it, nor even the grown-ups, if they like, but as it is all about a little boy I think it rightly belongs to you small boys, and I hope you will read it very carefully and think about it, and if you will pray the Lord Jesus to bless you, as He blessed Hugh, that will be very nice indeed, and I shall be so glad to have written it for you.

Hugh was born in a very hot country, called India. You might look for India on the map, and you will see it is a long way from England. His father was an officer in the Indian army, and he had many brothers and sisters, and a very loving, tender mother, who taught them about Jesus, and prayed that they might all love Him and grow up to serve Him.

My story begins when Hugh was four years old, and by that time some of the older children had really come to Jesus, and knew Him as their own dear Saviour, and were trying to please Him with gentle, Christlike ways. But poor little Hugh was often unhappy, for his mother told him sadly that she saw he was not a little christian, because he gave her a great deal of trouble by his wilful, naughty, mischievous ways. You see Prov. xx. 11, tells us that "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right," and it is no use saying we love Jesus and are christians if we are selfish, quarrelsome, and troublesome: for anyone who belongs to the Lord "ought himself also so to walk even as He walked" (1 John ii. 6). Sometimes Hugh tried very hard to do better, but he had not the Holy Spirit of God to help him, and we can none of us gain the victory over self and sin and Satan in our own strength, so that he soon failed, and did wrong again, for he was a healthy, restless boy, and didn't stop to think when some bit of mischief came in his way. At last, one day, he talked about it all to one of his sisters, who, he saw, loved the Lord Jesus, and was not naughty like himself. He told her how unhappy he was because Mother said he could never love Jesus and go on grieving Him as he did, and he asked her if she thought he could ever be a christian boy, and how he was to become one.

"If you do truly want to be a christian,"

she said, "you should just tell Jesus so. You must pray to Him and tell Him what you have told me. Perhaps you will

think He does not hear you, for He may not answer you at once. He may want to see if you are really in earnest, if you really mean what you say; so you must keep on asking Him until He lets you know that He has answered your prayer, and that you do belong to Him."

Hugh was very pleased when his sister told him so plainly what he was to do, for though he was only a little child he did want to know what he should "do to be saved," just as much as the grown-up man did whom you can read about in Acts xvi. 30.

That evening Hugh knelt as usual at his mother's knee to pray. She always encouraged her children to tell the Lord what they wanted in their own simple words, because God does love little children, and likes them to speak quite simply to Him. So Hugh that evening told the Lord Jesus he wanted to belong to Him and be a christian, but though he said this, and meant it too, he got up from his knees very dissatisfied, for he did not feel that Jesus had heard him or given him what he asked.

His mother lifted him into his little cot, for he was too small to get up into it by himself, though he could scramble down. It was a snug little cot, perhaps like the one some of you dear children sleep in. It had a high railing to keep Hugh from falling out; but it had something your beds have not got, and that was mosquito curtains all round it, to keep out the nasty little gnats called mosquitos, which are very troublesome in India, and sting the poor little English children very badly in the night if they can get at them. So Hugh's mother kissed her little son, tucked in the mosquito curtains, blew out the candle and went away, leaving him alone in the dark.

"Now," thought Hugh, "I must see about praying to Jesus again to make me a christian boy. Sissie said I must go on asking Him until I get an answer, and Jesus didn't answer me when I prayed with Mother."

So he knelt up in his little cot very reverently—he wanted to do everything just quite right so that the Lord Jesus should see he was in earnest. It seemed a little strange not to have mother's knee to lean against, but he hoped that would not matter. He put his hands together very carefully, as his mother had taught him, and he bent his head low and shut his eyes,

and then he began to pray. His prayer was only this, over and over again, for it was all that was in his heart: "O Lord Jesus, make me a christian boy; make me a christian boy." And not seeming to get any answer, and being quite determined to let Jesus know he was in earnest, poor little Hugh kept on repeating his short, simple prayer again and again, for perhaps five or six minutes. It was a long, long

had told him it was naughty to lie awake after he was put in bed, and he just felt that Jesus was helping him now to be good as he shut his eyes, and he was soon fast asleep.

Now what do you think Hugh did when he awoke in the morning? I will give you time to think about it, and will go on with my story next month, as it has grown so long, and as I still have some nice things to tell you about this little boy.

"AUNT ALICE."



time for the little child to kneel there crying to Jesus, and I am sure the Lord heard him all the time, and looked down on him very tenderly. But sometimes the Lord still acts as He did in that pretty story in Luke xviii. 35—43. He appeared not to hear when the blind man cried out to Him; He seemed not to listen until the poor man "cried so much the more," and then He stood still, and asked him, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?" And when we think of that story we can understand why he let dear little Hugh go on praying such a long time.

But as he prayed "so much the more," all of a sudden a strange, new, wonderful feeling thrilled through the boy. He felt that Jesus was quite close to him, that He was blessing him, that He had received him to be His own, that he was now indeed a christian boy. And, oh! such deep, deep joy came into Hugh's heart, and such a great, warm love for Jesus! He longed to go and tell his mother at once, but he knew they would all be at dinner, and also that Mother never liked him to get out of bed to run about the house. So all he could do was to say from his heart: "Thank you, thank you, Lord Jesus." And then Hugh lay down with such joy and peace in his soul as he had never known. He felt Jesus was near him, and caring for him, and helping him now to go to sleep, for Mother

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

By COUSIN EDITH.

II.—THE ROUGH HOUSE AND ITS INMATES.

THE visit of Wichern and his friend to the Rough House ("Das Rauhe Haus") was on the whole encouraging. The house itself was not much to look at; it was only a cottage, half in ruins, but not past repair; the thatch was pretty good. A deep well close at hand would furnish a plentiful supply of pure water; there was a garden, and even a fish-pond, only needing to be cleaned and stocked. Improvements and repairs were begun at once (it was the end of April). Wichern had very little money in hand when he came into possession of the Rough House, but a few weeks later the will case was decided in his favour, and by the middle of August the Doctor and his friends were ready to receive a small number of destitute boys. At this point a new difficulty arose. Wichern was quite willing to live among the neglected lads who would, he hoped, find a home in the Rough House, but there would be many details connected with its housekeeping arrangements he did not feel himself competent to undertake. He was unmarried, and to engage a paid housekeeper did not seem to him exactly the way in which this particular need was to be met.

Well for him, and for the work to which his life was to be devoted, that his mother was like-minded with himself. Madame Wichern's heart was filled with a deep Christ-like pity for the children of the streets, and so far from trying to discourage her son, she offered to give up her own home, live with him and his boys at the Rough House, and help him in his work. In September a public meeting was held; it was not very largely attended, but it gave the young clergyman an opportunity of stating what he desired the Rough House to be. Not a reformatory, ragged-school, or beggar's castle, but a Christian household, where outcast and friendless children might be wisely and lovingly trained and cared for, and fitted to become

useful and respectable members of society. He would not ask or expect help from the State, or from the funds of benevolent institutions, but said that he believed that God would provide for as many such children as He wished him to gather, by touching the hearts of His people with a deep sense of the need of such a work, and so inducing them to contribute to its support.

Silence followed—something quite new had been proposed, and they were not ready at first sight to approve the scheme. Some said it would increase crime by inducing idle and wicked parents to take less care than ever of their children, as by placing them in the home they could rid themselves of the burden of their support. Others did not think that Hamburg was the right place in which to find such children, and that, even if found, they would not be willing to enter the home.

It was on an October evening, just twelve months after the one to which allusion has already been made, that Dr. Wichern and his mother took up their abode at the Rough House. There was no gathering to welcome them, but an artist friend had hung two of his pictures upon the walls of their small sitting-room, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "His Blessing Little Children."

On November 8 the first three boys came; by the end of December there were twelve. They varied in age from five to eighteen; all were in rags. Eight out of the twelve had no parents, and the remaining four drunken or criminal ones. One boy of twelve was well known to the police, no fewer than ninety-two thefts having been proved against him; one had escaped from prison; another had become almost imbecile from neglect and ill-treatment. They were all wild and wicked; lying, and stealing seemed to them like the air they breathed. One lad of eighteen seemed more like some wild animal than a human being; his had been a sad story. Deserted by his mother when quite a baby, he had been adopted by a couple who wanted him for begging purposes. The woman was an idiot, the man coarse, drunken, and brutal. Small wonder that with such surroundings the boy grew up in ignorance and vice; he had learnt to sleep on the ice, but for other knowledge could hardly count two. His bloodshot eyes had a hungry, almost savage glare in them, and when spoken to he shrunk away as if expecting a blow.

His outbreaks of passion were terrible to witness. On one occasion it had required four men to hold him while the frenzy lasted. Once he had been with difficulty prevented from taking

his own life. Two boys had lived with their grandmother in a cellar, where night after night thieves and beggars met to drink brandy, smoke, and play cards. The girls stood just as much in need of a helping hand if they were to escape lives of sin and shame. A girl of fourteen was brought by her mother, whose account of her was that she was a good child, only she would steal everything she could lay her hands on, and that she lied as much as she stole; and, she added, if you were to beat the life out of her, she would still steal and lie. Madame Wichern took the girl in, a deep pity filling her heart, to try if with the blessing of the Lord, loving, instead of beating, would not win her to better things.

And these were the boys Wichern had waited and prayed for! The twelve who formed his first family occupied one large sitting-room, and a common sleeping apartment; these the Doctor shared with them. He treated them with unvaried kindness, telling them that although he knew their past history, having visited nearly all of them either in prison or in their homes, all would be fully forgiven; he did not wish them even to speak of it, except to himself. He was their friend, and would do all in his power to help them. The Rough House was not a prison, but a home. His mother would be their mother.

The lads listened, looked and wondered. Could it all be true?

Our Missionary Study and Cup-Bearers' Circle.

DEAR CUPBEARERS,—It is again time to go to press, so your "Cousin Edith" cannot wait even another post for the letters that have not yet reached her, but are perhaps, even as she writes, on their way. Our Cupbearers have not contributed largely to our "common stock of Missionary knowledge"; but knowing as she does that few complaints are so infectious as discouragement, she is just a little afraid that some timid one may lose heart and say, "Our Study Band will fall through; I don't see how it can be helped." No, dear one, it is not going to be a failure, but, with the blessing of the Lord, without which nothing can prosper, a success. As month by month our missionary knowledge increases, our interest in the foreign mission field will, it is hoped, become more real and abiding; some member of our band may be constrained to answer to her Saviour's call, "Here am I, send me," while many who cannot go may send or help to send "Gospel Light" to dark places, still "the habitations of cruelty."

Japan, and its bright, clever little people will be a good starting point for our missionary talks; but before we speak of the wonderful way in which that country is at the present time being opened up to missionary enterprise, it may be well to take a backward glance, and linger for a few moments outside its long-closed doors. For many, many years little was known either of the country or its people, as Dutch traders were the only foreigners allowed to enter its ports. But as early as the year 1549, Francis Xavier, who, though he may not have had much

liberty were offered to any who would recant by denying their faith and trampling upon the cross; but by far the greater number stood firm, and cheerfully laid down their lives. Very severe laws were passed making any profession of other faith than the idol-worship of Japan an offence worthy of death; rewards were offered to any who gave the names of persons who were even suspected of being christians, while officers appointed by the government visited every house to discover and punish secret disciples. Imperial edicts, of one of which the following is said to be a somewhat free translation:—

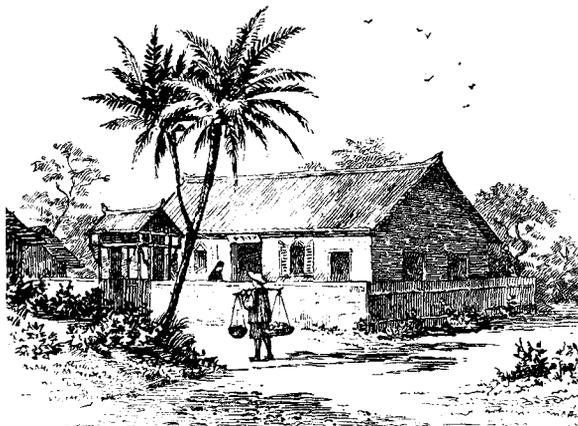
“SO LONG AS THE SUN SHALL WARM THE EARTH LET NO CHRISTIAN BE SO BOLD AS TO COME TO JAPAN, AND LET ALL KNOW THAT THE KING OF SPAIN HIMSELF, OR THE CHRISTIAN’S GOD, OR THE GREAT GOD OF ALL, IF HE VIOLATES THIS COMMAND SHALL PAY FOR IT WITH HIS HEAD.”

—were posted upon the doors of idol-temples, by the public roads, on the gates of towns and villages, upon bridges and fences, and at the entrance to mountain passes, and in shops and market places. No Japanese was allowed to leave the country, and so strong was the feeling on the part of those in authority that many of the Dutch traders, tempted by the hope of gain, disclaimed all connection with or knowledge of christianity.

“Man proposes, but God disposes.” Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries alike attempted to enter Japan, but without success; nation after nation knocked at its closed doors, but was refused admittance. Still, the christian faith did not entirely lose its hold on the people of Japan, but when in 1805 certain missionaries gained a footing, they found numbers who confessed themselves disciples, though in many cases they knew little more of christianity than the name.

In 1853 the Government of the United States sent Commodore Perry with four warships to Japan. They had chosen their representative wisely, for the Commodore was not only an able officer, but an earnest christian. When, on Sunday, July 10th, a party of Japanese officers wished to go on board his ship, they were told that no visitors could be received on that day, as it was set apart by christians to the worship of God. Great prudence and caution were needed, but after many delays he was able to deliver the President’s letter to a state official of high rank, who had been sent from Yeddo to receive it.

The following year the Commodore again visited Japan, and some months later a treaty was signed between America and Japan, one



“AN EARLY MISSIONARY STATION AT HAN-YANG, JAPAN.”

light, was an earnest and devout man and possessed of a true missionary spirit, sailed for Japan. He was accompanied by a Jap, named Anjino, who, having run away from his country, had come under christian teaching and received baptism, and his servant, also a native of Japan.

He did not see many converts, and after about two years sailed from Japan to China, where he died shortly afterwards; but other missionaries followed, and before the close of the sixteenth century a large number of Japs had professed conversion, and though it is quite possible that in many cases there was no saving knowledge of Christ, we cannot doubt that some at least were true disciples. Theirs was to be no easy path, no flower-strewn way, for some years later a fierce and cruel persecution against all who professed the christian faith broke out, and with more or less fury the storm continued to rage for upwards of two hundred years. During those years Japan had her “noble army of martyrs.” Imprisonment, torture and death, often lingering and painful, did not shake the faith of those babes in Christ. Many were driven into the sea, others hurled from the top of rocks; life and

of its conditions being that an American Consul should reside in Japan.

In 1856 the Hon. Townsend Harris landed in Japan to represent his country at its court. He too was a christian. Perhaps next month I may be able to give you one or two interesting extracts from his journal; for the present we must, as briefly as possible, arrange work. Letters to be acknowledged in the May number of "THE SPRINGING WELL" should, if possible, be posted not later than April 15th.

Tell "Cousin Edith," as simply as you can, how and when you begun to take an interest in missionary work. Have you a favourite Missionary hymn? And if you have read any books about Japan, or have seen any curios from that country, please don't forget to say so.

Your affectionate

"COUSIN EDITH,"
8, St. Andrew's Road,
Croydon.

We stated last month that the usual "Cupbearers' Circle" paper had not arrived for publication from our good friend Cousin Edith. This was a sad error on the part of the Editor. It shows that even he can make mistakes, for the article had not only been received, but was set up and ready for press, but was by some means laid aside and forgotten. He so regrets the disappointment caused to kind "C.C.'s" and others.

A Message for Anytime.

"AND they talked together of all these things which had happened, and it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned Jesus Himself drew near and went with them" (Luke xxiv. 14, 15).

Jesus thyself draw near

And with us go;

The way were dark with fear

Did we not know

Thou wilt to us step after step disclose

And with Thine arm defend from hidden foes.

If onward path look rough—

Far as we see—

Thou who hast been enough

Enough wilt be!

And in Thy strength, O Lord, our hearts grow strong

To face life's journey, be it short or long.

If onward way look bright

With sunlit skies,

Fair flowers that charm our sight,

An earthly prize,

Then Lord reveal Thy face, for 'neath Thy smile

No transient bliss shall e'er our hearts beguile.

Should there be hours, perchance,

That lonely seem,

When o'er our lifted glance

Breaks not a gleam,

O give us grace, Lord, then to trust Thee still,

Walking in darkness—yet to fear no ill.

Beyond all clouds—sun, star,

Shine on unmoved,

So Thy beloved ones are

For ever loved;

Our hand in Thine, our hearts Thy humble throne,

Till with Thee Lord we meet to know as known.

J. H. S.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. To the Only Wise God Our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, and dominion, and power both now and ever. Amen." (Jude 24, 25.)

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following donations for our various funds. On behalf of Miss Hodgkin we thank friends for the following further contributions for the work in China, from:—

	£	s.	d.
"R. M.," Teignmouth	0	2	6
With many thanks from A. H. "Seed for the Sower"	0	2	0

[It would give the Editor of "THE SPRINGING WELL" exceeding pleasure if any readers were led to help Miss Hodgkin and her friends in their very devoted and earnest labours for the Lord amongst the post office officials both in South Africa and in China. It is wonderful how God has opened the way for missionary labours amongst these men, and the efforts of His servants have been abundantly blessed. We very much wish that Gospel Boat could be provided for Mr. Heal. It would enable him to traverse the mighty rivers of China carrying the blessed Word of Life to the peoples on the borders of these Imperial water-ways.]

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
E. J., Bolton, 2s. 6d.; a Friend, Dornoch, 1s.	0	3	6
J. R., Aboyne	0	1	0
E. J., Bolton (For Dr. Nichol's Work)	0	2	6

Our "Springing Well" Free Distribution Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Geo. Mc F., Stuart Mill, Vic.	1	7	0
E. J., Bolton	0	2	6
A. G. C., Hampstead... ..	0	2	6

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Invalid	0	5	0
"Swampscott" (For Dr. Fowler's Fund)	0	2	6
M. A. S., Wimbush Green	0	2	6

Special Donations.

	£	s.	d.
"D., a Reader of S. W." (For the very poor and suffering)	0	1	0
"Swampscott" (For Mr. Gardner's work)	0	2	6
"Seed for the Sower" (For Dr. Bergmann's work)... ..	0	1	0
For Mr. Levermore's work	0	1	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

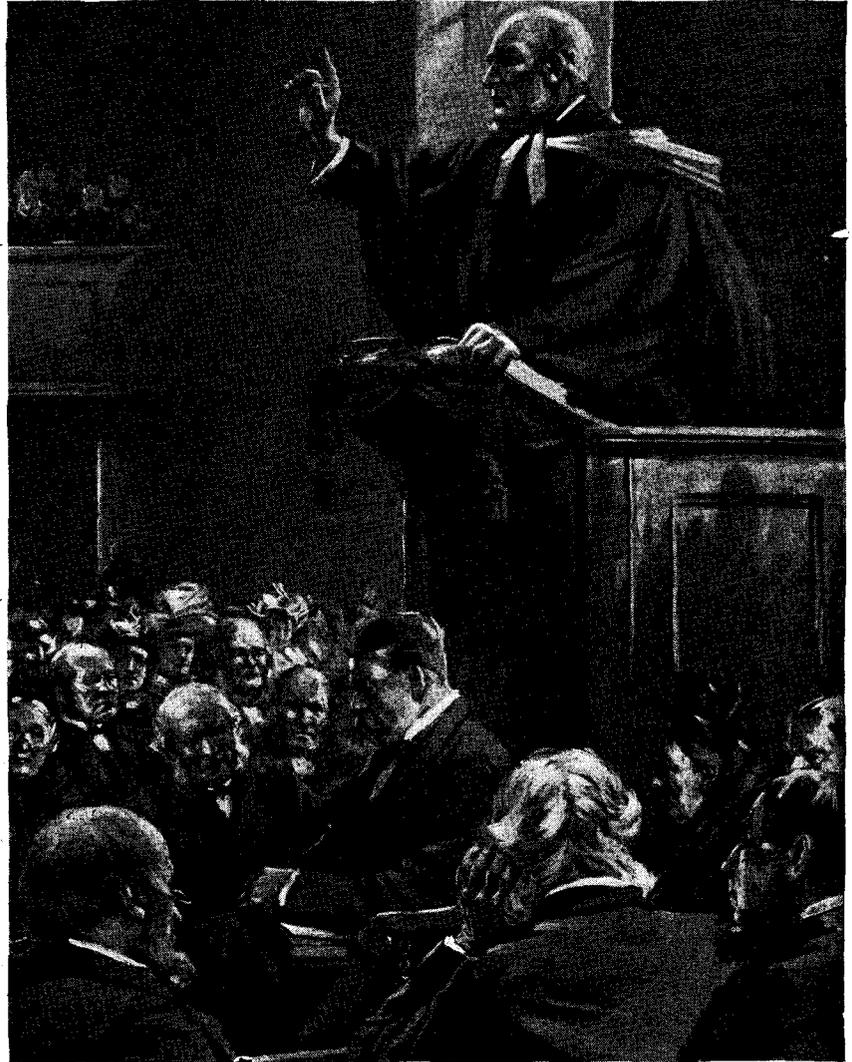
How the Farm Bailiff and the Carpenter found Christ, or, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God."

SOME months ago an article appeared in the pages of this magazine which I read with very great interest and pleasure. It told how one verse of Scripture was used in blessing to several individuals during the visits of a christian worker in his ordinary daily round. If I remember rightly, the special words that filled the soul of that friend were those of 2 Cor. v. 17: "THEREFORE IF ANY MAN BE IN CHRIST, HE IS A NEW CREATURE."

When he arose this text first arrested his attention. The very wonderful STATEMENT remained with him wherever he went, and GOD by HIS HOLY SPIRIT strikingly used it in definite blessing to several individuals before the long day's work was done.

As soon as I had perused the story, it occurred to me that I was acquainted with another in which the power of one quotation from the Word of

God was instrumental, not only in the salvation of a number of people, but through the tender mercy and love of God to the absolute transformation of their characters and homes and family relationships, and indeed to a com-



"HE ANNOUNCED HIS TEXT: 'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD.'"

plete change in everything pertaining to their ordinary lives and associations. I believe the narration of how this was brought about will be of interest to your readers, and therefore venture to send you the story for insertion in

your paper, trusting indeed above all else that God may graciously be pleased to make the perusal of it a great blessing to some beloved readers who have not yet accepted Christ as Saviour and Lord.

It must be five or six years ago since my professional duties obliged me to proceed to a large estate in the West of England. On the day after my arrival I was being driven by the agent to a certain part of the splendid park. As we approached one of the subordinate exits, I noticed just within the gates two beautifully built cottages. They were evidently intended as model dwellings, and were architecturally constructed so as to be very comfortable residences, and at the same time an ornament to the place. As we rapidly drove past, however, to my exceeding surprise I observed that the houses and gardens were in a state of extreme neglect and disorder. The venetian blinds were in a deplorable state; the windows broken, and filled up with untidy rags to keep out the wind and the rain. The gardens were full of weeds and clearly entirely uncultivated, and the picturesque rustic fence that had been placed around the cottages was terribly damaged and delapidated.

I made no remark to my friend as we passed about the appearance of the place, but he evidently appreciated my astonishment, and said to me, "What do you think of that? Those cottages are occupied by two of the best workmen we have—Peter our head bailiff and Rogers our foreman carpenter. All the time they are at work they are trustworthy, hard-working fellows, but the moment they are done, away they go to the village and spend their time and their money at skittles and other unprofitable pursuits. I am afraid every day, that if his lordship came along and saw their houses in this disgraceful condition, he would order me to clear them out immediately. I tell you what it is; these men need to know the truth of that Scripture. 'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.' If they only knew Christ, and His kingdom filled their hearts and occupied their lives, we should soon see a change in their homes."

Very little more was said on the subject, as I was occupied with the business that had brought me there, and I am bound to say the incident passed from my mind and memory. To my great surprise, however, about six months afterwards I received a letter from my friend the agent, reminding me of the circumstance, and adding, "You will be very glad to hear that our bailiff Peter has been converted. It is so remarkable," he added, "that I must tell you how it came

about. It appears our clergyman's daughter, a bright young christian girl, met Peter one day in the fields, and asked him if he would come to church in the evening. Her father was giving special addresses to the villagers and earnestly desired all the parishioners to attend.

"'I never goes to church,' said Peter, but the little lady was not to be put off, and was so persistent that at last Peter reluctantly promised to be there. He never said a word about it to anyone, but as soon as the village bell began to ring he washed himself, tried to tidy himself up a bit, and to the utter amazement of his wife and children told them he was 'going to the church.' The wife for a moment or two was dumbfounded. She could not make out what had come over Peter; however, at last, she said, 'Well, if you goes to church, I goes too.' There were busy bustling preparations for a few moments, but at last off they started, and as the bell ceased they entered. It was a startling sight to the regular attendants to see Peter and his wife quietly sitting together in the Parish Church. However, the usual service went on, and presently the vicar ascended the pulpit for the sermon. Thank God he is a good evangelical minister, one whose prayerful devoted life has an influence for good amongst those with whom he dwells. He announced his text, 'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.' Peter seemed to listen with eager and rapt attention, and when the service was over he hastened home and was exceedingly quiet and thoughtful. Presently it appears he said to his wife, 'Look here Liza, that's what I be going to do, I am going as the parson said to SEEK HIM, THAT'S CHRIST. It is Him I wants,' and Peter did seek Him and found Him, and his life since indicates what a marvellous change has been wrought in his soul. Perhaps the best evidence is that he no longer spends his evenings at skittles or at the 'Three Crowns,' but he is either trying to help others as he has been helped himself, or is at work in his house and garden. Already there is a wonderful change effected in his abode, for the blinds are in order, the windows mended, the creepers nicely trimmed, and the fence and garden on Peter's half all put right, the little lawn nicely mown, and altogether the place looking quite attractive. Anyone could see the little home was under entirely new management, and so it was, for Christ now rules there. My friend also told me that the silent though marked change was so real, that now the wife and the little children unite together every morning and at night to ask that God's blessing might rest upon them. Truly Peter found the Saviour's declaration true, 'SEEK YE FIRST THE

KINGDOM OF GOD AND ALL THESE THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.'"

* * * * *

Fully two years passed away before I heard again from my friend in the West; but then the same duties rendered it necessary that I should revisit the place. I was asked to come on a Saturday and to remain over the Lord's Day. I was glad to do this, because I thought I should like to hear how Peter was going on, and whether Rogers had in any way participated in the blessing. Imagine, therefore, my astonishment when we drove into the park by the entrance close to the well-remembered cottages to find they were *both* in splendid order. It was in the summer time, and the flowers were simply profuse and beautiful. Lovely creeper-roses covered the entrances. The gardens were just perfect, and full of fruit and useful vegetables, the lawns mown to perfection, and the birds were singing as joyously as if they understood that some great change had come over the inhabitants of the cottages. My friend again observed my surprise, and said, "Don't you know that Rogers has also been truly converted, as certainly as was Peter." "You don't mean to say so," I replied. "Oh yes, it is a fact; I'll tell you all about it when we get home," and sure enough, my friend unfolded a really lovely story showing how the salvation of Peter, his wife and children, had been the direct means of blessing also to Rogers, to his wife and his family, so that in that exquisite place in the noble lord's park there came to be positive little households of christian people, where Christ was known, His Holy Name honoured, His blessed presence and comfort known and felt and enjoyed by them all. Truly they had been converted to God, and their homes, gardens, and everything about them too. Now it was a joy to live for Christ and to testify of His glorious name and saving power.

But how about Rogers? How did the transformation occur in his case? Well, my friend told me with great delight that some months after Peter was converted, a mission was held in the village under the auspices of the Church of England vicar. A faithful preacher came from London and spoke each evening in the village room. All the people were invited, and after a very great deal of persuasion Peter and his wife induced Rogers and his wife and children to attend.

That night the speaker took for his text Matt. vi. 33, "SEEK YE FIRST the kingdom of God," and spoke most impressively upon the importance of deciding for Christ. He explained that Christ himself *was* the Kingdom of God; that if they found Him, they found "the King-

dom of God;" that Christ was everything, He was all in all. That with him they would receive every possible blessing for time and for eternity, and that was why it is written, "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The "all things" meant everything God sees needful, will be given. Just as He cares for the ravens and feeds them, just as unaided He causes the lily to grow so pure and beautiful, so He will give to those who seek and find Christ not only every spiritual blessing, but every material one that he deems to be necessary. He



"ROGERS HAS ALSO BEEN TRULY CONVERTED."

told them how God loved the world; how He loved sinners; how Christ died for sinners; how He rose; how He now lives for ever at the right hand of God, and loves to receive all who will come to Him, the poor and the rich, the sinful, the lost, the utterly undone may all come, and He will never turn one away. "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." At the close of the address that evening, the speaker invited any who were willing to remain for a short prayer meeting. Peter whispered to Rogers asking him to stay, and he consented. There were one or two simple petitions, and then, manifestly as much to the surprise of the missionary as to anyone, Peter interposed, addressing his companion, and this is as nearly as possible what he said:—"Now, Rog." (This was the abbreviated name usually given to him) "Now, Rog., listen to me. Ye know what I was. How I never thought about Christ, knew nothing about seeking 'first the kingdom' of God, until I heard our parson preach about it. Then Rog., you know I did seek Christ, and found Him, and He has been such a blessing to me and

to Liza and the children ever since. We *ain't* wanted any more skittles o' nights, or anything of the sort; but you know we have lived in peace and happiness and quiet. Now Rog., old man, we want you and your wife and your children to find Him too, to-night, and then we shall all be full of joy, and God will give you all you need as He has done us, and will lead you to receive and to love His Word, and to pray together, and to try afterwards to lead others to find Him like ourselves. You know we sometimes sing now:

'When you have found Him, tell others the story.
That this loving Saviour is their Saviour too.'

"Rogers listened to all this and scarcely uttered a word, but Peter asked him to kneel down and then in the simplest language possible, he cried to God to look down upon his erring companion and to save him and his household that night. It was a touching scene to see these labouring men kneeling together, and one felt that God would surely bring blessing out of it, and lead Rogers and his wife into the light of life. There was no very emotional effect apparent in that simple-minded man; but without a doubt he received Christ into his soul as his Saviour and Lord. Very quietly, but very readily, the truth of the Scripture 'SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD, AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS' penetrated his dark heart, the light of God's truth shone in, bringing true conviction and eventual peace and rest.

"Now, what has been the result? Why you saw it yourself as you entered the park to-day. Material blessing has ensued to both these dear men. Not only have they received greater spiritual knowledge and power than might have been anticipated from men who had lived such unprofitable and dissipated lives for so many years, but their surroundings are entirely changed. Rogers' house was speedily put right and vied with his friend's in its tasteful and interesting appearance, and as you looked at the wives with their bright young families around them on the lawns, it made you feel that there was far more in the Lord's words than even believers sometimes accept when He said, 'SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS, AND ALL THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.'

The sequel to all this has been most striking. Why, beloved friends, when I was last in that place, I had the joy of conducting a simple service in the village room. I never had a congregation that seemed to take more interest in the Gospel and in the story of God's wonderful love, and my friend assured me that the conversion of these families through the power of that

text more especially, had had a marvellous effect upon the people living in the whole country side. Peter and Rogers had bent all their energies to get the workmen on the estate to think of eternal things. The deadly fall of the skittles is now scarcely ever heard in the evening, and the people have been greatly led to be occupied with higher and better things. There must have been ninety people at the service which I held and it was a delight to hear that during the week prayer and reading meetings were held, and the young people encouraged to be interested in all that would prove for their present welfare and their everlasting good.

* * * * *

Peter said to me one day, "There is one thing I never shall forget, and that is, how our vicar's young daughter pleaded with me to attend the service. It was not so much what she said, but I saw her lips quivering, and the tears filling her large eyes as she spoke and looked up into my rough and uncomely face; but God was behind her and I am certain He used her as His servant to lead me and Rogers and all our families, and numbers more on the estate and in the village to know for a truth that the first great concern of life is to 'SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS' and that then, 'ALL THESE THINGS WILL BE ADDED UNTO YOU.'"

C. U.

What the Candles Taught.

THE heat is excessive; everyone is complaining, except those who have too much to do to think about the weather. In the room where these words are penned, our candles have turned limp, and have bowed over till their wicks are facing the mantel shelf! These limp and overcome composites will give no light! They are overwhelmed by the heat, and for all practical value are disposed of! As they hang down, each one facing and making obeisance to the other, they seem to say to the writer "If you require light in such melting weather as this, you must find some more solid stuff to give it than we are made of—we are exhausted; we have given up all ideas of future usefulness, and therefore we cannot give you light."

Whether there is anything specially weak about our composites we cannot tell, but their condition is a parable to us, saying, "Do not give up light-giving because of the furnace; let not sorrow and distress so melt your heart that the purpose for which you are left in this world is missed by you, and you fail to manifest that you have a Father in Heaven who loves you and watches over and cares for you.



Christian Blessing in its Fulness.—I.

"Blessed be the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ."—Eph. i. 3-7.

LET the true christian meditate upon the present and abiding favour of God to him in Christ, for he is *blessed* now while on earth in the midst of a thousand contrary influences,

With all spiritual blessings.

Even though he may apprehend but very, very few of them, and though he may often lament his poverty and his sense of emptiness, *all* are his, and his now. These blessings are not of an earthly kind. They are not of the basket and the store, neither are they of bodily health, or of temporal prosperity. They are the christian's

In the heavenly places.

They are enjoyed by faith on earth, and as the christian is more and more Spirit-taught so he more and more enjoys these spiritual things. As he by faith dwells in the heavenly places so does he perceive the blessings. But whether he has the enjoyment of them or not, *all* the spiritual blessings are his, for they are his

In Christ Jesus.

They are not vested in himself, or handed to him for his own custody, but they are his solely in Christ, and therefore they are absolutely secure.

Now, what is the measure of these wonderful gifts, bestowed upon the christian by the God and the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? How shall he test the greatness of their marvellous lengths and breadths? By one measure alone—by the free will and pleasure of God Himself. God's grace alone is the explanation of the "ALL," of the "BLESSINGS," or of the reason why the blessings should be ours. No human will, no human thought had to say to these things, they are all of God.

All the spiritual blessings wherewith we are blessed in the heavenly places in Christ are ours,

According as He (God) hath chosen us in Him (Christ).

God's choice is our exultation. He hath been pleased in choosing persons—men, and women, and children—in Christ to please Himself. We can but stand amazed as we behold the manner of His love. Now this His choice being in Christ, we are not chosen for our good behaviour, or for our attractiveness to God—far, far from it—but we are chosen out of the depths of God's own will. Moreover, the choice was made

Before the Foundation of the World.

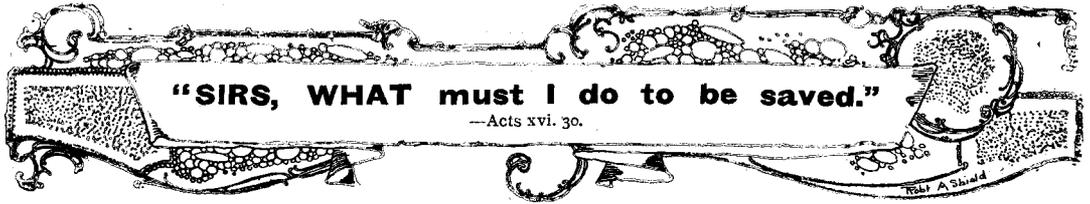
Yes, prior to time and to man's creation, before paradise and before the fall, God had His wonderful purpose respecting eternity in His mind. Ah! how little is God apprehended as God by feeble man! "Before the foundation of the world." How small do these words make the world appear! God hath chosen us in Christ. How important, do these words teach us, are the saints thus chosen—greater than the world which passeth away; and how immeasurable the grace that chooses, and the glory that shall be theirs so chosen!

What was the end God had in view in thus choosing us in Christ? He had His own deep purpose in this His will. Here is the reply:

That we should be holy and without blame before Him in love.

God planned concerning His creatures that some should stand before Him as children, holy, for He is holy, without a fault in His light, and at rest before Him in His love. God is light; God is love. We shall be holy and blameless before Him in His light; we shall in love be before Him in His love.

Fear is natural to the human heart whenever God is present to man in His holiness. At the sound of His voice in the garden, Adam and Eve, fallen from their first estate, hid themselves. And so it has been ever since with men. But God will have His children before Him in love; there will be no wish to hide oneself from Him in the Glory. There will be no fault in us in the coming day for God's eye to rest on, and no sin in us to make us tremble at His presence; hence we shall be holy and happy, and enjoy everlasting liberty before Him.



Great Truths about Salvation.—IV.

GOD'S WAY OR CAIN'S WAY, WHICH?

"There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—PROV. xvi. 25.

TO the truth of these solemn words testify the footsteps and the end of ten thousands of men now in eternity. The way which seems right unto a man is his own way—the path of his own self-will, pleasure, or chosen sin. To him this way seems right; it is pleasant to his eyes; it is easy to his step; it is the popular way—the way of the world—and as he takes it he exclaims, "Why should not I do as I like?"

This way Cain took. He had his ideas on religion—he brought to the Lord a sacrifice which was without blood. He cultivated the soil that bore the divine curse upon it, and by the sweat of his brow raised an offering for the Lord; and though the Lord told Cain "sin coucheth at the door" (Gen. iv. 7, R.V.)—that a sacrifice was ready to his hand—

Cain preferred his way to God's way, and continued to walk upon the fatal road, the ends of which are the ways of death. Alas! thousands to-day go in the way of Cain.

Esau forsook the promises of God, and bartered away his future for a mess of pottage! He was hungry, and to him the satisfaction of the hour was more precious than the blessing of the future. "What," said he, "does this birthright profit me?" (Gen. xxv. 32.) And, like Esau, profane persons this day sell their eternity for this hour's pleasures. The way seems right to them, but the ways of death are in the end thereof.

The sceptic approves his unbelief, boasts himself in his negation, and at length takes his leap into the dark; the miser hoards up his gold, and dies, despising eternal riches; the procrastinator says, "Time enough yet," and is lost. The secret of these varied forms of dis-

obedience lies in one principle, namely, taking a way which seems right to a man, and refusing God's word. However varied the forms of unbelief may seem, there is but one end to the path of disobedience—

"The end thereof are the ways of death."

"What must I do to be lost?" said a young sceptic to an aged servant of Christ, who had been preaching on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" "Go on just as you are going, young man, and you will reach hell for certain," was the reply. It is enough to go on one's own way steadily, for the end thereof are the ways of death.

As men hurry on their fatal way God's messengers stand and cry, "Return, return." There is more simplicity in true religion than is generally allowed. The first step is to return. "What do you mean by conversion?" said his colonel to a pious soldier.

"The first thing is 'Attention,' the next, 'Right about face,' sir,"

was the reply. Return to God, sinner. Do not think that true religion is merely to change over from the muddy side to the clean side of the way which seems right to a man. The broad road that leads to destruction has its clean as well as its dirty side, but those who are converted have returned to God. They are not on the broad road at all—they have returned to God.

It was well when the prodigal in the far country said, "I will arise, and go to my father;" but he did more—"he arose, and came to his father." Many purpose "I will arise;" of few it can be said they "arose and came." What should we say of the prodigal whose resolutions brought him within sight of his father's doors, and who yet returned from that sight to his old companions and his old sins?

Come home close to God, for this is true repentance.

Jottings about the Bible.

The Bible on the Battle Field.

The Story of a Patch-work Quilt.

THE deeply interesting magazine, *The Bible in the World*, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, and from which we have previously obtained very wonderful testimony concerning the power and blessing of God's Holy Word, gives the following very interesting incident:—

A LITTLE CRIMSON LEAF.

"It is not far short of half a century since the following incident occurred during the American Civil War. Among the old unhappy things of history the terrible struggle between North and South stands conspicuous as one of the first of the great wars in which the Word of God was wonderfully in evidence—

"Like moonlight on a troubled sea,
Brightening the storm it cannot calm.

"In the course of the four years two million Bibles, Testaments, and Portions were circulated among the Army and Navy of the North, and large quantities were passed under the flag of truce into the lines of the Confederates.

"Never had the Bible been more widely read in America or its power more deeply felt than it was in that time of ordeal. - Among the gifts sent to the front by the Sanitary Commission for the comfort of the soldiers was a patch-work quilt. There was attached to it a note: 'I have made this Scripture quilt for one of the hospital beds, for I thought that whilst it would be a comfort to the poor body, it might speak a word of good to the precious soul. May it be blessed to the dear boys of the army, among whom I have a son.'

"Many of the patches were squares of white cotton, and on each of these was written a verse from the Bible or a line or two from a hymn; while along the upper border, which would be nearest to the sick man's eye and oftenest read, were inscribed texts of promise and love and comfort—'God so loved the world,' 'Come unto Me,' 'I sought the Lord and He heard me.' On many a suffering body that quilt lay warm and light: on many a sorrowful soul it rested like the shadow of the Everlasting Wings.

"At last a young lad was brought into the ward, and by a strange coincidence that quilt

was thrown over his bed. 'He had lain there, nearly senseless, for more than a week,' wrote the nurse, 'when I saw him kiss the patch-work. I thought he might be wandering, or if not, that he had found a text of hope or consolation that seemed to suit his need, and marked with my eye the place he had kissed, to see what it was.'

"It was not a text; it was but a patch of printed cotton, the pattern a little crimson leaf on a dark ground. He kept looking at it, with tears in his eyes. He was indeed wandering; his thoughts were far away, at home with his mother; and that bit of the gown he had so often seen her wear had carried him back to her.

"As the nurse approached he looked up and asked her if she knew where the quilt came from. She could not tell him, but she brought the note that came with it. His hand trembled and his lips grew white when he saw the writing. 'Please read it to me quite slowly,' he said, returning it. She read it. 'It is from my mother; shall you keep it?' 'Yes,' she answered, 'I value it very much.' He put his hands over his eyes, and she left him.

"The next day he pointed out one of the texts to her: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in Thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.' She put her finger on the next white square: 'When he was yet a great way off . . .' A few days later, after he had grown much stronger he held up to her the text she had shown him. 'I was a great way off,' he said, 'but He has met me, and had compassion on me.' 'Shall I not write to your mother,' she asked, 'and tell her that her son—who was dead—?'

"And so one mother of the thousands who had boys at the war received tidings of great joy.

"A little while after the incident was published, a lady who applied to our Bible house for a grant of Scriptures to a Yorkshire hospital stated that a dozen Bible quilts had been presented to the institution, and that every bed, it was hoped, would very shortly be furnished in a similar way."

WILLIAM CANTON.

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlvii. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—V.

I HOPE that all who are reading these papers are beginning to realise, if they have never realised it before, that we are "saved by grace through faith: and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 8, 9).

God tells us that Adam sinned, and "by sin death has entered into the world" (Rom. v. 12), but now "where sin abounded, grace did much more abound" (Rom. v. 20).

Before we were brought to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we were under condemnation, because of the law that saith, "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezek. xviii. 20); and because of what God saith, "he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John iii. 18).

But we read "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 17), and God has shown to us that when Peter preached the Gospel for the first time to the Gentiles at the request of Cornelius, he preached "the word" thus: "The Word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ (He is Lord of all) that word ye know . . . how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power . . . Whom they (the Jews) slew and hanged on a tree. Him God raised up . . . to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins"; and then it is added "While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word" (Acts x. 36—44).

In John i. 17, we read that grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

From the account given of Peter's address to Cornelius, we see how the knowledge of this grace comes to a human soul. The word concerning Jesus Christ as the Lord of all, dying for our sins, but risen from the dead a triumphant conqueror, is preached. The word is heard, and believed, faith lays hold of Jesus Christ as "my personal Lord and Saviour," the Holy Spirit enters the new-born soul and the truth is realised that whilst "the wages of sin is death, the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23).

Now as we read more in the Scriptures of Truth, the Word of Life, we learn more of the

Holy Spirit. We read for example what the Lord (Who is now known to the believer as my Lord and Saviour) said to the disciples, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. . . . The Comforter, Who is the Holy Ghost, Whom the Father will send in My Name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John xiv. 16, 17, 26).

It is true these words were spoken in the first place to the disciples who lived at the time of the Lord Jesus, but if we turn to the xvii. chapter of St. John's Gospel we shall find that believers in all ages are included in the Lord's prayer, and therefore in the Lord's teachings and promises, "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word" (John xvii. 20).

As we have already seen, Cornelius and his friends believed on the Lord Jesus Christ through the word of Peter, and their faith was accompanied with the gift of the Holy Spirit.

Thus it has been all through the ages. All who truly believe in (that is, "trust in" or "commit themselves for time and eternity to") the Lord Jesus Christ receive the Holy Spirit and He begins at once to teach them, and if they have had in earlier years the great advantage of hearing a true minister of the Word explain the Scriptures, the Holy Spirit brings to their remembrance things that they had heard years before, but had not at that time understood.

Every christian at first is but "a babe in Christ" (1 Cor. iii. 1), and can only feed upon the simple truths of God's Word, which the apostle Paul compares to milk (1 Cor. iii. 2), but the scriptures reveal great and marvellous truths which unfold to us God's purposes in eternity, and if we will give heed to the teachings of the Holy Spirit, we shall, as we grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, be compared to "strong young men, in whom the Word of God abides," yes, and to "fathers" also (1 John. ii. 14).

This teaching and instruction and establishing in the faith with the result of a full assurance of faith is what is meant by St. John when he says, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things" (1 John ii. 20).

May we "run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith" (Heb. xii. 1, 2).

"My Burden is Light."

"Ye shall know that I am the Lord your God, which bringeth you out from under the burdens of the Egyptians." —Ex. vi. 7.

THE Lord Jesus speaks to us of the burden-bearer in a passage well known to us all: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. . . . My burden is light." Did He utter these gracious words with a bearer of burdens, so familiar to the eye in Palestine, before Him? The traveller sees nowadays the *hammal* pressed under his heavy load, which seems almost too great and too weighty to be carried. The *hammal* is a porter or carrier. He has a strong rope, which he arranges around his load, and each end of which he holds in his hands, and thus, with the amazing pile upon his back and shoulders, he staggers along the slippery stone paths of Jerusalem! What a picture of the sinner under the weight of his sins—yea, with the load piled up upon him, and weary and heavy laden with it! How glad would such an one be to have a burden-bearer — how welcome would rest be to his heavy laden soul! Now the Lord takes away the burden of sin, for He has carried our sorrows, and He has freed us from their weight.

Jesus said, "My burden is light." Love makes the burden light. The Lord Jesus came to do His Father's pleasure, and it was a joy to Him to do it, and herein He is graciously pleased to be to us an example.

If we read about the services of the Levites (Num. iv.), we find they had burdens to carry—different sorts, but they all had something to carry. Very precious things did they bear, some more precious, as we should suppose, than others, but all

equally necessary for the service of the Lord. Their burdens were their honours, for ordinary Israelites were not appointed to this sacred service. So it is even to-day: God calls forth His people to carry for Him some sacred burden in His service, and it is an honour to be appointed by Him for the work.

Special Solos.

771

He Bore our Sins.

F. TYLER.

CHAS. REEVES.

1. Oh, aw - ful load for that bow'd Head, Ter - if - ic weight for that marr'd form,
 2. Transferred to Him the guilt-less, see Your guilt, in blood your debt was paid;
 3. Be - lieve, be-lieve, thou guilt-ty one; That all thy sins de-serv-ed doom

1. He bore your sins, your burden dread, And brav'd your judgment's fearful storm.
 2. Be - hold, to set the cap-tive free, Je - sus the great sin-off-ring made.
 3. Was borne by Christ; God's Ho-ly Son For thee has bow'd Him to the tomb.

CHORUS.

Thy death, Lord Je - sus, ev - er - more Shall

be our song on yon-der shore, . . . We'll praise the blessed One who

bore Our load of sin up-on the tree.



Two Invitations.

I. FROM OUR PRESIDENT.

DEAR FRIENDS,—It is a great pleasure to me to be permitted to invite your attendance at our Annual Meeting. It will be good to hear of the wonderful progress the Berean Band has made again in the course of the past twelve months. It will be better still to hear the special messages God may entrust His servants, the speakers, with for our spiritual benefit. I am sure that you will come if you can, and that you will ask our Heavenly Father to bless our meeting.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) A. E. BARNES-LAWRENCE.

Our Annual Meetings have invariably proved rich in helpfulness, and we are expecting great things at the coming one, which is to be held at All Soul's Church Home, 54, Great Titchfield Street, London, W., on Monday, May 9th, at 8 o'clock. Our President will preside, and the speakers will be the Rev. Harrington C. Lees and Pastor W. Y. Fullerton. These brethren have been much honoured by God in the past, and we may well expect from them messages that will impart help and hope. The success in the past has been largely due to the splendid efforts of our London and suburban branches. We are glad to be still dependent upon them, and are sure that our confidence will not be misplaced. We should like all our readers who reside in London to apply for programmes for distribution in their respective districts. Another date to reserve is Thursday, May 19th, when our annual sermon will be preached at Trinity Baptist Church, John Street, Edgware Road, at 8 o'clock. We hope to see many of our friends there.

2. FROM THE FOUNDER OF THE BAND.

We are at present making a collection of true incidents, illustrating the benefits derived from committing the Bible to memory; and we would invite all our readers to send us something suitable to add to our store. Nothing clinches an argument better than an apt illustration; and the collection of striking and helpful incidents in connection with Bible learning will be a real service to the movement. Of course we propose using these freely as opportunity offers. To acknowledge, in some little way, the

time and talent expended in this effort, we propose giving a teacher's Bible to

the one who sends the best illustrative incident in connection with Bible learning. We hope that all our readers will fall in very heartily with this suggestion. The following rules must be adhered to:—

Incidents must be true, concise, and of not more than 200 words each. They can be either original or selected; if the latter, the source from which they are taken must be given, with the name of author when possible.

They must be written distinctly, and on one side of the paper only, with the full name and address of the sender.

They must be received by the Hon. General Secretary of the band not later than the first post on May 14th next. The envelopes should be marked "Incident."

Any number of incidents may be contributed by one individual. If a large number of suitable incidents are sent, a second or even a third reward may be given.

The adjudicator's decision, which will, it is hoped, be published in our June number, must be accepted as final.

The verses to be committed to memory during May are as follows:—

THE CHRISTIAN WALK.

May 1. Micah 6, 8—Walking with God.

„ 8. Gal. 5, 16—Walking in the Spirit.

„ 15. 1 John 1, 7—Walking in the Light.

„ 22. Eph. 5, 2—Walking in Love.

„ 29. Col. 1, 10—Walking worthy of the Lord.

Address all communications to the Hon. General Secretary, Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Blessed Words of Comfort.

GOD does not say to His needy, sorrowing children, "Go thy way; be warmed and fed." Nay; if He calls upon Rachel to refrain from weeping for her little ones, it is because "they shall come again from the land of their bondage." If He would comfort mourners at Bethany, it is by telling them, "Thy brother shall rise again." If mourning saints now, He says, "Them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him." God has gathered every ray of joy and triumph round this hour, and encircled it with a halo of grace and glory.

"Oh! morn too bright for mortal eyes,
When all the ransomed saints shall rise,
Caught up with Christ to reign."

More of My Experiences in France.

AS you already know, we were enabled by God's mercy to cross with our Gospel carriage in 1908 from Boulogne to Marseilles, and from thence across the French Alps and into Savoy. In 1909 we continued along North-East France back to the channel.



The Lord enabled us to meet many of his own people in the most out-of-the-way places. Take, for instance, the man in this picture. He had been a well-to-do farmer, and a most devout Roman Catholic. Knowing nothing of God but what he learnt through the priest, imagine what an awful experience he had when the priest robbed him of his savings in a most heartless manner, and he was left a ruined man. His money gone, his religious ideals shattered with no means of redress, no wonder that his reason gave way, and when I entered his miserable home one morning he had been insane and utterly incapable for six months. But a gracious God had His eye upon him. The Holy Spirit enabled

me to put the truth before him, and enabled him to behold a merciful and gracious God revealed in Christ. He now saw that the Roman Church and the Roman priest had utterly misrepresented our God, and with the dawn of spiritual day in his soul there came the return of reason. Said I to him, "I have come to tell you of a living Saviour, He can heal your soul, and he can restore your reason, and—*He is here.* Put yourself in His hands. He did, and the Lord blessed him there. I found him sick and left him whole. I found him insane, but when I left him reason had returned to her throne, and, better still, the power of a new and endless life had dawned in his soul. The next picture was taken outside his cottage door.

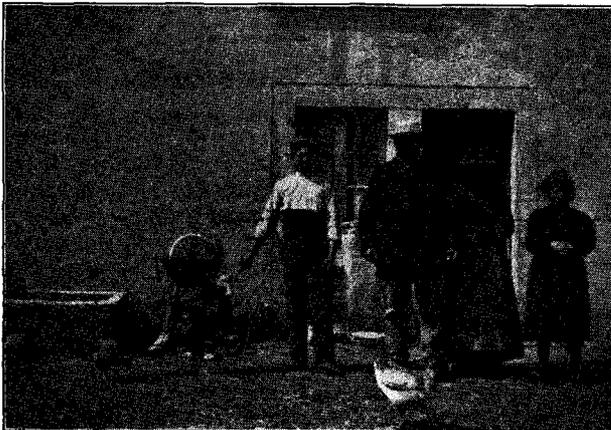
The next is a picture of an open-air service in Savoy. A typical village street. Outside staircases. The French love music, and I find the "baby" organ a useful auxiliary. Once the people are gathered no time is lost, out comes the Word of God and the serious business commences. And I must say that the longer I live and the further I go, the more do I rejoice



in the grandeur and the simplicity, the fulness and the freeness of the glorious gospel of the grace of God. However demoralised or ignorant the people may be, this gospel according to the Scriptures meets them *just as they are and just where they are.*

This year we hope (D.V.) to cross from East to West; from the Lake of Geneva to the Atlantic. How sad to think that there are still over twenty millions in France *who have never heard the Gospel* in all its fulness and freeness!

What a debt we English christians owe to France. Will you have a practical share in this enterprise. We have no income, no society. All the money given goes straight into the field. Every donation is officially acknowledged, and accounts duly audited.



We hope by God's blessing to reach at least one million souls. Will you share the privilege? Treat this appeal conscientiously, and send your offering large or small either to the Editor or direct to myself,

Yours in the Lord's service,

SAMUEL LEVERMORE.

6, Cobham Road, Kingston-on-Thames.

The Editor of "THE SPRINGING WELL" is greatly interested in the good personal missionary work carried on in France from year to year by Mr. Levermore. He is persuaded that much blessing has attended the earnest labours of our friend in previous journeys, and he trusts that many christian friends will pray that the Lord may be with him as he goes forth again, and perhaps some may be enabled to render practical help in this faithful missionary work. It is surely a great matter for an Englishman to be able to visit these interesting provinces, and to be able to speak to the people fluently in their own tongue the pure Word of God. We trust Mr. Levermore may be cheered and encouraged in all his labours for God.

Who are the Ignorant?

THE first step in knowledge is learning our ignorance. When a man is unable to discern his ignorance there is little hope of teaching him, and of such we must say, as saith the Scripture, "But if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant" (1 Cor. xiv. 38).

It is not only the simple who are ignorant of their ignorance. Some of the learned men of our day do not know that God answers prayer. They cannot find out faith by the aid of their microscopes, nor dig it out of their geology; so they call faith fancy. However, faith in their own brains is to them a solid fact. But the simplest believer has a knowledge of which these men are destitute, a power they possess not, a perception of which they are devoid—he has the knowledge of God.

But this evil disease of ignorance of ignorance afflicts some christians also. They are so clear, so decided, so confident in their opinion that they remain without wisdom. The virus of this disease is pride; it is fatal to all spiritual growth, and turns consciences to stone.

Our Recitation Competition.

WE have received so many letters in reference to this, that we are obliged to defer the publication of the names of the successful competitors until next month. We are glad of the interest caused by this competition, and delighted to find that Mr. Luff's beautiful poem has been recited in so many Sunday Schools in our land. The story of George Naber must be quite familiar to many young scholars now.

"Look Up."

"My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will LOOK UP."
—Ps. v. 3.

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."—Ps. cxxi. 1.

WHEN in life's battle thou art sorely pressed,
By nameless worries, and by cares distrest;
Amid it all, if you would know heart-rest,

"LOOK UP."

When thick and dark the clouds hang overhead,
And you see not the untried path you tread;
Strong is the unseen Hand by which you're led.

"LOOK UP."

Behind the clouds which doth the sun obscure,
God works for thee, His help is always sure;
His mercy doth from age to age endure.

"LOOK UP."

When far away from all life's busy throng,
Down through some valley He may lead along,
He can for sighing give to thee a song.

"LOOK UP."

E'en through the valley, though thy way may wind,
And pleasant sunshine may be left behind,
While passing through, thy soul shall blessing find.

"LOOK UP."

When through deep waters He may call to go,
"Fear not," He's with thee, they shall not o'erflow;
His presence there thou then shalt better know.

"LOOK UP."

What though the floods may threaten to o'erwhelm,
"Be not dismayed," thy Captain's at the helm;
Guiding thee on unto the Heavenly realm.

"LOOK UP."

E'en in the furnace, if thy soul He place,
'Tis to consume all that is dross and base,
That His own image in thee He may trace.

"LOOK UP."

Lift up thine eyes, whate'er thy state may be,
Look not around, 'twill only trouble thee;
"Look up," and thou shalt "Jesus only" see.

"LOOK UP."

F. B.

We shall print these lines separately in the "Greystone" series on a nice card at 6d. a dozen.

Men of Continuance.

PATIENT continuance in well-doing will earn a crown by-and-by, but it carries with it here a great reward. There is a secret joy and calm in the heart of the christian, who is plodding on with his work for Christ, that is above all the happiness and excitement the world can give. A selfish life is always a wretched one; whoever plans and toils simply for his own advantage, is a kind of miser; but God has ordered it that in serving others we obtain cheer in our own souls. "The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself" (Prov. xi. 25).

Our Young People's Pages.

II.—Hugh: A Story for Little Boys.

NOW, boys, do you want to hear some more about Hugh?

I told you last month how he gave himself to the Lord Jesus, and how Jesus received him, as He always does every one who comes to Him, for He has said: "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out" (John vi. 37).

If you will come to Him you will find He will keep His word to you, as He did to Hugh that night when he knelt up in his little cot and asked Jesus to make him a christian boy.

Well, I told you that he then dropped off fast asleep, full of joy and peace; and I asked you to tell me what you guessed happened next morning.

I was once telling a lot of children a story something like this one, and I asked them this same question: "What happened next day?" And, do you know, they all called out together in such a sad voice: "*He died!*" I wonder is that what some of you are saying? "*He died!*" No, indeed he did not. You must not think that when boys or girls give themselves to Christ that they must then die, for it is just then that they are fit and ready to live. It is a great mercy if people who are going to die know that their sins are forgiven and have joy and peace in believing in Jesus as their Saviour, but it is still better if people who are going to live belong to Him, and so can live worthy lives to His glory, as, thank God, Hugh has done and is still doing.

And now to tell you what happened. Hugh awoke very early, and there was the same great peace in his heart that had made him so full of joy as he dropped asleep. He felt he must tell some one how happy he was. So he pulled aside the mosquito curtains, and scrambled down from his little cot, and ran across the room to the bed where one of his grown-up sisters was sleeping. He climbed up on to her bed, and woke her up, crying: "Oh, Bell, do listen! Jesus has made me a christian boy, and I am so, so happy."

But Hugh did not get the loving sympathy he had expected. Bell was very cross at being awakened so early, and in an angry voice told him to be off at once and not bother her.

Poor little boy! This was a terrible rebuff. He had felt so sure that every one would rejoice

with him at the grand news of what Jesus had done for him. He stood still a little minute, bewildered and surprised, and then he thought: "Mother won't say this. Mother will be glad," and with that he ran right off to his mother's room, and soon had his little arms round her neck, saying: "Mother, Mother! Jesus made me a christian boy last night, and oh! I am so happy!" And the dear mother folded her little son to her bosom, and said again and again: "I am so glad, darling Sonnie, I am so glad," and kissed him very tenderly. Then she said: "And now we must thank Jesus for His great goodness to you," and they knelt down side by side.



"MOTHER'S HEART WAS VERY SORE AT PARTING."

Hugh was rather frightened when he saw that his mother wanted him to thank God just in his own words, without any help from her; but then, he thought, now he belonged to Jesus, surely he ought to be able to speak to Him, and he guessed that Mother was just thinking this, too, and waiting to see if her boy could speak to Jesus as his own precious Saviour. So he took courage, and in very simple words, as a little child, he thanked the Lord that He had received him to be His boy and made him happy. And then Mother followed, and with a full heart she thanked and praised the Lord for being so kind to her little son, and prayed that he might grow up to be a true follower of the Lord Jesus. "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature" (2 Cor. v. 17), and this is not only

true of men, but of little boys, too, who have come to Jesus. So all was now changed for Hugh. It was no longer so difficult to be good, for he had God's Holy Spirit to help him in his fight against sin, and to give him the victory. He was only a little child still, but he was Jesus' little child, like the one He called and took in His arms, and sat among His disciples when He was here upon earth (Matt. xviii. 2; Mark ix. 36). Hugh would not then have understood a little verse he is now very fond of, but it was true of him then, when he was only four years old, and I will write it down for you, and for older people to think about; it is this:

"Soon as my all I ventured
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit entered,
And I was born of God."

When Hugh was eight years old his parents thought it right to send him out of India, for the climate there is very bad for English children, and they grow up very sickly if they stay there; indeed, they often don't live to grow up at all. So, as a friend of theirs was willing to take charge of Hugh on the voyage home to England, his parents made up their minds to take this opportunity of sending him where he would have cool, fresh air, and also go to school and learn his lessons as all of you are doing, I hope.

Poor Mother's heart was very sore at parting with her little darling son, but oh! how glad she was to know that Jesus loved him even more than she did, and that He would carry His little lamb in His bosom, would shield him from evil, and help him in moments of temptation. She travelled as far as Madras with him, where she was to hand him over to the care of this gentleman, and you may be sure that as they went along day by day she said all she could to strengthen Hugh's faith and to encourage him to be a true follower of the Lord Jesus. It was when they got to Mysore, after one of these talks, that she took Hugh's Bible and pasted into its cover this little letter from herself, written in plain, big letters, so that a child could read it:—

"My darling Sonnie,—Do not forget your prayers morning and evening, and read God's Word at the same time. Often say over the 'old, old story.' Do not be ashamed of Jesus. He goes with you, and is ready to hear you *whenever and wherever* you call upon Him. 'God is love,' and gave Jesus to die for you. Pray for Father and Mother, brothers and sisters. They pray for you.—Your own Mother."

We hope to tell our young friends something more about Hugh in our next number, please God.

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

By Cousin Edith.

III.—THE ROUGH HOUSE AND ITS WORKSHOPS.

YES it was all true, and in the atmosphere of christian love by which they were surrounded, the boys who had been homeless and friendless, found in the Rough House a *home*, and in Madame Wichern the true mother-heart, that made her forgetful of toil and trouble, ever ready to help and encourage the outcasts, whose need formed their strongest claim upon her love and pity.

But as the doctor looked round upon the lads for whom he had prayed and waited, he felt his work for and with them had only just begun. Though upon some of his first family, hardship and hunger had left marks that might take years to erase, several appeared strong and healthy, and were capable of good, honest work; but in those early days, he knew that to exact it would only be to send them back to their old, wandering lawless lives. They must, if possible, be taught to love labour, and see for themselves that industry was far better than idleness. The first attempts to teach reading and writing were somewhat discouraging. "They had not," they said, "come to school." Morning and evening there was family prayer, Bible reading and hymn singing; and some interest in Old Testament narratives, and Gospel stories, began to show itself. One evening a boy asked Dr. Wichern if on the day following he might go with a friend to a village at some distance. Permission was given, and the boy said, "I want to tell the children (there were several in the house to which they were going) the story you told us this morning." "You remember it then?" "Oh yes," said the lad, and began to repeat the narrative from the New Testament of the boy who was possessed with an evil spirit, in a very graphic and striking way.

On two sides the ground belonging to the Rough House was enclosed by a wall of earth six feet broad, covered with a rank growth of shrubs and brushwood, rising in some parts to a great height, and shutting out light and air. After prayers one morning, the doctor, asked the boys if they did not think it would be a good thing if the bank could be levelled; adding that the Rough House was not a prison, but a christian home, and there was no reason why the lives of its inmates should not be alike open to God and man; and taking a spade and pickaxe himself, he went out, saying that any who approved of the plan might follow him, and help in the work.

Without a single exception the lads trooped out and set about the work with a hearty goodwill; those who could not be provided with tools, helped by carrying away the loose earth and rubbish. The winter's day proved all too short for them to complete their task, so they begged for lanterns, and for some hours, worked patiently on, heedless of fast falling rain and snow.



"THE WINTER'S DAY PROVED ALL TOO SHORT."

There was great rejoicing when the work was done. A party of young woodcutters was next formed, and a stunted, sickly poplar tree soon fell beneath their sturdy strokes; when sawn into logs, a council was held as to how they might be put to the best use. "The twigs and small branches will be good to burn;" was the first suggestion. A laugh went round, for the speaker was known to have a very decided fondness for the warmest corner by the winter fire. "Our mother (the name by which the boys generally called Madame Wichern) is in need of a box in which to keep our candles; if you will give me some wood, I will try to make one," said another lad. A third followed, saying "My father was a maker of sabots (wooden shoes), I used to help him sometimes, shall I make a pair?" "Try your hand at clog-making, Carl," was the encouraging reply. A good deal of wood was wasted over Carl's first attempts, but at last a pair was completed, which, though somewhat rough and clumsy, proved to be wearable, and were exhibited with some pardonable pride by the maker. The village clog-maker, hearing of Carl's attempts, offered to give him a few lessons, and in this way the foundation of the workshops, of which we shall have more to say shortly, was laid.

Our Missionary Study and Cup-bearers' Circle.

THOUGH, as we have already seen, the Treaty rights agreed upon between America and Japan had made it possible for foreigners to enter the long-closed doors of the land of the rising sun, "messengers of glad tidings" were not wanted or welcomed, and the beginnings of their work were slow and difficult. During the first twelve years of missionary labour, only ten converts were baptised; and in almost every case the baptism had to be kept a profound secret. The missionaries who entered the country in 1859 were Americans by birth, godly, earnest men, fitted alike by whole-hearted devotion to Christ and natural ability for the work that lay before them. On the very threshold they had to encounter difficulties of no common kind—for more than eighteen months they were unable to obtain a teacher to help them in their language studies; and, when at last they succeeded in getting one, he proved to be a spy, in the employ of the Government, and even this unsatisfactory help was hastily withdrawn as soon as they expressed a desire to translate the Scriptures.

The old, cruel, persecuting edicts were still in force. It was death for a Jap to openly confess Christ. Whenever the missionaries approached a native on the subject, it was no uncommon thing for the person addressed to draw his hand across his throat, as if to remind them of the danger to which he might be exposed by even listening to their teachings. Still, the language difficulties were mastered, and the work of translating the Scriptures not only commenced but completed, sixteen years of steady, patient toil being spent by one of the missionaries, whose name was Hepburn, in the translation of the Old Testament. This great work was completed in 1887.

With no less ardour another of the band devoted himself to the translation of the New Testament, and after years of labour had the joy of seeing his translation (which is still considered the best in Japan) printed in the native language.

Splendid educational work was done by another of the missionaries, named Brown. His school quickly grew into public favour, and was attended not only by boys but men of various professions were among his students, some of them belonging to the best families in Japan. He was a faithful, fearless preacher, and lost few opportunities of telling the gospel story. The translator of the Old Testament next undertook another important work, to compile and prepare for publication a Japanese and English Dictionary of 40,000 words. It is still in use in the schools of Japan, and has proved of great service to outgoing missionaries.

Good and lasting work was done by all these faithful men, who are still spoken of as "the three heaven-sent sages of modern Japan." Many Japanese "turned from idols to serve the living and true God." Still, if persecution was abated, it was only for brief intervals. During the first few years that followed the political changes that took place in 1858, thousands of Roman Catholics were sent to prison or driven into exile, many were cruelly tortured, and it was believed that great numbers died in prison. The last prisoner was not released till 1873. In answer to remonstrances made by the American Government, the following answer was returned by the Prime Minister for Japan.

"The Government of Japan rests upon the Shinto faith, which teaches the divinity of the Mikado (emperor) and as the Christian faith and religion tend to dispel this belief, it is the intention of the Government to resist its spread, as it would resist the approach of an invading army." The Word of God was, however, being read.

"They shall see His Face."

SOME time ago I met with a little blind girl, about eleven years old. She had been always blind, and so had never seen the faces of her parents, or of her brothers or sisters. You may think, perhaps, "How miserable she must be!" But I found that she was not at all miserable, but very happy. I said to her, "Do you not sometimes wish that you could see?" "No," she said, "I do not mind being blind." "But," I said, "do you expect to be always blind?"

"Oh, no Sir."

"And when do you hope to be able to see?"

"When Jesus the Lord comes again. Then 'the eyes of the blind shall be opened.'"

"And whom do you expect to see when your eyes are opened?"

"Jesus my Saviour."

She was blind, but she was not in darkness. She had never seen the light of the sun, but by faith she could see Jesus, the Sun of righteousness, with the eye of faith, and His promise was being fulfilled to her: "He that followeth Me, shall have the light of life" (John viii. 12). She had—

... Heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."

And she could say—

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

I trust you can say this, too; but if you cannot, then remember that the same Jesus, who when He was upon earth gave sight to the blind, can open your eyes. Will you go to Him to-day with the prayer of another blind man of whom we read—"Lord, that I might receive my sight!" (Mark x. 51). Will you ask Him to open your eyes? By His Holy Spirit, you will see your need of a Saviour, and see Jesus as the Saviour that you need. Then He will not pass you by; and if you can already say, "Whereas I was blind, now I see" (John ix. 25), then let those words in Psalm cxix. be the daily prayer of your heart when you open your Bible, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Seek day by day to get a nearer and clearer sight of the Lord Jesus, and to follow Him more closely, and that beautiful promise will be fulfilled to you; your path will be as the "shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day," for "as it is written eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that

love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit" (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10).

Please bear in mind, that your letters on missionary subjects will be anxiously looked for by your sincere friend, Cousin Edith, 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE have received the following anonymous communication from New Zealand, and believe it will be interesting and an encouragement to others, as it has been to us, if we insert it, with thanks to God for so touching the heart of our kind, but unknown friend. He says—

"DEAR SERVANT OF GOD,—I am poor, but I felt much poorer when I read your blessing in 'THE SPRINGING WELL,' on all those who are interested in the Lord's work. I just felt I was outside, but desired to be within it. And I just said to the Lord, 'When I get my cheque I will be glad, and may make even you in your work glad, with the remembrance of the Lord's kindness and faithfulness.' And since then I was wondering if I could not help you another way, at least as long as I am here, so I have placed eight eggs under a hen, and if they are all "wasters," will fatten them and send their value to you. If they are hens, I will send their value in eggs, and renew the stock.

'May the Lord keep me faithful!

'May the Lord prosper you in His way!'" s. h.

We are also truly grateful to another friend "Subscriber" in New Zealand who has sent us £2.

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"Sympathy," Demerara (For Dr. Fowler's work)	0	5	0
"Subscriber," New Zealand	0	10	0
C. E. K., Stratford-on-Avon	0	1	0
S. H., New Zealand	0	2	6

Our "Springing Well" Free Distribution Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"Subscriber," New Zealand	0	10	0
S. H., New Zealand	0	2	6

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
"Subscriber," New Zealand	0	5	0
S. H., New Zealand	0	2	6

For our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"Subscriber," New Zealand	0	5	0
C. E. K., Stratford-on-Avon	0	1	0

For the Very Poor and Suffering.

	£	s.	d.
A. F. V., Wash., U.S.A.	0	6	6
C. E. K., Stratford-on-Avon	0	1	6

For the "Vanguard" Distribution.

	£	s.	d.
Fulbourne	0	2	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

The Mole-catcher's Fortune: or Reminiscences in the Life of the late John Jones.

"Having nothing, and yet possessing all things." — 2 COR. vi. 10.

IT is our hope to record in these pages, from time to time, some of the many truly remarkable incidents which occurred in the long life of the late Mr. John Jones, of Shepherd's Bush, the happy circumstances of whose death at Worcester we related when that bright event for him took place about a year ago. With the exception of a few tracts published in his lifetime, only a very few of his writings have appeared before in print; and as the narratives were committed to paper at the time of their occurrence by this man of God, alike distinguished for his spirituality and common sense, they may be taken as faithful reports of God's dealings with him. That truth is stranger than fiction was verified in his life. Until his death it was scarcely known, except to his most intimate friends,



"THIS EARNEST DISCIPLE, MARTHA PRIOR, HAD A DREAM."

that he commenced his working life when a lad as a mole-catcher. It was his special desire that, in any publication of his experiences as an evangelist, his God-given success should be attributed alone to the Lord Jesus, the Wons.w.

derful, the Counsellor, who turned the mole-catcher into a catcher of men. This explains the origin of the title of these articles.

It may possibly be thought by some that our Brother Jones' method of service was very

singular and his expressions quaint and unusual; but we must at the same time remember that God was pleased to save him by His grace, and then to use him wonderfully during his long life, with all his personal singularities and idiosyncrasies. It is well to bear this in mind concerning a good many of God's beloved servants.

The Story of Martha Prior's Dream.

Soon after coming to London, from Shrewsbury, in the year 1849, the fulfilment of a remarkable dream had a great effect upon John Jones (then unconverted), and he thus records it:

When first I came to London I lodged with my married sister. Her husband had a sister who was a servant-maid in Green Street, Grosvenor Square. This young woman sometimes came to tea with them. I always noticed a rude tendency in my relative to ridicule her, because she was a believer in Christ, and was not ashamed of confessing Him before men, whereas some of her relatives were betting, gambling persons. This earnest disciple, Martha Prior, had a dream, which she related to us. They all laughed at her about it, but she regarded it as very real. She dreamed that she was going through a long, dreary, dark passage. A small light, which in time she arrived at, was in front of her. Here there was a writing-table, with a book, and a man with a long flowing beard was holding a quill pen in his hand. He said "sign the book." She asked what it was she was to put her name to, and he replied, "To die this day twelvemonth." As first she declined to write, but he would not let her pass till she did so. She felt she could not go back, so she took the pen and put "Martha Prior" under the words. Then she awoke. From that moment she had a fixed impression on her mind that the warning would come true. Nearly all her friends forgot the dream. One morning, however, Martha did not come down to breakfast as usual, and another servant was sent to knock at her door; but there was no response. "I'll wake her up," said the butler; he likewise went to the room, but made no impression by knocking repeatedly at the door, which was locked inside. Everyone now became concerned, and as there were painters at the back of the house, they were asked to put a ladder up to the window. They did so, and entered the room. Martha was found quite dead, kneeling on a low-backed chair, her head and arms on the dressing-table and her Bible open in front of her, with a mark

against the last three verses in the eleventh chapter of Matthew;

"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; FOR I AM MEEK AND LOWLY IN HEART: AND YE SHALL FIND REST UNTO YOUR SOULS.

"FOR MY YOKE IS EASY AND MY BURDEN IS LIGHT."

She had just fallen asleep in Christ while going through her morning's devotions on her knees. What a blessed way to live and to die! Safe in Christ Jesus during life, safe with Him at death and through all eternity. This strange incident spoke loudly to my then guilty, unconverted soul.

A Hard Drinker Who Became a Hard Believer.

I visited an old man, reported to be dying in his room at Irongate Wharf, Paddington. It was a penniless, drunkard's home. The place was in dirt and confusion. The fireplace, on the left hand side of the bed was loaded with cinders. There was a bank of cinders beneath it, and these ran over the top of the fender, which had been made out of the section of a cart-wheel tyre. There were cinders all over the boarded floor. His wife was sitting in a broken chair, her feet in cinders, with all the signs about her of a drunken woman. The man was lying down. He was too long for the bed clothes, and his feet projected out of it up to his ankles. How strikingly this is like the description of such a man in Isa. xxviii. 20, where it says: "For the bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." The prospect of dying made him very miserable. I read to him the third chapter of Romans and the third chapter of John's Gospel. As the man was acknowledging that he was a great sinner, I endeavoured to make it clear that the Lord was a much greater Saviour. Then I turned my eyes on the bed, looking straight at the man, and said, "Will you oblige me by saying what sort of a sinner you have been?" My friend with tears, exclaimed, "I've been a hard drinker, a hard fighter, a hard curser, and a hard worker." "Now you have got to become a *hard believer*;" to which he responded, "What must I do then to be saved?" "Do? Do nothing." He looked up as if startled. "Only believe in what another has done for you. The Lord Jesus was THE D-O-E-R, and we are to be 'hard

believers' in the Doer and His doings." I read to him the words in the sixth chapter of John, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." I repeated that Jesus was the hard worker, and that we ought to be hard believers. While reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah and portions of the Gospel about our Lord's crucifixion, the Holy Spirit moved my listener, who, with tears running down his dirty face, said, "In one thing Jesus *was* like me." I gazed at him waiting for an explanation, when he added "Jesus Christ was indeed a very hard worker." I was ready to clap my hands for joy. "Yes indeed, He was," I replied. "He worked *so* hard at Calvary for your salvation. Now you simply become by faith a *hard* believer in this great Saviour, and then you will be saved." And then over and over again we sang together :

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

I then left my friend with the parting quotation, "the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." . . . I went into the country for some weeks. When I returned, my friend had moved away. Two years after, on a snowy day, I met him in Maida-Vale, with a horse and cart. I could scarcely believe my eyes—he had so changed, for the better. "Whose property is that you are driving?" I asked. "It's my own. I'll tell you how it is. I became as you said a hard believer in the Lord Jesus, and then I gave up the drink, and now I've got £20 in the bank at Paddington, besides this horse and cart and many other things. If you will come and see me I have something for you." I called upon him at his new address. What a transformation in the place. It was now a real home—with Christ there. In the name of the Lord Jesus, my friend gave me half-a-sovereign to be expended in the spreading of the Gospel.

John MacGregor Confounding the Infidels.

In my young days, for some years, I frequently preached in the open air at Paddington Green. A Mr. Smith, a clerk in the office of Mr. John MacGregor, eminent as a lawyer and a christian, would sometimes take his stand with me, and he, and Mr. MacGregor would debate with the infidels and put them to shame, and confound them by the Scriptures. Mr. MacGregor (author of the book entitled "Rob Roy") was an uncommonly clever man. As

he was not only a born lawyer but born again, as a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, there is no wonder that he was able to stop the mouths of the scoffers. Charles Bradlaugh was no match for him. "Rob Roy," who was particularly kind to me, although there was such a great gulf of social contrast between us, brought Duncan Mathieson, the Scotch evangelist, to the Green, and they had some fine meetings. Mr. Smith was a well-informed man, especially in astronomy. He spoke beautifully of the heavens as the handiwork of God. As for Mr. Smith's doctrine, it was of the extreme Calvinistic type. He usually got a very good hearing from the people, and I am afraid I was a little jealous of him on account of his eloquence.



JOHN MACGREGOR (ROB ROY).

Late one night I was returning home across the Green, when some young fellows were buffeting Mr. Smith, whose fine high silk hat had been beaten out of shape. He was very pale and frightened, and made an appeal to me to help him. I reasoned with the people a little, and this caused them to cease their disorder. The cause of the disturbance was then explained. He had been calling attention to a terrible murder which had just been committed, and which had remained an impenetrable mystery.

For some reason the people seemed to resent his words about the matter, but as we shall tell in our next, God overruled the trouble, so that much blessing resulted therefrom.

The Wanderer! or, "The Way of Transgressors is Hard."

PICTURE to yourself a family circle where love is active for the peace and comfort of all therein. Years have passed, until the children have grown, some to manhood and some to womanhood. The question arises, "where shall he who is just about to earn his living find a situation that he may start in business life?" The question is put by the parents to their son, and he answers that he wishes to go to London, to the great city. He wants to see life and he cherishes the hope that there he may find satisfaction and joy. Never before has he left the roof of his father's house; he ponders! Shall he leave it to place himself amid the rushing life of England's metropolis? Shall he turn his face to a city where he is unknown and where he shall have no parental guide? He fain would stay, but the false glitter of a city life draws him with great power till at last he decides to leave home and go. His parents, being godly christians, seek to give him counsel from God's word, and put before him landmarks and finger-posts to direct him aright on his way.

The mother, knowing as a mother only can the weakness and tendencies of her son, seeks to warn him of the evil he will come in contact with. He listens, but thinks himself strong to withstand the evil, and in the depths of his heart is so confident, that he slights the warnings of his parent. The time comes and he must leave—leave a circle of happiness and love, where the love of Christ is in the heart and is shown in the deeds, and where his parents manifest in practice what they have pleaded for him in secret with God. They long that his soul might be saved, that he might have the strength given of God to withstand the evil, and they with pleadings warn him.

The parting blessing over, and in a short time he finds himself in the great city. For a time he keeps his resolutions and all goes well. Gradually he begins to drift; he is laughed at because he will not go to a theatre with his fellows.

The tide of evil is strong, and he is carried away. He goes slowly down until he gives up thoughts of reading his Bible as he promised his mother, and he finds that in the tide of evil there is no room for the counsel of his godly parents. No time for reading the Bible, for praying, for gospel preachings. Where is he to-day? In the world doing its deeds and walking its ways and causing continual grief to his parents' hearts. Little does he think of the

sleepless nights, the troublesome days of those at home. The family prayer he has forgotten, but its burden is he.

Dear reader, you have often heard the same story, and I wonder as I write if it finds a counterpart in you.

God says in His word: "My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother."

How often have they warned you, but you have slighted their instructions. They have warned you of an awful precipice, but you have removed their landmark; and where are you to-day? The scriptures speak plainly "If sinners entice thee consent thou NOT." It has not been so with you you have sought the approbation of your fellows and have gone into sin, and are proving how true are the words of God, "The way of transgressors is hard." Thank God if you have really come to this. Are you proving the bitterness of sin, the wretchedness of your own way, and the awful pang which bores you as you realise that the end thereof is death. You have sinned against God, and now He puts before you "life and death, therefore choose you life."

Your own way is death, but God lays open the path of life to you. In that path you will know God and His love, you will have an unchanging friend, an everlasting and victorious Saviour in Jesus, who will keep you from the power of evil and presently will come to take you with all His own to the place where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore. Turn to God in repentance, own your sin and guilt, and you will find that His love is still toward you. He will bless you for eternity and "fill you with all joy and peace in believing."

Let me warn you once more, let me repeat a landmark of a wise man, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

Yes dear reader—the evil days are coming when in these things thou mayest find no pleasure. It will be then to your eternal ruin; but now God offers you life and blessing, and therefore He says "Remember *now* thy Creator in thy youth."

Let me beseech you not to slight the warning "remove not the ancient landmark," for of those who do this the word of God says "They are exalted for a *little while*, but are gone and brought low."

Long-suffering love waits wanderer for thee,
Oh hear the sound of heaven's sweet melody,
Come home, oh come the Christ of God receive.

"By Me Kings Reign."

THIS is a most solemn statement from God's Word, when read in the light of recent events. "By Me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By Me princes rule and nobles, even all the judges of the earth" (Prov. viii. 15, 16). The solemn and sudden calling away of King Edward from our midst makes us ask ourselves, is this a Divine interposition? Has God been speaking loudly to us as a nation during the last few weeks? Can we not assuredly see the Hand of the Eternal One working out His own wonderful purposes through the death of our late much-beloved monarch! and are we not certain that it is the VOICE OF GOD to us as a people?

Anyway there is for the moment some pause in the utter disregard of God, and our fellow-countrymen seem to be willing to listen to the accents of prayer, and, in some measure at any rate, to attend to the solemn realities concerning eternity.

For this alone we are deeply thankful, and only trust beyond expression that out of such a great sorrow very much true blessing may come to tens of thousands of beloved people who have perhaps not hitherto thought much of the fact that "EVERY ONE OF US SHALL GIVE ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF TO GOD" (Rom. xiv. 12).

Of one thing we are absolutely certain, and that is, whether as individuals or as a nation, we need to get back to the simple principle of the true "fear of the Lord." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom" (Ps. iii. 10), and again, "By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honour and life" (Prov. xxii. 4), and if we expect to prosper even as a great nation it can only result from the recognition of this great principle in all the details and concerns of our national life. Why, for years and years God's claims have been almost utterly disregarded, and our pleasure-loving tendencies have led to the abandonment of one day of rest

out of the seven. Surely this should be devoted to Him, even as our Creator, through Whom we receive constant and unfailing mercies, to say the least.

Perhaps christian people in this day have greatly forgotten the apostolic injunction, "I exhort therefore, that *first* of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty for this is good and acceptable in the sight of ;God our Saviour" (1 Tim. ii. 1-3).

And in reference to the title of this article, "By Me kings reign," have you noticed another very remarkable verse which strikes us as being most appropriate to remember just now, "The king's heart is in the Hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: He turneth it whithersoever He will" (Prov. xxi. 1).

We are enabled to give on this page a beautiful little picture of the late King and of Queen Alexandra, also of the present King George and Queen Mary, and the Duke of Connaught. We hope in a future issue to give certain personal details about our new Queen which we believe will be of great interest.



A ROYAL GROUP AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Indeed many will rejoice to observe how God Himself has been recognized in the great sorrow that has fallen upon our land: Queen Alexandra's earnest appeal that we should "give her a thought in our prayers," surely touched many, many hearts, and the new Sovereign's declaration, made in Council on the day of his accession, thoughtfully says:—

"I am deeply sensible of the heavy responsibilities which have fallen upon me. I know that I can rely upon Parliament and upon the people of these islands and of my dominions beyond the seas for their help in the discharge of these arduous duties, and FOR THEIR PRAYERS THAT GOD WILL GRANT ME STRENGTH AND GUIDANCE. I am encouraged by the knowledge that I have in my dear wife one who will be a constant helpmate in every endeavour for our people's good."



“Frontlets between thine eyes.”

“And these words which I command thee this day shall be in THINE HEART.”—DEUT. vi. 6.

OBEDIENCE is always the believer's holy duty and exalted privilege—simple, unhesitating, unqualified obedience to the word of the Lord. This is an unspeakable mercy for which we may well praise God, day and night. He has given us His word, and He exhorts us to let that word dwell in us richly—dwell in our hearts, and assert its holy sway over our entire course and character.

The words which follow the verse we have quoted are—“AND THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY UNTO THY CHILDREN, AND SHALT TALK OF THEM WHEN THOU SITTEST IN THINE HOUSE, AND WHEN THOU WALKEST BY THE WAY, AND WHEN THOU LIEST DOWN, AND WHEN THOU RISEST UP. AND THOU SHALT BIND THEM FOR A SIGN UPON THINE HAND, AND THEY SHALL BE AS FRONTLETS BETWEEN THINE EYES. AND THOU SHALT WRITE THEM UPON THE POSTS OF THY HOUSE, AND ON THY GATES.”

All this is perfectly beautiful. The word of God hidden in the heart; flowing out, in loving instruction, to the children, and in holy conversation, in the bosom of the family; shining out in all the activities of daily life, so that all who came inside the gates or entered the house might see that the word of God was the standard for each, for all, and in everything.

Thus it was to be with Israel of old; and surely thus it ought to be with christians now. But is it so? Are our children thus taught? Is it our constant aim to present the word of God, in all its heavenly attractiveness, to their young hearts? Do they see it shining out in our daily life? Do they see its influence upon our habits, our temper, our family intercourse, our business transactions? This is what we understand by binding the word as a sign upon the hands, having it as a frontlet between the eyes, writing it upon the door posts, and upon the gates.

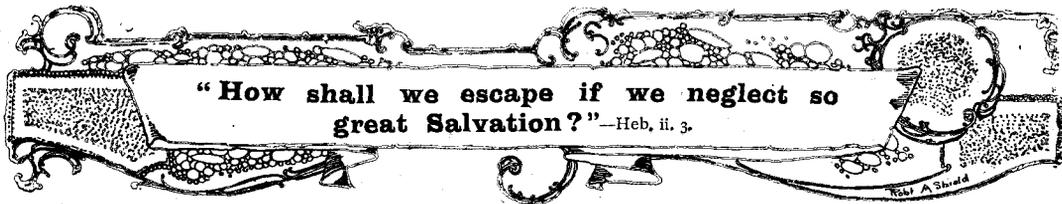
Reader, is it thus with us? It is of little use attempting to teach our children the word of God, if our lives are not governed by that word.

We do not believe in making the blessed word of God a mere school book for our children; to do so is to turn a delightful privilege into a wearisome drudgery. Our children should see that we live in the very atmosphere of scripture; that it forms the material of our conversation when we sit in the bosom of the family, in our moments of relaxation.

Alas! how little is this the case! Have we not to be deeply humbled, in the presence of God, when we reflect upon the general character and tone of our conversation at table, and in the family circle? How little there is of Deuteronomy vi. 7! How much of “foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient!” How much evil speaking of our brethren, our neighbours, our fellow-labourers! How much mere idle gossip!

And from what does all this proceed? Simply from the state of the heart. The word of God, the commandments and sayings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, are not dwelling in our hearts; and hence they are not welling up and flowing out in living streams of grace and edification.

Will any one say that christians do not need to consider these things? If so, let him ponder the following wholesome words, “Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.” And again, “BE FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT; SPEAKING TO YOURSELVES IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS, SINGING AND MAKING MELODY IN YOUR HEART TO THE LORD; GIVING THANKS ALWAYS FOR ALL THINGS UNTO GOD AND THE FATHER IN THE NAME OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST” (Eph. iv. 29; v. 18-20); and also “let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord” (Col. iii. 15, 16). “The word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you” (1 Pet. i. 25).



The Question of Questions.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—Matt. viii. 36.

THE Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ called the people and His disciples together, and put to them this question of questions. Let us look it in the face as honest men and women. Surely the most careless, who would write it down as Christ's question to himself, and place his own name under it in acknowledgment of the words being addressed to him, could not read it night and morning for any length of time, without falling on his knees and seeking salvation.

The Lord uses the plainest illustrations of everyday life—gaining and losing—in order to make us feel what the value of our soul is. Hence no one can excuse himself after hearing or reading it. To evade it is to court eternal ruin.

The surroundings of this unanswered question are very remarkable, and add intensity to its solemnity. These surroundings may be described as the sufferings of Christ and the glories that shall follow. For just prior to asking the question, the Lord had spoken openly of His rejection, death, and resurrection; and just after the question, He spoke of the kingdom of God coming with power: and this was followed by His transfiguration.

We ask, therefore,

What shall it profit me if I shall gain the whole world and lose my own soul?

not only in the light of the vanity of the world, but also in the light of the cross of Christ, and the coming glories of the Redeemer and the redeemed.

Our Lord's question to us grew up out of His own words respecting His death for us, if we may so express ourselves. Having spoken of His cross, He spoke of our cross—"Let a man

deny himself, and take up his cross." Having spoken of His death for man's salvation, He spoke of man so living in the world as to go out of it without salvation—lost. Thus from the very wounds and sufferings of the Saviour, this question of questions appeals to our hearts. Looking by faith upon Christ crucified, we whisper it to ourselves again and again.

The kingdom of God came with power upon the earth for the brief moments of Christ's transfiguration. He had taken the three apostles with Him to the mount; there He prayed, and they slept. Probably it was night. As He prayed the fashion of His countenance was changed; it became as the sun; and His garments became white and glistening. The light of this glory awakened the disciples, as the morning sun awakens the sleeper.

They beheld Jesus glorified, they saw the divine tabernacle of the glory-cloud, where He stood together with His glorified servants, Moses and Elias. They were talking with Jesus, and His coming death was the subject of their converse.

These glorified saints were at home in the glory, and at home with their glorified Lord.

We have in this picture a vision of heaven, of the redeemed walking in white with the Redeemer. Sorrows past, joys come; the night no more, the everlasting day arisen. As we consider it we may well say, What shall it profit me if I gain this world and lose that glory?

And of this we may be sure, that we shall never repent, neither in this world nor in the next, of having taken our stand on God's side.

But we shall regret (oh, how terribly!), both in this world and the next, every day, every hour, which finds us on the devil's side.

Jottings about the Bible.

"CHRIST, THE POWER OF GOD
AND THE WISDOM OF GOD."—

1 Cor. i. 24.

"The Blessed and only Potentate."

THE Scriptures ascribe to Christ the attributes of God. (1) **ETERNITY OF BEING.** "The same was in the beginning with God" (Jno. i. 2). "And now, O Father, glorify Thou Me, with Thine own Self, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was" (Jno. xvii. 5). (2) **IMMUTABILITY.** "Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail" (Heb. i. 12). "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). (3) **OMNIPRESENCE.** "For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them" (Matt. xviii. 20). "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20). (4) **OMNIPOTENCE.** "All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth" (Matt. xxviii. 18). "Christ the power of God" (1 Cor. i. 24). (5) **OMNISCIENCE.** "Lord, Thou knowest all things" (Jno. xxi. 17). "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Col. ii. 3). (6) **DIVINE HOLINESS.** "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God" (Lu. i. 35). "Such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, undefiled separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens" (Heb. vii. 26). (7) **DIVINE LOVE.** "As the Father hath loved Me, so have I loved you" (Jno. xv. 9). "The love of Christ which passeth knowledge" (Eph. iii. 19).

They declare that he did the works of God.

(1) **HE IS THE CREATOR.** "He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not" (Jno. i. 10). "By Him were all things created" (Col. i. 16). (2) **HE CONTROLS BY HIS PROVIDENCE.** "He is before all things, and by Him all things consist" (or are held together) (Col. i. 17). "Upholding all things by the word of His power" (Heb. i. 3). (3) **HE FORGIVES SINS.** "Man, thy sins are forgiven thee. . . . That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins" (Lu. v. 20, 24). "A Prince, and a Saviour to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31).

(4) **HE BESTOWS LIFE.** "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. . . . I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish" (Jno. x. 10, 28). (5) **HE SENDS THE HOLY SPIRIT.** "When the Comforter is come, Whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me" (Jno. xv. 26). "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you" (Jno. xvi. 7). (6) **HE RAISES THE DEAD.** "All that are in the graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth" (Jno. v. 28). "I will raise him up at the last day" (Jno. vi. 40). (7) **HE IS THE FINAL JUDGE.** "The Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son" (Jno. v. 22). "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ" (2 Cor. v. 10).

The Secret Solved.

HOW many there are who like to solve a mystery! Such a desire originated in the Garden of Eden, and is still manifested in the hearts of men and women. God's children have solved the greatest of mysteries—how their sins can be forgiven. Would you, unsaved readers, like to solve that eternal problem? Come then as lost and ruined sinners, and see in Jesus Christ the One who died for your sins "according to the Scriptures." Receive Him as your Saviour, and He who carried your burden of guilt at the cross will receive you, as He did sinners in the past, and make you sons of God. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name"—a glorious present-time assurance of acceptance with God through Christ Jesus our Lord. Solve the mystery, friend. Come to Jesus, and what has hitherto been a secret will be made quite clear—the power of God to save from eternal punishment, and mightily bless in this life also, not only the self-righteous Pharisee, but the most degraded, debased, and unhappy.

A. D.

A Contented Stone-breaker.

Special Solos.

IT is the house of a thriving young farmer. As he sits at his well-spread table he complains bitterly of the excessive heat, and concludes it is "always too hot, too cold, or too wet," and that "farmers will certainly be ruined by it."

Passing through his well-aired rooms, his shady garden, and the meadow before his house, we find ourselves in the dusty road. There an old man is breaking stones in the mid-day sun, which beats on his brown and wrinkled face. To him the truth of God is a reality; heaven is his home, and he loves to speak of it. "Godliness with contentment is great gain," and his thankful heart blesses God for what He has given him. His simple language cheers the listener: "We may all have it if we will. God is near every one of us, hears all our words, and He knoweth all our thoughts afar off. If we heartily desire His ways, He fills our hearts with His goodness."

The old man's joy has a lasting foundation, for it is in Christ. Ponder the words of his Saviour: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth" (Luke xii. 15). "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 12).

Our Music Page.

HAVE you obtained a copy of the New Hymn Book "Redemption Songs"? It contains 1,000 Hymns, Choruses, and Solos, many of them quite new and very beautiful. The volume is published at 2s. 6d., paper boards; 3s., cloth limp; 3s. 6d., cloth boards; and the

words only at 2d., 3d., 6d., 9d., and 1s. We shall be glad to forward any of them at these prices to interested readers.

708 Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY.
SOLO.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus was stand - ing be - side a grave, Weep - ing, but knowing His power to save;
2. Je - sus is speak - ing to you in song, Ask - ing why have you de - layed so long?
3. Je - sus is stand - ing by hearts of sin. Knocking and say - ing, "Let Me come in."

1. "Take ye' a - way now the stone from the door," And Christ will His pow - er dis - play.
2. While men are ly - ing in grave - clothes of sin, For whom Je - sus died on the cross.
3. Rouse, then, ye sleeper, and o - pen the door, For Je - sus has pow - er to save.

CHORUS.

They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up -

on a man to leave the darkened grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For

He is here to - day, And waits to show His mighty power, His power to save.

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Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—VI.

IN the first chapter of John's Gospel an account is given of several striking conversions, and it is made plain to us what is the kernel of every conversion, namely, to recognise in Jesus Christ the true and only Lord, Saviour and King. I want to draw your attention to what the Lord said to one of these converts named Nathanael, "Before that Philip called thee . . . I saw thee" (John i. 48). With this I would like to connect what He said in His sermon on the Mount, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him" (Matt. vi. 8).

Our life is full of difficulties, and it is a good thing when we are brought to realise that whilst no human being has ever been able to solve all those difficulties, there is One Who has said in regard to man's salvation, "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible" (Matt. xix. 26). When this One—the Lord Jesus Christ—was here on earth He was continually shedding abroad "the true Light," that Light which reveals to us God. But even the disciples could only receive that Light gradually, for we read that He said unto them, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (John xvi. 12).

The disciples were the true believers in the Lord Jesus, and they were in marked contrast to those Jews who heard Him, but turned away from Him, saying, "This is a hard saying: who can hear it?" (John vi. 60). Peter as the mouthpiece of the true believers, said, in reply to the Lord's question, "Will ye also go away? . . . Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life" (John vi. 67, 68).

It is difficult for us to realise how the Lord saw Nathanael *before* Philip called him in such a way as to be able to speak such wonderful words concerning him as John records: "Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile" (John i. 47).

It is difficult to realise that "our Father knows what we have need of *before* we ask Him" (Matt. vi. 8), whilst at the same time the Lord bids us "ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matt. vii. 7). But we remember that it is written concerning the Lord that "He is *before* all things, and by Him all things consist" (Col. i. 17) and FAITH says here surely is something that will help me in my difficulty.

The Lord was and is *before* all things; by Him all things (including *me*), were made (John i. 3); He knows what my soul needs that I may be eternally happy, even *before* I ask Him, but since it is His will that I should ask Him, I will do so.

Now James tells us that we are to "receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls. But be ye DOERS of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves" (James i. 21, 22).

If you have carefully read thus far, I hope your minds will be prepared to receive what I want to explain to you about the Holy Spirit.

We read in Acts x., how God prepared Cornelius to receive the words of life concerning the Lord Jesus from the lips of Peter; and also how God prepared Peter and made him willing to go to the Gentiles and speak to them of the Lord; with the result that "while Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the word" (verse 44).

But we also read in Luke xi., that the Lord after teaching the disciples what we call "the Lord's prayer," further instructed them in the nature and substance of prayer and, after appealing to them to consider the way in which an earthly father gives his children suitable food, when they are hungry and they ask him, He said, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him" (verse 13).

Let us compare these two teachings concerning the gift of the Holy Spirit. In the one case Cornelius and his friends received "the gift of the Holy Ghost" (Acts x. 45) as Peter preached "the word" (verses 36, 37, 44); in the other case we are urged to ask for the Holy Spirit. (Of course the expressions "Holy Ghost" and "Holy Spirit" are only two English words for the same Greek word, and it is a pity that one English word has not been always used).

May we not learn from these passages some profitable lessons: first, that it is by the preached word Christ is made known to the soul, because the Holy Spirit is always given to the believer at his first believing in Christ; and secondly, that the believer is to learn his daily, I might say hourly, nay, more, his moment by moment dependence upon his heavenly Father for the reviving, refreshing, restoring, and Christ-revealing operations of the Holy Spirit upon his soul? So after conversion he is to be a DOER of the word by continually praying to God for the constant supply of his spiritual wants.

That Boy, Amos Sutton.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

A YOUNG Sunday School teacher, a seamstress, one Sunday gave a rough street Arab a shilling to go to Sunday School. That boy, Amos Sutton, was converted, went to India as a missionary, and led the American Baptists to begin work among the Telugus. . . . In 1853 the American Baptist Missionary Union meeting at Albany, seriously considered whether it would not be best to give up that work altogether—so unfruitful had it been. It was on that occasion that the poet, Dr. S. F. Smith, wrote the now famous verses, ‘Shine on, Lone Star.’ The mission was continued and reinforced. Twenty-five years after, that mission gathered ten thousand converts in one year.” The Divine Enterprise of Missions. By A. T. Pierson, D.D., p. 250.

The Story of a Silver Shilling.

IT was only a silver shilling,
That a toiling seamstress earned,
As her daily task fulfilling,
With love to her God she yearned.
That shilling, with heart o’erflowing,
She gave to a rough street boy:
A seed with a fruit outgrowing,
That brought to ten thousand joy.

Why gave she that boy her shilling?
For a promise that he would come,
By this bright reward made willing,
To hear of the Heavenly Home.
To the school her good promise brought him,
Where he heard of a Saviour’s love:
Of the precious blood that bought him,
And the beautiful world above.

He heard—he believed the story:
Then thought of the far off throng,
And seeking the Master’s glory,
With courage by faith made strong,
Went forth with the light of heaven,
Where the heathen darkness reigned:
But the holy truth God-given
No loyal welcome gained.

“Give up,” said the evil spirit:
“Give up,” said the flesh within;
For judged by the test of merit,
No triumph truth seemed to win.
“Give up,” said the friends who sent him:
“Give up,” said directing boards:
But the shilling—the talent lent him
And the work was the gracious Lord’s.

Then there came a song uprising,
“Shine on, lone star, shine on,
Till the dawning hour surprising,
Shall break and the day be won.
Shine on, lone star - God lit thee!
God fixed thee high in the night:
For thy shining He will fit thee
Till the sun shall bring new light.”

The star was that first bright shilling,
And it gleamed and glittered there:
Reflecting the truth and filling
The night with a glory fair.
Shine on! Are you shining, brother,
Reflecting God’s holy light?
Are you giving cheer to another,
And brightening earth’s dark night?

And is it in vain you’re shining?
“Give up,” does the tempter say?
Ah! give up fear and repining,
But never give up to pray.
Give up! Nay, *look up*, my brother,
And looking to eastern skies,
As the sobs and sighs you smother,
The day of success will rise.

For twenty-five years that mission
Shone on—then the blessing came:
The knowledge of full remission,
Through faith in the Saviour’s name.
Ten thousand hearts to the Saviour,
Were won in a single year:
Reward for the weary labour,
And the often falling tear.

Ten thousand stars for the glory!
Ten thousand gems for His crown,
Whose brow was once pierced and gory,
As His head with the thorns bowed down.
Ten thousand spirits to praise Him,
And sing the eternal song:
In the highest throne to raise Him
Where the thousand thousand throng.

Is there anywhere else a shilling,
In pockets, or purse, or hand?
And another heart that is willing
To start for the far off land?
Then give to the Lord that shilling
To shine as a guiding star:
Its orbit of light fulfilling,
Where the darkness stretches far.

Our kind helper Mr. Luff, having sent us another poem suitable for recitation by Sunday Scholars, we are glad to insert it as above and repeat the general directions as to learning and reciting the same, that is to say: We will give 5s. to the young friend, not over 16, who *publicly* recites these verses without any mistake before the whole school. The prizes will be awarded to the competitors whose letters are opened on June 25th, and which must contain the written assurance of the Sunday School Superintendent, and the scholar’s teacher, that the piece was exactly rendered; 3s. will also be given to the second one examined, and 2s. for the third, containing similar guarantees. Letters must be sent to “W. L.,” care of the Editor, “THE SPRINGING WELL,” 14, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

Now is the free accepted time;
Now is salvation’s day;
Now whosoever will may come;
Now Christ’s the Life, the Way.



been induced to learn the Word of God. The natives, also, are being interested in

Our Fifth Annual Meeting.

CANON BARNES-LAWRENCE, in presiding at our fifth annual meeting, made a brief but touching reference to the loss we had sustained as a nation in the death of our late King. "There was no monarch," he said, "who had such an Empire, position, and influence; and let us thank God that this influence and power were so well and wisely exercised." On behalf of all our members, an address was sent to King George V. expressing sympathy with the Royal House, and at the same time an assurance was added of our loyal attachment to the Throne.

The founder of the movement, in presenting his annual report, very cordially recognised the courage, keenness, and enthusiasm of all those who had entered so heartily into the Berean movement, and in the name of the President and Council thanked them most heartily for their willing service to the King of Kings. Nearly 250 new branches had already been formed this year, and just upon 6,000 new members enrolled. The increased number of branches have been widely distributed all over the country: north, south, east, and west. England accounts for over two-thirds of the total membership of the Band, and whilst there are double the number of members in Scotland when compared with Ireland, the Emerald Isle is making relatively much more progress. There are 20 more branches in London, and nearly 2,000 more members than last year, making 160 branches, with about 8,000 members, in the metropolis. The largest branch was at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, where there are nearly 700 members.

The number of branches abroad are slowly increasing. Very hopeful ones have recently been formed at Shanghai, in the far East, and Indianapolis and Jamaica in the West. There are now two branches in Jamaica. Most encouraging reports have been received from the auxiliaries in South Africa and Germany. The Berean movement in South Africa is being carried on in conjunction with the "One by One" Band, and the arrangement is proving a very satisfactory one. A wonderful work is being done amongst the juvenile prisoners in Johannesburg, and some of the converts have

the practice of Bible learning. Not only Germans, but Russians, Poles, Swedes, and Swiss are numbered amongst the continental Bereans. There are keen Bible learners amongst the young women of the German Post and Telegraph Service, and, strangely enough, quite a number of the women prisoners in Berlin have accepted the Berean leaflets and learn the weekly verses.

To epitomise the progress of the work it was pointed out that at the first anniversary the branch secretaries were 200 strong; to-day they numbered over 800, and the total army of Bible learners enrolled in the Berean Band are approximately 33,000. The average yearly increase of membership since the Band was formed has been between 6,000 and 7,000. Since last year nearly a quarter of a million leaflets have been published by the Band.

Both Pastor W. Y. Fullerton and Harrington C. Lees warmly commended the work of the Band in addresses which we are sure will prove most helpful to all who heard them.

The response to our request that members should send us some striking incidents illustrating the advantage of committing the Scriptures to memory has brought some interesting additions to our collection, and we most gratefully thank all those who have helped us in this way. We consider the most striking incident was sent in by Miss F. M. Orpen, 21, Wolseley Road, Cheltenham, and the Teachers' Bible has been awarded to this friend.

We hope that all our friends will continue in their wise endeavour to add to the number of those who will make a habit of storing the memory with the Word of God. Those who are able to form branches of the Band should do so without delay. Specimens of Berean leaflets and general literature will be sent upon application to the Secretary.

The verses to be committed to memory during the month of June are as follows:—

TRIAL AND TEMPTATION.

- June 5. Job 23, 10—He knoweth.
- " 12. 2 Cor. 12, 9—My grace is sufficient.
- " 19. 2 Cor. I, 4—The God of all comfort.
- " 26. Heb. 12, 11—Nevertheless, afterward.

Address all communications to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Our Young People's Pages.

III.—Hugh: A Story for Little Boys.

I AM sure, dear children, you are wanting to hear something more about Hugh, and how he got on after he had sailed for England.

When the big ship *Golconda* had left Madras, and the great ocean rolled between Hugh and his loving mother, he often read what she had written, and prayed for her. He did love Jesus, and knew that Jesus loved him, and that kept him happy, though he was very lonely now. The gentleman, in whose charge he had been placed, was kind to the little boy, but left him to do pretty much as he liked, and to roam about the great ship as he pleased, so that Hugh in his wanderings would often be lost for hours together. Then the gentleman would have a hunt for him, and perhaps find him curled up asleep on a coil of ropes, or running round with the sailors. I must say all these were very friendly with the bonnie, fair-haired laddie, and he trotted into all sorts of funny places, nooks and corners, after them. So it came to pass that one day, when he had been lost longer than usual, and there had been a great hunt for him, he was found far below in the ship, sitting by the hammock of a dying sailor reading the Bible to him.

One of the other sailors had told Hugh about this sick man, and his little, loving heart was full of pity for him. He longed to comfort and help him, and he knew nothing would do this better than to understand the love of Jesus. So every day he was making his way down to where the dying sailor lay, and reading to him sweet chapters of "Jesus and His Love"—the "old old story" that his mother had bidden him never to forget. The poor sailor would smile gratefully on little Hugh and thank him, and call him his friend. I cannot tell you what happened to that sailor, for Hugh doesn't know, but he thought then and he thinks still that God had a message of love and mercy for the poor sick man, and that He let His little "Christian boy" carry it to him.

So Hugh began early to preach Christ. He didn't know much. He was only a simple little child, and nothing wonderful at all about him, but God loves to use simple things and foolish things to do His great work in this world (1 Cor. i. 26—29), and if you have given yourself

to Jesus, as He had done, you cannot make better use of your life now than to put yourself into His hands to use you as He will, and when He wants a messenger, to say: "Here am I, send me."

And so Hugh, when he was eight years of age, came to England, and was put into the care of kind people, who tried to make the little boy happy. But you will be glad to hear that two years later, to his great joy, his father returned to England on furlough—that means that he had leave to come away from his regiment in India for a certain time, so home he came with the mother and the older children,



ON THE BIG SHIP "GOLCONDA."

and took a house in London where they could all be together.

Oh! how happy Hugh was to be again with his dear mother! You may be sure they praised God together for His loving care over them since they had parted that sad day at Madras. Now Hugh could see her again every day and hear her dear voice, and get her loving kisses night and morning, for he went to a big school in London as a day scholar, and so was not long away from her. In the morning he would set off very briskly, with his satchel of books strapped across his shoulders, and would be down on the pier at Westminster Bridge by the time the river boat came up to the landing. Then he would jump on board, and go down the Thames to another landing stage, where he got out and ran on to school. Hugh loved these little daily river trips.

It was so jolly seeing all the craft going up and down, and watching the funnels being lowered as they passed under the bridges and gliding past the big buildings, and having a glance at all the busy scenes on the river banks.

Then when lessons were done, off he was again to the riverside to find a steamer going homewards. And if he was in a hurry in the morning, you may be sure he was in a far greater hurry in the evening, so that no sooner did the boat draw up close enough to the pier for Hugh to spring ashore, than off he was with a bound, and running up the street home before any other passengers had been landed. Now it was this great hurry that brought about the adventure which I must tell you about another time, an adventure that very nearly cost Hugh his life.

AUNT ALICE.

“Who Loved Me.”

“I live by the faith of THE SON OF GOD, WHO LOVED ME and GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME.”—GAL. ii. 20.

○ LOVE of Christ! O love of God!
Inscribed in characters of blood:
Breathed forth in Calvary's bitter cry,
Eli! lama! sabachthani!

Yes, He loved me:—unloving, vile,
Quiescent I, yea dead, the while:
Gave love's supremest proof for me
Alone:—on awful Calvary.

“He,” glorious in all might and power,
He, with unnumbered worlds His dower,
He, Living Word! Incarnate God!
He, died in agonies and blood.

He, breaking down the gates of hell,
He, before Whom the mighty fell,
He, using in His glorious might,
He, living in eternal light.

HE LOVED, quintessence of all love,
HE LOVED, when throned in light above.
Before He spoke the world to light,
When chaos reigned in awful night.

HE LOVED, when from the steeps of heaven,
Infernal powers were backward driven,
Seraphic hosts a pathway made,
When He love's urgent call obeyed,

HE LOVED, and loved unto the death,
Love breathed in His expiring breath;
Love fills to-day the heavenly throne,
UNTO THE END HE LOVES HIS OWN.

SAMUEL LAWRENCE.

“THE Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee”—Jer. xxxi. 3. “Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: TO HIM BE GLORY AND DOMINION FOR EVER AND EVER, AMEN.”—Rev. i. 5, 6.

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

IV.—HOW THE WORK GREW AND PROSPERED.

THE Master's words, “Without Me ye can do nothing” (John 5, 15), had become inwrought with the daily life of the founder of the Rough House, and it was well that it should be so; for day by day Dr. Wichern was proving that no wisdom short of that “which cometh from above” was sufficient to guide the strong, often turbulent, wills of the boys for whom with unwearied patience he laboured and prayed.

Digging and wood-cutting had made a good beginning, but if the feeble sparks of industry and love of work were to be fanned into a flame, fresh employments must be found. One or two small fields belonged to the Rough House, and when the doctor asked, “Why should we not plough, sow, and grow the corn needed for our family?” the lads were not only willing, but eager to begin at once.

As the work of cultivation went on it was pleasant to hear floating out upon the clear morning air the words of the best-known, and perhaps best-loved, plough-song of their native land—

“We plough it, and we dig it, and we sow the furrowed
and;
But the growing and the reaping are in the Lord's own
hand.”

But as the work grew, other boys and girls, homeless and friendless, as the first comers had been, came pleading for admission. Their need and misery was their claim for help, and they could not be sent away; so the number of inmates grew, and the Rough House seemed every day to grow more and more inconveniently small for the demands made upon it.

“Do let us build another house for the girls; there is plenty of room upon the land yet lying fallow.” The proposal came from the lads themselves. Perhaps the doctor looked more grave and thoughtful than usual as he heard it, for house building would require not only money, but far more practical knowledge and experience than either himself or the boys possessed.

But in answer to prayer the money was sent, and though some outside help was found to be necessary, the work was begun and went merrily on. Some of the lads during its progress showed real talent as well as fondness for joiners' work, so that a carpenter's shop, in which doors, window-frames, and many articles of household use were made, was the building next added; other workshops were needed, and one by one were begun and completed.

Great were the rejoicings at the Rough House when a printing press, the gift of a generous friend, was set up. But if books were to be printed, they would need to be bound, and the bookbinders soon had a branch all to themselves.

Besides, the lads soon loved to acquire useful knowledge, and one of the most interesting sights was to see them, at certain regular times, all hard at work in the class-room.

A Rough House Industrial Exhibition was proposed; the lads entered heartily into the scheme, and vied with each other in contributing proofs of their industry and skill.



The long-looked-for and talked-of day came at last. With the first gleam of daylight many of the boys had risen, and before the breakfast hour, also an early one at the Rough House, returned from the woods laden with flowers and green boughs. Willing hands soon gave the rooms quite a festive appearance. Stalls or tables on which to display the varied wares had been put up, and the exhibits did credit to the young work-people; for the rescued girls, under the direction of Madame Wichern, had done their very best, and their skill in knitting and needlework called forth some well-earned praise.

The farm stall made a goodly show of potatoes, turnips, oats, rye, and other produce: with even some homemade tools, required for field work, on one of which floated a lively poem beginning—

“I'm the brightest of pitch-forks.”

The carpenters made a good show of doors, window-frames, stools, large and small boxes, spinning wheels, etc., while the slipper makers, not willing to be outdone in rhyme by the farmers, fronted their stall with an original verse opening with—

“Slippers, slippers, slippers, who ever sung of slippers?”

The shoe-makers sung of Hans Sachs who had given their craft an honoured place among the national industries of the “Fatherland.”

The work done by the bookbinders was good, and if their poetical effusion was short, it might at least claim the merit of being to the point.

“Bookbinders' works can speak for themselves;
You may go, if you please, and consult them.”

At the end the baker sung over his tempting display of loaves, rolls, cakes, and other things good to eat—

“There's never a doctor can cure like me, the ache of the stomach and tooth;
It is not by your clothes you grow tall and strong, but by eating good bread.
The hunger-worm burns in my oven till he's dead;
While I bake for you all, boys, the sweetest of bread.”

Our Recitation Competition.

THE STORY OF GEORGE NABER.

WE are greatly gratified that so many beloved scholars in different Sunday Schools have taken the pains to learn correctly Mr. Luff's touching poem, which appeared in our March issue, and have recited it so successfully before the whole school. This is most pleasing, because the verses not only tell of a brave heroic deed, but better still of the love of Jesus Christ the Lord, Who gave himself to suffer and to die upon the cross that we

“May life and salvation know.”

Our dear friend and helper Mr. Luff has sent us another similar piece; we will therefore give our young friends an opportunity to compete again similarly, and, it may be, those who have not been successful now, may be so, if they persevere with the new poem in this number.

We give the names of those to whom the prizes have been awarded on this occasion.

First prize 5s.—DORIS MCBAIN, 49, London Road, Worcester, aged 12.

Second prize 3s. (this prize divided).—HARRY PETERS, Kirkley, Lowestoft, aged 12; WILLIE FLOWERS, Waterside, Rawcliffe.

Third prize 2s.—MINNIE CHAPMAN, 55, Upper North St., Poplar, E.

Fourth extra prizes to ETHEL BLAND, aged 7; MIRIAM GRUMMITH, aged 8, Clifton Biggleswade; and EDITH HOLE, aged 9, Cyprus Road, Burgess Hill.

May God richly bless these three wee girlies! We shall send them each a special prize and pray the Lord to keep them near to Christ all their days.

We also hope to send some simple recognition to E. Hodgkins, E. Coles, N. Metcalfe, E. Hole, N. Jackson, F. Tyas, A. Barratt, L. Taylor.

Some of our young correspondents had their letters duly certified, but unfortunately failed to give any address!

The Lord says, “He that heareth My word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life” (John v. 24). He that believeth—not feebleth or doeth. How simple it is!

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

"THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN."

IN 1854 American war ships were withdrawn from Japan, and a treaty between the two nations was signed. As already stated, the newly-appointed American Consul, the Hon. Townsend Harris, was a christian, one who made no secret of his profession, and was not ashamed to show his loyalty to Christ. In 1857 he took up residence at Yeddo. Shortly after the following interesting entry was made in his journal:—

"Sunday, December 6th, 1857. This is the second Sunday in Advent. Assisted by Henskin, I read the whole of the Church Service in an audible voice, and with the paper doors of our houses here our voices could be heard in any part of the building. This was beyond doubt the first time the English version of the Bible, or the service of the American Protestant Church, has been read aloud in this city. Two hundred and thirty years ago a law was passed in Japan pronouncing the penalty of death upon any who should dare to use any of the rites of the christian religion. Yet here have I boldly and openly done the very acts the laws of Japan would punish so severely.

"The first blow is now struck in Japan against the cruel persecution of christians, and if by the blessing of God I succeed in establishing negotiations, I intend to demand for Americans the free exercise of their religion in Japan, with the right to build churches; and I wish also at the same time to demand that the custom of trampling upon the Cross be abolished. I shall be most proud and happy if I can be the means of once more opening Japan to the blest rule of christianity."

If we cannot yet rejoice over Japan as a nation won for Christ, it is cheering to know that the labours of the devoted men and women who have made "the Land of the Rising Sun" their sphere of service; there is much to encourage, much that should stir us up to more earnest, believing prayer. In several parts of the country mission schools and hospitals are doing good work; the Gospel is regularly preached; the Scriptures, or large portions of them, in the native language are freely circulated; and among its sons and daughters there are those over whom there has surely been joy in the presence of the angels, as sinners who have been sought and found by a compassionate, seeking Saviour.

Two years later another treaty was signed, and shortly after commercial treaties with other nations were agreed upon, and Japan was at last open to foreigners. In 1859 the first band of Protestant missionaries sailed from the United States for Japan. Great changes—religious, political, and social—followed. Influential members of the Japanese Government began to send their sons to England or America. The testimony of the son of a Japanese noble, who only a few years ago was at Cambridge, with one personally well known to the writer, was: "My people have lost all confidence in the national idols of Japan. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, either neglect them entirely, or treat them and their worship with contempt. They want something better. Within a few years one of two things must happen, Japan will either become a christian or an infidel country."

Every member of our "Study Circle" is asked to write a short letter on some subject bearing on missionary work at home or abroad. If you do not remember having read or heard anything about Gospel work in Japan, please say so. Our friends, young and old, are also invited to suggest subjects for our Missionary Talks.

Address, Cousin Edith, 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon.

"Let the Bible Read You."

IT is through God's Word that His children grow strong. It is the milk for the babes, and the strong meat for the full-grown men in Christ.

A light to guide our way, a fire to illumine and cleanse, a sword for warfare, and a mirror in which to see ourselves. A minister passing along the road saw an old Welsh woman sitting outside her cottage door reading her Bible. "Why, Mary, reading the Bible?" "Yes, sir," she replied, "I'm reading the Bible, and the Bible is reading me." Not only read the Bible, but let the Bible read you. There is in His word the very life and power of God, and on your use of it will your spiritual life depend. Make the Bible your daily companion, read a portion every day, and as you read, remember it is God's message to you, and believe and act upon what He says.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE must again express our exceeding thankfulness to those who have again so kindly contributed to our various funds this month. We have much reason to thank God that the hearts of His people are thus touched and are led to help us so practically in His service. We have received the following amounts:—

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund. £ s. d.

From the Teachers and Scholars, Union Court S.S., per Mr. W. T. Roberts	2	5	0
From the Teachers and Scholars, Fitzwilliam Street Hall S.S., Sheffield, per Mr. F. B. Ingram	0	15	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples Holiday Fund. £ s. d.

Invalid	0	5	0
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The Lord's Work in South Africa and China.

Per Miss Hodgkin.	£	s.	d.
"Subscriber," New Zealand: China, 5s.; South Africa, 5s.	0 10 0
C. E. K., Stratford-on-Avon	0 1 6
A Servant's Mite for Mr. Heal's work	0 10 0
"officials in South Africa and China"	0 10 0

For Mr. Levermore's Mission.

From E. J. Bolton	0	5	0
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All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

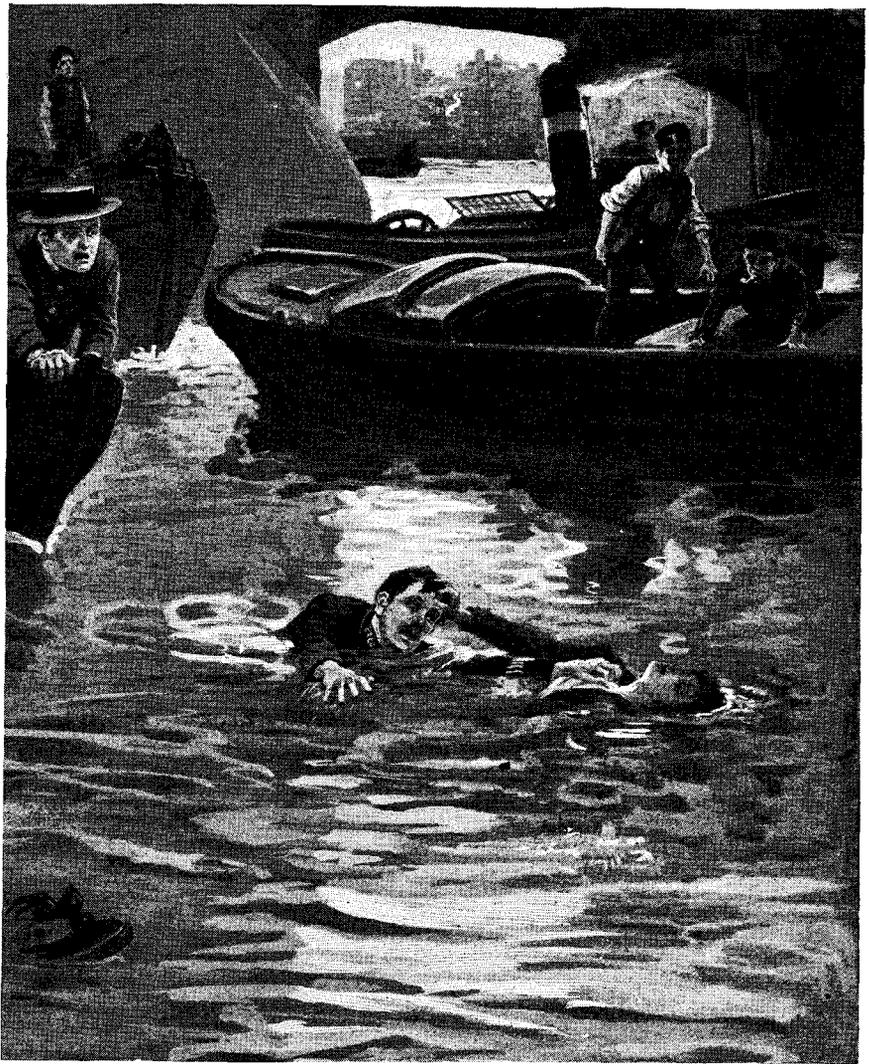
THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL!"

"A Great Deliverance:" or, "Oh! Where is the Man that Saved Me?"

WHILST on a preaching tour in Scotland the following incident occurred:—A poor woman was washing clothes in a deep river flowing through a populous district. Unfortunately she missed her footing and fell into the tide. A man, who was standing on the quay, plunged in and rescued her. A crowd assembled. They brought a chair, and the poor woman sat there in a sodden condition. Then one of the crowd, seeing she was very poor, threw some money into her lap. Others followed suit, and very quickly she received quite a pile of coins. The poor woman, however, paid little regard to the money. Noticing this, one of her neighbours who was standing by said, somewhat reprovingly, "But why don't you thank the kind ladies and gentlemen for the money?" Then the poor woman lifted up her streaming face, and with broken



"A MAN, STANDING ON THE QUAY, PLUNGED IN AND RESCUED HER."

utterance said, "Indeed, I thank you all, I am truly grateful; *but where, oh where, is the man that saved me?*"—for her deliverer, as modest as courageous, had passed out of the crowd.

Does not this express the feelings of all those
s.w.

who have been delivered from "so great a death" (2 Cor. i. 10) by our blessed Lord? However much our hearts rejoice at the glorious results of His perfect work for us; however longingly our hearts anticipate the glories of

our heavenly inheritance, yet it is *Himself* we want to see. When Peter and John went away again to their own home, Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping (Jno. xx. 10, 11). She had no *home*, and could not rest satisfied until she had found her Lord. "I will rise now and go about the city in the streets, and in the broad ways I will seek Him whom my soul loveth" (Song of Sol. iii. 2). "They have taken away *my* Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." She claimed Him as her very own! "The Son of God, who loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*" (Gal. ii. 20). "Him! Him!" said the dying Adelaide Newton. "I cannot get any farther; that is enough—Him!" Rutherford, in the rapture of his soul, cried, "O that every hair in my head, O that every bone in my body, were a full-grown man, to send forth the praises of Him who loved me, and gave Himself for me!" O that we may "know" the love of Christ (Eph. iii. 19) after such a sort, that our hearts may be weaned from everything that would pain or grieve Him!—that we may long for the moment when "we shall see Him, and be like Him." And may the language of our hearts ever be, "I want to see the One who saved me."

"To hear that Voice that spoke away my fears,
To see that Face once sorely marred for me;
To rest in Him, all free from earthly cares,
O this, my soul—this is enough for thee."

"Oh! Where is the Man that Saved Me."

ON the verdant banks of the bonny Clyde,
Where the river is swift, and deep, and wide,
And the waters merrily leap the stones,
Singing their lullaby in deep, low tones,
There are villages dotted along the shore,
Which chiefly belong to the working poor,
Where a useful custom still survives,
An al fresco laundry for peasant wives.
They bring their clothes to the water side
And wash and scrub by the flowing tide.
One beautiful morn when the sun was warm,
The women came down at early dawn.
The laugh went round, and the chattering wives
Seemed quite to enjoy their work-a-day lives.
When a shout went up as of mortal pain
From a swirling pool—then again, again!
Stricken dumb with fear were the women all
As they saw friend Joan in the water fall;
But a cry was heard, and a man sprang in—
Some passer by, whom they had never seen—
A mighty man was he, and as strong as brave,
Who risked his own life someone else to save.
A rare struggle it was, but he brought her out,
Whilst the gathering crowd sent up a shout;
And a lad ran quickly and brought a chair,
So they sat the now rescued woman there.
Oh, dear! but, indeed, it was a sad sight!
To see the poor woman in such a plight!
Then a gentleman there took off his cap
And threw a silver coin into her lap;

The hint was taken, for the pennies came
Down into her lap like a shower of rain;
But the rescued woman no notice took,
As the spray from her tangled hair she shook;
So an old wife said in a chiding tone,
"Not a word of thanks to the people, Joan?
Such money the folk have given away
I have not seen for many a day."
Then Joan looked up with her streaming eyes,
Whilst the choking sobs in her throat arise—
"Good folk, my best thanks to ye everyone,
Indeed, I'm most grateful for what ye have done;
But now, my good friends, it's not money I'd win,
For my heart is sore for a sight of him
Who risked his own life a stranger to save,
To rescue me from yon watery grave."
The tale is told, but the moral holds good,
'Tis written large in a dear Saviour's blood,
Who died on the cross our poor souls to save,
When His own precious life He freely gave;
And they who are saved have no wish like this,
To see yonder Man in the realms of bliss.

SAMUEL LEVERMORE.

Unto the Uttermost.

THE expression "Unto the uttermost" occurs only twice in the Bible, in the Greek original (Luke xii. 11). The woman with the infirmity "To the uttermost unable" (to lift herself) (Heb. vii. 25). The Lord Jesus "To the uttermost able" (to save). Blessed and striking contrast!

Afflicted to the uttermost—

A picture sad and true,
For long long years a fettered one,
What evil does is strongly done
And only God's beloved Son
Can Satan's work undo.

Able unto the uttermost—

Oh word most sweet and true,
The Son of God once left His throne
For guilty sinners to atone,
He went to death alone, alone,
Sin's fetters to undo.

And now within the Holiest

As God's High Priest He lives;
He lives, and for us intercedes,
And all His people's utmost needs
Are fully met in Him who pleads
And God His blessing gives.

He saves unto the uttermost,

For age, and evermore;
Encircled by His prayers we press
Toward the shores of blessedness,
His precious name we now confess,
And all His ways adore.

ANNA WOODCOCK.

VIRGINIA MOUNT, MALVERN WELLS.

The above poem may be had of the author at 4d. per dozen, or three dozen assorted leaflets for 1s., post free.

How thankful we shall be if our readers will remember in earnest prayer the beloved writer of the above verses. She writes: "I have been very ill again, *very* near the gates, but still they remain closed. I am now a little better." The Lord marvellously sustains this dear invalid, and gives her wondrous peace.

Further Reminiscences in the Life of the late John Jones.

"Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this."—JOB. xiv. 14.

His early Life as a Mole-Catcher.

WHEN in my teens I earned a good deal of money as a mole-catcher, receiving a penny a head for killing them. I was supposed to be very smart at the business. My father, who taught me, made my traps. The best catch I ever had was when I laid sixty-five traps and picked them up the next day with sixty moles in them. Of all God's creatures, I believe

he is almost sure to hear you. In boggy and sandy land they go very deep, but in heavy land their run is shallow. Moles in gardens and near human habitations are always more difficult to catch than those in quieter places. The more they are meddled with by attempts to catch them, the more difficult they are to catch. They do immense damage. Wherever the worm goes they follow him. I have seen worms spinning up out of the earth to get out of their way—escaping for their lives—setting poor, guilty, human worms an example to escape from their enemy the devil, by coming in haste to the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ for salvation and peace and blessing. Sinner, escape for thy life!



"IT WAS ON THE 11TH NOVEMBER, 1849."

the mole is the strongest of them for its size. I tied two dead moles to a live one, and watched to see how far it could carry them. They were as nothing to it. A fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh were carried along with a fair amount of ease, but the eight brought him to a standstill. Let our minds ransack creation, and we cannot find anything equal to it above the world of insects. The mole's strength is in its shoulders and front claws. Now for his weakness. If he loses a drop of blood he dies. I never knew a mole to live after a drop of blood had been taken from it. Moles have marvellously small eyes, but are very quick in hearing. If you think of catching him at work, as he throws up a mound,

His Conversion: Old things passing away.

I was apprenticed to a tallow chandler and grocer at Church Stretton, a few miles from Shrewsbury, and learned to make candles. While at this house of business I stole two halfcrowns out of the till, and thought of repeating it on another occasion; but a young man whispered to me, as he was leaving the shop, "Mind how you touch the money in the till!" This startled me very much. I afterwards found out that they laid a trap for me by marking some coins. Years after, when I was converted, I wrote to my employer, telling him my sin, offering to return the money or do anything he might propose. He said he forgave me, and wished me to take dinner with him the first time I came to Church Stretton.

At last it was decided that I should go to London, where my brother Aaron (afterwards notorious as a pugilist), through the medium of my married sister and her husband, who kept a coffee shop in Shepherd's market, Mayfair, Piccadilly, had already gone. So one cold winter's morning I appeared at the Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, at six o'clock, and a friend of my brother's, living there, put a handful of money into my pocket, paid my fare by coach to Birmingham, and started me off. It was on the 11th of November, 1849. There was a sharp frost, and the country was white with snow. I rode the fifty miles on the outside of the coach, and became very cold. Leaving New Street, Birmingham, by train, I arrived in London that evening. My brother Aaron, who met me, told me I was two days too late to see the Lord Mayor's Show come up the river. I did such

things as I could at my sister's coffee shop in Mayfair, but she and her husband got tired of my presence, and in March, 1850, a place was provided for me in a house in Portman-square. I went in the capacity of footman, but was really then not worth my salt. As time went on, however, I picked up the duties, and became sharper and brighter.

“From the power of Satan unto God.”

It pleased God, on Sunday, July 14th, one month and three days after my twenty-first birthday, that I should be born again—from above, by the blessed Holy Spirit. I had previously arranged to meet my brother Aaron, that Sunday afternoon, at a private dog show in a public house; but the head servant at my master's was spiteful, and would not let me go. Shutting myself up in a sitting room, I locked the door, and was very miserable. Finding a Bible, which my mother had put into my box before I left her for London, I took it in my hand, and it opened at Matthew 16. My eyes lighted upon verse 13, and I read: “When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, He asked His disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? and they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona: for flesh and blood have not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.” The effect of this scripture upon me was that I found fault with the ignorant notions of the people of that day concerning Jesus Christ. I condemned them for thinking that He was John the Baptist, Elias, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. My soul within me—yes, my very being—fully endorsed what Peter said, and I think I audibly exclaimed—it was my heartfelt conviction—**“WELL DONE PETER; THAT'S RIGHT, HE IS THE SON OF GOD, THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD.”** As my soul and tongue were thus engaged in appropriating Peter's confession as if it were my own, I seemed to feel in my heart the same blessing upon me as described in those words, “Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona, for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto me, but My Father which is in heaven.” This was the first operation of the Holy Spirit upon me that I was aware of. I then knelt down and made an effort at confessing my sins—what a load! While thus exercised, I was melted to weeping.

It seemed as if I saw, by the eyes of faith, my Saviour suffering, bleeding, dying on the cross for me. I saw His blessed hands and feet nailed to the tree. There was the wounded side, the crown of thorns upon my Saviour's head, and His face so marred and wondrously sorrowful. This took my attention right away from myself and my sins, and I began to speak to Him, and said, “O, Lord Jesus, Thou art my Saviour; Thou art indeed the Christ the Son of the living God.” As I was thus confessing Him, and speaking to His praise, the Holy Ghost seemed to literally fill and thrill me from my head to my feet. The whole simple method of salvation presented itself strikingly clear to my mind. There was the blessed Son of God, the Man of Sorrows, on my account in Gethsemane. His soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death (Matt. xxvi. 38), and when hanging on the cross in agony and shame, He had to cry “My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?” (Matt. xxvii. 46). On the other hand, there was I, the actual sinner, being filled, and thrilled, and blessed. The Holy Ghost made me unutterably happy; my burden of guilt had left me; and God filled me with Himself and His love. How I sweetly enjoyed the forgiveness of sins. I now knew the meaning of those words, “born again.” This took place between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, about which time my brother Aaron called in to see me, to know why I had not met him and others. I suppose I showed signs of weeping, for he said, “Is mother dead? What's the matter? What's the news? What's the news?” I said: **“I'VE BEGUN TO PRAY; THAT'S THE NEWS; THAT'S THE NEWS.”** I then told him that I had been born again that afternoon. He roundly abused me; called me a ranter, a methodist, and other names. I had turned the key in the door, so that he could not get out. He asked for some brandy, and said he had made up his mind that afternoon to be a pugilist, and that he would never leave a stone unturned until he became “champion of England.” He said he should count it a far higher honour to wear the belt than to wear the crown of England. To his utter astonishment I knelt down and prayed the Lord Jesus Christ not to allow my brother to have the desires of his sinful heart fulfilled. Aaron condemned the prayer as being “uncharitable,” exclaiming, with passion, “There is not an atom of true religion about it!”

We shall tell more about the Lord's wonderful dealings with His servant in our next number—D.V.

Jottings about the Bible.

"This weed? This stone? It is thy heart:
It must be crushed by pain and smart."

God's Chastening Mercies.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."—
HEB. xii. 11.

IT has been gratefully acknowledged ten thousand times, that the chastening Hand of God yieldeth peaceable fruit in the afterward of this present life, and it is sure to do so in the life to come. The fruit of the battle won is speedy peace, and if the victory is decisive, it is endless. This peace is for those "who are exercised thereby," the original word containing an allusion to Grecian athletes, who stripped themselves naked that they might put forth all their strength in their public games, and so win the wreath of immortality. With the utmost confidence it may be said, that if God did not see an absolute necessity for such a desperate struggle on the part of His beloved children, the chastening should never smite them.

"This weed? This stone? It is thy heart:
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet.
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet."

The deluge that swept around Noah brought out the rainbow of promise (Gen. ix). Abraham's offering up of Isaac made his seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sands upon the sea shore (Gen. xxii).

Jacob's halting thigh caused him to see God's face as the sun rose upon him (Gen. xxxii.).

Joseph's prison was the doorway to Pharaoh's palace (Gen. xli). Moses' grief over Israel's sin led God to speak to him face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend (Ex. xxxiii). Job was stripped of all that he had, that in the end the Lord might give him twice as much as he had before (Job xlii). David was like a hunted partridge in the mountains, that he might become the sweet psalmist of Israel to the saints of all succeeding generations (2 Sam. xxiii). Manasseh's chain was worth more to him, than

Manasseh's crown (2 Chron. xxxiii). Daniel's captivity made him ruler over the whole province of Babylon (Dan. ii). Esther's exposure to death saved a nation (Est. iv).

Peter was girded and carried whither he would not, that he should glorify God (John xxii).

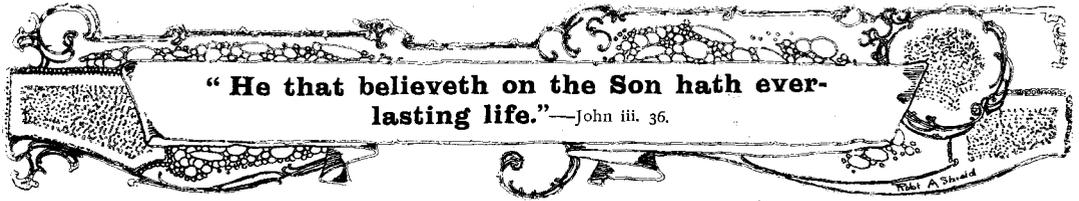
Paul's head fell beneath Nero's axe that there might be placed upon it an unfading chaplet (2 Tim. iv), and as an old Puritan writer has said, "the stones that came about Stephen's ears did but knock him closer to Christ" (Acts vii).

Thus it always has been, thus it always is, with those of whom God thinks enough to use them in His service; and the mystery of suffering begins to clear up when we see that there is a certain and most intimate relation between it and the glory that shall follow. So common is the affliction of christians, that heaven has been described as a hospital at one end and a palace at the other; and our place in the palace will depend upon the ward, and the character of the trials and the spirit in which they were borne, while we are at this end.

This is no conjecture nor theory, but the plain testimony of the inspired scriptures to which every sufferer should give heed.

It is the law of the kingdom, from which there is no exemption, that we must follow the pathway leading to the cross if we would reach the crown shining in the great afterward of God. It is His law in nature, in providence, and in grace, and His intelligent children would not escape it if they could. It is the way the Master took, and surely "it is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord" (Matt. x. 25).

—♦—
Nor first the bright, and after that the dark,
But first the dark and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection light.



Great Truths about Salvation.—V.

HELPFUL WORDS FOR THE ANXIOUS.

“These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life; and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.”—1 John v. 13.

DID you say that all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ have eternal life?”

“Scripture says so (John iii. 36), ‘He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.’” We will notice some things about eternal life. First, it comes to us in the way of righteousness. Grace is reigning “through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. v. 21). God has made His beloved Son to be sin, and by the means of the cross of Christ a righteousness suited to God Himself has been made on behalf of the sinner; and on the ground of this righteousness, which has satisfied God’s claims and met the sinner’s need, God is from His throne proclaiming that eternal life is a free gift.

“The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Rom. vi. 23).

God stands towards the sinner as a giver. What does a giver require but a suited receiver? And it is to those who are perishing that God gives eternal life.

“Your life is hid with Christ in God” (Col. iii. 3); there is its eternal security. No power on earth or hell can touch it; so that if we want to know where the believer’s life is, we look up to heaven and see by faith the glorified Person of the Lord Jesus Christ at the right hand of God.

God has specially said, by His servant John, **“These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life”** (1 John v. 13), in order to give the believer a full, certain, present knowledge of the possession of life.

Paul, the chief of sinners, says, “I know whom I have believed” (2 Tim. i. 12); and also

asserts of real christians that “We have received the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God” (1 Cor. ii. 12). God, who has given us eternal life, has written to tell us that we have it, and has sent the Holy Ghost to give us the happy consciousness of the things so freely given.

“But,” it may be asked, “are there any means by which I may know that I have this blessed gift?”

The apostle John gives us a very sweet and simple test by which a christian may know if he has eternal life. “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren” (1 John iii. 14). Do you really from your heart prefer the company of the people of God to that of any others simply because they are His people? I well remember the time when I would rather be anywhere else than in the company of those who made Christ their theme. Now, through God’s grace, it is my joy to be with those who love Him. Is it yours? Paul, Peter, and John give it as a mark of a child of God. Loving the brethren will not save you, but John tells us that this is a sure sign to indicate those who are saved. Again, Peter says, “Ye have purified your souls in obeying the truth through the Spirit unto unfeigned love of the brethren” (1 Peter i. 22). Paul also gives thanks to God: “Since we heard of your faith in Christ Jesus, and of the love which ye have to all the saints” (Col. i. 3, 4). We can quote only a few passages. Let the reader take a pencil and underline in his Bible all the texts in which the word “know” occurs; and, if honest, he can never again utter such a sentiment as this—“I cannot tell whether I have eternal life, and I do not think there are many who can do so.” “And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us” (1 John iv. 16).

Our Bible Portion

"Thy loving kindness is better than life."—Ps. lxxiii. 3.

The Kindness of the Lord.

"The exceeding riches of His grace and kindness towards us through Christ Jesus."—EPH. ii. 7, R.V.

"TO be really kind we must think what we can do to help anyone, and then forget we ever did it," is a charming definition of kindness. Not only should we study how to render assistance to another, but also, after performing our acts of kindness, forget we ever did them.

A brick had fallen on to the tram-lines from a heavily-laden cart in a small country town, and the carter, quite ignorant of his loss, had passed out of sight. A labouring man saw and removed the obstruction, and then, thinking no one had noticed his kindly act, drew my attention to what he had done. Alas! we often advertise our goodly deeds. But oh! how cruel it is, unsolicited, to do some kindly act for a fellow-mortal, and then, at the very first thing done which displeases us, to remind such of our previous generosity. OH, FOR A FORGETTING KINDNESS!

But what shall we say of the kindness of the Lord? Has He not thought of what He could do for us? This beautiful world, with all its fruits and flowers, is the product of God's strenuous thought. And what an evidence of His kindness is seen in His wonderful scheme of salvation.

His is a REVEALED KINDNESS: "But after that the *kindness* and love of God our Saviour toward man was *revealed*" (Titus iii. 4, 5, R. V.). To reveal means to bring into the world of knowledge what is already in the world of fact. Though God is always kind, He does not always seem to be. At times He appears to deal very harshly with us. It is then you must remember that,

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

Take a lesson from nature—in the autumn we see in the plentiful harvest of fruits and cereals abounding proofs of His kindness. But was He less kind when the biting winds blew and the hard frost held the earth fast in its cold embrace? Verily no; without these severe measures there would have been no such successful harvest.

As in nature, so in grace. The cold winds of adversity are required to develop our characters. And thus what we consider signs of His displeasure are really proofs of His goodness; what we imagine curses are really blessings in disguise. Faint heart, trust on; in His good time His kindness will be revealed.

But it is in the Cross we see the greatest proof of the kindness of the Lord. The more we reflect on the story of Calvary, the more are we amazed at that marvellous and stupendous unveiling of His kindness. And Titus iii. 4, 5, shows us clearly the purpose of such a revealing—it was to save us. The people of Melita "showed no little kindness" (Acts xxviii. 1) to Paul and those with him, but this was a kindness revealed to men already saved and standing on the sea-shore. God's kindness was revealed to us whilst we were yet sinners, in order to save us. His kindness is, as Psalm lxxiii. 3 says, "better than life"—than mere physical life, because it brings eternal life to those deserving of eternal death. "I would seek to win, not by violent opposition, but by kindness," said Zwingli, the Swiss patriot. God loves the gentler methods. This is the very purpose of our Heavenly Father's kindness; it is thus He seeks to break down our opposition, and win our affection.

His is a TRUTHFUL KINDNESS. Jacob lay dying, and, calling his son Joseph unto him, he said, "Deal kindly *and truly* with me" (Gen. xlvii. 29). But there is also an *untruthful* kindness. "This is thy kindness which thou shalt shew unto me," said Abraham to Sarah, his wife, "at every place whither we shall come, say of me, He is my brother" (Gen. xx. 13). This is not the nature of the kindness of the Lord; He never misrepresents the true facts of the case; He speaks the truth about our sad spiritual state frankly. He is not like some medical men, who are kind, but not true, in giving wrong accounts to the patients of their true physical state. And yet, HIS IS A LOVING KINDNESS: "Thy loving kindness is better than life." He always speaks the truth in love. His is not the kindness of a judge, but of a father; not judicial, but paternal.

It is most assuredly A MERCIFUL KINDNESS. In the shortest of all Psalms, the 117th, we have this statement: "Praise Him, all ye people, for His *merciful* kindness is great toward us." But why merciful? In Esther ii. 9 we are told that she obtained kindness through beauty of form and character, but we have no spiritual beauty, for we are vile and full of sin; we receive God's kindness for Christ's sake; "The exceeding riches of His grace and kindness toward us through Christ Jesus" (Ephes. ii. 7). Therefore it is not only a merciful, but also A MARVELLOUS KINDNESS: "Blessed be the Lord; for He hath shewed His marvellous kindness" (Psalm xxxi. 21). You may talk of the wonders of the world; we will talk of the wonders of His grace. Thank God, it is also AN EVERLASTING KINDNESS. "For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee" (Isa. liv. 10).

ROBERT LEE.

—◆—

"And, Behold it was very good."

—GEN. i. 31.

EVERY created thing is made to show forth the glory of the Creator. "All Thy works praise Thee, O God!" God saw that it was good, and He said, "Be fruitful and multiply." He did not say simply "live," but "be fruitful and multiply." And therefore the glory and beauty of things declared how good He had made them in their fruitfulness.

Even in a flower a christian sees not merely something beautiful, but the beauty his God has made. When the saints are around the throne they fully rejoice in being the objects and subjects of His pleasure. "Thou art worthy . . . for Thy pleasure they are and were created." In heaven it will be their joy to be the creatures of Him they worship. Their happiness will consist in being just what and where God has pleased.

We learn then from this word of God to His creatures, "Be fruitful and multiply," that the happiness, and glory, and joy of the creature is in carrying out the pleasure of the Creator.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house, and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures." Sin is, as ever, eating forbidden fruit. Again, the four living creatures rest not night nor day, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" It is the happy breathing of their existence. To cease praising would be to cease being happy. "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house; they shall be still praising Thee," and, blessed

be His Name, He will at length bring us, where sin shall be no more—we shall enter into the full joy of living unto God, of singing the song in the fourth as well as that in the fifth chapter of Revelation.

One at least of our quotations reminds us that all this marvellous display of wisdom and goodness has an object in view—the pleasure of the One by whom they were created. A time of peace and blessing is yet in store for this sin-stained earth, But we need not wait for that; before it comes, we who believe will be "for ever with the Lord." Our opportunity to give joy to the heart of Christ is here and now. May we have grace not to miss it.

—◆—

"When the Shadows Flee Away."

"And the little hills are girded with joy . . . they shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. lxxv. 12, 13 (Marg.).

JOY, joy for ever!
How the Spirit boundeth
With the bright thoughts those ringing words convey,
And every hill with the glad note resoundeth

Beneath their sway;
Softly the sweet refrain
Comes echoing back again,
Joy, joy for ever
WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

Joy, joy for ever!
E'en the night-watch weary
Is lighted by this star of coming day,
This blessed hope, thro' all the dark hours dreary,
Shall cheer the way.

List to the heavenly strain,
Midst sorrow, care, and pain,—
Joy, joy for ever
WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

Joy, joy for ever!
Hark, the herald soundeth
The silver trumpet at the first faint ray;
As the young ewe, or as the hart that boundeth,

Come, longed-for day.
Light over hill and plain
After wild night of rain,
Joy, joy for ever
WHEN THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

Joy, joy for ever!
Lo, the dawn is breaking!
The King of glory hasteth on His way,
And myriad songs of the redeemed, awaking,
Proclaim the day.

Take up the glad refrain—
"Lord, Jesus, come again"—
Then joy for ever
AS THE SHADOWS FLEE AWAY.

J. H. S.

—◆—

"My Beloved is mine and I am 'His . . . Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved" (Song of Sol. ii. 16, 17).

When the King Died

By WILLIAM LUFF, author of "Our King,"

TWAS a loyal thought of the "Army,"
That a messenger should be sent
To the Queen in her widowed sadness,
Like a dew-bowed flower bent.

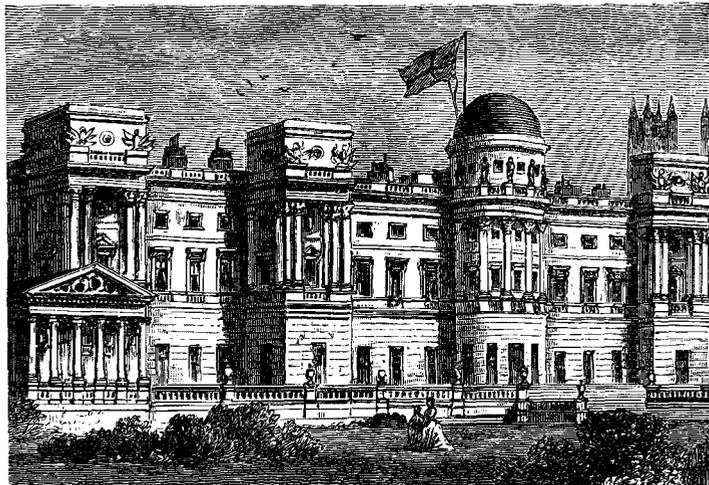
"Might they come to the shadowed palace,
And play her a holy strain.
A hymn of the God who reigneth,
When others have ceased to reign."
And the answer was kind and gracious,
Like the rest of her queenly deeds:
Her thought of the veteran leader,
And the world with its thousand needs.

So the band
marched up
to the palace,
With the col-
ours draped
and low;
And under the
darkened
window,
Breathed a
prayer in the
nation's woe.
Then, softly, with
heartfelt
pathos,
They played
with deep
feeling
breath,
The hymn that
he oft had
uttered,
Whose lips
were now
cold in death.
"Nearer, my God, to
Thee! nearer to
Thee!
Still all my song
shall be—
Nearer, my God, to
Thee!
Nearer to Thee!"

And the crowd at the palace railings,
Was moved by the hallowed sound,
As the eyes grew dim and tearful,
And the grief drops fell to the ground.
Then the strain was changed, and the music
Sobbed out in a deep, deep prayer,
As they felt in the solemn hushing,
That the King of kings was there.
"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide:
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"
And the Queen of that Royal Mansion,
Was listening hid from sight;
And her soul's "Amen" was uttered,
As her evening closed in night.
One other hymn ere the silence
Of that palace court returned;
A hymn of the Church's oneness,
When her common Head is learned.

"The church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From Heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her,
And for her life He died."

Then the band, with their heads uncovered,
Prayed a simple, soul-full prayer,
None heard, but the God in Heaven,
Who cares for us in our care.
But ere from the palace gateway,
They passed with reverent tread,
A messenger brought the heart thanks
Of the watcher beside the dead.



WHERE THE KING DIED.

The garden front of Buckingham Palace. King Edward died in the circular apartment, on the first floor, under the dome.

I have thought of
the King of
Glory.
When shad-
owed with
death and
woe;
No music was
near to cheer
Him,
No music that
man could
know.
But I fancy He
heard the
echo
Of the choir
that yet shall
form;
And the strain of
unnumbered
harpers
Breathed a
calm in
that awful
storm.

For the joy that
was set be-
fore Him,
In the corona-
tion hour,

Bore Him up through the hours of darkness,
To the crowning day of power.

"Oh, the crowning day is coming!
Is coming by-and-bye!
When our Lord shall come in 'power'
And 'glory' from on high!
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming
By-and-Eye."

The Truth in its Fulness.

SOME christians keep themselves afloat in the
fulness of their blessings by means of arti-
ficial support, as do make-believe swimmers
when out of their depth. But there are others
who are thoroughly at home, as it were, in the
fathomless ocean of divine love. In it they
disport themselves as in their native element.

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlvii. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—VII.

I HAVE already spoken of the reference in 1 Cor. x. to Christ as the Rock, from which flowed the refreshing streams that satisfied the thirsty souls of the children of Israel in the wilderness. But as I only made very brief mention of the fact, I will now bring out some further instruction in the truths therein taught.

First I will quote the verses. Referring to the Israelites in the wilderness, Paul says they "did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ" (1 Cor. x. 3, 4).

Notice here that Paul speaks of "spiritual meat," "spiritual drink," and of that "spiritual Rock." From this we may learn that the preaching of the Word of God is a spiritual matter. Some people confuse earthly things with spiritual matters. They think that the Church of Christ should engage in all kinds of things for the benefit of the world around them. This is not God's teaching. Now it is quite true that all christians are interested in the temporal welfare of their fellow-creatures as well as in their spiritual welfare, but we need to realise that the message of God through Christ Jesus is pre-eminently a spiritual message. Therefore, when we read God's Word we want to ask the Lord for a spiritual blessing; when we pray we want to remember that the Lord says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33). If we have commenced the day by looking unto the Lord and seeking His blessing, and if we have had some communion with Him at the mercy seat, we shall find some strength and support and guidance in the daily duties and trials of life.

This is part of the lesson that the Lord taught His disciples in John vi. If you look at the chapter you will see that a multitude followed Him (not because they wanted spiritual food and drink, but) because they saw His miracles, which He did on them that were diseased. Now the Lord had great compassion, so He wrought a miracle and provided a meal for the 5,000 men out of five loaves and two small fishes, and twelve baskets of fragments remained over.

The next day the multitude assembled again. Then the Lord spake something that went home to their hearts and consciences. He said, "Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting

life which the Son of Man shall give unto you." The people asked Him what they should do, that they might work the works of God? Jesus answered, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him Whom He hath sent" (verses 27—29). After further conversations the Lord said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you," with other words in explanation. Then we read, "Many of His disciples, when they heard this, said, This is a hard saying: who can hear it," but the Lord said, "It is the Spirit Who quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing; the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life" (verses 53—63).

Connect these instructions with the words in 1 Cor. x., and we see that the Lord leads His hearers from thinking of natural food to the thought of spiritual food, and shows them the importance of spiritual food.

In Exodus xvii. and in Numbers xx. we have two accounts given to us of the water coming out of the rock. In the first case the Lord said, "Smite the rock and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink" (verse 6). In the second case the Lord said, "Speak ye unto the rock . . . and it shall give forth his water" (verse 8), but unfortunately Moses did not give exact attention and obedience to the Word of God, but instead we read, "With his rod he smote the rock twice." This disobedience caused him to lose the honour of bringing the congregation into the promised land (verse 12).

From this we may learn that, though it was in accordance with God's will that the Lord should be smitten for our sins (Isa. liii. 4, 5, 11), yet the rock is never to be smitten again, for we read, "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many" (Heb. ix. 28), and again "by the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ *ONCE* for all" (Heb. x. 10). You will notice that the words "for all" are in italics, the reason being that they are not in the original. The Greek word translated "once" is a very emphatic word, and means "once never to be repeated."

Let us have this truth clearly before us, "Without shedding of blood there is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22), but now Christ is "set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood to declare His (God's) righteousness for the remission of sins that are passed, through the forbearance of God" (Rom. iii. 25); and by the hearing of faith the Spirit (that is the living water from the rock) is received (Gal. iii. 2).

“He Layeth it on His Shoulders Rejoicing.”

631 How Many Sheep are Straying!

“What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing” (Luke xv. 4, 5).

Mrs. E. M. H. GATES.

R. LOWRY.

HOW exquisite and truly lovely are these words! The Shepherd sought the wandering sheep, “and when He found it, He layeth it on His shoulders.” He had purposed in His heart to find that *one* lost sheep when He left the ninety and nine in the wilderness,

“For although the road be rough and steep,

I go to the desert TO FIND MY SHEEP.”

The Shepherd does everything, goes after it, “until He find it,” then layeth it on His shoulders, rejoicing, and when He cometh home, He calleth together His friends and neighbours, saying unto them; “Rejoice with Me, for I have found My sheep which was lost.”

The delightful Hymn on this page compels us to think of Luke xv., and to have a little of the Good Shepherd’s joy streaming through our being. True indeed it is that

“None of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;

Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.

Out in the desert He heard its cry,

Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.”

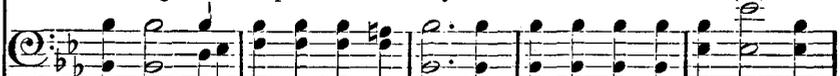
But we can and do rejoice with Him in the Discovery and wonderful home-bringing of that wandering silly sheep. He is borne upon the Powerful Shoulders of the Great Shepherd.



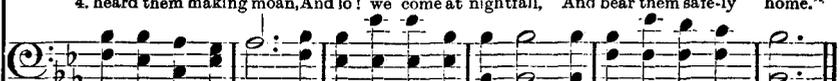
1. How many sheep are straying, Lost from the Saviour's fold! Up - on the lone-ly
2. Oh, who will go to find them? Who, for the Saviour's sake, Will search with tireless
3. Say, will you seek to find them? From pleasant bowers of ease, Will you go forth de-
4. How sweet 'twould be at eve-ning, If you and I could say, "Good Shepherd, we've been



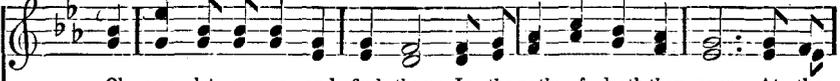
- 1 mountain They shiv-er with the cold; With-in the tan-gled thick-ets, Where
2. pa-tience Through bri-er and through brake? Un-heed-ing thirst or hun-ger, Who
3. ter-mined To find the "least of these"? For still the Sa-viour calls them, And
4. seek-ing The sheep that went a - stray! Heart-sore and faint with hun-ger, We



1. poi-son vines do creep, And o-ver rock-y led-ges Wan-der the poor, lost sheep.
2. still, from day to day, Will seek, as for a trea-sure, The sheep that go a - stray!
3. looks a - cross the wild, And still He holds wide o - pen The door in - to His fold.
4. heard them making moan, And lo! we come at nightfall, And bear them safe-ly home."



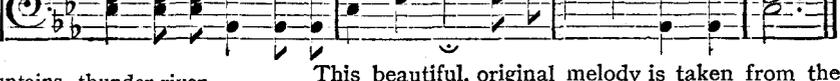
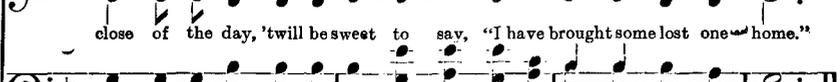
CHORUS.



Oh, come, let us go and find them: In the paths of death they roam, At the



close of the day, 'twill be sweet to say, "I have brought some lost one home."



“And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of heaven,
‘Rejoice! I have found My sheep!’
And the angels echoed around the throne,
‘Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!’”

This beautiful, original melody is taken from the new Hymn Book “Redemption Songs,” which we shall gladly send to any readers. It is published at 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 8s. 6d., in either notations; or words only at 2d., 3d., 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.



We have learned to skim books and newspapers, but we are in

Our Modern Bereans.

"These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so."—Acts xvii. 11.

AMONGST the several instructive and helpful addresses given at our annual meeting, the one delivered by Pastor W. G. Fullerton was most particularly opportune. He said: "Those Bereans in the olden time in that far away city when they set themselves to study God's Word, never had the least inkling of an idea that they would be a means of blessing to a people not yet born, in a land of which they had never heard, yet here we do them honour by using their name.

"When I first announced the Berean Band in my own church there were not many anxious to join. I had announced it as a plan to enable the members to learn a text every day, but after it became known that the only condition of membership was to learn one verse every week, quite a number identified themselves with the Band.

A Proof of Inspiration.

"I think the Berean Band is a very practical proof of the inspiration of the Bible. The people who do not believe in the Bible are the people who have never studied it, but if you learn a text and find it apposite, and inspiring in your own life, if the text just comes to you at the proper moment and gives guidance and help, this is a proof, not to be gainsaid, of the inspiration of the Book from whence it came. I find that the Berean texts bite, and beautiful choice is made by those who select them. It looks a very simple thing to arrange them when they are arranged, but it is in fact far from easy. When a foolish man sees a simple thought is effective, he will say 'Well: anybody could have thought of that'; a wise man will say 'I wonder why I have never thought of that before.'

"The more you learn the Bible, and if you thoroughly learn fifty-two texts of the Bible every year you have accomplished something very definite, the more you will get to know about God, the more you will get to know about yourself, and the more you will understand that the Bible is a living oracle.

A Help to Meditation.

"The Berean Band is a great help to meditation. In these days this is almost a lost art.

danger of forgetting meditation, which is one of the finest arts of the christian life. Meditation is not reverie, it is not a brown study, it is not drifting, it is the concentrating of thought on one subject and definitely following it to a conclusion.

"The Berean Band is like planting trees on the mountain side. It is a grand scheme of spiritual afforestation. If the land is divested of trees it will be devastated in the time of storm, but if there are trees there, the rain which comes down irrigates the soil and makes it fruitful.

A Help to Memory.

"The Berean method should lead to a very real incarnation of Scripture. I hope you will not be shocked by the phrase. Just as God was made flesh in Jesus Christ, so the written Word of God must become flesh in us. Another by-product of the Berean is that it helps your memory, which is best improved by being wisely used. It is a great thing to be able to say the words of the texts correctly. A Greek or Latin scholar would be horrified at an incorrect quotation of his classics. I think we christian people ought not to quote a text inaccurately. It is also a great incentive to speech. You need never complain of having nothing to speak about; if the weather fails you, the text will never fail you. If you meet a fellow member, start on the text, and if you meet anyone who is not a member, start on the text, this will give you an opportunity of bearing the reproach of Christ."

Since the annual meeting quite a number of new branches have been formed, and over 1,000 members have been enrolled in our Band. This should be an incentive to all our friends to aim at the formation of an additional 175 branches before the end of the year, and thus bring the total number of branches up to 1,000.

The verses to be learned during the month of July are as follows:—

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

- | | |
|---------|------------------------------------|
| July 3. | John 14, 16—Another Comforter. |
| „ 10. | Isa. 11, 2—The Spirit of wisdom. |
| „ 17. | John 6, 63—The Spirit of life. |
| „ 24. | Zech. 4, 6—The source of strength. |
| „ 31. | Isa. 59, 19—The standard bearer. |

Address all communications to the Founder and Hon General Secretary, Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Our Young People's Pages.

IV.—Hugh: A Story for Boys.

YOU see I don't say, "for *little* boys" this time, because the fact is Hugh is growing bigger and older so fast that I think his story should now be told to the bigger boys. We won't mind in the least you dear little lads reading it too, but it won't perhaps be quite so easy for you to understand, as it is going to be a sort of parable, for that is how Hugh loves sometimes to tell this story; a parable showing how a boy can be *lost*, and how a boy can be *saved*.

One bitterly cold day in January, with a piercing north wind that seemed to go through him, Hugh was stamping up and down on the deck of the steamer returning home from school, and just feeling in a bigger hurry than ever to get to the snug fire-side, and a hot cup of tea, and a cosy chat with Mother. So when the boat was nearing the landing stage at Westminster Bridge Hugh made a running jump, as he had often done before, thinking to get ashore as quickly as possible. But, alas! alas! the man who was on the gangway holding the fender (*i.e.*, the big rope pad used to protect the boat from shock when coming up against the pier) saw the boy's intention of jumping ashore, and, a bit impatiently, threw out his arm to stop him. It was too late; the spring was already made, but the detaining hand was enough to thwart Hugh as he jumped. His school-books were knocked out of his hands, and went flying about the pier, while the poor boy himself went down into the cold, dark waters of the rushing river, between the big boat and the high walls of the landing stage! Down, down he went, and a terribly long time it seemed to his anxious fellow-travellers before the fair head bobbed up again to sight.

What was to be done? *Lost*, was he not? Would it be any good giving him good advice as to his future life? Would it help him at this moment to make resolves never again to be foolishly hasty and thoughtless? No! what was now needed was something, or some one, who could and would *save* him, and that quickly.

The sailors knew this, for one of them had rushed for the thick rope with a big loop at the end, which is used for fastening the boat up to the pier, and was now lowering it above the

head of the panting, struggling boy. Mercifully Hugh could swim a few strokes. He had learned only just a few

weeks before at Lambeth Baths, and so he was able to keep himself up for a little time. He had been very proud of his success in swimming, but could he trust to that for his safety now? No, he knew he could not; and all his interest and all his hope were in that strong rope which he saw coming down to within his grasp. But now, boys, was it enough for Hugh to be *interested* in that rope? Was it enough for him to know that the rope was able to save him? You know it was not. And, just so, knowing that Christ came to save the lost,



knowing that He can and does save sinners, is not enough to save you. Think of that.

Hugh had his part to do, and he meant doing it. He grasped the rope with his two hands, and he meant holding on. Was that enough? He was still in the cold, dark flowing river—was he saved? No; he was as you are when you own Christ can save you, and you make good resolutions to give yourself to Him; but you are still *where you were*. There was much more than this needed before Hugh could joyfully say, "I am saved!"

The sailors shouted, "Hold hard!" The passengers cried out, "Hold on!" and the rope was being pulled up. But poor Hugh's hands were numb with cold, the stream dragged cruelly against him, his clothes were heavy with water, and were pulling him downwards, and with a cry for help, the boy let go the rope, and

down, down he plunged again into the darkly flowing river.

As he rose again to the surface, gasping and struggling, oh! how thankful he was to see the strong rope was again there, just within his reach. How intensely interested he was, and how strong his resolve that once he got hold of that rope *nothing* should make him again let go. How willingly he listened to the many voices shouting encouragement to him, and how deadly in earnest he was, as he set his teeth, determined not to let it slip again. Have you ever felt like this about your soul's salvation? Then listen to my story, and pray God to let it be a real help to you.

Hugh was a strong lad, and he seized the rope just as firmly as he could, and the sailors again began to cautiously pull him up. But alas! alas! with even worse success than before! The boy was more numb with the icy cold of the waters, was exhausted with his struggles, and his clothes dragged yet heavier as they were more thoroughly soaked, and before the horrified gaze of those on the boat the boy's little hands relaxed their grip, and he dropped back, and once again disappeared in the dark surging waters.

It was now quite plain to all that Hugh had not strength to save himself. By his own efforts he would never reach land—he was *lost*! Have you ever come to this knowledge as to your soul's salvation? That it must be by One "mighty to save," "able to save to the uttermost," that you can alone hope for salvation?

How many thoughts rushed through poor Hugh's brain as he sank for the third time! And above every other came the recollection of having been told that when people were drowning they only came to the surface three times and then sank for good; so that this was his last chance. His last chance, and he knew it!

Is perhaps this your last chance of salvation, dear reader? and are you going to be so mad, so wicked, as to neglect the great salvation offered to you once again in Christ? "When we were yet without strength, Christ died for the ungodly" (Rom. v. 1—6).

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

We told you that "Hugh loves sometimes to tell this story," so you know by this already that he was saved, and in our next issue we shall, please God, tell you, my dear young friends, *how* his life was saved.

AUNT ALICE.

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

V.—A DAY AT THE ROUGH HOUSE.

By Cousin Edith.

"SMALL beginnings often lead to great endings," and within a few years from the time when Dr. Wichern gathered his first family of twelve destitute and neglected lads, the Rough House and the work carried on there had not only made itself a felt power for good in the Fatherland, but furnished workers in other lands with many valuable hints and helps.

Though a festival at the Rough House gave a grand opportunity for seeing the results of the work, perhaps a day spent in free, friendly intercourse with its inmates will help us to form a tolerably correct judgment of the way in which these results were gained.

Each boy had a small piece of ground allotted to him, and when it became known that Madame Wichern loved flowers, few mornings were allowed to pass without a small nosegay being laid near her plate at breakfast. When her birthday came, several of the boys rose unusually early, and the room was prettily and tastefully decorated with flowers and ferns. On the first Christmas, a boy ran away, and trudged a distance of several miles to a town where a yearly fair was held. The stalls were laden with all manner of tempting eatables, but his pockets were empty, and he was cold, tired and hungry. The wisdom of the step he had taken began to seem doubtful, and as the short December day drew to its close, he decided to return, though quite uncertain as to the reception he would meet with. As he approached the Rough House, the ruddy light from a blazing wood fire streamed through the windows of its one sitting-room. He drew nearer and looked in. The work of the day was over; his former companions, a happy, interested group, were gathered round Madame Wichern, who was reading aloud. He advanced timidly, and pushed the door a little way open. The boy was seen, and, to his great surprise, received as if nothing had happened; a good supper, to which he was prepared to do ample justice, was placed before him. The boys were asked to decide how the offence of running away ought to be treated. The general opinion was that the offender ought to be punished. Dr. Wichern said, "We will leave you for a little while, and perhaps if you talk the matter over among yourselves, you will think of a better way."

Half-an-hour later, when the doctor returned, one of the boys, taking the culprit by the hand,

led him forward, saying, "We think now, if you forgive him, he'll never run away again." The boy was forgiven, and the very next day was sent on an errand at some distance. The sense of being trusted had such an effect upon him, that he never made a second attempt at running away, but grew up a steady, useful lad.

From the very first the doctor had felt that the family was God's order, and as the numbers under his care grew too large for the family life

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

WORK AMONG MOSLEMS.

THE work of our "Study Circle," both as regards numbers and interest, is going steadily forward. The spell of silence that at first seemed to overshadow our little band, has given place to a readiness to communicate, and several interesting and helpful additions to our stock of missionary knowledge have been received.

Perhaps it will encourage some timid friend who would very much like to write, but has not yet done so, if I give a few extracts from letters that are before me as I write.

A Friend writes from Wandsworth :—

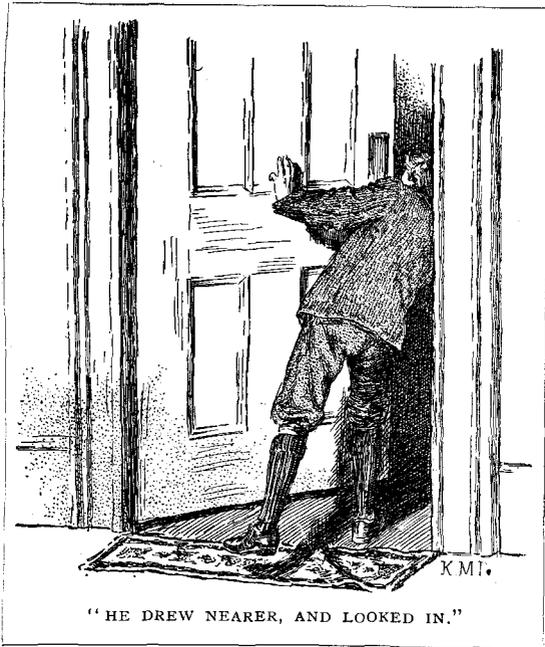
"My dear mother, who went suddenly into the Lord's presence nearly twelve months ago, began when I was quite a tiny child to interest me in Missionary subjects. Up to the last, though frail and of a great age (in her 87th year), she worked for various missionaries, and 'laboured earnestly in prayer' for them. Missionary magazines were a great delight to her, and she studied the maps till she knew quite well where each worker was located.

"We sew every evening for some missionary we know in Africa or India, and call ourselves the 'Beehive Society'; but as there are no drones in our hive, my dear aged father reads to us from some missionary book while we work. Our winter evenings have been very happy and interesting ones. The last book we read was called 'Kiri' (the autobiography of a Mongoose). It gives a very interesting account of work among Cingalese women. We have read another very interesting book called 'All about Japan,' and enjoyed the peeps at home life and manners in Japan which we got from its pages."

A younger member of the same family gives an interesting account of two lantern lectures she attended not many weeks ago. The first gave mission scenes in India, and awakened fresh interest in "famine sufferers," one of the slides being of starving Indian children crowding the doors of a small Mission Station in the hope of receiving a little rice; several who had lost both parents were afterwards taken into an orphanage, and some of these rescued children are to-day Bible women, doing noble work among their countrywomen. Village work, too, is a very important branch of missionary labour, but there are so many villages to be visited that the missionaries are all too few, and sometimes villages far away among the hills cannot be visited oftener than once in six or seven years.

An old friend and correspondent writes from her sick-room :—

"Shall I tell you how my interest in Missionary work was first awakened? It seems a long time ago, but I remember it quite well. I was a member of 'Aunt Alice's' Bible-class, and one day, to my great surprise, I found my name in the list of prize-winners. Soon after I received such a lovely book, 'In the Far East,' written by a lady missionary in China. As I read, a deep love and pity for the heathen seemed to rise in my heart. I could not



"HE DREW NEARER, AND LOOKED IN."

in all its freshness and simplicity to be lived, the boys and girls were drafted off to other houses, each being placed under the care of two or more faithful helpers, but still keeping in touch with the mother house.

All are early risers, and every family has its own Bible-reading and prayer, followed by a cheerful bustle of home life, as fires are lighted, rooms swept, and tables laid for the morning meal. At eight o'clock the sound of a bell calls the families together for a simple, united service; in a few minutes the chapel will be filled. A chapter in the Bible is read and simply explained, prayer offered, and then follows such a burst of melody as once heard will not be soon forgotten, as perhaps from a hundred and fifty to two hundred young voices join in a hymn of praise.

It was the desire to shew forth God's loving-kindness in the morning, and His faithfulness every night (Psa. xcii. 2).

forget that 'A million a month in China are dying without God.' I could not go, but I could pray, and though I had very little money to give, I begun to be a Missionary collector. Since then I have had the great pleasure of having a visit, and afterwards a letter, from a real Missionary who is now labouring in China."

Work among the followers of the false prophet has all along the line been difficult, and sometimes discouraging. Indeed, some christians tell us that converts from the ranks of Islam are seldom if ever won for Christ. The following letter, copied from a missionary circular, will be read with interest; it cannot be too widely circulated.

It is given under the heading "Egypt," the very stronghold of Mohammedanism.

"TO OUR MOSLEM BRETHREN IN ALL LANDS.

"Dear Friends,—We, a company of converts from Islam, gathered together in conference at Zeitoun, near Cairo, send you greetings. Having heard from time to time by means of the christian missionaries working among you that you have some doubt concerning the existence of actual converts from Islam in the world at all, and particularly in Egypt, 'the Citadel of Islam,' we personally for ourselves present at the conference (and vicariously on behalf of those unable to attend) have the pleasure to tell you that we have heard and received the Good News of Salvation through Jesus Christ; and having sacrificed all things to obtain this saving knowledge, we have found it the sweetest and most precious thing, for by it we have discovered at one and the same time our guilt before God and mercy and forgiveness from Him, together with deliverance from the *power* of sin.

"All we can desire for you is that you may obtain a share in this Heavenly blessing, which the world knoweth not, and never can know, that it may save you as it has saved us."

Here follow twenty-three signatures, together with their nationalities and places of residence. (Extracted.)

Shall we, during the next two or three weeks, try to gather up some knowledge about the land of Egypt, a country so often named in Bible history? If we do not know anything about missionary work in the "Land of the Pharaohs"—and there is much worth knowing to be learnt—we can lay a good foundation for future study by reading our Bibles, with special reference to the Land and its people. We are almost sure to find something we have not remarked before. Make a note of it, dear ones, and write to Cousin Edith, 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon, Surrey.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Editors are very fallible like other folks. We regret having failed to notice that the beautiful poem in our last issue, "Who loved me," was ascribed to Samuel "Lawrence" instead of to the author, our friend Samuel Levermore. The word "using" also in the fourth verse ought to have been "rising."

Our Lamb and Flag Cripples Holiday Fund.

IN previous years we have, during the month of July, usually inserted some little record of this Home Mission service, but we regret to find we have not left ourselves sufficient space to permit of our doing so in this issue. We believe, however, our kind readers are so interested in the work, that they will not permit the poor little children to suffer through our failure to tell of their needs. The workers will continue to take the little afflicted ones, out of the alleys and courts of grimy Clerkenwell, into the bright green fields at Hampstead and other suburban beautiful places, where the lovely meadows are, and where the daises and buttercups grow.

Several friends have already sent to help us, and one unknown donor writing from New Zealand says:—

"I am sending this small donation of 10s. for the Lamb and Flag Cripples Fund, in memory of a dear lad of mine not long taken home, hoping it may be of use to give pleasure to some poor little sufferer."

The letter is simply signed "a friend," and this assuredly she is, a "Friend" of the weak and the needy and the very poor. May the Lord comfort her own sorrowing heart with His own Divine comfort. He is "THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT."

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE have received the undernoted sums for our several Funds, for which we are thankful to God and to the donors for their most practical help.

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund. £ s. d.

"J.," Worcester	0	5	0
"Invalid"	0	5	0
"S.," Wimbush Green	0	2	0

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples Holiday Fund. £ s. d.

"A. G. C.," Hampstead	0	2	0
"Invalid" Creditor	0	2	6
"A Friend," New Zealand	0	10	0
"Mrs. G.," Spalding	0	8	0

For Mr. Levermore's Mission.

From "a Friend" Southampton	1	0	0
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All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

THE Springing-Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

An Early Morning Prayer-Meeting in a Palace.

ON June 20th, 1837, at five o'clock in the morning, two important persons were knocking loudly at the door of Kensington Palace. On admittance being obtained, they informed the attendant that they wanted an audience with young Princess Victoria. She was in such a sweet sleep that the attendant at first declined to awaken her, but on being pressed assented, and in a few minutes the Princess stood before them, and was informed that she was now Britain's Queen. Her first words were, "I beg you to pray for me," which was done. No wonder her reign was illustrious when it began with an early morning prayer meeting in a palace.

After ascending the throne did she forget all the aged and poor persons whom she had befriended when comparatively unknown? Oh! no. Remembering an aged and almost-blind man whom she had often visited, she sent him a large-type Bible, with a request that he would read it every day, and specially pointed out Psalm 51 as a suitable portion—the seventh verse, "Wash me, and I shall be



QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING A COTTAGER IN 1850.
 On one occasion the centenarian looked earnestly at the Queen and said, "May I ask your Majesty a question?" "As many as you like," she kindly replied.

whiter than snow," being the Queen's prayer, as it had been King David's many, many years before. Every day the Queen read the Bible,

and did so right from the commencement of her reign, often also spending ten minutes during the day reading General Gordon's Bible, which she greatly prized, thus testifying that the secret of all true greatness "lies within the Bible."

Balmoral, as every one knows, was the Queen's Highland home, and in her younger days Her Majesty was on speaking terms with all the farmers and cotters within miles. She sometimes called on one of her humble neighbours, a dear old woman over a hundred years of age. After reading to her on one occasion the centenarian looked earnestly at the Queen and said, "May I ask your Majesty a question?" "As many as you like," she kindly replied. "Will you meet me up yonder in the Paradise of God?" Listen to the Queen's answer—"YES, by the *Grace of God* and the *all-availing Blood of Jesus*." Her only hope for eternity lay in the precious, atoning Blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, which cleanseth from all sin all who put their trust therein (1 John i. 7).

A little girl lay dying, the daughter of one of the foresters on the estate. The Queen had taken a great interest in the little sufferer. One day she sent a lady-in-waiting with a few luxuries, and instructions to bring back word as to the condition of the patient. The girl seemed burdened, and tears dimmed her eyes. On being pressed she explained that she realised that she would soon be in eternity, yet was not troubled on that account, as she was saved and satisfied by Jesus; but, oh! she wondered if her Royal benefactor was ready to meet God. On returning to her mistress the lady was compelled to give account of her errand, and told of the child's anxiety. Instead of being angry, the Queen was only too pleased, in a simple way, to give "a reason of the hope that was in her." "Return at once to the dear child, and allay her anxiety; tell her that I settled that matter nine years ago."

Not only by word of mouth, but over the entrance to the burying-place of the Prince Consort, the Queen had engraved in stone these words: "Farewell, well-beloved. Here with thee at last will I rest; *with thee in Christ shall I rise again.*"

Without doubt the *title* of the most illustrious earthly monarch to Heaven could only be "BY GRACE," for no creature merit ever took one soul into Glory. Rest assured if you are not "saved by Grace" you are a lost sinner on the broad road to everlasting woe. Again, the only *ground* of salvation is "THE BLOOD," for "without shedding of Blood is no remission" (Heb. ix. 22). No sinner shall ever walk the Golden Street but

those who have "washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb." Will you be amongst that number? Though a sinner, God loves you, Jesus Christ died for you, salvation is provided for you, and the moment you believe the glad tidings of salvation, and accept the Lord Jesus Christ as your own personal Saviour, you *have* eternal life (John v. 24). Why not have the matter settled now? get to know that your many sins are washed "whiter than snow"; be assured that you "have everlasting life," and are a new creature *in Christ Jesus*; then you will be able to answer with joy, "YES, by the *grace of God* and the *all-availing Blood of Jesus* I will meet the Queen, and millions more, in Heaven." HYP.

Lord, Bend Me Lower.

"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God . . . made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and . . . humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."
—PHIL. ii. 5—8.

LORD, bend me lower, yes, Lord, lower still,
 As doth befit frail children of the dust!
 He who would fain to God ascend, first must
 Descend, and yet descend, and yet, until
 He learns the hidden meaning of the Cross;
 Learns that self-life, apart from this, is loss;
 "Not I, but Christ"—all other things but dross.
 The law of earthly kingdoms is to rise
 By steps all higher, till men reach the crown;
 The law of heaven's kingdom is *steps down*,
 Lower, and lower yet, as from the skies
 Christ came, humbled Himself, to death, to grave,
 Rich First-fruits thus before the Throne to wave,
 Won peerless Name—the uttermost to save.
 So in His steps, to death must "I" decrease,
 And in His steps exalted be, to reign.
 Christ stooped to conquer, death thro' Him is gain;
 The corn of wheat must die, to yield increase.
 Lord, bend me lower, lower, lower still,
 Down to the earth—'tis there that dews distil;
 Bend, till in all I clasp God's perfect will.

J. H. S.

Rejoice in the Lord.

"REJOICE in the Lord *always*," says the Scripture—not merely when it is fair sailing, but in stormy weather also. The apostle was in a dungeon when he said, "Rejoice in the Lord *always*, and again, I say, rejoice." His surroundings did not conduce to joy, but his joy was in the Lord. We remember how he, with Silas, sang praises to God when in the inner prison at Phillippi; and, when the beloved saints of that city were going through their trials for Christ's sake, the apostle sent to them, from his chains in Rome, the cheering exhortation, "Rejoice in the Lord *always*."

More Incidents in John Jones's Eventful Life Story.

A YOUNG CHRISTIAN'S EARLY EXPERIENCES.

IT very often happens that as soon as anyone confesses Christ, difficulties are met with that were never anticipated. Young christians sometimes imagine it will be all sunshine with them, but they have to learn the realities of cloud and shadow in the path. It was thus with John Jones, for he says about this early period of his christian life:—

“With the sweetness of the Holy Spirit's begettings in my soul, there came bitterness from man, commencing with my mother's son. From that day onward I was persecuted. But God gave me unspeakable blessedness night and day, for ‘old things’ had ‘passed away’ and ‘all things’ had ‘become new’ (2 Cor. v. 17). I remained in my situation until May, 1861. I had decided to stay there no longer. God had enabled me to live, and love, and serve in a way that no ‘dead’ man could, and this made the contrast between me and the others very great. The conscience of the head servant seemed often to condemn him. He seemed to lead a life which could not stand the Bible and my presence. He often had friends to supper, and would tell them about my ‘religiousness.’ One night he little thought that the person he was addressing was in full sympathy with me, and on the side of the Lord Jesus Christ; and this God-fearing man, when told that I had ruined my prospects and was to leave in a few days, remembered the day, for the first morning after I left, he called upon me at my sister's. He knelt down in my room and wept and groaned, pouring out his soul unto God, explaining that once he was as happy as I was, but that he had backslidden, sinned, and ‘lost his first love’ (Rev. ii. 4). He implored me not to do the same. Through him I was put into another situation at once, much better from every point of view than the one I had lost. He sent me to York House, Banstead, the residence of a lady of title, to be her footman. I remained there till her ladyship died. Perhaps she was rather a proud woman—she would never drive out without being drawn by four horses, with postillions—but she behaved very kindly to me. She soon found out that I never went on the Downs to see the races, as the other servants did, and on one occasion, for this, she rewarded me with a sovereign and a few words of praise.

“I went from York House to the Earl of Normanton's, Seymour Place, Mayfair. I was told that his lordship would kick me out of the place before I had been there a month; but it

happened that I never had an angry word with him until, at the end of three years, I decided to leave. When finding that I was determined to go, he became very wrathful. His Hibernian temper overflowed like a boiling pot—I must not repeat what he said. I stood, at first looking at him, then expressed my thanks, in the best manner I could, for his kindness, patience, and forbearance with me during the three years I was privileged to be a member of his household. I added that I should not have attempted to



“THEN YOU WILL GO TO THE DOGS, SIR.”

leave his lordship, or get anything better than what he generously had given me, but that it was laid on my soul to go into the courts, alleys, and slums of London to preach the gospel to lost sinners, even if it brought hunger, and thirst, and nakedness to me. His lordship exclaimed, ‘Then you will go to the dogs, sir.’ ‘I may, my lord, go to the dogs,’ I answered, ‘but I shall never go to the devil.’ He then grunted, as was his usual manner, and asked me to stay with him until he was suited, and would I endeavour to do my best to get him a servant as like myself as possible, and teach him his lordship's ways and wishes.

“About the end of 1854 I became associated with a mission, and worked in it until May, 1859. On the 9th of that month, I was led of the Lord to a severance from them, and to trust Him for everything. I had been continually infringing some of the society's rules, and was consequently frequently in hot water. I felt great relief the day I was cut off from these fetters. It was, on the other hand, a serious undertaking to solemnly agree on my knees before

the Lord Jesus to trust Him for everything, and never to have any understanding or agreement between me and any soul on earth for one penny or pound in future, or to tell anyone of my needs, and all this by a man who had not a pennyworth of property or expectation from any quarter but from the risen Lord in heaven. The Earl of Normanton's saying, 'You will go to the dogs, sir,' came back to my mind at times with terrible force behind it, also, the remembrance of poor Lazarus at the rich man's gates, desiring the crumbs; but, I thought, if Lazarus did not go to the dogs, the dogs came to him. This led me to think; and I was comforted at the thought of angels hovering round the child of God, even to the last to carry him safely to his home" (Luke xvi. 22).

His Love for the Hop-pickers.

It was born of the love of Christ, which constrained him, that John Jones manifested intense love for the poor hop-pickers of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, where, for over a quarter of a century, he and Mr. William Luff and others preached to many thousands every year, distributing also a very large quantity of pure gospel literature. In a further article we tell how delighted many of the men and women were when receiving a SPRINGING WELL Almanack with their booklets, and as the almanack always preached the gospel, it was a pleasure to the evangelists to grant the oft-repeated request, "Give us an almanack." Striking incidents often occurred in the work. Our departed friend thus depicted one of the occurrences: "One lovely morning, after singing a gospel hymn, and giving a short address to about 150 pickers at work near Bishop's Frome, Herefordshire, a man with a bad spirit complained bitterly that we only preached and sang about 'the blood of Jesus,' and that we cared nothing about the poor widows, the naked and the starving. We complimented him for his good views, and were glad that at the least there was one good and practical man in the hop-yard who sought the welfare of the widow, the hungry, and the starving. We proposed that if there was a really poor widow amongst them, would she step forward, that this large-hearted man might do something for her? A respectable-looking woman, with some little boys and girls hanging to her dress, walked up, crying. Some christian men and women, who knew her, bore testimony that she was very respectable. We challenged the fault-finding man—who was not a hop-picker—to come forward and avail himself of the opportunity of carrying out his talk and his principles.

We promised also to help him in his good work, if he cared to give to this poor widow, but he went away amongst the beautiful hops to hide his shame—something like our first parents, who, conscious of their guilt, hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God in the Garden of Eden. We gave the poor woman a shilling; after which the man before alluded to came to the front and frankly owned his folly, and confessed that he was a poor guilty sinner, and accepted Christ as his Saviour and Lord. What an opportunity that gave for further preaching of 'the precious blood of Christ,' which 'cleanseth from all sin!' (1 John i. 7).

Give Ye Them to Eat.

"And He took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to His disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

"And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full."—MATT. xv. 36, 37.

NAY, Lord, how can we do this, we have only five barley loaves and two small fishes, only just enough for ourselves, and hardly that; how can we feed so great a multitude? Servant of the blessed Master, is this your experience? Well, if it be so, listen to what Jesus says. "Bring them to Me:" and His disciples, having obeyed His word, He makes them give the people to eat, whether they would or not! Mark, He does not give the bread to the people Himself—He blesses, and He breaks it, and He gives to the disciples, and the disciples to the multitude, "and they did all eat, and were filled."

Oh, how precious is the grace that uses the earthen vessels! Oh! beloved servant of a beloved Master, think you, that you cannot accomplish His bidding? Question it no longer; if you have, as it were, only five barley loaves and two fishes, it is enough; bring them to Him, and say, "Here is all I have, Lord." Put it in His hands, and let Him break it up with His own blessing, and see how it will increase.

Enough, is there? Oh, yes! enough and to spare. Twelve basketfuls left! You shall be the vessel, and His grace will accord to you the reward.

Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me.
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee:
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace, my All in All!

Gracious Master, let us ever listen to Thy voice, saying, "Give ye them to eat," and as speedily obey, for Thy Name's sake. Amen.



The Ascent of God's King.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place?"—Ps. xxiv. 3.

HE shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of His salvation."

"This is the generation of them that seek Him, that seek Thy face, O God of Jacob."

All the saints of God seek Him. All the saints of God aspire to stand in His holy place, to ascend into His holy hill; and all the saints of God are holy in principle, and desire to be holy in practice.

Then comes the wonderful proclamation, which seems very abrupt, but which is closely connected with what precedes.

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

We cannot get up to the holy hill of God as we can walk on a plain. We have to make an ascent, and, when made, there are gates. These gates do not open with hinges. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and the King of Glory shall come in." He is the only one that is fit to go in. But how came the King of Glory outside? Good George Herbert says:

"Hast thou not heard how my Lord Jesus died?

Then let me tell thee a strange story.

The God of power, as He did ride

In His majestic robes of glory,

Resolved to 'light, and so one day

He did descend, undressing all the way.

"The stars His tire of light, and rings obtained,

The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,

The sky His azure mantle gained.

And when they asked what He would wear,

He smiled, and said, as He did go,

He had new clothes a-making here below."

His clothing was humanity. He divested Himself of His glory, and came down here to be clothed with humanity. But being found outside, in this earth, He must find entrance again. How? On the ground of His own merits. He is the only one who could present clean hands, and a pure heart. And therefore when He arose from the dead He went, not to the literal hill of God, but to the heaven of heavens, the antitype of the hill of Zion.

The angels who escorted Him shouted, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in." That man, Jesus Christ, that lowly man was in truth the King of Glory. The angels knew it, and demanded admission on the ground of His perfections.

But there is a response within the gates—"Who is this King of Glory?" He has conquered in the fight with our enemies. Don't you remember that passage in Isaiah? He is called there "the mighty God." He is the one who has obtained victory for us in the battle against sin and Satan. He stooped to conquer; His death was the death of Death. He was strong and mighty, as He proved Himself to be by the resurrection.

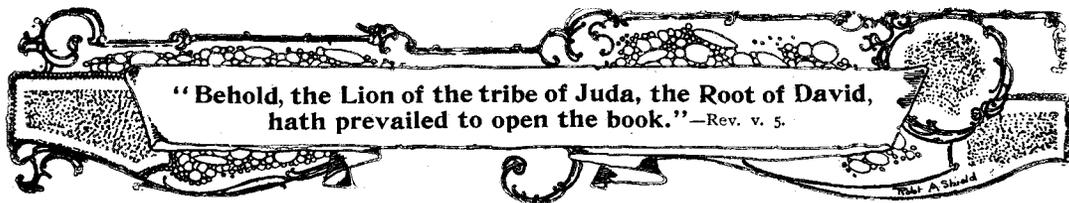
But still there is a delay, notwithstanding His claim.

The escort says again, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates."

But was there an escort? Oh, yes. When He ascended, two of them remained behind to comfort the disciples. But there was an infinite number who were not seen.

A second time comes the question, "Who is this King of Glory?" "The Lord of Hosts." There cannot be a mightier title than this title of that man Christ Jesus. Oh, how wonderful! He is the King of Glory. Compare with this Philippians, chap. ii.: "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who, being [or, rather, subsisting] in the form of God," did not grasp at that equality which He had eternally with the Father, but He emptied Himself. How? By taking upon Himself the form of a servant. He became the Servant of His Father, not of man, as is sometimes erroneously supposed. Of course He served man, but He was not in the position of a slave—one who was bound to serve his master.

"Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself." That is more than emptying Himself. He became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. "Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him a name which is above every name."



Great Truths about Salvation.—VI.

“WHO IS WORTHY TO OPEN THE BOOK?”

IN the book of the Revelation the Lord Jesus Christ is called by the name of the “little” lamb. That book of the Bible, which in so solemn a way reveals Him judging and punishing iniquity, teaches us this His name, a name of that which we reckon the utmost weakness. In no other Scripture is the Lord called the “little” lamb. In the Revelation He is so designated twenty-eight times. Further, when the throne of the Everlasting and Almighty God is revealed in the visions of the book, and the ceaseless cry surrounding it is recorded,

“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,
which was, and is, and is to come,”

the “little” lamb is presently revealed in the midst of that throne, and “as it had been slain”! The majesty and unutterable glory of the throne of God on the one hand, and the shame and untold depths of suffering of the Lord Jesus on the other!

**What a surprise to infidelity will be
that great sight!**

And, in the vision, we find all beings, all creation, give glory to God upon the throne, and to the Lamb.

We cannot contemplate such a sight as this without being awe-struck. From that throne proceeded thunderings, lightnings, and voices. Divine judgment issued from that throne, and the book in the right hand of Him who sat upon that throne was one of judgment. Those seals have yet to be unloosed, but God will surely judge iniquity; angels and men must stand before Him—quick and dead must appear at His bar; we all must give an account of ourselves to God. But the Father judgeth no man; He has committed all judgment to the Son (John v. 22).

In the vision John beheld all heaven attentive to the seven-sealed book in God’s right hand; he heard the mighty challenge,

“Who is worthy to open the Book, and
to loose the seals thereof?”

Silence ensued. No creature was worthy of the work. But presently he was told the secret. The Lion of the tribe of Judah had prevailed to open it. As he turned his eye to see, lo! instead of the Lion, he beheld the “little” lamb as it had been slain, and He came and took the book out of the right hand of Him who sat on the throne. Then all heaven awoke in songs and shouts of glory, honour and praise, and all cried, “Worthy is the Lamb!” and all fell down before the throne and worshipped God, and the uttermost parts of creation re-echoed the sound of glory, and those nearest the throne answered the echoes with “Amen,” and they fell down before the throne and worshipped God and the Lamb.

That vision will shortly be a reality to our eyes; soon the Lord Jesus, who was slain, rejected, despised, will take the awful book of judgment, unseal and unroll it. When the great day of His wrath is come who shall be able to stand? Vain then will it be for those who now are His rejecters to cry to the hills and the rocks to fall on them and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb.

Dear reader, are you ready for Eternity?

We appeal to you by this solemn yet hastening day to be no longer indifferent to coming wrath. Are you unsaved? Are you unfit for God’s presence? Better never to have been born than to pass out of this world into eternity to live in eternal doom. Better—ay, a thousand times better—never to have been born than to live to fall into the wrath of the Lamb! God have mercy on your soul, poor unsaved sinner!

“Behold, now is the day of salvation.”

Jottings about the Bible.

“There is that in Holy Scripture which, as Coleridge said, ‘finds us.’ The Scriptures are divinely powerful.”

“We Believe the Bible to be God-breathed.”

THE following helpful and instructive words concerning the Scriptures of Truth were recently spoken at Mundesley by Principal Griffith Thomas. We are thankful for such a faithful minister of God’s Word. He said, in reference to 2 Timothy iii. 14—17, “that emphasis was laid upon three elements indispensable in all christian work worthy of the name:—(1) The Spirit of God as the *power*; (2) the Word of God as the *message*; and (3) the man as the *instrument*. These three elements are illustrated in the book of Acts, wherein the first eleven chapters are full of the Spirit of God, the next nine have more about the Word of God, and the last eight more about man as the instrument.

“We gather three main ideas from the passage: (1) **WHAT THE SCRIPTURES ARE.** They are Divinely inspired: that is, all Scripture is God-breathed. We cannot tell the method by which they are inspired, nor does it matter; but we know the result. We cannot define life, as to its essence; but we can behold and describe its effects—so it is with Holy Scripture. We believe the Bible to be God-breathed (a) because of the testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ, who recognised the absolute and supreme authority of the Old Testament Scriptures; (b) because of the testimony of history; and (c) because of the testimony of our own experience. For there is that in Holy Scripture which, as Coleridge said, ‘finds us.’

“The Scriptures are divinely powerful, are able to meet all our needs, and are divinely useful. This Book of books, written centuries ago, is living and mighty to-day. Think of the sermons preached week by week, and recognise their great good—even allowing for ‘dry’ ones. Think, again, of the new commentaries which are continually being issued, and remember that, if written by reverent and scholarly men, every one will furnish, at any rate, some new thought. All these sayings and writings illustrate the

marvellous freshness and vitality of the Word of God, as John Robinson, of Leyden, said: ‘The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word.’

“We see not only what the Scriptures are, but **WHAT THEY CAN DO.** (a) They *save*—they bring the light of God’s truth into the mind that was darkened with sin, they assure us of salvation now and salvation to come—so that, as Dr. James Hamilton (of Regent Square) said: ‘A christian on his knees sees more than a philosopher on tip-toe.’ (b) They *guide*—being ‘profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.’ The Scriptures are for putting right whatever is wrong, and it may be that before the spiritual life can be deepened there must be a straightening out of things that are crooked. In this respect, the Scriptures give us all that is contained in the ideas which we associate with the parent and the teacher. (c) Finally, the Scriptures **EQUIP US FOR ACTION**—rightly to understand.

“We need, first of all, knowledge of the contents of the Book, and of the meaning of those contents; and then how to apply the knowledge to the needs of heart and life. Let us not study merely what men have said about the Scriptures, but rather study the Scriptures themselves. There are many at Oxford and Cambridge and elsewhere who know all about critical views held with regard to the Book of Deuteronomy, who could not pass satisfactorily an examination with regard to the contents of Deuteronomy itself. Then after knowledge there come trust in, obedience to, and continuance in the teaching of Scripture. So every need of man is met. Hudson Taylor, when asked to explain the freshness of his preaching, simply attributed it to his mornings with the Bible. That illustrated the secret of ministerial power; and therefore a congregation which gives itself to the study of the Bible will equally supply an illustration of congregational power. Let us, therefore, give ourselves continually to prayer and to the ministry of the Word.”

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—VIII.

IT was at the time of the passover, just after the Lord had taken the bread and the cup into His hands and explained their meaning to His disciples, that He spake the wonderful words which are reported in the Gospel by John, chapters xiv. to xvii.

In these chapters He explained that it was necessary that He should leave this earth for awhile, and return to His Father's immediate presence; but He assured His disciples that He would not leave them orphans (for that is the more correct translation of the word) (John xiv. 18), but He would give them the Spirit of Truth, the Advocate and Comforter, Who should abide with them for ever (John xiv. 16).

What a wonderful thought is that! The Spirit of Truth once truly received by the soul that is yielded (Rom. vi. 13) to God abides with the believer for ever!

Herein we have the explanation of the continuance of the Church of Christ upon the earth, the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit in the soul of the believer. Note well that the Holy Spirit only dwells in the believer. The Lord distinctly warns us that "The world cannot receive the Spirit, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him, but ye (that is, believers in the Lord Jesus) know Him; for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you" (John xiv. 17).

It is no wonder, though it is cause of deep sorrow, that "the world" of unbelievers cast doubt upon the inspiration of the Scriptures. To the unbeliever in the Lord Jesus Christ the Scriptures have no message of reconciliation, no assurance of peace with God and the forgiveness of sins, no message of joy and gladness; but to the believer, whose eyes are opened to see, whose ears are opened to hear, whose heart is opened to receive the word of reconciliation, however feebly and tremblingly received at first, the Scriptures become an increasing message of grace and truth from the Father's banqueting table through His Son.

I think this is the meaning of that verse in Acts xii. 24, "The word of God grew and multiplied." The Holy Spirit dwelt in the disciples and was continually doing in their souls what the Lord had said He would do, namely, "He shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" (John xiv. 26).

It is a remarkable thing that the gospels

show to us that the very disciples, who were constantly with the Lord during His three and a half years' ministry, did not understand His teaching until after He rose from the dead and they had received the Holy Spirit. And I believe that no one to-day understands truly the meaning of Scripture until they have laid hold of the truth of Christ's resurrection. Do you remember what Paul wrote to the Romans: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in *thine heart* that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 9).

It is not enough to think that Christ has died for our sins. It is necessary that we give closer attention than we have done to Peter's sermon on the day of Pentecost: "this Jesus hath God raised up . . . therefore being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which ye now see and hear. . . . Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ" (Acts ii. 32—36).

Here I would warn you against the practice that is coming in so fast amongst us of wearing a cross. Oh, my dear readers, the cross at best is a sign of the Lord's rejection—of itself it can bring no peace nor rest to the soul. You must believe in your heart, according to Rom. x. 9, that "God hath raised Him from the dead."

That will enable you to lay hold of the further comforting, life-giving, strength-impacting truth of Rom. vi.: "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into His death? Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. . . . Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with Him: knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over Him. For in that He died, He died unto sin once: but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God. Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but *alive unto God* through Jesus Christ our Lord" (verses 3, 4, 8—11).

May the Spirit of God lead us into this union with Christ the Lord by faith, that we may know that we have passed from death unto life (John v. 24), and are translated unto the Kingdom of His dear Son (Col. i. 13), and may we have grace given to us that we may live unto God.

W. H. B.

Our Twenty-Eighth Year amongst the Hop-pickers in Herefordshire and Worcestershire.

MR. T. S. HELEY, who began the work among Herefordshire hop-pickers, has gone to his reward, and so has Mr. John Jones, with whom we went twenty-six years; but our faithful friends, Messrs. Denham and Stainford, are left, and hope to go with us in our twenty-eighth season. To give outsiders an idea of our methods, I will mention some of the means used.

Sheet Almanacks, such as the one issued with "THE SPRINGING WELL," are eagerly sought after. "I must have one," said a man two years ago. "But you cannot, we have not one left," we said. He looked disappointed, and explained that he worked in a large workshop, and wanted the almanack to

put up where the many workmen would see it. "You must give me one," he persisted. But it was late, and neither of my companions had one left. "Can I leave one any where for you?" I said. "Yes, at the shop on the road." So, taking his name, I told him one should be left; and it was. Last year this man was the first to greet us as the man who had the almanack. "And it is up in the workshop to-day," he said in triumph; and seeing we were tired, he put a stool for us to sit upon as he told others of the way he got that almanack. This time he received the first given.

Tracts.—Tracts and magazines are given at every crib, and frequently Scripture portions, etc. Giving a tract to a man last year he said, as he looked at it, "If I had taken heed to that I should not have been here hop-picking to-day"; and many are like him.

Lavender Bags.—These, supplied by the "Bible Flower Mission," are reserved for the aged and sick. One bag, bearing the text "Christ . . . being made a curse for us," was given

to an old lady, who at once responded "That's my text, for I love Christ." It was the dinner-hour, so we stopped and spoke to the pickers, this one drawing near and assenting to the words spoken, thus avowing herself a believer before the other pickers.

Christmas Cards.—This year we are using thousands of old Christmas cards, texts and gospel extracts being pasted over the names of sender or receiver. These we find are greatly appreciated, and the texts thus given are preserved.

Preaching.—In nearly every hop-yard, at the buildings, and at every opportunity we give short gospel addresses. A party of pickers were at the station waiting for their train—a motley group, sitting on boxes and bundles. We were on the platform waiting for our train, from which they were locked out, but as there was time the station-master allowed

us to go to them. Our friend began his address by asking, "What do you think we must do to get to Heaven?" A woman from amongst the workers replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." No one could have given a preacher a better text.

Singing.—In most hop-yards we stand in the centre of the people at their work and sing a gospel hymn. In one last year the farmer was bushelling his hops—a rather unfavourable time for us; but the people specially asked, "Will you sing us the hymn you sang last year?" We began it, and the master kindly stopped bushelling until we had finished the song, and also a brief exhortation, listening and thanking us for what we had done. The way we are received by the owners is most encouraging.

Visiting one of our early workers, who is confined to his room with rheumatism, he recalled an experience when out with Mr. John Jones. At the close of a meeting John Jones



"A GROUP OF WORKERS IN THE HOP GARDENS."

said: "We have come to you many times; have our efforts done any good?" A young Irish woman stood forth and said: "Before you came I used to go to the priest and confess my sins, but I never got any real peace until you gave me a little book called 'The Blood of Christ.' Through reading that book I learned that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth me from all sin, and now I am perfectly satisfied."

Last year we thus visited 112 companies, comprising 15,500 adults, beside the children, to whom we gave 116 gospel addresses. To reach them we walked 360 miles. We are looking forward to going again this September, and shall be thankful for prayers and help to pay expenses of travelling and lodgings, conveyance of parcels, etc.

WILLIAM LUFF.

Editor's Note.

WE have for years felt the greatest interest in the good service in the hop fields which has been carried on by our friend and helper, Mr. Luff, and his earnest fellow-workers. Good men such as Brother Heley and John Jones have entered into rest; but others are still here and ready to devote their time and energies to the continuance of this good work.

We are sure our friends will pray for them as they go forth (God willing) during the present season. We are specially glad to commend this gospel effort to all who are interested, because these workers occupy themselves in this blessed way in the time that would be their ordinary holiday, and moreover, they do it largely at their own charges. If, however, there are those free to have fellowship in the simple expenses of travelling, etc., they might send direct to Mr. William Luff, 81, Carrington Street, London, N.W., or if any were able to help in the supply of good gospel literature, of which they require a very large quantity, we should be glad to provide such at cost price or less. They appreciate the numbers of this magazine greatly, and we would be pleased to let them have 5,000 for £7 10s., which is much less than they cost.

"What does your Heart rest upon?"

"YOU know you are going away, my darling," said a mother to her little boy—"going away from us all. I wish I were going with you, but I think you are not alone, though I cannot be with you. What does your heart rest upon?"

The boy looked up into his mother's face and repeated, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever."

"Does he understand it? Can a child of seven years old grasp the meaning of such wonderful words?" thought the mother. So she whispered: "Tell, mother, my pet, what makes you rest your heart on these words?"

"Oh," he said, "it's only just like this: 'Jesus Christ yesterday' is *then*, when He died for me; 'Jesus Christ to-day' is *now*, when He is in heaven praying for me; and '*for ever*'—well, for ever belongs to Him, and He takes care of it."

Have Faith in God.

"And Jesus answering saith unto them, Have faith in God."
—MARK xi. 22.

THE clouds that gather overhead
Fall softly down in rain,
And thus a balmy freshness spread
O'er garden, field, and plain.
And when the summer shower is o'er,
All nature shineth fair;
The dusty leaves are green once more
And breathe a purer air.

Whene'er the drooping flowers desire
The promised rain and dew,
O ye who of the desert tire,
They have a voice for you!
They whisper forth their every need
Beneath the blue of heaven;
And thus should ye expectant plead
Till showers of grace are given.

Consider how the lilies grow!
They neither toil nor spin;
No anxious care those petals know
Their glory garb to win;
The God who made them looketh down
(The universe His care);
The lonely flower—the peopled town,
His wide provision share.

Have faith in God, ye troubled hearts,
His mercies why forget?
Unfailing bounties He imparts,
The oil cruse floweth yet.
Bring empty vessels, not a few,
Bring more, and more, and more:
'Tis all the work He bids you do;
Exhaustless is the store.

Ah, never fear a passing cloud!
The sun doth ever shine.
Let every heart in prayer be bowed,
And nevermore repine.
Your Father knoweth all your need,
Your faintest cry is heard;
The sovereign Name wherein ye plead
Is changeless as the Word.

HANNAH K. BURLINGHAM.

"And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith.

"And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you" (Luke xvii. 5, 6).

God the Justifier.

Testimony and Assurance.

THE righteousness which is of the law, cannot render a man acceptable to God, and though a man thus justified might have "whereof to glory," it would not be "before God" (Rom. iv. 2). The reason of this is because God will have those He justifies glory in His Son. If we could save ourselves we should not need a Saviour. If we could work out a perfect righteousness of our own, we should not require the righteousness of God. THIS RIGHTEOUSNESS BECOMES OURS BY FAITH, and "what saith the righteousness which is of faith?" . . . "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 6-10).

Not by our doings, but by Christ's, we live. Not by our own works, but by His work do we obtain salvation. The apostle Paul so gloried in Christ and His work, that, for Christ's sake, he counted all his righteousness and blamelessness under the law but loss. It would be well if we could hear more of this apostolic teaching in our own day. There was a time when the apostle was the leader in the system of the righteousness which is of the law, and when he did his very utmost to destroy the faith of Jesus Christ; but when he became converted he counted as loss all his religious glory and honour. And after he had been converted some thirty years, he still counted them as loss, and, indeed, as dung so that he might win Christ (Phil. iii.).

It was the sight of Christ which caused Saul's conversion, and when we see Christ, we, too, reject self. Yet it is no light loss to cast away one's religious glory in the world. But Saul saw Christ's glory in

heaven, and there and then away he flung every hope in self, and every effort to be made acceptable to God by his own works. The inexpressible glory of Christ his Lord and Saviour filled his whole being during all his after life on earth.

624 He Took My Sins Away.

M. J. H.

Mrs. M. J. HARRIS.

1. I came to Je - sus wea - ry, worn, and sad, He took my sins away.
2. The load of sin was more than I could bear, He took it all away.
3. No con - dem - na - tion have I in my heart, He took my sins away.
4. If you will come to Je - sus Christ to - day, He'll take your sins away.

1. And keeps me day by day; His won - drous love has made my heart so glad,
2. He took it all a - way; And now on Him I roll my ev - ry care,
3. And keeps me day by day; His per - fect peace He did to me im - part,
4. He'll take your sins a - way; And keep you hap - py in the narrow way,

CHORUS.

1. He took my sins a - way.
 2. He took my sins a - way.
 3. He took my sins a - way.
 4. He'll take your sins a - way.
- He took my sins a - way,

And in the nar - row way, He keeps my footsteps day by day;

I'm so glad He saved my guilty soul And took my sins a - way.



Our Roll of Honour.

PERSEVERANCE pays. This may seem a somewhat mundane maxim, but it has its application in the spiritual realm, and all true "Bereans" are profiting by the committal of the Word of God to memory to the extent of their persistence in the Berean method of learning. The retention of words of Scripture in the memory may mean very little or very much. The heart of the Words must be understood if they are to influence the heart of the learner, and it is only in dependence upon the Spirit of God—the author of the Book—that we shall imbibe its Spirit through the letter, and thus receive to the full the blessing in store for all those who honour the Word of God.

We hope all our members make a point of reviewing the verses they learn from time to time. It is an excellent memory practice, and tends to impress the passages learned indelibly upon the mind. A quarterly and half-yearly review should be adopted by all. With the view of encouraging this practice it is proposed to institute a Roll of Honour, upon which all those who can repeat accurately from memory, with the references, all the verses for the year 1910 will be inscribed. We give this early notification in order that all our members may prepare themselves for this honour.

This test will of course be quite optional, but we are sure it will repay those who are willing to undertake it. Full particulars will be published towards the end of the year.

We are glad to report that twenty-two branches have been formed in South Africa, and the movement there is making very satisfactory progress. The Braille work is being started in South Africa, and Miss B. Murray, a niece of Dr. Andrew Murray, has consented to act as secretary. The verses will be sent out monthly, and we would ask the prayers of our readers that this portion of the work may be specially blessed. We shall be glad to have help in our work amongst the blind; a number of friends already supply us with the verses typed in Braille, and we would be glad to increase the number of our helpers in this direction! What a splendid opportunity there will be during the holidays to distribute "Berean" literature. If any of our readers will write to the Hon. General Secretary for leaflets

for this purpose he will be delighted to send them as many as they can use. The number,

however, must be stated by the applicant.

A large number of new branches should be started during August. Why should we not reach our 1,000th branch before the end of the year? We require about 150 more to do this. One of our members at Ancoats sends us a useful hint, and we pass it on. Our friend writes:—"Might I offer a suggestion which I have myself found helpful? I write each verse week by week on a blank card and the reference on the other side. This fixes them in my mind. By this means I learn both verse and reference. I think it would be found a helpful method for learning accurately."

The verses to be committed to memory during August are as follows:—

WORDS OF WARNING.

- Aug. 7. Heb. 10, 29—The Blood of the Covenant.
- „ 14. Heb. 2, 3—So Great Salvation.
- „ 21. Heb. 12, 25—A Heavenly Warning.
- „ 28. John 12, 48—One that Judgeth.

Address all communications to the Founder and Hon. General Secretary, Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Flowing Rivers of Living Water.

WHEN men were mown down under Whitfield's calls to repentance, it was not the theological importance of repentance that moved them, but the sense of their sins and the terrors of the Lord. In our own times we see occasionally kindred work in the souls of men, and that work is produced by God the Holy Spirit using outspoken truth, which truth burns like a fire within the heart of the speaker. Correctness without power does not move souls. It is like setting the clock right which for some cause or other does not "go." We have seen this done time after time by an attendant in an hotel, whose duty it is to see that the clocks there are correctly timed—and before us now stands the lifeless clock pointing its motionless hands to the hour when it was last set right!

The Lord Jesus teaches us how we may be individually used for God. He says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink. . . . Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John vii. 37, 38). As we satisfy our souls with Christ, so does He fill us with Himself, and thus the overflowing to satisfy others arises.

Our Lamb and Flag Cripples Holiday Mission.

THE CRIPPLES' AFTERNOON HOLIDAYS.

WE have very much reason to be thankful to God for the kind friendship and fellowship manifested by our readers for so many years in this good and fruitful service. We never should have been so keenly interested in the work, had it not been that we believed the highest and best spiritual blessing of the poor children of the Clerkenwell slums was the principal motive prompting all the workers connected with the "Lamb and Flag Mission." We cannot forget passing with a worker through these alleys and courts, and having our attention directed to many of the poor cripples, and to some of their parents too, in these terrible places. Truly there were those who loved our Lord Jesus Christ, and the mention of His Name brought a gleam of gladness across their sad, sad countenances; others there were, oh! so poor, and lost, and lonely! Poor things! It touched our hearts, and made us say, "Well, if we can only bring these neglected little ones into the sunshine, even for one day, and let them listen for a little to the story of the Saviour's great love, we shall be thankful beyond measure," and so out of that visit sprang this little effort, and year by year generous-hearted readers have sent us enough help to enable us to take a good many into the lovely green meadows and amongst the bright flowers, and where the birds sing, and the sun, in these summer months, shines gloriously.

Now, we have received such encouragement in the past, that we are proposing to do more this year, and hope, as well as being able to take out small groups as formerly, also to convey in brakes, on one day in August, at least 200 children, all cripples connected with the district around the Lamb and Flag, for one day's delightful sojourn in the country under the blue sky.

The illustration we give is, as will be understood, of the better class of children who attend the school. The majority are, however, of the poorest of the poor, and we shall have a photo of these at some future time; but photographers always like to "show the best side to London."

Who will help? Why, some have already remembered the work and have sent; but we require at any rate £12 for this special effort alone! We are certain we have only to mention it, and many dear young friends who are having splendid holidays themselves, and have loving

parents and, it may be, a comfortable and beautiful home, will think of the boys and girls who have no proper bed even to lie upon, and are dependent upon the aid of a crutch to enable them to move about at all. We believe God's blessing will certainly rest upon every little act of kindness done to others for the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord. The Word says: "But to do good and to communicate forget not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased" (Heb. xiii. 16). Any contributions may be sent to the "Lamb and Flag," care of the Editor, "THE SPRINGING WELL," 14, Paternoster Row, London.

"From Henceforth Expecting."

"Until His enemies be made His footstool."—HEB. x. 13.



"A SPECIAL GROUP OF LAMB AND FLAG CRIPPLED GIRLS WITH FRIENDS AND WORKERS."

HE expecteth,
He expecteth!
Down the stream
of time,
Still the words
come softly
ringing,
Like a chime.
Oft-times faint, now
waxing louder,
As the hour
draws near,
When the King in
all His glory
Shall appear.
He is waiting with
long patience
For His crown-
ing day,
For that kingdom
which shall
never
Pass away.
And till ev'ry tribe
and nation
Bow before His
throne,
He expecteth loyal
service
From His own.

He expecteth—but He heareth
Still the bitter cry
From earth's millions, "Come and help us,
For we die."
He expecteth—doth He see us
Busy here and there,
Heedless of those pleading accents,
Of despair?
Shall we—dare we disappoint Him?
Brethren, let us rise!
He who died for us is watching
From the skies;
Watching till His royal banner,
Floateth far and wide,
Till He seeth of His travail
Satisfied!

"Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness.

"For His anger endureth but a moment; in His favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning (Ps. xxx. 45).

Our Young People's Pages.

V.—Hugh: a Story for Boys.

I AM sure you have all felt very anxious to hear how poor Hugh was at last saved. It was very hard to leave you in uncertainty a whole month, but we had filled up all our space, and so had to wait. And now, boys, before I go on to tell you how Hugh was rescued from drowning, let me remind you that I said that this story was "a sort of parable," and forgive me if I keep you waiting yet a little minute, while I ask you, have you also remained a whole month in uncertainty as to your soul's salvation? Are you in worse danger than we have left Hugh? and is it troubling you less? Hugh knew his soul was saved; he knew his sins were forgiven; he had long ago taken Jesus for his Saviour, and even if he had had to face the chill of death in that dark rushing river, all was well with him. "To depart and to be with Christ" would have been "far better" than living on in this world of mingled joys and sorrows. But how is it with you? Try and answer this question thoughtfully and truthfully. And now I will tell you how very simply Hugh was saved at last.

As he came up again for the last time, there again hung the rope with the big loop in it, and kindly voices were shouting to him, "Don't trust to your hands, lad! Get into the loop! Pass your head and shoulders through, and we'll haul you up!" And Hugh did just as he was told; he had no confidence left in his own strength, or his own efforts; and his weakness and helplessness did not matter in the least, for once he had committed himself to that rope he was safe! Think of it: if, after that, Hugh had been drowned, he would have drowned with the rope round him; the rope would have failed. That is why Christ says to the soul that has committed himself to Him: "because I live, ye shall live also" (John xiv. 19); "neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand" (John x. 28). And the believing soul can rejoice in saying, "I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day" (2 Tim. i. 12).

Yes, now Hugh was safe—but you can hardly think he felt very happy, hanging over those deep, cold waters, neither in the sea nor on the

land. And so souls who have committed themselves to Christ need something more before the joy of salvation

is theirs. They need to know their *acceptance* before God in Christ, so that they may walk in newness of life (Rom. vi. 4) "risen with Him" (Col. ii. 12).

That is why we read of some in the Gospel stories, who, after they had been healed by Jesus, seemed to wait for a word of comfort and power from Him—such as the poor sick woman who had been healed, in Mark v. 29. She was not quite happy, I think, until Jesus had said to her: "Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole; go in peace." Also the sinful woman in Simon's house, in Luke vii. 38, 50, who waited for Jesus' word: "Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace." And so, when you have heard the voice of Jesus in your soul, you will know not only that you have accepted Him as your Saviour, but also that He has accepted the unconditional surrender of yourself to Him, and "joy and peace in believing will be yours" (Rom. xv. 13). The Holy Spirit will witness with your spirit that you are a child of God (Rom. viii. 16). I think this part of the parable was shown out when Hugh at last stood on the great firm pier, as on a Rock that could not be moved, and knew that he was safe, and that the cold dark river had no further power to harm him. Oh! how glad he was to feel that massive stonework beneath his feet, and to know that he had (as we may say) passed from death into life!

But the wintry blast blew cruelly upon the poor lad as he stood shivering on the pier, while kindly hands gathered up his scattered school books, and thrust them upon him.

As he stood with chattering teeth and dripping garments, a gentleman came up and asked him, "Where is your home?" Hugh told him. "How are you going to get there?" "Oh! I am going to walk—there's no other way," answered Hugh, shivering all over as the piercing wind blew through his wet garments, and the icicles were forming a fringe along his dripping pea jacket.

"Come along with me," said this kind, unknown friend; and he walked Hugh off under the Houses of Parliament, and hailed a cab, and popped the poor boy in, and as he closed the door, he slipped a shilling into his freezing fingers, saying, "Give that to the cabby when you get out," and bidding the man drive quickly, disappeared among the crowd.

Hugh had never again met that kind stranger, but neither has he ever forgotten that kindly deed. He has often wished to thank him, for he was too bewildered and flurried at the time to do so; but he knows that God, too, has not forgotten, and perhaps He will allow this story to catch the eye of that gentleman, and he will know that the little boy of long ago, whom he helped in a time of need, still holds in very grateful memory the gentleman whom God used to care for His little christian boy.

Sturdy Hugh was none the worse for this terrible experience, and if his story should prove any help to you, in understanding God's way of saving a sinner, he will be glad indeed. How good if you could say with Hugh, and with the great multitude of the redeemed: "He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And He hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God" (Ps. xl. 2, 3).

AUNT ALICE.

The Life-story of Immanuel Wichern.

By COUSIN EDITH.

VI.—HOME LIFE AT THE ROUGH HOUSE.

WE should like before we close this simple story of Immanuel Wichern to continue the pleasing record of the day's work in connection with the House. Many of the poor boys and girls of Germany have had reason to thank God for the care and kindness received in the Institution, and, best of all, many, we are persuaded, have been led to the Saviour through the faithful teachings of its founder.

During the greater part of the year it is found a good plan to devote an hour before the early breakfast to school work, and various classes are held from 6 to 7 a.m. But after the service in the chapel the real work of the day begins, and all are told off to their appointed tasks in field, garden, or workshop. The printers have a large and airy workshop. When the printing-press was first set up some doubts were more or less freely expressed as to the wisdom of such an addition. Many books, it was said, would not be wanted; the Bible, hymn-sheets, and a few school books were all that would be really needed, and these could be bought quite as cheaply as printed. "Perhaps so," said the doctor, "but if the boys were to learn the value of honest work, employment—and of as varied a kind as possible—must be found for them." And as years went on the printing-press proved in more ways than one not only a useful servant, but a true friend and helper in the general work

of the Homes. The first printed sheets sent out were copies of the twenty-third Psalm, but soon after something larger was attempted, and reports, tracts, and booklets followed each other in quick succession. Then a magazine, printed in good style and at regular intervals, sprung into being. Its object was twofold: to keep the boys and girls who had once been inmates of the Rough House in touch with their old friends and the sweet home influences that had surrounded them there, and to keep a large and ever-widening circle of outside friends informed of the growth and progress of the work.



Photo., Pictorial Agency.

A SMALL PLOT OF GROUND IS ALLOTTED TO EACH.

But boys and girls who rose with the sun are ready for a mid-day meal. Dinner for all the families is cooked in one large kitchen. The food is good in quality and plentiful in quantity, but before partaking of it each is expected to bring a report of his or her morning's work, filled up and signed by the teacher or helper in charge, "busy," "half-willing," or "lazy" being the certificate, the "lazy" reports being few and far between, each family seeming to feel it as a disgrace when one of its members received one. Lazy boys were not allowed to partake of the dinner, but are advised to study 2 Thess. iii. 10: "This we commanded you, that if any would not work, neither should he eat." And when the connection between hunger and idleness is once clearly seen, the lesson seldom needs to be repeated. Dinner is a pleasant, cheerful meal; everyone has something to say, and everyone is encouraged to say it, the morning's work frequently being the subject of a lively conversation, and the meal over, by far

the largest number troop off to the playground, others visit their gardens, for a small plot of ground is allotted to each, and this has done much, not only to create, but strengthen, the bond between the Rough House and its inmates.

At one o'clock work begins again, and goes on till near five; then the families separate, and after an ample meal, followed by a Bible reading, at which all are encouraged to ask questions, from an hour to an hour and a half is allowed for sports; once a week the boys have a regular drill, and play at being soldiers. They go through their exercises in a spirited way, and as they march sing lustily some of their national airs. At eight there is another short service in the chapel, supper follows; and soon after, all is hushed in silence and sleep.

The Swallow's Nest lodges most of the girls, and though perhaps there may not be so much that meets the eye, as in the more active life of the Boys' Homes, the same family feeling is cultivated, and every detail tells of order and good management. The girls receive a thorough though plain education, with christian training. They will make better wives and mothers for the care that has been taken in teaching them laundry work and cooking. Apart from the boys, they are surrounded by an atmosphere of love and care in which they learn something of the modesty and refinement that ought so specially to mark a christian woman. In closing our brief sketch of the Rough House and its builder, we quote Dr. Wichern's words, "JESUS CHRIST IS THE FOUNDER OF THE ROUGH HOUSE."

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

"THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN."

NOT very long ago an interesting incident took place at a public school in Japan. A new boy, who came from a distant part of the country, was suspected of being a christian, and for some reason or other (though he had tried to the utmost of his power to be kind and forbearing) did not stand well with his schoolmates. "We shall get him turned out," was said by one boy to the others. Several agreed, but how was it to be done? "He is a christian; report him to the head master," said one. "That won't do at all," replied the first speaker. "Don't you know that all religions are now tolerated in Japan by the Government. We must wait till we have something else to report about." So the new-comer was closely watched, and after a short time a grave charge, that of using "black magic," was made against him. The head teacher looked surprised. The boy had by industry and obedience already gained his good opinion. But the charge must be gone into, and the supposed culprit was called. He seemed unable to understand of what he was accused. Proofs were asked for, and several of the boys stated that before partaking of his noon-day meal he closed his eyes, bowed his head, and though no sounds were heard, his lips moved, as if speaking to someone.

A light broke over the boy's face, as he answered modestly, but firmly, "I am a christian. Christians always before eating bow the head to thank God for having given them food, and ask His blessing upon it."

"The boy is clear from all suspicion of having used magic," said the master, and taking him to his private apartment, confessed with tear-filled eyes that he, too, was a christian, but had been unfaithful to his Lord. At the time of his conversion he was awaiting the result of an important examination, and determined to say nothing about it until he had secured an appointment. Appointed head master of a large public school, it became, as might have been expected, more and more difficult to make any confession of his faith in Christ. He did not cease to believe, but missed all the joy and blessing of being openly on the Lord's side.

But the faithfulness of the boy was not lost upon him. He requested baptism; he lost his appointment in consequence, but is now engaged as teacher in a mission school.

Cousin Edith will be very glad if any of her young friends will write to her upon any of the missionary topics she has suggested. Her address is 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon, Surrey.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE acknowledge once more with grateful thanks the receipt of the following amounts for our various funds, and we pray that God's abundant blessing may rest upon all the generous and thoughtful donors and fellow-helpers. We should also be glad if all our christian readers will unite in asking that the Lord's blessing may follow these special efforts to serve Him amongst the very poor, the afflicted, and the waifs of the city.

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"U. P.," Lincoln	0	5	0
"From Jersey"	0	7	6
"A Reader," Clannaborough	0	2	6
"J. T.," Lerwick	0	5	0
"Invalid"	0	5	0
"S. B. B.," Horsham	0	5	0
"A Reader," Aberdeen	0	2	6
"J. S.," Glos.	0	2	0

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"From Jersey"	0	5	0
"A. G. C.," Hampstead	0	2	6
"A. G. C.," Hampstead (Lepers in Jerusalem)	0	2	6
"J. S.," Glos.	0	2	0

Our "Springing Well" Free Distribution Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"From Jersey"	0	2	6
"A. G. C.," Hampstead	0	2	6

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
"A. G. C.," Hampstead	0	2	6

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

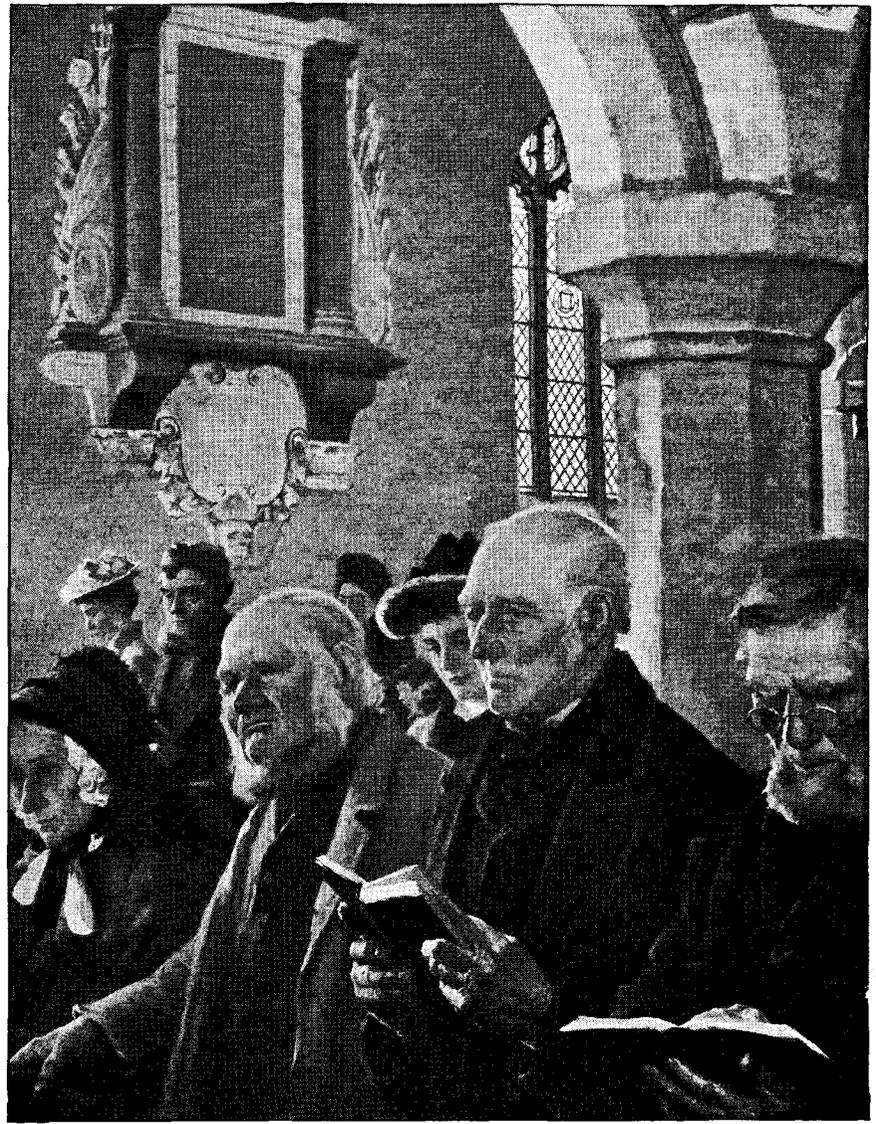
The Fisherman's Lament, and how he Weathered the Storm.

HE had been from his youth a fisherman. Perhaps it was the result of his spending so much time all alone in his fishing boat that he had acquired the habit of thinking much and of saying very little. In fact, I believe he felt very much more in his element when, out in the shallow sea water, he was attending to his crab and lobster pots, than he did when he found himself on shore, and in conversation with landsmen. No doubt this had something to do with his reticence before strangers.

Had he felt so disposed, he could have told an interesting story of his own sometimes perilous and daring adventures. I remember his telling me just one such story; how he contrived one very dark night to steer his little boat in the right course for many miles, his only guide being three stars, none others being then visible, but, by keeping his earnest gaze fixed upon them, he contrived to keep his bearings, and finally reached the desired haven in safety.

There came a time in his experience, how-

S.W.



"DURING THE SERVICE THE DEAR OLD FISHERMAN BURST OUT CRYING."

ever, when all his acquired skill as a mariner proved altogether unavailing, for he was being sorely tempest-tossed, not now on the sea, but in his inmost soul.

He had gone to visit some relatives, and had gone to church with one of them. Suddenly during the service the dear old fisherman burst out crying; and after the service was over, and he had reached again the house of his relatives, he continued to be strangely downcast and melancholy. I happened to call at the house very early in the afternoon of the same day, and was told of his strange behaviour, but had not long to wait for a full explanation from his own lips.

He said that during service that morning he happened to look round, when he saw some children, who appeared to him to be praying devoutly. "When I saw them," he said, "I thought to myself, There! those little children can all of them pray better than I, for I am a great big sinner that cannot pray at all." Another flood of tears prevented any further explanation just then.

My heart went out in fullest sympathy with the poor old man: how could his distress of soul be relieved?

He was loving and affectionate, and domestic joys and mutual relationships have their due place, yet, instead of being cheered by any of these, he sat as one alone amongst his loved relatives because the sweetness of natural affection failed to relieve his burdened spirit.

It is said that music hath charms. Had I proposed that we should have instrumental music and singing we should have but sung songs to a heavy heart. Indeed, what are the most enchanting of earth's melodies, or the grandest combination of orchestral harmonies, to the ear that is listening with earnest desire to hear the loving voice of Jesus, saying, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee"?

I asked him if he would come for a walk with me, and he very readily accepted my invitation.

Directly we were outside the house we stood in a locality famed as the scene of actual warfare in years gone by. But I referred not to this, for a thrilling story of daring exploits, if told, would not have brought peace to his troubled heart.

A short walk in one direction would have brought us into fair scenes of natural and artificial beauty, or if taken in another would have ushered us into the centre of the business part of the town. But what are lovely sights, or those scenes abounding with indications of the skill and restless activities of man, to the soul that is anxiously desirous of catching sight of the sinner's Saviour?

God be praised for His mercy! There was one theme upon which I could and did dwell. We had no sooner started from the house than

I began to tell that old, old story that never wearies in the telling, of Jesus and His love for us poor sinners. I explained to this "great big sinner that couldn't pray at all," that Another had died upon the cross as his and my substitute. That if it were a question of individual merit, not one of the very best of us could ever dare to stand in the presence of God: for we, one and all, had sinned, and come short of the glory of God, Who is of purer eyes than to behold evil; but Christ Jesus had made atonement for sin with His own blood, and that alone avails to cleanse from all sin. I referred to Israel in Egypt, eating the passover in perfect security, because the blood of the paschal lamb had been sprinkled on their lintels and door-posts. The Israelites were sinners indeed, but the Lord saw the blood, and passed over them, and suffered not the destroyer to enter their houses. And we are all alike sinners, but the sinner who trusts in Jesus, being a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, is safe for ever, completely sheltered by the Blood of Jesus.

I showed him that it was not our tears of repentance, nor our prayers, but *the Blood* that has atoned for the soul, and bade him cast himself unreservedly into the outstretched arms of the Saviour.

As I bore witness before him of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," I led the way across the bridge over the river, towards my own dear father's grave, which he had expressed a wish to see. I proceeded to tell the glad tidings of good things in his hearing, and he appeared to drink all in as one long athirst. Receiving the word with joy his tears were dried, and his sorrow of heart gone. The testimony of "Jesus only," satisfied this poor old fisherman's longing soul.

As we neared the cemetery, he said, "It is just what your father used to tell me." But when we had reached the grave, each silently communed with his own heart, as we together stood before it.

Years have passed since then, but even now my heart thrills with joy at having been permitted to water the seed which my honoured father (without my knowing anything of this until I heard it from the fisherman's own lips) had already through grace sown in that desolate heart. Faith looks onward to the moment when I shall meet my father once again in the Lord's own presence, and there I look to meet the old fisherman also; when both father and son will experience a common joy in that day wherein he that sowed and he that reaped shall rejoice together.

Are you as ready as he to receive the same glad tidings of salvation through Christ alone, dear sorrowing one? How long will you hesitate to cast yourself down as a lost and undone sinner at the feet of Jesus?

Be warned by the experience of a young man who could boast of a good education and many worldly advantages. Cut down suddenly and brought face to face with death and the dread realities of eternity, his landlady bade him pray. "I cannot pray," was his sorrowful response. Thus a careless life ended with a melancholy death. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"

"He Calleth Thee."

"And they call the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise; He calleth thee."—MARK X. 49.

HARK! 'tis Jesus calling to thee,
 Calling from above,
 Telling thee of peace and pardon
 In God's love.
 He is calling in His mercy
 To the sinner lost,
 Calling to the life in heaven,
 Through His cross.
 Still He's calling, calling, calling,
 Shall He call in vain?
 Trust His cleansing blood, and ever
 With Him reign.
 Sinner, list! once more He calleth
 From the glory bright;
 Leave the paths of sin and darkness,
 For the light.
 Yes, He calls thee from the glory,
 Wilt thou yet refuse?
 Life and death are in the balance,
 Wisely choose.
 Hark! 'tis Jesus calling to thee,
 Calling from the throne,
 Only trust Him, He will guide thee
 Safely home.
 Haste thee to Him while He calls thee,
 Lest thou seal thy doom.
 He has pardon for thee, precious—
 Oh, come home.

W. H. B.,
 Blackwood, Mon.

"Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places by the way in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors.

"Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. Hear; for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth" (Prov. viii. 1-7).

More about John Jones, the Evangelist.

HOW HE STARTLED THE PAWNBROKER'S ASSISTANTS.

OUR friend, John Jones, seemed to be able to reach all classes of men and women. On one occasion he says:—

I entered a large pawnbroker's shop in the West End of London, there were three men behind the counter. I challenged them thus—feeling impelled to do it—"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, who died for sinners, which of you will be on the Lord's side?" How startled they seemed. After preaching the Gospel, as briefly as I could, I again challenged them three times. The eldest man solemnly said, "I will be on the Lord's side." One of the others, very much frightened, dropped down



"I HAD EITHER TO CARRY THE BABY OR THE CARPET BAG."

through a trap door and disappeared. The first one that decided for the Lord was the foreman, James Johnson, then quite a young fellow. He commenced a prayer meeting at the top of the house, which caused a great stir in the establishment. Several young people decided for Christ, amongst them being the proprietor's daughter. The father was very wrath. One day, seeing me passing, he rushed across, white with rage, and led me into his shop, then along a passage, into a well furnished room, and bade me sit down. He had not yet uttered a word. I prayed him to wait a little and not excite himself. Then he opened his mouth and charged me with destroying the peace of his house and ruining his foreman's prospects. He then said, "If ever you put your head in my shop again I will give you in charge of the police, and if any religious man comes here I will kick him out of the place." Thus we parted.

Not long after this the pawnbroker's daughter

showed signs of consumption. Her health rapidly failed, and she died. She was saved just in time. Mr. Johnson left the business and commenced ticket writing, in which he was skilled. He prospered greatly, brought up a large family honourably, and, between business hours, worked for the Lord Jesus "in season, out of season." Many souls were won through his preaching the Gospel. His life was most consistent. I do not know any man who acted more scripturally. The pawnbroker ultimately failed, and some considerable time before his death I saw him, still in his guilt, going in and out of public-houses. He generally had a short black pipe in his mouth. Sin had brought him down very low, and faith in Jesus Christ had exalted Johnson very high, even to the Lord's blessed presence, where he is now. He died some few years ago, but lived a long and useful life, a devoted lover of the Lord and of His service from the time of his conversion.

In God's Humbling School.

A young married woman in the country wanted to visit her parents' home in Essex. She requested my wife that she might break her journey at our house for the night, and then go into Essex. This was agreed to, with the understanding that she might do the same on her return journey. In the meantime, my wife had the chance of going away, with the children, into the country for a short season. During their absence, this young woman returned. I took her in, and a kind neighbour came and stayed in the house and waited on her. The next morning, after breakfast, my young guest had to go to Paddington Station. She was an untidy, poorly dressed miserable looking woman, and her poor baby looked even more objectionable. The young woman had a large, old-fashioned carpet bag, with broken handles, and a rope round it, while various things were visible through its gaping mouth. Besides this, she had a large bundle. Being poor, and unable to afford a cab, I had either to carry the baby or the carpet bag and bundle. This prospect so worked on my mind that I perspired very much; I felt sure the people on the way would say, "That's Jones's baby, carpet bag and bundle." As we were rising to the crest of the Bishop's-road Bridge, over the canal, two wicked men on the opposite side said, "See! there goes Jones off to the country. That's his wife and baby! My! What a bundle!" Oh, dear! I have often wondered since then, when hearing eloquent tongues preach and paint sweet pictures about the perfection and sinless-

ness to which they had attained, whether they would have felt different if they had been placed in my trying circumstances. Of course, I behaved well outwardly, and spoke in a kind and christian tone to the young woman; but God only knew my heart and thoughts, and weighed and measured my motives and feelings. How I felt the truth of that Scripture, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it? I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings" (Jer. xvii. 9—10).

Words of Wisdom and the Law of Kindness.

Amongst other kind friends which the Lord gave me in the year 1859, when I first began to live by faith, was Mr. Thomas Daniel Marshall, then of Oxford Street. This man always seemed to open his mouth with wisdom, and certainly in his heart and on his tongue was the law of kindness. He knew his Bible well, and was pure-minded and ready in every good work. One day he stopped me and said, "Are you not John Jones, the evangelist?" "I replied yes, and I am trying to evangelise, sir." He then put his hand into his pocket and drew out quite a handful of money, and, without counting it, put it into my hand. He scarcely gave me time to be astonished or to thank him in the name of the Lord. "I heard you at a meeting the other night," Mr. Marshall went on, "and I am sure God will provide for you. Be of good courage and trust Him for everything. There are thirty-one days in the longest months, and there are thirty-one chapters in the Book of Proverbs. Will you oblige me by reading a chapter every day, according to the day of the month. I am doing it, and it is doing me good. I am sure it will do you good too." This man of God was born the same year that I was, and we were both *born of God* the same year! Dear saint, how he helped me in those early days with money, food, raiment, books, and instruction! He would stand anywhere in the open-air and preach the Gospel. He also published many good and useful tracts, and won many souls for the Lord Jesus. He was as true as steel to his Lord and Master, and a true brother in Christ to me up to the time of his death. He was a real "living epistle" of Christ, "known and read of all men."

Let us strengthen one another,
While the years are rolling on!
Seek to raise a fallen brother,
While the years are rolling on!



"One Soweth and Another Reapeth."

"He that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together."—John iv. 36.

IT is wonderful to observe how much there is in God's precious Word about the harvest time. Just the season of the year through which we are passing in this land at the present time. How it fills our hearts with gratitude and praise as we look upon the sheaves all gathered together ready for the harvesting! How it all speaks to us of that surely coming blessed time when, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," and "he that goeth forth and weepeth, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!" (Ps. cxxvi. 5—6).

As we look upon the harvest field, thoughts of the year's labour arise in the mind, for in the golden sheaves lies the fruit of both ploughman's and sower's toil, and the result of months of heaven's sunshine and of its refreshing rain. Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God alone gives the increase. A man may spend a lifetime in sowing good seed, which another, who is a reaper, may garner in almost at once; but the harvest will be the joy season, when both he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together. God has so ordained in His field, that His several servants shall each do a part of His great work, the whole of which, complete and perfect, shall only be seen in eternity. We are frequently too much occupied with our own little part of this work, and thus we forget the great end God has in view; and by such partial sight, we either magnify our special occupation into undue importance, or lose heart as if it had no blessing attached to it.

We cannot in One Day be both Sower and Reaper!

Patient continuance in the work of the field necessarily precedes harvesting.

The young naturally are more impatient for reaping than their seniors, just because they have had less experience in the lapse of time required for the seed to grow up. "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it

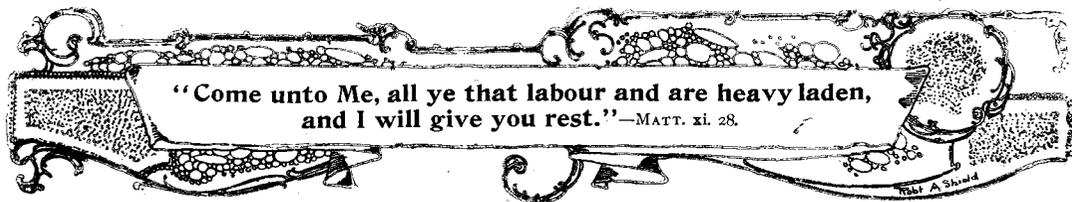
after many days," said the wise man; and the apostle tell us, "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." We would encourage our young friends in their christian work—not to be disheartened because they do not all at once see the seed grow up; and not to expect that it will become ripe and fit for the sickle in a day, even when they see it grow up. We have also to remember that in God's harvest field, not only has the work to be done which He has appointed,

But that the Workman by his Work has to be Fitted for God's Work.

We learn while working; experience teaches; and the harvest field is frequently our school where we learn to trust in God alone, Who gives the increase. At first, possibly, we almost thought we could command the blessing and make the seed to grow; nay, at first, we almost thought that we could sow the seed with the greatest ease; but experience taught us, that only by the power of God we could do this. The good seed of the kingdom is His Word, and we have to study and to pray over it in order to know how to use it. The souls of men are the soil, and we have to discover what they are like!

The golden harvest is ever a pleasing and a restful sight, speaking of work done and of the favour of God received. But it is also one of warning, for it declares to us the end—the end of the purpose of the ploughing and the sowing, the end of the effect of the sunshine and the showers upon the field. The Lord tells us in His parable, Matt. xiii., "The harvest is the end of the world" (or age); "and the reapers are the angels." There is a deep solemnity in these words. This age will have its close; it began with sowing, it will end with reaping. It began with the sowing of the seed of the kingdom, which is the Word of God; it will end with the results, which the distribution of the Word has effected in human hearts.

Think of the harvest and take courage. Look on to the day of glory when, life's toils over, our reward shall be to rejoice in our Lord's joy. He was the sower—He will be the reaper.



Great Truths about Salvation.—VII.

A WORD TO THE EARNEST SEEKER.

GO STRAIGHT TO CHRIST, and go just as you are, and you will find Him and His salvation. Many make as if they would go to Christ by the way of religion, of resolutions, of reformation, and do not find Him. They stop on the way at religion, or resolutions, or reformation, and do not get beyond them. Oh! these stoppages are desperate evils, preventing men from entering the kingdom!

Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners.

He loves us: He is the Saviour we need. Do not stop short of Him: never rest until you rest in Him. When He was here, those who wanted Him went to Him. Some touched Him, some spoke to Him, but from Himself alone all obtained the blessing they sought. Neither Peter, nor James, nor John, nor the mother of Jesus could save them, but Christ Jesus only; and all these holy persons ever addressed the seeker to Jesus only.

Go STRAIGHT TO CHRIST, just as you are in your sins. He is the Saviour for sinners: He washes us from our sins. No one else does or can do this.

No one receives His salvation save from the Saviour Himself.

Why spend your life in vainly trying to wash away your own sins, when the Lord is waiting to save and to cleanse you? Go straight to Him. Do not seek to improve yourself: you need salvation—not improvement. The Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost—not that which was able partly to recover itself. He came to call not the righteous, but sinners to repentance. If you are "righteous," you do not need Him; if you are a sinner, He is ready now to save you. THEN GO STRAIGHT TO HIM.

Do not live on in a roundabout system of religion. More than half the religions of the professing churches is of this nature. There are varieties of religious plans for keeping men from going straight to Christ. Indeed, some are so convinced of the merit of these plans that they call it nothing short of presumption to speak of having gone straight to Christ Himself. He does save, in spite of our religious plans—such is His grace—but in the end all whom He saves come to Him, Himself. Yet why wait? Go now straight to Him.

"Come unto Me" are His words—to Me; there is nothing between the "to" and the "Me."

Do not put anything between, if you wish for His salvation.

How many, many times in the Gospels have we His "Come unto Me"! But the cry in the religious world is "Come first to this system or that system of religion, and so you shall at last get to Christ"; or "Come first to a recognised experience or a desired state of mind," and then you shall find Christ. None of such things can save you. Go STRAIGHT TO CHRIST, not to any system of religion, not to any experience.

There is not in the Scriptures one word to encourage any seeking sinner in doing anything for salvation save going straight to Christ. There are thousands of persons upon the earth this day who rejoice in the salvation of God; they are saved, and they know it, and thank God for His salvation. It is with them a present possession—a gift received—and their united testimony is that they went STRAIGHT TO CHRIST.

Lose not a moment, haste to your Saviour,
Ere the bright day-beams fade in the west;
Asking His mercy, seeking His favour,
Come unto Him and He will give you rest.

Down thro' the ages, sweetly 'tis ringing,
This word of Jesus, come and be blest:
Sweeter than carols angels are singing,
"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

Jottings about the Bible.

"The judgment of the Roman Governor Trajan about the early christian people."

The Definite Result of Bible Teaching in the Early Centuries of Christianity.

WHAT effect may we ask did true Christianity have upon the world generally in the early days of its history? Did people become more impure, if that had been possible, or did they, as they received the Gospel, forsake their impurities? Did mothers learn to love their infants less and cast them away in greater numbers, or did they at once begin to cherish them and look with horror on their own past cruelties?

We have the best opportunities to know, for christianity spread very rapidly. During the first century its converts multiplied in most of the chief cities of the empire, and even in and under the very shadow of Cæsar's palace. We know that these early christians were taught to forsake their idols as they would forsake the worship of devils; that they were taught to be kind to each other, to bear each other's burdens, to provide for the poor and the weak; that they were taught that they must at once abandon all of the impure practices which their idolatry had permitted; that they must be honest, pure, truthful—husbands loving their wives and wives honouring their husbands; parents were to be gentle towards their children, not provoking them to wrath, and that all must render obedience to the government as loyal citizens, whenever the demands of the government were not contrary to the laws of God.

Scattered through the Acts of the Apostles, and through the various epistles of the New Testament, we catch glimpses of the struggle which these people underwent in throwing off their idolatry, their former impurities and cruelties, and stepping out into the purity and blessing of the Gospel. Living at a time when the masses practised vices which are to-day esteemed heinous, and all their lifetime, before, accustomed as they had been to think lightly of such things, it is little wonder that some of them made serious mistakes. But the thing of interest to us is that they were compelled to

give these practices up. Their religious teachers do not ease their consciences, but rebuke them sharply, and exhort the congregations of christian people to use discipline unless they repented and thoroughly reformed. Such cases were exceptional, though they may have been frequent. Faithfully recorded, they are a proof that the record is genuine. From the nature of the case we know that such instances must have occurred; but no imposter would ever have told of them. Those who joined these young assemblies of christian people were compelled at once to live a new life—to breathe a new atmosphere.

We have a most interesting testimony by a high pagan authority concerning the sort of life those early christians lived. It was written by the Roman governor of Bithynia about the year 107 A.D. He found the christians increasing in his province so rapidly that the altars of the heathen gods were in danger of being deserted. Yet, as he could not find the least fault with the character of these christians, he was in doubt how to deal with them. So he writes a letter to his emperor, Trajan, describing the character of the christians, and asking what he should do. In his letter, he says: "The guilt of these christians they confess to be this: that they are accustomed to meet on a stated day, before light, and to singing together a hymn to Christ as God; they bind themselves by an oath, not for the perpetration of any wickedness, but that they will not commit any theft, robbery, or adultery, nor violate their word, nor refuse to restore anything committed to their trust."

And this is the testimony of a pagan ruler: The only "guilt" he could find in them was that they would meet and worship Christ. The "oath" which he refers to was doubtless the christian covenant into which they entered. A Roman governor, anxious to find some charge on which to convict them, cannot find that they violate their covenant in any particular. They do not steal, they are not unclean, nor do they break their word. How strangely pure and holy must such a society have seemed in the midst of the heathen impurities of that age!

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlvii. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—IX.

IN the last paper on this important subject I pointed out that the Lord told His disciples that the world could not receive the Spirit, "because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you" (John xiv. 17).

But we must not think that God does not work on the souls of men BEFORE they believe, for we also read, "When He (that is the Spirit) is come, He will reprove (or 'convince,' see *margin*) the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment. Of sin, because they believe not on Me. Of righteousness, because I go to My Father, and ye see Me no more. Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged" (John xvi. 8—11).

Herein I think we may see that there is a vast difference between the dealings of God by the Spirit with the world (who believe not on the Lord Jesus), and believers of whom Paul speaks thus: "That we should be to the praise of His glory, who first trusted (or 'hoped,' see *margin*) in Christ. In Whom ye also trusted, after that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in Whom also, after that ye believed, ye were sealed with that Holy Spirit of promise, which is the earnest of our inheritance" (Eph. i. 12—14).

Of course we must never forget what Paul taught the early converts in such passages as these: "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23), and "such were some of you" (1 Cor. vi. 11).

The difference is not that some have sinned and others have not sinned. Oh, no! "All have sinned," but here is the difference—some under a sense of their sin receive the testimony of the Spirit and of the Word to the Lord Jesus Christ and of God's salvation through Him, and believing are saved, receive the Spirit of life and of truth, and, under the powerful leading of the Holy Spirit (Rom. viii. 14), come more and more into the light (1 John i. 7) and liberty (Gal. v. 1) of the gospel.

We must never lose sight of this truth that, when the Lord commenced His public ministry at Nazareth, He read from the prophet Isaiah (lxi. 1) such words as these: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon Me, because He hath anointed Me to . . . preach deliverance to the captives . . . to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke iv. 18).

But such is the deceitfulness of the human heart that some, hearing of the grace of God and of the forgiveness of God, abuse this doctrine to their own condemnation, instead of being melted under a sense of God's goodness and of acting on the direction of the Lord "to take My yoke upon you and learn of Me" (Matt. xi. 29).

The Spirit of God never leaves a true believer a willing slave to sin and to this world. This is most beautifully taught us by the beloved disciple John (1 John i. 7 to ii. 2).

You will notice I speak of John as "the beloved disciple," and there is something in his Gospel and in his Epistles which appeals to us all, and we feel the love that is in John's heart to the Lord and also to his fellow believers. But it was not always so with John, and I speak these words specially to any young christians who feel the deceitfulness of their own heart, and are ready to be discouraged in the way, because they know that there still remains in them that which is displeasing to the Lord.

If you look at Mark iii. 17 you will see that our Lord spoke of John and James as "sons of thunder," and in Luke ix. 54 we have an example of their old (and as yet unsubdued) nature which shows how well they deserved the name of "sons of thunder."

But what a change took place later on in both these men! James writes: "Wherefore my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath: for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God" (James i. 19, 20), and John writes: "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another" (1 John iv. 10, 11).

Now, my young friend, you, who have heard of Christ as your Saviour and are beginning to trust Him, do you not realise that you have much to learn before you can say that these words of James and John have exerted a *full* and *complete* control over your life? Is it not that you have not yet yielded to Christ as Lord? Is it not that you have still much to learn of the power of the Spirit of God, by Whom alone you can bring forth fruit unto God?

If so, consider for your guidance what the Apostle writes: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law" (Gal. v. 22, 23).

W. H. B.

God's

Work Amongst the Peoples
of other Lands.

Gospel Work in the Farøe Islands.

WHEN our friend and brother, D. J. Danielson (a native of the Farøe Islands), was in this country some months ago, he told us such a very interesting story about these remarkable islands, and of his labours with other brethren amongst the inhabitants, that we asked him to send some little record of the missionary work. This he has now done, and we feel certain our friends will read it with pleasure and that the perusal will lead many to pray that even greater blessing may yet result through the simple preaching of the true Gospel of God concerning His Son Jesus Christ amongst these simple, earnest, quiet-living people.

One thing strikes us as we note our brother's words, and it is, that God has His own people everywhere, and that, wherever the truth is faithfully proclaimed, sinners are saved and are then led on from day to day to know more of God and of His Word and Will. Our friend says:—

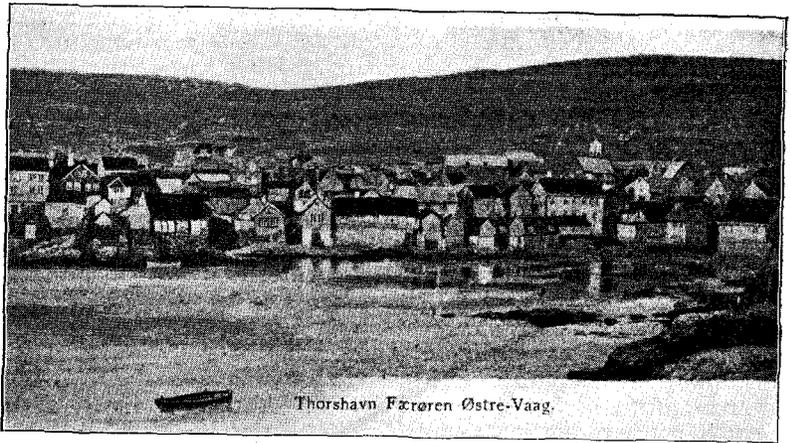
"It is with pleasant memories that I look back upon my short stay in London. I should have liked to have seen more of the Lord's people, but the blessed Day is at hand when we shall meet and never part, but abide in our Saviour's presence for ever in His Glorious Home—what marvellous grace it is!

"Our aged brother, Mr. Sloan, is just back from an island to the east, where he has been sowing the precious seed—he is still going on although very feeble. Since coming back from my journey south I have been enabled to visit some villages to the east. On an eastern island, Osterö, I visited each home in three villages and told out the Gospel to the different families. May the Lord bless the precious seed sown! I have lately come back from the island Vaagö, one of the western islands of the group. In a town, Sérvaag—where about four years ago the Lord blessed His own word to the salvation of a few souls, it was a very precious time—they have now built a Gospel hall and come together on the Lord's Day morning to break the Bread in memory of Him who shed His precious blood for them and for us. We

had a wonderful time together in fellowship in reading the Word of God. One sister

was baptized a few days before my arrival, and left for the summer work in Iceland. This young woman was one converted on my last visit to this place at the new year. How cheering to see and hear of the young believers progressing in the ways of God! On the Sunday following I baptized another sister, the wife of a believer. Pray for these dear ones, that they may be kept in the Saviour's love to the end of the journey.

"In a few days I intend (D.V.) to leave for the northern islands, taking my dear wife with me to assist in the work. At a town, Viderejde, on island Viderö, we have a little Gospel hall. This one is now too small for Gospel meetings, and the brethren are now going to build a new and larger one to accommodate all the people



who desire to attend the Gospel services. Inside five years this will now be the fourth Gospel hall built on these islands, and the brethren in another island are intending in a little to build another one there; and where four years ago there was not known to be a single believer there are now small assemblies of believers. Truly our God is good and has heard our cry. The Farøe Islands belong to Denmark, and lie in a north-westerly direction from Shetland in latitude 62°. Danish is the official and book language: the natives have a dialect of their own, generally used among the people, but only few of the inhabitants can intelligibly read or write this

language, and very little printed; matter is in it, whereas Danish every one can read and write, as it is the school language. The Farøe group consists of 21 islands: 17 of these are inhabited. There are about 100 villages, with a population of about 18,000; the capital, Thorsham, with about 1,800 inhabitants. The industries are fishing and farming. The islands are very barren, and if fishing fails often the people experience hard times. The people have the Lutheran State Church teaching, and seven priests are on the islands. The people are looked upon as being regenerated in infant baptism, and indeed the mass of the people have this as an only hope for eternity. Poor deluded people! and what an awakening if they do not hear of and seek refuge in Him who shed His Blood on Calvary.

"At an altar where the people kneel, the priests put the wafers in their mouths and the wine likewise. It is supposed to be the true body and blood of Jesus Christ, and an attempt is there made to forgive sins. Truly this was not Martin Luther's doctrine; he taught Justification by Faith.

"About the year 1876, Mr. Sloan came from Shetland to reside in Farøe, and has since faithfully been sowing the precious seed. In those first few years many hardships were endured. Travelling in Farøe is by no means easy: strong currents in the sounds and strong waters between the islands, and steep and dangerous mountains to climb to get from place to place. In the year about 1890, Mr. Alex. Mitchell, of Govan, Scotland, came to Farøe, and laboured in the Gospel until 1899, when he left for Norway, where he with much blessing has continued since. These nine years were nine fruitful years in the Lord's work in Farøe, especially in Thorsham, the capital, where many loving hearts follow this dear brother and his labours in prayer. Also another brother from Scotland, D. Campbell, was a short time labouring in the Gospel in Farøe, and left to continue work in Copenhagen, Denmark. Much precious seed has been sown in these islands, and still in many villages on the outlying islands. The living Way is hardly known, and the people live in much spiritual darkness, for Farøe is a dry field—so much superstition and ignorance.

"In the year 1904, after having been in Central Africa (in the Master's service in connection with the R.B.M.U., Harley House, London) for about three years, and not able to go back to the Congo Free State, I was led to go to Farøe. I had not seen the island for about twenty years, having as a boy been sent to

Scotland to learn the trade of an engineer, and sailing as such I was converted to God in Glasgow. Having the native as well as the official language in Farøe, I had not the language to learn, which was a great help. In July, 1904, I arrived in Farøe, with my dear wife, and have since by the grace of God continued in the Gospel. In 1906, a young brother, Mr. A. Brend, came over from Norway to help in this blessed work, and has continued with us. The need is great, for much spiritual darkness exists, and the day of our Lord's coming is at hand.

"We have only reason to praise our God.

"Some few years ago you would go through some towns in Farøe without any christian fellowship, and perhaps not even a friendly look or smile (if on the Master's errand). One would seek God in our closets, or on the mountain side, or in intercession for the perishing. To-day you may go through some of these towns, and what a change! You get a hearty welcome and enjoy christian love and fellowship, and may have the privilege to go to a neat little Gospel hall in company with a few men and women whose faces are lit up with happiness and holy joy, and with them join in praise unto Him who has redeemed them to God by His blood.

"These were once perishing, but now are as brands plucked out of the fire.

"Dear brother, join us in intercession for the perishing and for the saints, that we may rejoice in God's love and blessed fellowship.

"Yours,

"By grace in His service,

"D. J. DANIELSON."

Where God Dwells.

"Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth."—Ps. xxvi. 8.

O LORD, I have loved the fair beauty
Of the house Thou hast chosen for Thee,
The courts where Thy gladness rejoiceth,
And where Thou delightest to be.

For I love to be made the fair dwelling
Where God in His grace may abide;
I would cast forth whatever may grieve Thee,
And welcome none other beside.

Oh blessed the grace that has made me
The home of the gladness of God,
The dwelling wherein Thou delightest,
The house Thou hast bought with Thy blood.

"God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him" (1 John iv. 16).

"Oh, do Confess the Lord Jesus Christ, NOW."

Special Solos.

717 My Saviour is Precious to Me.

J. W. MACGILL: SOLO. *With feeling.*

Har. by E. W. M.

At an after meeting a strong, hale man remained for prayer in company with his wife at the close of a Gospel meeting. He was very reticent, but really anxious to know he was saved. He had hurried from his work and then over his evening meal to get to the meeting. That affecting hour—the little handful of christians pleading together with God for the enquirer, that he might there and then yield himself to Christ and openly confess Him—will not soon be forgotten.

Feeling assured that he was the Lord's, a christian present said to him, "Do confess Christ in the morning before your fellow workmen; perhaps it is the not confessing Christ which is keeping you from enjoying the happy sense of the Saviour's love."

His wife interposed at once with tears, "Do not say 'to-morrow morning,' say 'now,' say 'now,'" and then turning to her husband she pleaded, "Oh, do confess the Lord Jesus Christ now."

A day or two after this, our friend was working on a scaffold along with some other men; he was in the act of speaking to one of them about God, when the scaffold gave way, and in a moment the whole of the number fell. All were caught by boards and tarpaulins and saved, except our poor friend, who was plunged several feet to the ground with terrible force. Thus, in a few moments and without a warning he was in eternity. But through God's mercy he was ready to meet Him. Dear reader, are you ready for ETERNITY? Let there be no uncertainty about this profoundly important matter. It is surely well to have it settled once and for ever.

1. My heart was op-pressed with the load of my sin, And it
 2. Then He filled me with peace that the world know-eth not, That is
 3. Then He shel-ters, and bless-es, and watch-es o'er me, Be my
 4. Oh, will you not love Him who first lov-ed you? Just re-

1. bent with the weight of its woe; . . . At a touch of His hand all the
 2. with me wher-ev-er I go; . . . 'Tis the ver-y same calm that is
 3. path-way the high or the low; . . . I am safe for His arm is pro-
 4. spond and His sweet-ness you'll know, . . . And nev-er a-gain will you

1. bur-den fell off, Do you won-der my lov-ing Him so? . . .
 2. fill-ing His heart, Do you won-der my lov-ing Him so? . . .
 3. tect-ing His child, Do you won-der my lov-ing Him so? . . .
 4. want o-ther love, Ner will won-der my lov-ing Him so.

CHORUS.

My Sa-viour is pre-cious to me, My Sa-viour is pre-cious to me, . . .

And the more He is known by His loved and His own, More pre-cious He's cer-tain to be.

This question must be faced, then, friend, face it NOW.

"No preparation can I make,
 My best resolves I only break,
 Yet save me for Thine own Name's sake,
 Oh, take me as I am!"



THE **BEREAN BAND.**
Acts xvii. 11.

"I will not forget
Thy Word."

Three Important My's.

"MY SOUL"
(Isa. xxxviii. 17).

"Concentrate on The Book."

HOW constantly we are encouraged by receiving letters telling of definite blessing obtained while learning the Berean Band weekly portions, and also by the many cheering words sent by so many friends. Among recent letters on the Berean Band, is one from the Rev. J. E. Watts-Ditchfield, who writes:—"I most warmly commend the principles and work of the Berean Band. With all the increase of the circulation of Holy Scripture I am not certain whether the real study of the Word of God is greater. Even 'helps' to the study of the Word of God may become a danger, inasmuch as the 'helps' are studied instead of the 'Book' itself. It is because your Band concentrates on *the Book* that it has my sincere sympathy."

There could hardly be a better watchword for christians to-day than "Concentrate on the Book," and this is essentially the purpose of the Berean Movement. Its insistence upon the importance of committing the Scriptures to memory is bearing good fruit, and the suitability of its methods to meet the varying capacities of both adults and young people, finds for it a welcome on all hands. It makes no demand that cannot be complied with by the humblest ability, yet the plan adopted lends itself to a deep spiritual study of the Bible.

There are already considerably over 800 branches with an aggregate membership of 35,000, but these numbers might well be increased. The holiday season could hardly be more profitably employed than by making the Berean movement more widely known and by the formation of additional branches all over the country; literature for this purpose can be had gratis from the founder of the movement.

The verses to be learned during the month of September are as follows:—

THE WORD OF GOD.

- Sept. 4. Col. 3, 16—The Indwelling Word.
 " 11. Heb. 4, 12—A Two-edged Sword.
 " 18. Isa. 8, 20—An Infallible Test.
 " 25. James 1, 22—Hearing and Doing.

"My lips shall utter praise, when Thou hast taught me Thy statutes. My tongue shall speak of Thy word" (Ps. cxix. 171, 172).

Communications respecting the Band should be addressed to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

DID you ever think that you carry about with you a precious soul? God values it at such a high price that His dear Son could say, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark viii. 36, 37).

These are serious words, dear young friends, spoken seriously. Pray do not treat them lightly, but think over them, and may you not rest till you can say, "*My soul is saved.*"

"MY SINS" (Isa. xxxviii. 17).

Said one of old time, "O God, . . . *my sins* are not hid from Thee" (Ps. lxxix. 5). Yes, God knows them, every one—every sin that you have committed, in thought, word, or deed. But David also said, "Hide Thy face from *my sins*" (Ps. li. 9). Can God, who is so holy, "of purer eyes than to behold evil" (Hab. i. 13), hide His face from the sinner's sins? Yes, because the blood of Jesus is of such value that He can look on that blood instead of our sins. God has before Him the great love of His Son in coming to this dark world of sin, and in suffering on Calvary for sins in the sinner's stead; and those who act in obedience to His word and believe on Him can say, "He (Jesus) bore *my sins* in His own body on the tree" (1 Pet. ii. 2, 4).

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John i. 7).

Rest not until you can sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed" (or loosed) "us from our sins in His own blood . . . to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever" (Rev. i. 5, 6).

"MY SAVIOUR" (Luke i. 47).

This is the privileged language of every believer in Jesus, and we are exhorted to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. iii. 18). We can all rejoice in Him as our own personal Saviour for time and all through the eternal ages. How blessed for those who thus know Him as their Deliverer from danger—that awful danger that is facing those who reject His love and despise His great salvation.

"Saviour and Lord, I own
 The riches of Thy grace,
 For I can call Thy God my God,
 Can bow before His face."

Our Young People's Pages.

The Life-story of John Falk.

By COUSIN EDITH.

I.—HOME LIFE AND SCHOOL DAYS.

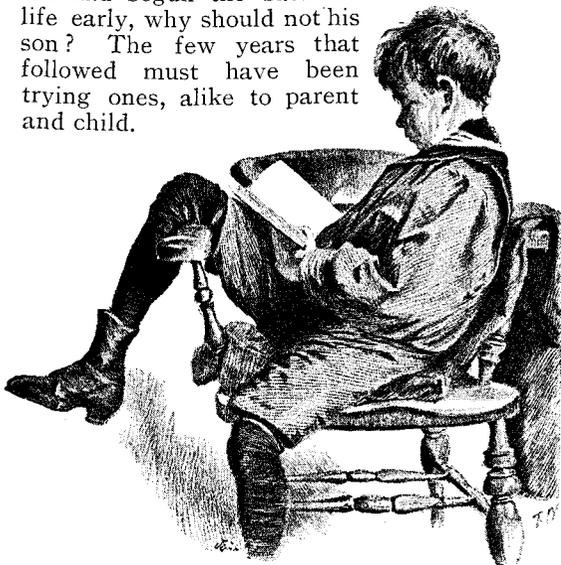
ALTHOUGH the life-work committed to Immanuel Wichern and John Falk was in many ways similar, their training for and the circumstances under which they entered upon it were widely different, and yet as we give a backward glance over the years spent by each in happy, God-honoured service, we feel how wisely the training of His servants was planned and ordered by the One who alone foreknew the niche each was intended to fill.

John Falk was born in the early autumn of 1768, in a small house not far from the Fish Gate, in Dantzic. His father, a wig-maker by trade, was a man who feared God, but so grave and silent in disposition, and withal so stern, that his family stood greatly in awe of him. His mother, who had come under the teaching of the Moravian brethren, was a gentle sweet-faced low-voiced woman, who guided her household affairs and trained her children wisely and well.

From his very early years, John was a puzzle to both parents. How such a restless, high-spirited little creature ever came into a quiet, well-ordered household like theirs was a problem they could not solve. His wilful ways, and love of a free, out-door life seemed so strangely out of place. He would slip out if a door was left open and be most often found by the river, listening to the music of its waters and the songs of the birds. His mother loved him dearly, and often shielded him from the anger of her husband; while he returned her affection with all the warmth of which a strong, deep nature was capable.

Winter evenings were all through life among John's happiest memories; for while the girls spun his mother would teach him Bible verses, or tell him stories of her own childhood. One he never grew tired of listening to was of how when crossing a forest with her father, night came on and they were in danger of being eaten by wolves. Sometimes his grandfather and uncle (the pastor of the small French church in Dantzic) would join them, and then the talk would be of other lands, often of England, for Mr. Falk was by birth an Englishman. And

heard so much. But his father intended him for a wig-maker. "Nothing," he said, "was so good for a boy as to learn an honest trade." He had begun the battle of life early, why should not his son? The few years that followed must have been trying ones, alike to parent and child.



"THE BOY'S FONDNESS FOR BOOKS GREW WITH HIS GROWTH."

Perhaps the elder Falk did not understand, and so had but little patience with the lad; but on the other hand it must have been trying to find that the boy who was almost always in disgrace and undergoing some form of punishment, really did not do his best, would often waste and spoil material entrusted to him, and loiter when sent on errands. On one occasion a party was to be held at the Burgomaster's, and John was dispatched in good time with a wig intended to be worn. When the party was half over, the parcel had not been delivered, and John was found just half-way lingering on the dock quay, where some old sailors pointed to their weather-beaten ships, and told stories of "perils in the deep." The unfaithful messenger was severely punished, but his love of ramble and adventure remained as strong as ever.

Early taught to read by his mother, the boy's fondness for books grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, while his love for music was almost a passion. At last, after

the impulsive, ardent boy would listen eagerly, and long to sail away over the deep blue sea, and visit the lands of which he

many entreaties, his father, thinking that some small indulgence might possibly produce a change for the better, allowed him to learn the violin with a master who led the choir in the Roman Catholic Church; who, soon discovering that his pupil possessed real musical talent, placed him, with the consent of his parents, as second violin in the choir. It seems remarkable that his parents, who were whole-hearted Moravians, should have consented to such an arrangement, but they appear to have had no thought of possible danger, and as the services were held at different times, he still went with them regularly to the Moravian Church. His father, who had begun to entertain some fear that John would never earn money by wig-making, perhaps thought it better that he should do so by violin-playing than not at all.

Child though he was, his religious convictions appear to have taken a very decided form, for one morning when, after an early mass, the choir grouped round the vestry fire, the parish priest joined them, and laying his hand on John's shoulder, complimented him upon his performance in the church and asked him if he would not like to be made a good Catholic? Tears filled the boy's eyes as he replied firmly, "I was baptized a Christian, in the faith of Calvin, and in that faith I intend to live and die." Father Lambert passed on, saying it was only a curious question, and encouraged the boy to go on with his music.

About the same time the lad began to write verses, though he did not dare to allow it to be even suspected in the home circle; he found courage to show some of them to the bookseller, who said they were not bad and that some day he might be as good a poet as Mr. D—the clergyman, who wrote odes for all public occasions. The praise was pleasant, though he did not think it was deserved, for he was beginning to feel keenly his want of a better education than the small Moravian school he attended afforded, also of more varied and extensive reading. There were very few books in his home, and even a volume of history or travel was called "a worldly book," and often snatched from him, and he never saw it again. He saved the pennies now and then given to him, bought such small, second-hand books as he could afford, and would wander away into the woods to read them. He was always sent to bed without a candle, as his mother knew he would not go to bed as long as his light lasted.

Everything, however, seemed to lead young John Falk's mind away from any idea of being a barber.

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

OUR MOSLEM SISTERS.

WHILE waiting for letters on Egypt (the study subject given in the July issue of "THE SPRINGING WELL") we shall find it interesting, and Cousin Edith hopes helpful, to learn something about our Moslem sisters, for they are our sisters, though they do not speak our language, and differ greatly from us in their habits and ways of life.

We may meet them, closely veiled, in any Eastern town, but those who pass us on their way to the bazaar, or gather in little groups each laden with her waterpot round some wayside or village well, are of the poorer class, as Moslem ladies seldom if ever leave their homes except when carried in a sedan-chair.

Perhaps it may help us in our future talks about the lands where the followers of the false prophet are to be counted by millions, if we take a little trouble to learn what Mohammedans really believe. They do not worship idols, like the Hindus, with whom, though often their near neighbours, they are never on very friendly terms.

They say there is only one God, by whom all things were created.

Hundreds of years ago their creed found its expression in words that may be heard to-day as the call to prayer sounds out from a Moslem mosque, "There is one God, and Mohammed is His prophet." They say too, that God is merciful, that He never had a beginning, and will never have an ending.

Now comes the strange, sad part of their religion. They do not believe that the Lord Jesus was ever crucified, or that He was the Son of God. They think of Him as a good man, and a prophet, but say that because the Jews treated Jesus so badly, God took Him to heaven without dying, and another man was crucified, who took His place, and was worshipped. They also have a belief that Christ will come again, but that it will be to tell everybody that all religions but theirs are false, and then all the world will be Mohammedan.

They have a Bible of their own, called the "Koran." They tell us that many, many years ago there were a hundred and four holy books, but of these all have been lost, except Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, the Psalms, the Gospel, and the Koran; and the Koran is the only one that they consider quite true. They believe that the dead will rise again, but have very strange ideas about the soul, and

its life after death. They know nothing of the blessed leisure and rest of the Lord's Day, for though every Moslem is expected to attend a service in the Mosque on Fridays, they return to their work, or sit cross-legged before their shops as soon as it is over.

Every devote Moslem will pray, or at least repeat a form of prayer, five times during the twenty-four hours; but as these prayers are always in Arabic, a language of which many who use the prayers do not understand a word, there is no real approach to God; no real sense of need, of knowledge of forgiveness through the precious blood and finished work of Christ.

But we have left Moslem women and their ways too long already. Many a sad face, the index of an aching heart, is hidden "behind the veil," for in all Moslem lands, happy home life is almost, if not quite, unknown; and there is very little family affection. Early marriage is the rule among Moslems, and the bride is seldom more than sixteen, often much younger. Neither the bridegroom nor the bride are consulted in the matter, everything being arranged by their fathers. When the betrothal takes place bride and bridegroom see each other for the first time; the girl is sometimes asked if she will have the youth for her husband; and though she knows, and so does everyone else, that she has no choice and must say "yes," it would be thought highly improper if she did so readily, and without having to be asked a great many times.

The marriage customs are very curious, and to us many of them appear very childish, but we must not linger over them, as we want to follow the little bride to her new home. If her husband is a poor man, her life will be freer, and may be happier than that of her richer sister, who will for the rest of her life be closely shut up.

The first few months after marriage may perhaps be a kind of green spot in the sorrowful, lonely life the young wife must live, for if her husband is naturally kind, he will often make a pet and plaything of her, and if he can afford it, buy her silks and jewels. But time passes on, and he begins to get tired of her, and if she has no child, irritable and discontented, and talks of bringing home another wife. (Every Moslem is allowed to have four; Mohammed, their great prophet, is said to have had fourteen.) The poor wife trembles and weeps, but one night, amid great feasting and rejoicing, the new bride is brought home, and two women, who do not love each other, have for the rest of their lives to live, sleep, and eat in the same small, close rooms, with nothing to do but smoke, drink tea, and

dye their hair and eyebrows, and if the new-comer should in time give birth to a son, it is only too likely that the first wife will in a fit of rage and jealousy either drink a cup of poisoned coffee herself, or give it to her hated rival.

"What a dark, sad picture you have given us this month," do I hear you saying? Yes, dear ones, but next month I hope to tell of gleams of light that seem to shine more brightly because of the surrounding darkness. So "Good-bye" for this time, but don't forget to write to "Cousin Edith," 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon, Surrey.

The "One-by-One" Gate.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."—MATT. vii. 13.

CHRIST spoke about a certain gate
To heaven—that all must find,
The rich, the poor, the low, the great,
The proudest of mankind!

"Strait is the gate!" Hear Him proclaim,
And narrow and confined;
The "One-by-One Gate" is its name,
A gate we all must find.

"Strait is the gate," He states the fact;
Each enters it alone,
It is an individual act,
And utterly one's own.

We cannot enter with a crowd,
Drawn in unwillingly
Or unawares; none is allowed
Who does not want to be!

Christ is Himself that gate, the door
Of hope, and good untold,
And whoso enters, evermore
Is with the saved enrolled.

Say, hast thou found that gate divine
Which leadeth to the way
Of Life? or do those feet of thine
In paths of peril stray?

WINIFRED A. IVERSON.

"And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither *whatsoever* worketh abomination, or *maketh* a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Rev. xxi., 21—23, 25, 26, 27).

Busy Little Raindrops.

"MY doctrine shall drop as the rain, My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass" (Deut. xxxii. 2).

When God sees the flowers
Need His tender care,
He sends little raindrops
With a blessing there.
Busy little raindrops,
Let us be to-day,
As we strive to scatter blessings,
All along the way.
Helpful little raindrops
Will we be to-day,
Doing work for Jesus
In a raindrop's way.

We are little raindrops,
God has sent us here,
From His fount of blessing,
Bringing hope and cheer.
Ev'ry drop reflecting
God's most tender love,
Helps to light the pathway
To the home above.
Tho' we are but raindrops,
We are glad to know
That we have a mission
In this world below.

Laura M. Winslow.

A lovely tune for these sweet little verses will be found in the music edition of "Redemption Songs," No. 937.

Our Recitation Competition.

THE STORY OF A SILVER SHILLING.

WE have now received the award from our friends for our second prize recitation competition, viz., "The Story of a Silver Shilling." We were sorry to receive so few certificates from teachers or friends as to the correctness of the recital before the Sunday school. A good many young friends evidently learnt the verse, some of whom we regret were not able, for various reasons, to recite the verses publicly. We are glad, however, to be able to give the names of those who have been adjudged prize-winners.

First prize, 5s. This prize divided. MABEL KIRKMAN, age 11, Villa Lane, Thornghubald, Hull. (Superintendent, Mr. Ernest T. Gray; teacher, Miss Grace E. Cockerill.) DORCAS WALPOLE, age 14, Pond Street, Northrepps, Norwich. (Superintendent, Mr. H. G. Risebrow; teacher, Miss Laura Risebrow.)

Second prize, 3s. ELEANOR COX, age 11, Lamel Cottage, Sandhurst, Camberley. (Superintendent and teacher, Mr. George F. Wilkin.)

Third prize, 2s. ELSIE MAY GOODING, age 14, 205, Lillie Road, Fulham, S.W. (Superintendent, Mr. J. W. Gooding; teacher, E. Taylor.)

Special prize, 1s. 6d. JANET MCPHERSON, age 14, 6, Alma Terrace, Falkirk. (Superintendent, Mr. James Shanks, Grahamstone; teacher, Mr. David Horne, Falkirk.)

Special prize, 1s. 6d. LILLIE WARRINGTON, age 9, 1, Cromwell Street, Hounslow. (Superintendent, Mr. W. Redburn; teacher, Mr. A. Creske.)

The Love of Christ.

"YEA, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee" (Jer. xxxi. 3).

O Saviour, I have naught to plead,
In earth beneath or heaven above,
But just my own exceeding need,
And Thy exceeding love.

The need will soon be past and gone,
Exceeding great—but quickly o'er;
The love unbound is all Thine own,
And lasts for evermore!

"And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with, or in, all the fulness of God" (Eph. iii. 19).

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

MANY kind friends had sent us generous contributions for our several funds before they could have seen our appeals concerning the "Lamb and Flag" Holiday Cripples Work, or our words in reference to the Leper Work and other beneficent efforts in our Lord's service. We thank these kind helpers for their fellowship, and particularly those who with exceeding thought send to us from far away New Zealand, Australasia, and other distant parts of the Empire.

We can assure "In Memoriam" that her unflinching remembrance of the work amongst the "little ones" is most deeply appreciated. May God bless our loving-hearted, although unknown, correspondent.

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples Holiday Fund. £ s. d.

From "In Memoriam," Mount Mellick—			
For a crippled child's fortnight's holiday	s. d.		
For 12 children, holiday, tram ride, tea, etc.	12	0	1 10 0
For extra holidays for the most afflicted	5	0	
For sweets for any	0	6	
From "A Bruised Reed"			0 4 0
"S. V. P.," Biarritz			1 0 0
"A Friend," Reading			0 4 0
"Ayrshire," 2s. 6d.; "John iii. 16," 5s.			0 7 6
"H. G.," Leamington			1 0 0
Mrs. M. W., Campden			1 0 0
"M. J. J.," Worcester			0 5 0
"M. W.," Malvern			0 2 6
"A. H. V.," Clarkston, Wash			0 4 6
"W. B.," Nottingham			1 0 0
"C. D.," Geraldine, N. Z.			1 0 0
"A. L.," Chagford			0 3 0
"Larkhall"			0 5 0

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund. £ s. d.

"A Friend," Clevedon	0	10	0
"C. D.," Geraldine, N. Z.	1	0	0
"John iii. 16," 5s.; "Ayrshire," 2s. 6d.	0	7	6

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing Well

or WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

"Between my Thumb and my Finger"; or The Minister's Story.

I HAD been preaching for several evenings on the beach near a seaside town, but one evening I felt no freedom of spirit, and so thought it better to go about among the people, who came in great numbers to hear the Word, and give them tracts. While thus engaged a minister of the gospel said to me, "If you do not feel equal to preaching this evening I will do so if you will allow me." I replied that I should be most thankful to stand by him, and by prayer support him.

The minister chose for his text the gracious old, old story, "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). He told the people that if this were not so—if God had not loved the world—he should not be there that evening preaching the gospel. He told them he had been an atheist, and had hated the things of God—his heart rebel-

ling if anyone spoke to him about them. There was one, however, who often braved his rebellion that she might speak of truths precious to her—
S.W.



"HER SON ARRIVED, AND HIS FIRST ANXIOUS QUESTION WAS 'HOW IS MY MOTHER?'"

his mother. She loved God, and walked in His fear, and often did she plead with her son, but he, like the adder, as often turned a deaf ear to

her words. At last, the minister said, he left home to get out of reach of her words. But his mother's hope was in God, and night and day did her prayers go up to Him that He would save her son.

At length it pleased God to lay this devoted parent on her sick bed. God was about to call her home to Himself. The mother knew she was dying, and said to her servant, "Send a telegram to my son. Tell him that, if he wants to see his mother alive, he must come at once."

Her wish was carried out, and immediately upon receiving the telegram (the minister continued) he took the train home, for, though his mother's God was nothing to him, he truly loved his mother.

In the meantime, she, conscious that her moments of life were few, said to the servant again, "Bring me pen and ink." Then she wrote:—

"My dear son—I am dying. I shall never see you alive, but I am going to be with Jesus. As I die the only thorn in my pillow is that I leave you unconverted behind me. Good-bye.

"From your affectionate Mother."

"Seal this up in the envelope," said the mother to the servant; "put the envelope between my thumb and my finger, so that when he looks at my dead body he may see the letter addressed to him in my hand."

The letter was placed in the dying mother's hand, and soon after her soul quitted the body, and she was "at home with the Lord."

Her son arrived, and his first anxious question was, "How is my mother?"

"She is dead," was the reply.

"Dead! dead! dead!" he repeated in agony of mind. "Where is her body?"

He was taken to the room, and fell upon the corpse in his great grief. He wept, and kissed again and again the cold lips which never more would be conscious of or return that token of love.

By-and-by he became calmer, and his eyes, which had been dimmed and blurred with tears, espied in his mother's hand the envelope. It was addressed to him. He seized it, tore it open, and read what was indeed a message from the dead. Again he fell before the body, crying, "O GOD! HAVE MERCY ON ME!"

In spite of his proud atheism, and the foolishness of his heart which had said, "No God," that son believed now that his mother was with Christ, and that, if he died, hell would be his portion.

When the body of his mother was lowered into the grave, and he was, as to earthly

friends, alone, he felt also alone with God. Then, for the first time, he knew himself in God's presence, and there he felt the deep consciousness of sin. From the soul of the young man went up to God sighs of distress, confession of sin, with pleas for mercy, and in the midst of his anguish there came to him these words, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee."

A few days after there came a suggestion of Satan, "It's all a delusion; these words are not in the Bible at all." Whether the words were there was to be easily tested, and the young man said, "If they are not in the Bible, I will not believe that God has spoken to me."

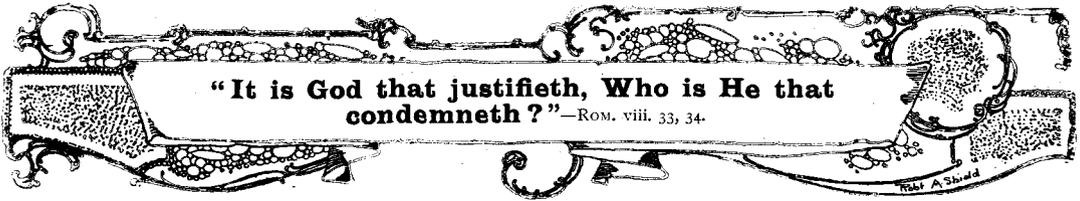
He began to read commencing with the gospel of St. Matthew. He searched, and soon came to the ninth chapter and the second verse, where he saw the very words, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be forgiven thee." Seeing them, he rejoiced with great joy—for had he not the word of God to trust in?—"and this word," cried the minister to the assembled throng, "has been my resting-place for twenty-six years, and it was my mother who penned that pathetic letter to me."

He closed his address, and deep sighs escaped the lips of many present, and tears stood in the eyes of even stout-hearted men. The power of God was, indeed, felt that evening, and some appeared truly to receive God's word; how many, eternity alone will prove. But all who heard, carried this away with them—that the love of God to the world led him to give His Son that the believer in Him might have eternal life, and that the knowledge of the forgiveness of sins may be enjoyed *now*. Do you know these things, dear reader? Do you rest in the word of God?

—◆— "Herein is Love!"

"HEREIN is love with us made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment." *Herein is love.* This is the first note of the Gospel. First the love was, then it was made known; it is made perfect with us now. Fancy a poor guilty wretch standing unflinching, unblushing, unwavering before the Judge of quick and dead in all His tremendous majesty!

God has so revealed Himself to us that we may have boldness. "As Christ is, so are we, in this world." If we are not as Christ is, if any other position be ours, then we must flee before God's face; for earth, heaven, man, everything must go before His presence.



Great Truths about Salvation.—VIII.

It is God that Justifieth.

EITHER in this life, or at the bar of the Judgment Seat, sinners must deal with God about their sins. And as the Just One, God is either for us or against us. "If God be for us, who then can be against us?" But if God be against us, who shall deliver us from the wrath to come?

Of the Judgment Day the Word declares, "Whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire"; for whoever does not receive Christ in this lifetime must be judged by Christ for his sins hereafter. Sinners will then be judged by their works, though none will be saved by works. According to whether we receive or reject Christ in the day of opportunity, whether here we obtain or refuse life, will our endless state be.

"He that believeth not is condemned already,"

even before the Judgment Day, and he that believes is saved now, and not only saved, but justified now; for at this time God's righteousness is declared, "that He might be just, and the Justifier of him who believeth in Jesus."

Abraham, and the people of God who lived before the work of redemption was accomplished, believed the promise of God, and their faith in God's word was accounted to them for righteousness. We who live since the finished work of salvation, have God who has fulfilled His word, to rest upon, and righteousness shall be counted to us also, "if we believe on Him who raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead, who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification."

In justifying the sinner God maintains His character; indeed,

He justifies the believer in Christ Jesus as the Just God.

He shows forth His righteousness since the

sacrifice and resurrection of the Lord, "that He might be just, and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." God delivered His Son to the culprit's place upon the cross, and Christ Jesus died in his stead, and now His empty grave proclaims to faith, that all that which justice demanded of Him in death for sinners is satisfied. Justice opened the prison door of the grave, and placed Him who had been there upon the throne on high; and now the Almighty Judge declares

every poor sinner, who believes, justified from all things,

and Love bids us know that we are accepted in the Beloved One who sits upon the throne. Looking upon the crucified Saviour, we see "our offences"; looking upon the risen Saviour, we see "our justification."

And now if Satan should come and tell out the secrets of our lives and our ways before we had a thought after God; if the accuser should charge upon us the sins which our memories have long since forgotten, shall we tremble? A voice louder than the thunders of Sinai meets the accusation, a voice that silences the accuser, but which fills the poor believer's heart with praise. Listen to it, trembling soul—

"Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth."

The marks of the cross upon the Risen Substitute answer for your sins; Justice sees Him who died in your stead enthroned on high. "Who is he that condemneth?"

Well indeed may the sinner, who believes in such a God Who has given His own Son to die for our offences, and Who has raised Him again for our justification, have peace. Where is there the room for terror, when we know that Christ who died for us is risen again? Peace fills the soul upon the knowledge being received that "It is God that justifieth"; the very peace of God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Brighter and Brighter.

THERE is a beautiful Old Testament witness to the path of the just, which declares that it is like the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter to the perfect day. What a gracious testimony is this to progress in holiness, in meekness, in righteousness, in love, in all the excellencies of the divine life! When the dawn breaks and sheds its first faint rays over the gloom of night, it rises to conquer, to shine brighter and brighter until the fulness of the glorious day has spread itself on hilltop and in valley, and has left no place whatever for the night. And thus does the Spirit anticipate perfect victory for the people of God.

In a kindred way the New Testament speaks of the believer becoming changed from glory to glory. Not, indeed, all the glory at once, yet every glory an occasion for a fresh glory. From glory to glory—that is, from one moral excellence to another, from resemblance to Christ to an increased resemblance. A little like Him, then a little more like Him. It is the gentle unfolding of the flower under the influence of the glory of the sun. The sun paints the white lily and the red rose, and as we behold the face of Jesus Christ, He writes upon our lives something of Himself. This is true holiness, and true spiritual expansion. Not our little schemes of what we should like to be, but the great and glorious purpose of God for us.

There is a charming variety in the excellency which is provided by Christ in His people. The individuality of each believer is maintained, and yet each resembles Christ. In human efforts to be holy there is a remarkable dulness! Some must needs wear an attire after the pattern of their ideal, others seek to assume the fashion of thought and experience of their religious guide. How unlike the variety and unity which is stamped upon the work of God.

A Good Work for God in the Villages of our Land.

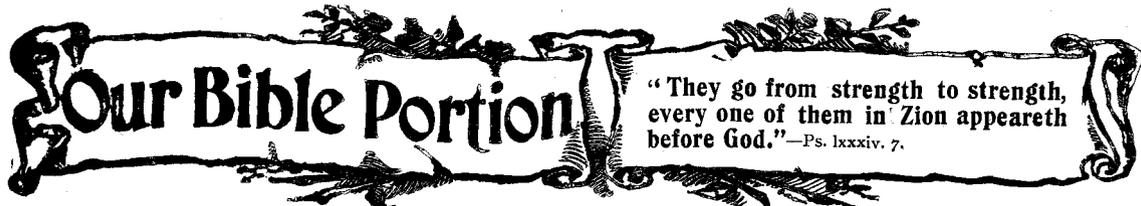
IN the villages of Worcestershire and Herefordshire and elsewhere there has been, for several years past, a widespread and increasing work done through the efforts of the Messenger of Peace Village Mission, founded and largely supported by Mr. A. Gardner. The objects of the organisation are:—To preach the Gospel; to hold special services for children; to visit the villagers in their homes; and to freely distribute Gospel literature and sell—at cost price—bibles, testaments, books and tracts. The annual report of another year's labours has just been

issued. In the open air and indoors the good seed of the Word has been sown broadcast. It has been taken to the children, to the hale and hearty, to the feeble totterers on the very border of the great unseen. Besides open-air gatherings, 745 meetings were held in the various halls of the mission. "There is so much ground to be covered, so much to be accomplished for God, so many open doors," says one of the principal workers, but, alas! so few who appear concerned even among the true children of God. Oh, that the oft-repeated words,

"I gave My life for thee, what hast thou given Me?"

may ring in the ears of the Lord's people, causing their prayer to be: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Perhaps in the darkest districts there has been the most blessing. In some villages the inhabitants ordinarily could not hear the Gospel, even if they wished it. Not alone are ceremonies as a ground of salvation taught, on the one hand, but, on the other, there are the insidious workings of priestcraft, of materialism, of rationalism, of religious infidelity. Many are the cases of true conversion to record. Among others, a man and his wife attended the meetings. The wife was mightily wrought upon by the Spirit of God. She had been much exercised as to her soul's salvation. She knew there was an eternity to face, and she dare not face it as she was. She was "religious," but not saved, and had been praying that someone might be sent to show her the way of salvation. God, in His providence, no doubt led the evangelists to the village, and before very long the woman rejoiced in Christ as her Saviour, and out of the abundance of a full heart told others of her joy and peace. She said to her husband, "Tom, my prayers are different now—I'm saved." The husband attended the meetings, was deeply affected, and finally converted. He kept the village grocery store, where a profitable trade had been carried on on the Sunday. But conversion had a marked effect on the conscience, and the following notice was displayed: "This shop will be closed on Sundays." An old lady of 86 definitely decided for Christ. "So you lived without Christ for 86 years?" said a worker. "Yes," was the reply; "BUT I MUST MAKE MUCH OF CHRIST NOW, AND I DO."

In one village the organist of the local church heard the Gospel, believed it, and then openly confessed Christ. This year the mission has received several acceptable gifts of Gospel tracts, but it is a large field and many may be used. The address of Mr. Gardner is, Winterdyne, Red Hill, Worcester.



Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho and the Jordan.

2 KINGS ii. I—II.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. iv. 18.

THIS chapter tells us of the last walk of that man of faith, Elijah. He took with him Elisha to three places—Gilgal, Bethel, and Jericho—and they crossed the Jordan, and he was translated to heaven. This is a striking picture of the pathway of the believer.

The Meaning of Gilgal.

Gilgal was the place where God entirely rolled off the reproach of Israel. They had crossed the desert and had passed the Red Sea and the Jordan, and, encamping at Gilgal, the reproach which for forty years had been on them was rolled away. What was Israel's reproach? The reproach of being born slaves in the land of Egypt: though they were descended from Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, they had become debased, corrupted, idolatrous slaves to Pharaoh. Nothing could wipe out that reproach till they were clean brought out of all connection with Egypt, and were circumcised as God's redeemed people.

The reproach resting upon us is that we were born slaves to sin and the world, and that we cannot obliterate it; our very bodies in their corruption bear witness that Sin, Satan, and Death are our lords. And the only place where the curse can be removed is Golgotha—"the place of a skull." The apostle Paul found his reproach rolled away there. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." He found himself released by the Cross from the power of his own flesh and wicked heart, so that he spoke of himself as having died. He was no longer a man of the flesh; the Cross had rolled away the reproach of corruption. He had been to Gilgal and seen the reproach gone.

It is there we must begin, as Elijah and Elisha began their walk together.

Sin judged, the old things condemned and done away with for ever, must be the starting point of every true christian.

It is a snare of Satan to make out that there

is progress in conversion; he is always trying to teach that we shall get holier and more fit for heaven by degrees. But directly a poor sinner believes in Christ his reproach is gone; he is a new creature, able to worship God in spirit and in truth.

The Meaning of Bethel.

When Elijah started from Gilgal he said the Lord had sent him to Bethel. He went there as a worshipper. It was a marvellous place, where God's presence had been known and felt by Jacob. As soon as a sinner knows his reproach rolled away he comes to the "house of God."

The place in which God dwells is the broken and contrite heart.

His people are His abode, and He says that where two or three of these broken-hearted ones are together, there He is in the midst. What a debased imagination of God men have! They make God like themselves: they like fine buildings, stained glass windows, and such things, and they think God does the same.

These two prophets did not find any grand buildings at Bethel to admire. The only record was the stone pillar set up by the patriarch Jacob to mark the spot where the sky above him was opened, and where he beheld the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. How it must have thrilled through them when they reached the place! The next step for the believer is to have heaven opened over his head—the witness of his fellowship with God.

The Meaning of Jericho.

The two friends travelled to a more solemn place, in one respect; they went to the city of curse, and viewed Jericho. There God's judgment fell on His enemies when the wall of the city fell down and every soul perished save one household. It looked smiling and fair, and was well situated, and had been rebuilt in the blood of an eldest and youngest son; yet the servants of God knew it to be the place on which the curse still rested.

The christian is in the world, and sees it fair and beautiful to the eye, looking lively and cheerful; but he knows it to be a doomed place,

on which rests the curse of God. Think you that these men of God were deluded by the sight of Jericho? No. Elijah told Elisha he was commanded to go on to Jordan, and begs him to stay behind, but he would not leave his master. He had to go through trial to see if he was a faithful man to Elijah. Fifty of the sons of the prophets came out of the city and told him he was a foolish man to go after his master, for he was about to lose him. "I know it," said he; "hold your peace." So we get the counsel to-day to stop at Jericho, where all is pleasant and fair, and not be such fools as to follow the Lord Jesus. This is the counsel we have from the world without, and from the evil heart within.

When tempted and tried, do we say to Jesus, "As the Lord liveth, I will not leave Thee"?

He says to us, "Follow Me." He will never leave or forsake us. Do we say that nothing shall tempt us from the Lord: neither Bethel nor Jericho—neither worship nor service—shall tempt us from *Companionship with Jesus*? Do we always remember that we are on a wonderful walk to glory and eternal life? Have we been to Gilgal, gone on to Bethel, seen what Jericho is under its fair show, and are we following on to Jordan?

The Meaning of Jordan,

the river of judgment, the place to which the prophet was sent by God. The Jordan stood remarkably between Israel and Gilgal, and was remarkably between Elijah and the chariot of fire. Elijah had to cross it again; it stood, as it were, at the beginning and end of his course. Yet, though it thus stands at the beginning and end of your course, it is *dry* the moment it knows the touch of faith. Elijah had not even to wet his feet: he smote the waters with his mantle, and they divided.

**The believer will never see or taste death.
Death is as far off as the Cross.**

He cannot comprehend it: he finds it a parted river. The Lord's promise is, "He that believeth on Me shall never see death."

Across the Jordan they found the chariot of fire. It was a chariot of glory, yet of fire, which conveyed Elijah by a whirlwind to heaven. It would not have done to convey a ruined sinner, for it would have consumed him. The attributes of God's holiness were about him, yet he was unharmed, because he trusted in God. The two friends were suddenly parted—one taken up to the presence of God, and the other left to work a little longer for God. So it is now. We

journey together for a while, and have sweet fellowship on the *way* from one *stage* to another, and then comes the summons for this one to go; but the parting is only for a little while—until the son of God shall appear, to our joy, to take us all up to be together with Him,—the journey done, the last weary stage finished, and eternal strength and unending joy the portion of the servants of God. "Wherefore comfort; one another with these words."

The Blessedness of Pain.

"*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.*"—Ps. xxiii. 4.

O H blessed pain that brings my Lord so near!
That teaches me to know the Comforter!

Writhing in anguish, on my hand was laid
A piercéd hand, a gentle whisper said
" 'Tis I, thy Lord, my own—be not afraid."
"Oh Master, night is dark, and pain is thrilling
With every beating pulse and breath I draw,
Oh Master, stay with me! *then* I am willing
To bear it all, if Thou wilt not withdraw
Thy gracious presence—but alone in woe
Thou canst not, wilt not leave me; this I know—
Thou art too gracious and too loving, Lord,
Thou dost remember all the dreary past,
Thy path of life was dark and overcast,
STILL IN THY MEMORY LIVES GETHSEMANE!"
Thou thinkest of the wilderness so lone—
Thou wilt not suffer me to be alone.
When I am lonely in the dreary night,
Around me growing shadows crowd and press,
Behind me life—before me—death, distress;
The sands of time are growing less and less,
Then Thine own voice, with comfort pure and sweet,
Breaks the night-watches, bidding me to sleep.
"Leave all to Me, my child—Tho' dark and drear,
I am thy *Master*—I am ever near.
None can my *servant* hurt, or can distress
(Save for his good I suffer all the stress
Of pain, of sorrow, or of doubt to press);
Nought can assail him, nothing harm, unless
To strengthen faith, I, watching near, should see
'Twere better for him so assailed to be,
Unless I see the crown of faith more bright,
Eternal glory for this stormy night.
Leave all to me, for I am watching near;
Sleep thou in peace, and trust thy Lord in faith—
Sleep, tired child, without a doubt or fear.
If death should come, I rescue thee in death—
Sleep on thy pillow, and feel no alarm—
Death cannot bring my child one shadowy harm,
BUT THOU WOULDST WAKE IN THY REDEEMER'S ARMS!

CHRISTIAN MOLSON.

"Verily God hath heard me, He hath attended to the voice of my prayer.

"Blessed be God, which hath not turned away my prayer, nor His mercy from me." (Ps. lxxvi. 19, 20).

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him" (Ps. xci. 15).

Jottings about the Bible.

"At that time there was a
great persecution against
the church."—ACTS viii. 1.

Constantine and His Times.

THE days of Trajan, as we pointed out in our last article, were times of intense trial and discipline for the early believers. That little glimpse of christian character which we get through the eye of a heathen, represents, we know, the true state of the thousands of christians who were everywhere multiplying in the Roman empire.

About the opening of the fourth century (312 A.D.) they had become very numerous, and were numbered perhaps by the million. Many of them, like other Roman citizens, were compelled to serve in the armies of the empire. Constantine, who was one of the prominent Roman leaders, and who soon after became emperor, had a great many of these christians in his army. While himself still a pagan, he could not help observing and remarking upon the great difference between these christian soldiers and the rest of his army. While the others were turbulent, boisterous and disorderly, they were peaceful, orderly and faithful in their conduct. Many have supposed that the example of these orderly christian soldiers led their general to respect their belief, and influence him to become a christian himself quite as much as the famous vision in which he declared he saw the cross in the heavens. However that may be, Constantine's testimony to the character of the christians of that day remains. When men became christians they became orderly and abandoned their immoralities.

By this time the christian element of the empire had become so numerous that it began to have its influence in the shaping of laws, as it had long been a power in silently moulding sentiment. Gradually the evils which had prevailed under pagan laws were reformed. Slaves began to have some rights which masters were bound to respect. The laws began to recognise and protect little children. Christian women excited respect by the modesty of their dress and the purity of their demeanour. "What women there are among these christians!" exclaimed the astonished pagan Libanius, as he

beheld their purity and their fearlessness, even in the presence of death. Gladiatorial shows, in time, were abolished by law. Charities of one form and another grew up into public notice, so that, instead of slaughtering the helpless and infirm, they began to be tenderly cared for in asylums, as we see to-day. The little children who had been abandoned by the heartless heathen parents, were gathered up and cared for by kind-hearted christians, who had learned their spirit of love from Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

So the orphan asylums of the world were started. The spirit of charity and benevolence breathed forth from these christian bosoms and affected the world at large. Cyprian (bishop of Carthage 248 A.D.) easily collected, in his church, five thousand dollars, in order to help the Numidian bishop in ransoming prisoners. In the time of the persecutions of the Emperor Decius, the church at Rome, alone, supported fifteen hundred poor persons, widows and children. The same spirit of love and benevolence prevailed throughout the world among christians. Many other examples might be given. Prisoners were ransomed with the money freely contributed by believers. The liberty of slaves was purchased. Orphans were tenderly cared for. In times of pestilence, when the heathen abandoned even their own relatives to die, christian churches were turned into hospitals and church members went everywhere among the suffering. The heathen looked on in astonishment. The world had seen nothing like it before. A new principle had been introduced, which taught people to love and do for others, even at the sacrifice of property and life. Among the heathen, the poor, the weak and the oppressed had been only despised. Christians remembered and acted on the teaching of their Master: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness sake" (Matt. v. 3 and 10).

Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—X.

THERE is a beautiful verse which says, "Be strong . . . for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts," and then in the next verse we read, "My Spirit remaineth among you: fear ye not" (Haggai ii. 5).

The same thought is connected with the name "Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us" (Matt. i. 23),—a name which the Lord Himself showed to be a living reality, when He said to His disciples, as He was about to return to the Father, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20). The Lord also said to His disciples, "I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever" (John xiv. 16).

Herein we see how it is that men and women are brought to Christ, believe in Christ as Lord (1 Cor. xii. 3), and grow in the knowledge of Christ. It is the work of the Holy Spirit, and it is God's will that we should realise more and more fully our dependence upon the Holy Spirit, whether in our conversion, in our walk after conversion, in our understanding of the Scriptures, or in our witness to the Lord.

As we are by nature "dead in trespasses and sins" (Eph. ii. 1), the work of the Holy Spirit in quickening us (that is, bringing life into our souls) is a marvellous work, and one that we only understand about by slow degrees, but as it is a real work, and as it is important that we should learn more thoroughly to yield to the Holy Spirit, I hope that my readers will find in what has been written some things that will stir up desires in their hearts to ask in faith for the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and to submit more thoroughly to His teaching.

We are told by the apostle Paul that "like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life" (Rom. vi. 4), and in the eighth chapter of the same epistle, he tells us more of the work of the Spirit in the believer, whereby he is able to walk in "newness of life." The Spirit of God causes the believer to realise that there is a judgment to be passed upon men for sin. Now how shall we find deliverance from the judgment due to us on account of sin, over which we are brought to mourn and against which we are continually striving, now that we desire to walk in "newness of life?"

The apostle assures us that "there is therefore

now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Rom. viii. 1, 2). Here we see that the believer after he has truly committed himself to Christ as his Lord and Saviour, has the Spirit of God dwelling in his soul to bring him more and more into conformity with God.

Then we are told that "they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh: but they that are after the Spirit the things of the Spirit" (Rom. viii. 5).

Now until any one has seen his need of Christ as his Lord and Saviour he does not commit himself to Him; but when in his need he has acted on the invitation to "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), at that very time the Spirit of life enters into his soul and the Spirit of God begins to shine upon God's Word, and begins to teach and to enable such an one to walk in newness of life. But so long as we are in this world we shall find that we have a conflict to maintain, for we read "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would" (Gal. v. 17). But, nevertheless, we do desire that the Spirit of God may have more rule in our soul, for we remember that "he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not" (Gal. vi. 8, 9).

But to return to Rom. viii., we read, "ye are not in the flesh, but in the Spirit, if so be that the Spirit of God dwell in you" (verse 9). From which we can learn that on our believing we have received the Spirit of God to give us the overcoming victory, of which we read in Rev. ii., and iii. This thought will cause us to cry afresh to the Lord for more submission to His Spirit, and further petitions will go up to Him, and these we learn are due to the Spirit's working, for "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us with groanings (or rather 'breathings') which cannot be uttered" (Rom. viii. 26).

The work of the Spirit of God in the soul is very real, but let us be careful that we are guided by the Word of God as to the Spirit's operations, lest we be carried away with a spirit of mere fanaticism.

W. H. B.

Our Friends in the Bush.

HOW gratified we were indeed to receive tidings some little time ago of an interesting christian conference which was held at Eltham, a place in the Australian bush. Many of those who were present are readers and distributors of this magazine, and are workers who endeavour to make known the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ amongst the settlers, and to encourage the blessed knowledge of God's Holy Word in different parts of that

in this day the attention of believers everywhere.

Through the kindness of a dear friend (one whom we knew well in this country, nearly forty years ago) we are enabled to give a capital group of these christian fellow-workers. They all look very bright, although our correspondent says the heat was intense—103 degrees in the shade!

"You may see in this company," says our brother, "many readers of 'THE SPRINGING WELL'—many who value exceedingly the



READERS OF "THE SPRINGING WELL" AND OTHER CHRISTIAN FRIENDS AT ELTHAM, VICTORIA.

great continent. Some, we are also thankful to hear, are members of our Berean Band and of the Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

The day is not so distant when the Gospel was entirely unknown amongst the inhabitants of the bush, but now, thank God, there are thousands of true believers spread about all over the land.

The subjects that occupied our friends at these gatherings were of the deepest importance, namely:—The present ministry of Christ in heaven, the Lord's coming again, and the indwelling presence and power of the Holy Spirit. Surely these are matters deserving

Scriptural teachings you give month by month in the pages of your helpful paper. May God abundantly bless your labours!"

Our readers will understand that these are cheering and encouraging words from a far-off land.



An Absolute Impossibility.

"WITHOUT faith it is impossible to please God." There is no real communication with God unless God be believed. However religious a man may be, without faith his religious life is in vain, for he does not have dealings with God.

"Unto Thee, O my Strength."*"Prayer . . . Unto God."*—ACTS xii. 5.

UNTO God" through Christ we'd bring
 Our petitions to the King;
 Holy Spirit as the Fire
 Come and purge our heart's desire;
 For we know not how to pray,
 Voice the words that we shall say
 UNTO GOD.

"Unto Thee will I pray."—PS. v. 2.

"Unto God" the Lord we'd cry,
 Reverently we'd draw nigh;
 With no merits of our own,
 Pleading Jesu's worth alone;
 Keeping His commands each day,
 He will answer as we pray
 UNTO GOD.

"Requests . . . unto God."—PHIL. iv. 6.

"Unto God" we'd bring our care,
 For he hears the feeblest prayer;
 "Works for those that wait on Him,"
 Strengthens when our faith grows dim,
 Though the answer He delay,
 Earnestly we still would pray
 UNTO GOD.

"Giving thanks unto the Father."—COL. i. 12.

"Unto God" then let us give
 Thanks and praises while we live;
 He hath made us meet to share
 His inheritance so fair;
 'Twas in love our souls He sought,
 And to light from darkness brought
 UNTO GOD.

"Yield yourselves unto God." "Acceptable unto God."—
ROM. vi. 13; ROM. xii. 1.

"Unto God" we yield our all,
 Low before Him we would fall;
 His, and only His to be,
 Now and through eternity;
 Here we'd seek His will to do,
 Yield allegiance glad and true
 UNTO GOD.

F. B.

God Gave His Son.

GOD gave his Son—never forget this—God in love gave His Son to die for us. Do not allow the thought a place in your heart that Christ appeased God, or that what he did in dying for us was done to turn God's favour toward us. No, God gave His Son. All that the blessed Son of God's love did, was done in accordance with the love of God, was the outcome—the fruit—of the love; nay, the very love itself. The deep sorrows of the cross of our Lord, the blood He shed, were all of the love of God.

We have it almost inbred in our minds that God is an angry Being, whom Jesus reconciles. There is no such statement in the Scriptures, and the sooner we drive out such false thoughts from our souls the better. To allow them in our hearts is to dishonour God. God is love,

and God commends His love to us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. It is all of God; He is love; He loves us; He commends His love to us. Seek for grace to believe in the heart that God is love.

He never Cast One Out.*"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."*—
JOHN vi. 37.

I THOUGHT I passed through the wealthy scenes
 Of the city's parks and squares;
 Where the golden tinsel of fashion screens
 The sorrow the rich soul bears.
 Are there any here in these courtly halls,
 Who came to the Saviour King,
 And found He heard not their needy call?
 Let them now their records bring,
 He never cast one out.

I thought I passed to the squalid poor,
 And the crowded courts and lanes:
 Where ragged children were round the door,
 And black were the sinners' stains.
 Are there any here who will rise and say,
 As they sink in dark despair,
 "I came to Jesus, one hopeful day,
 But I found no welcome there?"
 He never cast one out.

I took my way to the village green,
 And the lovely hills and dales:
 I asked, where seldom had preachers been,
 If the good old Gospel fails?
 I asked the hedger, the shepherd, her
 Who sat at the cottage door,
 If any of these would dare aver,
 What no one had said before?
 He never cast one out.

And now, my brother, I turn to thee!
 My sister—or high, or low—
 Or rich, or poor—wilt thou say to me
 What I ask—and wait to know?
 Oh! can you say that you came to Him,
 In your sin and grief and doubt,
 And that He frowned when your hope was dim,
 And angrily cast you out?
 He never will cast out.

WILLIAM LUFF.

"It is the Mushroom, Sir."

MY frequent way is across a paved path. For a few mornings I observed an evidence of a power beneath the pavement seeking to lift the stones. As I stood wondering, an old gardener came up. "It is the mushroom, sir," said he, "and they can't stop it." Strange fact that the frail and tender crown of the mushroom, which a slight blow would crush, should force up a stone! Apparent impossibility! Yet this wondrous natural power is not to be compared with the energy of the Spirit of God in forcing upwards and heavenwards the divine life of the believer despite the crushing down power of the world.

"Thou hast left thy First Love."

Special Solos.

THE first love of a child to its parent is exceedingly sweet and simple; the bright eye and gay step upon the parent's entry into the room; the joyous laughter of the morning greeting, or the infant's cheery repetition of the parent's name as the little one is carried to the object of its heart.

How sweet are these unconscious proofs of love! But tenderness too often grows dull with increasing years; self-will, self-pleasing assert themselves; then rivals enter the heart and dispute its possession, perhaps the parent sometimes learns that even the dear love of childhood extends not to maturer age, and that the delight of calling his name belonged but to infancy.

We have heard of the heart, first won by Christ, and for Christ, whispering to itself continually, "Jesus, Jesus"; of each letter bearing that fragrance upon its pages; of each conversation being musical of Him. Does the simplicity of early love to Christ wane in our hearts as knowledge increases? Is the outpouring of early christian life slackened? Have we grown formal, and has our spring-time lost its unconscious sweetness? Ah! if so, there are rivals in the heart. Self-will, self-pleasing, have entered its chambers.

If the parent remembers with sadness the days of his children's simple, though often-times strangely-expressed, affection, the Lord Jesus looks upon His people, grown wise in knowledge, but cold in love, and His grieved Spirit says, "nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love.

699 Just as He Promised to Do.

W. M. LIGHTHALL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My Fa - ther will not let me fall, His strong and lov - ing arms en - fold me;
 2. My Sa - viour will not let me stray, The path He trod is plain be - fore me;
 3. I trust Him as a lit - tle child, Con - tent beneath His wings to hide me;
 4. His love will still re - mem - ber me, In life, in death, in joy, in sor - row;

1. To Him I trust my life, my all, And know that He will safe - ly hold me.
 2. And He who said, "I am the Way," Is watch - ing, ev - er watch - ing o'er me.
 3. Tho' all a - round is rough and wild, He walks the path of peace be - side me.
 4. What - e'er be - tide, He still will be My Guide to - day, My Hope to - mor - row.

CHORUS.

Just as He promised, promised to do, When first to Him I trembling came;

Now I have trusted, pro - ven Him true, Hal - lo - lu - jah to His name!

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"Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works."—Rev. ii. 4, 5. Child of God! listen to these words of the Lord.



"Remember . . . Jesus Christ."—

2 TIM. ii. 8.

DEAR Fellow-Berean,

A friend of mine was some years ago in Australia visiting different christian people, and sometimes he tested their Bible knowledge by asking a simple question: "Supposing St. Luke had not written his Gospel, what should we have lost?" Very often they were unable to answer that question, so he asked it of some natives who were being prepared for the ministry, and in a short time they gave him a large sheet of foolscap paper on which they had made out some *sixty* different incidents, miracles, parables, etc., which occur only in St. Luke's Gospel. That is the kind of Bible knowledge we want; for lack of it we often lose some of the most helpful and spiritual instruction, and get nervous and anxious when we hear of some of the criticism of the day.

The Bible is God's Own Word, and He will take care of it, but the way He does so is by those who know it, and love it because they know it. There has never been a time when the Bible was more attacked than now, and we may thank God for a great deal that we have learned from the criticism of foes, as well as from the criticism of friends. Do you remember what the Psalmist said? "Thy word is very pure (*lit.*: tried to the uttermost) therefore Thy servant loveth it."

But there is another kind of Bible knowledge which we also want, and which as Bereans we are pledged to get, and that is the textual knowledge which comes of learning it by heart. Fifty-two short verses in a year are not much to learn, but if we really learn them and know their meaning and how to use them, we shall have taken a few forward steps in our Lord's own school. . . .

I am sure that you must have often noticed that His ministry was always based on Scripture. I have just been tracing in St. John's Gospel how He met question after question, difficulty after difficulty, by His knowledge and application of passages of Scripture. Test that for yourself, as soon as you have time, from the third chapter onwards. After His Resurrection He used no other method; how easy it would have been for Him to tell those two disciples on the road

to Emmaus that it was Himself, their Risen Lord, who spoke to

them and explained their difficulties; but not so, He turned them back to the Written Word, and "Beginning at Moses and all the Prophets, He expounded to them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself"; and the same evening when He showed Himself to the eleven we read that He said unto them: "These are the words which I spake unto you while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms concerning Me. Then opened He their understanding that they might understand"—what? some great secret? no: "that they might understand the Scriptures." And even after His Ascension it was the same; as for example, in the messages spoken from the glory to the Seven Churches (Rev. iii. and iv.).

Our Lord Jesus Christ knew the Scriptures. Do we? Could He say to any of us, as He said to some: "Ye do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God"? The Sadducees disbelieved the Bible because they did not know the Bible, and so do many people to-day. The best preventive of unbelief is knowledge of God's Word, and one of the best ways of knowing it is to fulfil our obligations as Bereans and to pass on to those who don't know. "Remember Jesus Christ," wrote St. Paul in his dying letter to Timothy. Remember Him, fellow Berean, yourself. Remember His becoming Man for you. Remember Him as Crucified for you. Remember Him as risen and at the right hand of God, and as coming again for you.

Yours in the service,

A. E. BARNES-LAWRENCE.

President, 1910.

The verses to be committed to memory during October are as follows:—

BROTHERLY LOVE.

- Oct. 2. 1 John iii. 14—Love the brethren.
- " 9. 1 John iii. 18—In deed and truth.
- " 16. Rom. xii. 10—Be kindly affectioned.
- " 23. Gal. vi. 2—Bear ye one another's burdens.
- " 30. Eph. iy. 32—Forgive one another.

"He that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?" (1 John iv. 20).

Communications respecting the Band should be addressed to Mr. Chas. J. G. Hensman, 12, Baldwyn Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Our Young People's Pages.

II.—The Life Story of John Falk.

By COUSIN EDITH.

"It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."—
LAM. iii. 27.

"THAT boy will never make a barber!" said the father of John Falk; and, though there was an undertone of vexation and disappointment in his voice, he spoke the truth. To be a good wig-maker was to him the great aim and end of life. Every gentleman wore a wig, and by making and keeping them in order a comfortable living might be secured. But all John cared for was book-learning. "How did he expect to turn books into bread?" Besides, only the year before one of the college professors had died from a nervous fever, brought on, every one said, by over-study. No, John should not be a scholar if he could prevent it.

How the younger Falk himself thought and felt we may glean from a letter written to one of his cousins: "In a few days I shall be thirteen; I am a head taller this year than I was last and every one says, 'How tall you are growing!' But if I were to say, 'I am glad to hear it,' I should not be telling the truth. I know some tall fellows who are not very bright. What is the use of my being tall if I can't study? My mother would help me if she could, but she cannot do just as she pleases."

His mother was his great support, but she did not understand the boy whose impulsive and sometimes wayward disposition formed such a contrast to her own gentle but timid character. In the family circle John met with but scant sympathy or encouragement. His home could not have been a happy one, and it can hardly be a matter of surprise that he longed to escape from it. Once he ran away with the intention of going to sea, but on his way to the quay he passed a church. The organ was playing, and the music-loving boy stood for a moment to listen. The tune was that of one of his mother's favourite hymns, one she had often sung with her children. His mother loved him; she would be grieved by his absence, and in a moment his intention was abandoned, and he returned to his home and his uncongenial occupations of hair-cutting and curling.

All through his after life he retained a pleasant memory of a time when, after having

been run over by a waggon, he was for some weeks confined to bed with *nothing to do but to read.* He had not been

very badly hurt, and soon after his recovery the bright, intelligent youth, who always went his errands book in hand, attracted the notice of one of his father's best customers, and after delays and demurs the elder Falk yielded to his persuasions to allow his son to learn English. He proved an apt scholar, and soon left his classmates far behind. But a new difficulty had to be faced. He had no money to buy the books he



"IT WAS TIME HE SHOULD ENTER THE UNIVERSITY."

required, and his fellow students, among whom were the sons of some of the best families in Dantzic, stood upon their supposed dignity; and when he humbly asked for the loan of a much-needed volume to prepare his morrow's lesson was told that they had agreed that their books should never be handled by a barber's son! His teacher, however, lent him several which he sat up at night to copy. A public examination closed the school year, many of the most influential men of the town were present, and, to the surprise of every one, John carried off the first prize.

He had studied hard, and made good use of such opportunities of education as his native town had afforded him. His talent and perseverance began to attract attention, so, after holding a friendly council, the burghers decided he should have the advantage of a three-years' course at the university, and agreed to find ways and means of sending him thither. John

was summoned to appear before the council; he went, not knowing for what he was wanted, feeling a little awed by the presence of so many grave and elderly councillors. A kindly old gentleman rose from his seat, and, on behalf of his colleagues, told the astonished youth that they thought it was time he should enter the university, and that they had provided the necessary funds required; and they prayed God would be with him and bless him there. "Only," he continued, "should a poor child ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old grey-headed burgomasters and councillors of Dantzic, and do not turn us away."

Falk's eyes filled with tears, but, though the words of the burgomaster sank deeply into his heart, the thanks he longed to speak died upon his lips. The next session he went to Halle, and his name was entered in the books of the university. One small room in a narrow, winding lane received the barber student. There was just space enough for himself, his books, a bed, two chairs and a table; but he was more than content. He was still a diligent student, stood well with the professors, and won some honourable distinctions. On leaving Halle he went to live at Weimar, and for some years devoted himself to literary work. It was while there that his spiritual awakening took place. Its beginnings were small, just a sense of need, and the heartfelt cry, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," but he was led on to a real, whole-hearted surrender of heart and life to the service of his Redeemer.

We pass briefly over the next few years of his life. He married, and the voices and smiles of little children made music and sunshine in his home. War with all its horrors broke out between France and Germany. Vast numbers of foreign soldiers were, with their horses, quartered upon the inhabitants of Weimar, and the people, though themselves almost starving, were compelled to find food for them. Falk became the friend and helper of many, doing in every possible way all he could to help the peasants, who were often driven from their homes at the point of the bayonet. He was made a councillor, and the Grand Duke hung an order on his breast. He wrote, "The people of Weimar saw the new councillor walk through the streets with a ribbon in his buttonhole; but the Lord in heaven saw only 'a publican which was a sinner;'" for although he was now highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens, he knew it was entirely due to the goodness and mercy of God.

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

"MOSLEM LIFE IN INDIA AND CHINA."

IT may at first sight seem a little startling, but is nevertheless true, that the number of Moslems under British rule is far greater than those over whom the Sultan of Turkey or the Shah of Persia sway the sceptre. No Mohammedan woman is allowed to enter a mosque, but within the last few years English travellers, even lady travellers, have been permitted to enter the enclosures held so sacred by every follower of the false prophet; and, from what they have told us, we may learn much that will help us to realise, as perhaps we have never done before, the vastness of the Moslem world; and the more we grasp the spiritual needs of the sons and daughters of India and China, the more earnestly we shall pray and labour that from among Moslems, difficult as they are to reach with the Gospel message, jewels may be won for the Redeemer's crown.

Indians, like other Eastern nations, have a strong objection to the details of social or family life being brought to the front, and for more reasons than one it has been found anything but an easy task to get a complete census either of the people or their religious beliefs; but the number of Moslems in India alone is stated to be not less than SIXTY MILLIONS. Day after day for these sixty millions, most of whom are our fellow subjects, the call to prayer is sounded from SEVEN THOUSAND mosques, FIVE times a day—first, at the earliest blush of dawn, when the cry, "Prayer is more than sleep, rings out, is more than sleep at midday, again between three and four, at sunset, and the last thing before sleep. Moslems do not worship idols; they believe there is only one God—invisible, merciful and of great power—and yet they are bitterly opposed to the christian faith. In Turkey, the life of a Moslem who openly confesses Christ would not be safe for a single hour; but in India, though a convert would be cut off from home and friends, much greater religious liberty exists; and there are few missionaries who cannot count among their native helpers and teachers some at least who have been won from the ranks of Islam.

Long centuries have passed since the followers of the false prophet first, by fire and sword, forced their faith upon conquered nations; but light—the light that comes into darkened lives—the light of the glorious Gospel has arisen for India; and as surely as the old pagan

worship of lords many, and gods many, has given place to at least a nominal christianity, so the Crescent must wane before the Cross. For the kingdoms of the world are yet to be the kingdoms of the Son. "For He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet." (1 Cor. 15, 25).

Our Moslem sisters need our helping hand, our prayers, our sympathy. Surely the Master's word, "Freely ye have received, freely give," should call forth some practical response from the christian women of our own favoured land. Less, perhaps, is known about the Mohammedans of China than those of India, but in that vast empire they may be counted by millions; while, in Egypt, many villages are entirely Moslem, and so bigoted that they will not allow a resident missionary. Others have mixed population, partly Moslem and partly Copts, who, though professedly christian, are as a rule very ignorant. Medical missions have proved themselves the most direct, and often the only way by which the women and girls can be reached. They will come, often from long distances, to seek relief for themselves or their children, and though it is sometimes difficult to get them to understand and remember that medicines are to be taken, while ointments and lotions should be used externally, they come, and come again; and often, after a longer or shorter interval, reappear, bringing a sick relation or neighbour; then it is such a joy to find that the hymns and verses of Scripture taught have not been forgotten. And sometimes there is a half timid, half glad confession of faith in Christ, though but very few have as yet had the courage to make an open profession. A worker in the North African Mission writes of one such: "We feel sure she is a christian, though she has not yet asked for baptism, being held back by the fear of being poisoned by her relations."

In the old-world city of Hebron, over thirty years ago, a christian worker and his wife were able to secure a small house. They were not the agents of any missionary society, but day by day their simple needs were met, and they worked patiently on; even though the burden of advancing years had robbed the husband of his strength, and the wife was blind. Their labour has however borne fruit. Sometimes as the shadows lengthen, and the brief twilight fades away, a turbaned man, or closely veiled woman will seek their little dwelling, to ask questions about God's way of peace, or to confess a deep soul-thirst for something they have hitherto been unable to find. And there are

also some who are disciples of the Lord Jesus, although yet only secretly.

More than half the members of our Study Circle have been away for a country or seaside holiday, with more leisure for reading than the round of workday life usually gives. Cousin Edith hopes that missionary reading was not all "left at home." Write as soon as you can, dear ones; name any books you have read, or any sphere of missionary effort (at home or abroad) in which you are specially interested.

Address, "Cousin Edith," 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon, Surrey.

P.S.—As the space at our disposal is again filled, letters received last month will be acknowledged by post.

—+—
**"Why does your Father love you?"
 or, A Little Chat with a Little Child.**

I WILL talk to you about God, my dear little girlie, before you go to bed this evening.

"God is very great, my child. You think that your father is very big when you sit upon his knee and put your little hand in his and measure your tiny finger with his long, thick one. But look, my child, at this. What is it? It is a grain of sand—one grain. Even your little finger looks quite large as you touch that small speck. Now keep your finger touching that speck, and as you do so look up out of the window.



"BECAUSE HE IS MY FATHER."

"See that point of light in the sky up there. Yes, you see it. It is a star, and it seems to you about the size of the grain of sand upon the tip of your little finger. But that point of light is really a world as big as this where we live, and, you know, when we climbed to the top of the high hill the other day and looked around us on

every side, the world, or what we saw of it, seemed very large indeed. The reason why the star seems only as big as the grain of sand is that the star is a very long, long way off.

"Do you understand me? Not quite. No. But look out of the window again. Tell me what is that little dark spot moving along the road, ever so far off.

"That is my brother."

"How so? See how small the spot is!

"No, he is not a spot; he is not small; he is only a long way off."

"Ah! now you see what I mean about the star which seems so small but is so great.

"Now, my child, God made the stars, and He made the sea and the sand; He can see all the beautiful stars in the sky, and all the grains of sand on the seashore, and He sees my little May, and, what is more wonderful, God sees all that is in her heart, and He knows all that she wishes. No one but God can tell what we think; but God is very great.

"You asked me to print a text for you to prick the other day. What was the text you chose?"

"WE LOVE HIM."

"Yes, this is a wonderful text—'We love Him, because He first loved us' (1 John iv. 19). There is always a *because* in our love to God. Do you know what a *because* is? Why do you love your father!

"Because he is my father!"

"Yes, my child, you could not give a better answer. And why does your father love you?"

"Because I am *me*."

"A very good answer, too, little May.

"How is it that we know God is love? We could not guess who God is; we could not tell what He thinks about? Oh, no; but God has told us what He is, and so we know.

"Suppose you had been naughty, and your elder brother said to your mother, 'Punish me instead of little May,' that would be very kind of him, and would show that he loved you very much, would it not? Now God saw that we had all been naughty, and God is good and holy, and cannot have naughty things where He is. Your father and mother would not let you or your brother do naughty things if they could help it, and naughty children have to be punished. This is God's way; He punishes naughty people, whether they are children or grown up.

"So God sent His own Son into the world because He loves us, and God sent Jesus here that He might be punished instead of naughty sinners who deserved to die, because He loves us. So the text you are pricking says, 'We love Him, because He first loved us.'"

OUR SUBSCRIPTION FUNDS.

WE have once more to express our sincere thanks to the friends who have sent to us to help in our various funds. We are truly thankful to God for inclining so many to render such practical support.

We have not received much this year to assist us in giving Gospel literature to the workers amongst the hop-pickers. We have given over £40 worth of illustrated Gospel papers and suitable tracts and booklets, but have only received as announced below; but the Lord knows the need, and we are content to leave the matter with Him. We were late in referring to this service this season. We have, however, had some encouraging letters from the Rev. J. J. Kendon, Mr. Luff and other active servants of God, telling of great interest both in the preaching of the Gospel in the gardens and in the distribution of the literature. We have had at least 100 workers in this splendid field of service for the last three or four weeks. May the Lord add His blessing in every way!

We thankfully announce the receipts of the under-rated amounts:—

For Our "Lamb and Flag" Cripples' Holiday Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"D.," Adare	0	5	0
"Three Friends," Wimbledon	0	3	0
Miss V., Kensington	0	5	0
"E. J.," Bolton	0	5	0
Anon., Romsey	0	4	0
"B.," Bath	0	1	2
"Regina," Canada	0	4	0
"Two Harrogate Friends"	0	3	0
Swampscott	0	5	0
"A Friend," N. Hampshire	0	4	0
"A Friend," London	0	2	6

For Our New World-Wide "Springing Well" Leper Fund.

	£	s.	d.
Mr. T., Canterbury, N. Z.	1	5	0
"J. C.," Nottingham, for lepers in Jerusalem	0	10	0
"A Friend," N. Hampshire... ..	0	2	0
"A Friend," London	0	2	6

Our "Springing Well" Free Distribution Fund.

	£	s.	d.
"Invalid," 2s. 6d.; "John iii. 16," 5s.	0	7	6
A Friend, N. Hampshire	0	2	0

Cousin Edith's Work amongst the Blind.

	£	s.	d.
"John iii. 16," 5s.; "Ayrshire," 2s. 6d.	0	7	6
Mr. T., Canterbury, N. Z.	1	5	0

For Work amongst the Hop-pickers (Mr. Luff).

	£	s.	d.
"A. H. V.," Clarkston, Wash.	0	4	6
"Ayrshire"	0	2	6
W. J., Grays	0	10	0

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

True and original Gospel stories and incidents suitable for our pages will be welcomed by the Editor, and also any suggestion likely to render "THE SPRINGING WELL" increasingly useful.

THE Springing Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

"SPRING UP, O WELL"

The Fragrance of the Hidden Life of Anna Woodcock, of Malvern Wells.

FOR some years past the name of Anna Woodcock has been familiar to our readers as the writer of the beautiful spiritual poems appearing from time to time in our pages. But the pen of this sainted and gifted authoress is now laid aside for ever. She has finished, at the early age of forty-four, her earthly course, and has now entered eternal rest and joy, the blood-bought heritage of all the children of grace.

When a young woman of twenty-one she was awakened to the solemn fact that she was a sinner, in danger of perishing eternally; consequently for some time she was exceedingly miserable. However, she eventually found pardon for her sins, and peace for her troubled heart, as she trusted to the atoning work of Christ for deliverance.

Her brother, who a short time previously had been saved by divine grace, wrote to her a letter containing the good news of the gospel of Christ, which God graciously blessed to her soul. And the year that this nation was rejoicing at the Jubilee of our late Queen, Victoria the Good, there was joy in the Courts of Glory over the repentance and conversion of Anna Woodcock, who was then residing at Tewkesbury.

A few years after this momentous experience of passing from death to life she was seized with a serious illness, and for the past twenty years she was a confirmed invalid, the latter thirteen being completely bedridden. But her testimony was "My grace is sufficient for thee," and patience seemed the key-note of her resigned, suffering, yet useful life; for she sought to fulfil the injunction—"In every thing give

thanks." Of her it can truly be said, that she was strong in faith, gave glory to God, and calmly rested in God's divine, unerring purposes, knowing that a Father's love would never cause her a needless tear. She often remarked after a period of intense suffering that

if she were able she would not change places with anyone in the world, for in the very furnace of suffering, and when feeling the after-effects of prostration and weakness, she realized that she was hidden in the hollow of God's blessed hand. She was always so grateful for any kindness shown her, and deeply appreciated the self-denying ministry of love of her devoted sister-in-law, who anticipated her every wish, and throughout her tedious illness nursed, tended, and comforted her with a true sister's affection.



ANNA WOODCOCK, THE CHRISTIAN POETESS.
"CHRIST WAS HER SAVIOUR, AND HER THEME."

Christ was her Saviour, and her theme; and all her poems breathed a deep spiritual insight into the things of God and were loyal to the person and work of her Lord and Master. Her letters, too, were as sweet fragrance from the better country, and were highly valued by the recipients, and in many cases were passed on to others, who were helped heavenward by reading them. Her conversation was ever of Christ and heavenly things. She often had visitors who desired to cheer and help her in the pilgrimage, and they always left her, cheered and refreshed themselves, the experience of many being that when in her presence they felt they were speaking to one who dwelt in His inner sanctuary; one who talked with and lived in holy communion with God.

Several times during the past few years she appeared to be approaching the pearly gates of

the homeland, and sometimes unbidden tears would rise to her eyes, and she would manifest disappointment when she understood that she was to remain longer in this world. Then she would find comfort in the words of her divine Master—"Not my will but Thine be done." Describing one of these experiences to a friend a short time ago, she wrote: "No one who saw me a week or two ago would have dreamed it possible for me to rally so far again. But God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts ours. He does not explain to any His matters unless He chooses; 'What I do thou knowest not now, but shall know hereafter,' ought to be enough for faith; but I wonder why He brings me so often back from the gates after I have been right up to them. Certainly I learn more of His grace, and patience, and long-suffering; also more and more of my vileness and unworthiness, and this is I suppose one of His purposes, but I feel He has other and deeper ones."

The long-looked-for summons came at 11.35 p.m. on Tuesday, October 4th. Just before she lapsed into the unconsciousness which preceded her death she continually repeated, in little more than a whisper, the words—"How nice—how nice—Home—home—home!" Her redeemed spirit soared away, freed, released, emancipated, and passed to its eternal resting-place, the bosom of everlasting love—to be with Christ, which is far better, and to enjoy unhindered the pleasures for evermore.

In a letter opened after her departure, she requested that at the funeral little should be said of herself, but that all the glory and praise should be ascribed to the One who loved her and who gave Himself for her, whom she loved and lovingly served. Also that the hymns mentioned below should be sung on that occasion.

It seemed like a final note of triumph, as a pæan of victory, the united singing of the blessed words of the old hymn—

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

"When, from the dust of death, I rise
To take my mansion in the skies;
E'en then shall this be all my plea—
Jesus hath lived and died for me."

They were sung reverently yet heartily by those assembled at Malvern Wells Cemetery around the open grave a few days later.

Funeral services are usually of an impressive character, but on the afternoon of her interment

all seemed to specially harmonize. The stillness of the late autumn afternoon—the miles of clear peaceful landscape, stretching away as far as eye could reach—the various tints of the changing foliage—the cloudless blue sky overhead—the westering sun behind the towering Malverns—the falling leaves—the open grave—the lowered coffin—the peaceful countenances of many of those gathered there, and the singing of the sweet hymn—

"Sleep on, beloved; sleep and take thy rest;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast;
We love thee well; but Jesus loves thee best—
Good night"—

created an impression on the mind, not easily forgotten. And then the precious remains of Anna Woodcock, whom so many had learned to love and esteem, were left in their last earthly resting place awaiting the resurrection morn—awaiting the assembling shout of Jesus her Saviour to change that body of humiliation, and fashion it like to His body of glory—awaiting the almighty call of the One, who once by an open grave said to broken bleeding hearts of mourners: "I am the resurrection and the life." Praise God! He who uttered these words has since been into death, robbed it of its sting, and thus achieved the mighty victory over sin, death, and the grave. He is the risen One and He is coming when—

"Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only till He come,"

will be caught up together to meet Him in the air. O what reunions! And faith can now triumphantly assert in prospect of this: "O death, where is thy sting?" "O grave, where is thy victory?" The following is one of her touching poems, entitled "Hidden Treasure":—

"Lay the tired body in the quiet grave,
'Tis the Lord hath taken, 'twas the Lord that gave.
Wrap the soil around it, smooth its narrow bed,
Leave it to its slumbers with the quiet dead.

"Ah! 'tis but the casket that hath held the gem
Which shall shine for ever in His diadem;
Who, beneath death's waters, went, in love to save
Dearly purchased treasures, hidden 'neath the wave.

"E'en the earthly casket to His heart is dear,
He has felt the heart-ache, wept the mourner's tear.
He will keep it safely hidden 'neath the sod,
Treasure well the jewel now returned to God.

"Till that glorious morning, known to God alone
When the Lord of glory comes to claim His own.
Then the upraised casket in most wondrous guise
Shall receive its jewel from the opened skies.

"Holding it for ever: gem and casket one,
To reflect His glory, heaven's unsetting sun.
Lay the precious casket gently in its grave,
'Tis the Lord hath taken, 'twas the Lord that gave."

The true christian can magnify the grace of God so manifested in the life and death of our dear friend, whose works do follow her. For even since her departure, a young woman anxious to be saved was asked when the Lord first aroused her to a sense of her need of salvation, and she replied it was through reading a little booklet of Miss Woodcock's entitled, "A little finger-post to the Celestial City." This same young woman has now confessed Christ as her Saviour. Fellow-believer, you may have both health and talents, are you using them for God? if not, let this brief record of a devoted life speak loudly to you, and with eternity in view commence to redeem the time, then your labours will not be in vain in the Lord.

Dear unsaved friend, you may have glanced through this article and thought christianity very suitable for invalids, children, and elderly people, but remember the time is coming when earthly things will afford you no comfort whatever, for death is no respecter of persons. The solemn funeral procession will not always commence from the next street, nor from the opposite house, but it may, sooner than you anticipate, commence from your home, with the coffin containing your body. The coffin may be covered with pure white flowers, but would its unwilling occupant have been made pure and white through the blood of Christ? Bitter tears may freely flow from the eyes of the sorrowing friends, but would your sightless eyes ever have shed a tear on account of your sins? They may, or may not, speak of your moral life and benevolent acts, but would you have been one of those who had experienced the new birth? for the Saviour said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." And even if the precious words "In sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection," were uttered over your grave, unless there had been confession to God and faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, you would never enter heaven. Therefore now face this important matter; trust the sinners' Saviour, that your sins and iniquities may be remembered no more. Then when earth is passed, glory will dawn, and you too will share the eternal joys of the redeemed of the Lord.

A. GARDNER.

"Gone unto God,
Gone to the Father, in His House to dwell;
Gone through the shadowed vale that Jesus trod,
Belovèd, it is well!"

"Peace be unto thee, Fear not!"

"He hath said, I will never leave thee."—HEB. xiii. 5.
"And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."—
MATT. xxviii. 20.
"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy Presence"—
Ps. xxxi. 20.
"Thou dwrest near in the day that I called upon Thee:
Thou saidst, Fear Not!"—LAM. iii. 57.

STILL Thou art near when fades the glowing daylight
And night is brooding over land and sea,
Father of lights, unwearied Thou art watching,
FOR, DARK OR LIGHT, IT MATTERS NOT TO THEE.

So near Thine own when, wrapped in peaceful slumbers,
They lie secure beneath Thy sheltering wing,
Unconscious as the forest-bird of danger,
WHILE ANGEL-GUARDS METHINKS DO SWEETLY SING.

Nearer than Angels when in pain we languish,
And sleep has spread her wings and flown afar,
Then may we hear Thy whispers in the stillness,
AND GLIMPSE THE RADIANCE OF THE MORNING STAR.

Lord, even here, the sweetness of Thy Presence
Brings rest and comfort to our weary hearts.
Though faith is feeble, and our eyes are holden,
YET WILL WE TRUST THEE TILL THE CLOUD DEPARTS.

O, gracious Father, keep our hearts from wand'ring,
These wayward hearts so prone to go astray,
Be Thou our Light, and let Thy radiant Presence
ILLUME OUR PATH, AND CHASE THE MISTS AWAY.

Nearer and nearer draws the fadeless Morning
That ushers in the long eternal Day,
When we shall see Thee in unclouded glory,
IN THAT FAIR LAND BEYOND THE SHADOWS GREY.

ANNA WOODCOCK.
VIRGINIA MOUNT, MALVERN WELLS.

The above poem may be had of the relatives of the author at 4d. per dozen, or three dozen assorted leaflets for 1s., post free.

The Tired Saint and God's Rest.

OUR dear friend and helper Anna Woodcock has entered into rest! Into God's Rest, to dwell there for evermore! Truly does Mr. Gardner say in his touching record that "Christ was her Saviour, and her Theme." So He was! Her letters were fragrant with beautiful testimonies about her Lord. He was to her always "the chiefest among ten thousand" and "the altogether lovely." Now she sees "the King in His beauty." Sees "HIM AS HE IS"! How wonderful! The tired saint! Not tired of holy and devoted service, but for the poor suffering body there is now "neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

The above beautiful verses were penned not long before our sister passed away, and her heart was evidently filled with the joyful anticipation of that day, when she would meet,

"In that Fair Land beyond the shadows grey,"
the Saviour "Whom having not seen she loved"
so well.

Hearing. Coming. Following.

MARK x. 46—52.

"He calleth thee, and he . . . came to Jesus, . . . and followed Jesus in the way."—MARK x. 49, 50, 52.

WITH what joy must he have welcomed the glad tidings that Jesus of Nazareth, the great Healer of soul and body, was coming! Had he heard of the Bethsaida miracle of healing upon him, who for thirty-eight years had been a sufferer? Of the miraculous feeding of five thousand, with five barley loaves and two small fishes? Of the raising to life of Lazarus, who had been dead and buried four days? Possibly he had. But now he hears that the Great Teacher and Healer is coming within his reach. For this he had waited. Oh, moment of gladness when first he heard!

It inspired him with hope. Jesus had blessed others, why should He not bless him? Not to be wondered at, then, was his cry. Why should he suffer his blind condition any longer? Should he let the golden opportunity pass, and not call for blessing? Nay. He was blind. He had need of Divine help. This help was within his reach. He had heard of Jesus and His wondrous power; he will now raise his voice to its highest pitch in calling for mercy; perchance Jesus will now hear him. He appeals for a share in the blessing of heaven, and is not refused. His cry is heard.

Now observe the next step to the blessing. "He . . . came to Jesus." In the first place his coming was a willing one. The knowledge he had of his own deep need of Divine assistance had produced in him a willingness to come. Next, he came personally. Just as he was, in his blind, beggarly condition, he came to Jesus. He could not see the way, but he ventured out into the ocean of Divine compassion and grace, on the Saviour's word. Oh glorious activity of faith! In the third place, his coming was definite. He was resolute, and determined that nothing should hinder his coming. To the words of those who would impede his progress he would give no heed; he would come at all costs. The moment had come for him to act, and so, casting away his garment, he rose and came to Jesus.

Lastly, he came expectingly, and was not disappointed. With hopes realized and sight given, he found himself at the Saviour's feet. Wondrous place of blessing! With what gratitude must he have gazed, for the first time, upon Him Who had manifested such power and love to him! He had heard of Jesus, now he sees Him for himself, and straightway he becomes His follower.

Has not this incident a message for you, unsaved friend? Verily it has. The path along which Bartimaeus travelled is the highway to eternal blessedness. None ever trod that way but to the entire satisfaction of the soul.

Would you have the rich blessings of heaven filling your soul? The forgiveness of every sin? Would you rest in peace with God, and possess the power to live for Him? Then you too must come to Jesus. The promise is, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Following Jesus will mean the cross; but He will bear the heavier end. He says, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple." But it also means the crown.

Heavenly compensation for earthly loss! Will you not hear, come, and follow? He says, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your heart" (Heb. iv. 7). "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). "My sheep . . . follow Me" (Jno. x. 27).

In blindness he sat by the wayside,

Begging from day to day.

He heard, with joyful gladness,

Jesus was passing his way.

This Jesus had come for the purpose

Of making the blind to see.

So he cried, "Thou Son of David,

Wilt thou not have mercy on me!"

The crowd who had gathered around him,

Charged him to stay his plea;

But he cried the more to Jesus,

"Have mercy on me, on me."

Jesus stood still in compassion,

This Jesus of wonderful fame;

They call the man in his blindness;

He quickly arose and came.

And Jesus, when He beheld him,

Asked, "What shall I do unto thee?"

The man in his blindness utters,

"Lord, that I only could see."

His sight then was speedily given,

Jesus he saw that day,

And with new-found joy in His service,

He followed Him in the way.

Will you not hear the Saviour?

Will you not come to Him?

Will you not follow Him wholly

In this world of darkness and sin?

For you He is lovingly waiting;

For you He has blessings untold;

Then come to Him now for salvation,

He'll shelter you safe in His fold.

"And the sheep follow Him: for they know His voice" (Jno. x. 4).

O Saviour, Jesus, may we hear Thee distinctly! May we come to Thee daily! May we follow Thee devotedly!—*Amen.*

W. H. BROWNING.

Blackwood, Mon.

The Story of John Jones, being further Life-Lessons in his Gospel Work.

The Frog and the Snake.

IN the eventful evangelistic life of the late John Jones, of Shepherd's Bush, many life incidents afforded him lessons to illustrate Gospel truth. We give some of them here.

One sunny morning, as I walked along a quiet country lane, I heard a distressful sound; and, stepping upon the ditch bank, there was a large frog, leaping for its life, with a snake gliding after it. It was a life-and-death race toward some water. If the frog could reach the water it would be saved. I had seen frogs leaping before, but never had there been in my experience of them such an earnest, desperate race as this. The cries were piteous, and the leaps simply marvellous. Mr. Frog made no bends, but went straight for the way of salvation. It reached the water, disappeared, and the snake was foiled. How I saw myself as that poor frog! For many years the old serpent, the devil, had been after me, anxious to destroy and to prevent me reaching my place of refuge—the Lord Jesus, the Saviour of sinners. "Escape for thy life," "Flee from the wrath to come," and other scriptures came to my mind when witnessing the frog-and-snake race. If the water could have spoken to the poor frog, it would have said, "Come!" And the Lord Jesus, our hiding place, is saying to the sinner, "Come!" "And the Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come.' And let him that heareth say, 'Come.' And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely" (Rev. xxii. 4).

The Wisdom of "Silly Tommy."

We had enjoyed a really blessed evening in a hall at Cheddar, where the Gospel had been preached. Going towards our lodgings for the night I was somewhat startled by the sudden appearance of a lad at my side. He said to me, "Mr. Jones, do you see that moon? That be my moon. God gave me that moon. Do you see these hands? God gave me these hands? And those wounds in the body of Jesus, that you have been preaching about. He is my Saviour now. And they be my wounds—they were wounds made on the cross at Calvary for me! Oh, yes, they be my wounds, and that be my Saviour, the Lord Jesus!" I stood amazed, glancing down at him, wondering at his simple, earnest faith in appreciating God's gifts, and especially the unspeakable gift of Jesus as *his* Lord. "What is your name?" "They call me 'Silly Tommy.' The boys say I be a button

short. But *now* I see they'll be a 'button short' if they go to hell. Oh, I believe in Jesus now. The boys who nickname me are so wicked.'" "Where is your father?" "He's dead. He was very wicked. He was working on the high house—that big house there—and was cursing a man when he slipped on the scaffold pole, fell to the ground, and was killed. He died cursing." "Where is your mother?"



"She's in heaven, sir—she loved Jesus. She used to speak to me about Him. She prayed with me, kissed me, and cried. She often spoke to me about two words—'Jesus only.' And when she was dying she spoke to me about the same Saviour that you preached, and said, 'Tommy, my boy—Jesus only.' Them were almost mother's last words. Mother's in heaven, sir." What a sweet confession! I was led to exclaim, with tears, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast ordained strength because of thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger" (Ps. viii. 2). I made inquiries, and found that what the boy said of his father was sadly true, and that his mother was a saintly woman, a thorough "living epistle, read and known of all men," in the district where she had lived. Now that his parents were dead, arrangements had been made for the parish authorities to send the lad to the workhouse, but a christian tradesman intervened, took him to his home, taught him many things in his trade, and the lad grew up to be a useful member of society. Certainly he found godliness profitable for this life as well as for the life to come.

Another conversion, on the same evening that Tommy saw the light, was that of a young woman who had lived in prominent sin. She was convicted in her conscience after hearing Christ preached, and passed a very unhappy

night. The next morning she came to our lodgings with a radiant face. A friend said, "What scripture was it that led to this alteration?" "Oh, it was the seventh of Luke. While dressing this morning I got a Bible, and when I opened it I saw the words, 'He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.' It was as if the Lord Jesus had spoken to me. I know I am forgiven, and now I am so happy. I told mother I must come and tell you about it." "And are you trusting the Lord Jesus?" "I am, and I feel like that poor woman you spoke of, I am now 'going in peace.'" We then sang the hymn:—

My happy soul is free,
For the Lord has pardoned me,
Hallelujah to His name.

Among Herefordshire and Worcester- shire Hop-pickers.

"HAPPY to see you round again!" was the greeting in many a Herefordshire and Worcestershire hop yard, as two and two we paid our annual visits to our old friends. Messrs. Stainford and Denham were mostly in the former county, while Mrs. Luff and myself were mostly in the latter. The total figures are 139 companies, to whom we gave 126 Gospel addresses, in most cases singing as well, and sometimes praying. Putting down each day the numbers at work, we found we reached 22,000 persons, to whom we gave gospel papers and Almanacs, such as that issued with the SPRINGING WELL. "Now I can take down the old one," said one woman: while we overheard a man calling to his less favoured mate, "We've got a Halmanac for our house: you ain't got ne'er a one." Such remarks show that what we give is appreciated. If accidentally passed by, the people do not fail to speak up, or in many cases a neighbour speaks up for them. "These will go to India," said one party as they carefully put up the cards, etc., we had given. As the yards lie far apart, there is little danger of workers overlapping. To reach those we reached meant walking 400 miles: in only two or three yards did we hear of anyone going among the people, except in some parishes, where Church Army men were engaged. Our partner of twenty-six years, Mr. John Jones, is often mentioned.

"I remember the old gentleman's text," said one man. "And what was it?" I asked. "Prepare to meet thy God," he answered. "Yes," I added, "and you recollect how he used to put the five words on his four fingers and

thumb." He did, and the recollection enabled us to preach them afresh.

The need of this work seems greater than ever, for though a few christians go out from the towns, the outlying yards are totally unvisited. Almost the last day, a man whom we met on the road said, "No one came round to us: we did not have even a magic lantern." May God bless the little that has been done!

WILLIAM LUFF.

"Fear not, Beloved, Go calmly on."

"What man is he that feareth the Lord? Him shall He teach in the way He shall choose."—Ps. xxv. 12.

FEAR not, beloved, go calmly on,
God chooseth out thy way;
Full smoothly hath His sunlight shone
Upon thy path to-day.
Acquaint thyself the more with Him,
And be the more "at peace,"
Till, running o'er thy cruse's brim,
The oil of joy increase.

When every cup is drained dry
Which thou hast sought to drink,
Then God shall richer grace supply
Than thou canst ask or think.
He turns the vessels upside down,
To shew how frail they be,
Ere He thine expectation crown
From love's exhaustless sea!

Be not dismayed, for evermore
Thy God thy steps will guide;
The desert need will soon be o'er:
The Lord doth still provide.
No, never thee the Lord will leave;
No, never thee forsake;
No, He who "sinners" doth receive,
The saints His care doth make.

Rejoice, beloved! though all around
Should bid thy soul to weep;
The jewels that the Lord hath found,
Trust thou the Lord to keep.
His special treasure soon shall shine
In resurrection light;
Thou living God! the Day is Thine!
Thine also is the Night.

H. K. BURLINGHAM.

What is Faith?

FAITH is just believing what God says, because God speaks. If your father tells you that he will do this or that, you believe him, because you know he speaks the truth. When anyone does not believe God's Word, it is clear he does not believe God, who speaks the Word. We know who God is by His Word. It is written, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." You could not please your parents, whatever you did, if you did not believe them. Faith in God is of the first importance for us all.

Our Bible Portion

"I will praise the name of God
with a song."—Ps. lxxix. 39.

Songs in the Night.

"In the night His song shall be with me."—Ps. xlii. 8.
"But none saith, Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs
in the night?"—JOB xxxv. 10.

ELIHU is here reproving Job for his self-righteousness, and he tells him that as the wickedness of man cannot dim the majesty of God, but brings ruin to the sinner, so the obedience of man cannot profit God, but it carries blessing and joy in its train, even songs in the dark night of affliction.

"THEREFORE TRUST THOU IN HIM"

is the lesson he seeks to teach the sorely tried man, and it is the lesson he learned in the school of suffering, when the Lord spoke to him out of the whirlwind. "Then Job answered the Lord and said, Behold, I am vile; and what shall I answer Thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth" (Job xl. 4).

There are many things about which sufferers may sing, if they will only turn their thoughts away from themselves and their distressing circumstances, and train their minds to bring before them the tender assurances of infinite love scattered through the Word. Try it some sleepless night, when racked with pain, or tossing and turning in your bed, disturbed by doubts, haunted by fears, harassed by painful recollections, tortured by gloomy forebodings, or shrinking from death. Recall all you can of the life and sayings and sympathy of Christ Jesus, remembering that "ALL THE PROMISES OF GOD IN HIM ARE YEA, AND IN HIM AMEN, UNTO THE GLORY OF GOD BY US" (2 Cor. i. 20), and see if it will not quiet your agitation, like His own "Peace, be still," spoken to the storm: "for so He giveth His beloved sleep" (Ps. cxxvii. 2), and in sleep

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace surpassing this,
He giveth His beloved sleep."

We may well sing of His creative power in the night of sorrow, and thus catch the strains of that first music, "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted

for joy" (Job xxxviii. 7). It is a manifestation of power designed to give comfort to the afflicted, for the Holy Spirit expressly writes, "Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful creator" (1 Pet. iv. 19).

Surely it is enough to call forth a song in the darkest night to understand that over the night, and in the face of the night, the Son of God reigns, "whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who, being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high" (Heb. i. 2—3). Since He who loved us unto death not only made the worlds, but upholds all things by the word of His power, it is certain that no suffering can be the portion of His people, except that which is necessary to carry out the purpose of God, "who created all things by Jesus Christ, to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God" (Eph. iii. 9—10). The church is the lesson book which the angels are studying, and the manifold wisdom of God, including all that He does, will be made known more through suffering than through all the other manifestations of His glory.

We can sing, moreover, of redemption in the night, when we can sing of nothing else. "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me, for I have redeemed thee. SING, O YE HEAVENS; FOR THE LORD HATH DONE IT: SHOUT, YE LOWER PARTS OF THE EARTH: BREAK FORTH INTO SINGING, YE MOUNTAINS, O FOREST, AND EVERY TREE THEREIN: FOR THE LORD HATH REDEEMED JACOB, AND GLORIFIED HIMSELF IN ISRAEL" (Isa. xlviv. 22, 23). So of Israel it is said, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away" (Isa. xxxv. 10).

God "... raised Him from the dead and set Him at His Own Right Hand."—EPH. II. 20.

Great Truths about Salvation.—IX.

The age in which we live.

THE Son of God, having been rejected by men, and cast out from the world, a vast change in the ways of God with the human race follows of necessity. Man requited God in His highest love to the world, in the gift of His Son, by the most inveterate enmity, and, such being the case, we may well ask, "What, then, is God's answer to the ways of man?" It is twofold. To the world, as a system, it is judgment; to individuals, who repent and believe His message of reconciliation, it is grace. God will maintain His ways of judgment, and of grace, and make them evident to all, when, at the coming of His Son from heaven, this present age shall end.

We will touch upon God's ways of grace in the paper now before the reader; in the next we will speak of His ways of judgment.

In the first place we observe that the way of God, in His abounding grace toward man at this present time, finds its explanation in the exaltation and the glory of His Son on the throne of divine majesty, and His ways with man, in this age, will never be justly understood unless the exaltation of Christ be apprehended. Jesus Christ has passed out of the world—He has gone to the Father—the world sees Him no more—but God, by His Spirit, makes good to such as believe the things He declares in His Word respecting His Son.

The gospel of God is now sent to all the world.

Neither family nor kingdom is called out from the world by God now, as was the case in other ages, but God speaks to man from heaven, irrespective of race, concerning His Son, once slain, but now exalted in heaven. In His grace God reveals to men, without distinction, how that, by the blood of Christ, He can justify the worst of sinners, and yet remain the just God (Rom. iii. 25, 26). All men are now alike welcome to the mercy-seat, whether Jew or Gentile, religious or prodigal, and whoever comes to God through Christ, receives pardon, and is justified: and such is

God's love to man, that, by virtue of the atonement of Christ, He, as it were, beseeches men to be reconciled to Himself (2 Cor. v. 21).

"After He was risen" Jesus commanded His apostles, "Go ye into all the world"—not merely to Jewish confines as was the case prior to His death—"and preach the gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 14, 15). Now, that Christ is in heaven God reveals His Gospel as His power to salvation to every one who believes (Rom. i. 16). Christ, who died for sinners, sits at the right hand of God, and in His honour, mercy is world-wide.

This abounding grace of God Satan makes his point of attack. For the nineteen hundred years of christianity the truths of free grace have been assailed by the enemy—they have been clouded and hidden, denied and rejected, but God has made them to shine out before men, and to enlighten the souls of His people. In defence of these truths men have been persecuted and slain, cast to wild beasts, or burned at the stake. And in our own times the warfare proceeds, and so it will to the end. We have but to read the Epistle to the Galatian Churches to see how soon the enemy dogged the steps of God's servants and corrupted men's minds by another gospel.

The Holy Ghost now indwells the believer.

By His good news to man, God reveals more than pardon and justification through Christ's death and His resurrection. God bestows upon those who believe the favour of the child's intimacy with the Father. Consequent upon the ascent of our Saviour to heaven, the Holy Ghost has come down to this earth (John xiv. 17, 25, 26), and He dwells in the children of God, enabling them to say, "Abba, Father" (Rom. viii. 15.) Of this intimacy the world is ignorant—the natural eye could see the pillar of cloud and fire going before the host of Israel, and men saw the Son of Man on earth; but the world does not see, and, therefore cannot receive, the Spirit of God. The present age has for its great characteristic, in the wonderful ways of God with man, the fact of the Holy Spirit of God being on the earth.

Things the christian ought to know for certainty.

THE believer may know that he is saved (Rom. x. 9).

That he is saved from wrath (Rom. v. 9).

That he is delivered from the power of darkness, and that he is translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son (Col. i. 13).

That he has redemption through Christ's blood (Eph. i. 7).

That he has forgiveness of sins (Col. i. 13, 14).

That he is justified by faith (Rom. v. 1).

That he has eternal life (Rom. vi. 23).

That he has been made the righteousness of God in Christ (2 Cor. v. 21).

That he has been made meet by the Father to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light (Col. i. 12).

That he is sealed with the Holy Spirit who was promised (Eph. i. 13).

That he is a member of Christ (1 Cor. vi. 15).

That he will live together with Christ (1 Thess. v. 10).

The above are some only of the blessings that belong to, and are true of, the believer, of whom it is said, "For all things are yours. . . . And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's" (1 Cor. iii. 21, 23).

"Our Life and Our Light."

"IN Him was life: and the life was the light of men." It was the Word who gave life to the natural world, and none but He can give life to the soul "dead in trespasses and sins."

Jesus is a life-giving Saviour. When we come to Him we have life. But as the young plant will not flourish in the dark, but requires light and the bright rays of the sun to make it strong and vigorous, so the

christian must dwell near the Light, the "Sun of Righteousness," would he grow in grace. "With Thee is the fountain of life: and in Thy light shall we see light."

Prayer and Consecration.

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Keep on Praying.

R. O. SMITH. Arr.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



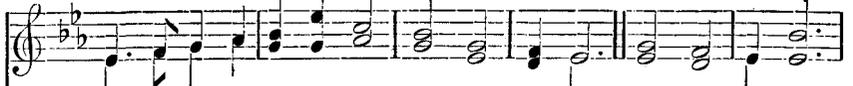
1. Tho' the foes of right op-press, Keep on praying; Christ, the Lord, is near to bless,
2. Christian, has your faith grown weak? Keep on praying; Do the tears roll down your cheek?
3. Pil-grim, have you wea-ry grown? Keep on praying; God is yet up - on His throne,
4. Praises shall with pray'r ascend, Keep on praying; Pray and praise till life shall end,



1. All pre - vail - ing. Let not fear your heart appal, Naught of e - vil can be - fall,
2. Keep on pray - ing. Soon you nev - er more will sigh, Tears no more shall dim your eye,
3. Keep on pray - ing. He will hear your faithful cry, He to help is ev - er nigh,
4. Keep on pray - ing. Till you reach the gold - en gate, Where the ransom'd souls a - wait,



CHORUS.



1. Strong - er is your God than all, Keep on pray - ing.
2. Pray to Him who's al - ways nigh, Nev - er fail - ing.
3. You shall con - quer by - and - bye, Keep on pray - ing.
4. Claim - ing there your tri - umph great, Keep on pray - ing.



Keep on pray - ing, Thro' the Saviour's bless - ed name, all pre - vail - ing.



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Streams that make Glad.

Ps. xlv. 4.

The Work of the Holy Spirit.—XI.

IN that beautiful chapter of Paul's letter to the believers at Corinth, in which he tells them of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus from the dead, of the vital importance for their faith of this doctrine, and of the glorious message of hope that this great truth brings to every believer, he says, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual" (1 Cor. xv. 44—46).

This is one of many passages in God's word which explains to us the reality of salvation, of the new birth, of the work of the Holy Spirit.

The same God, by Whose Word all things have been made (Gen. i. 1; Psalm c. 3; John i. 3; Col. i. 16) is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (2 Peter iii. 9), "and live" (Ezek. xviii. 32). Therefore He has made provision for man's salvation from the condemnation that is his due, and for bringing a great multitude into communion with Himself, whereby they shall dwell with Him in glory. This is explained to us in many passages, for example, it is written in Heb. ii. 9, 10 "We see Jesus, Who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour, that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man. For it became Him, for Whom are all things, and by Whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

To accomplish this purpose of God, namely, man's salvation and "the bringing of many sons unto glory," God has made full and wonderful provision, and He tells us that He "is not slack concerning His promise, as some men count slackness; but is long suffering to us-ward" (2 Peter iii. 9).

Now the whole Scriptures are full of God's provision and revelation of His purpose and of His various dealings with mankind, with a view to the bringing to pass this purpose of His grace, but let us inquire a little as to these.

First, then, God tells us that man's salvation owes its rise and fulfilment to His love towards the race of man, whom He has created (John iii. 16, 17). "Humble yourselves therefore," writes Peter, "under the mighty hand of God, that He

may exalt you in due time: Casting all your care upon Him: for HE CARETH FOR YOU" (1 Peter v. 6, 7).

I wish these words could shine with the brilliance of the light of the Sun of righteousness into our hearts, that they might ever lead us forward until we reach the city of God, where "the glory of God lightens it, and the Lamb is the light thereof" (Rev. xxi. 23).

Secondly, God tells us that He has exalted His Son to be "a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance* . . . and forgiveness of sins" (Acts v. 31) and that "whosoever shall call upon the Name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. x. 13).

Thirdly, God has promised that "witnesses" to the Lord Jesus, filled with the Holy Spirit, should go forth "unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts i. 8).

The variety of these witnesses and the nature of their work are described in Ephes. iv. 11, 12.

Fourthly, God shows us what is the substance of these witnesses' testimony: "The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach: that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. x. 8, 9).

Fifthly, God shows us the necessity of this "word of reconciliation" (2 Cor. v. 19) being preached. "How shall they call on Him, in Whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him, of Whom they have not heard? . . . so then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God" (Rom. x. 14, 17).

Sixthly, God shows us that the Holy Spirit is given to those who believe. "As I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning. . . . Forasmuch then as God gave them the like gift as He did unto us, who believed on the Lord Jesus Christ: what was I, that I could withstand God?" (Acts xi. 15—17).

Seventhly, Let me give you two statements showing how the Spirit of God works in the believer: "The inward man is renewed day by day" (2 Cor. iv. 16). "The new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him, Who created him" (Col. iii. 10).

May this short analysis of the work of the Holy Spirit help some to understand the meaning of "afterward that which is spiritual" (1 Cor. xv. 46).

W. H. B.

* I omit the words "to Israel" so as not to confuse the reader, for whilst these words were preached by Peter to the Jews, Paul had the same message to preach to the Gentiles, and he declared "God . . . now commandeth all men everywhere to repent" (Acts xvii. 30).

Jottings about the Bible.

"THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE
MOST SURELY BELIEVED."—

LUKE i. 1.

Four Remarkable Witnesses.

IT has long since been recognised, that if the representations made by the four Evangelists concerning our Lord Jesus be false, their action is altogether inexplicable. That a group of men should agree together to deceive their fellows by the creation of an ideal character of surpassing moral excellence is impossible. Should such a monstrous hypothesis be suggested, we are face to face with the fact that no motive can be assigned for the production of falsehood, and what is a still greater difficulty, we are driven to the conclusion that the most perfect testimony concerning personal character ever delineated is a deliberate imposture. If this be true, we must admit that deception has produced sincerity, unholiness holiness, impurity purity, and a fourfold lie has begotten the impersonation of truth. It is simply impossible to reason with men who thus argue.

The position of the Evangelists in relation to the reality of our Lord's existence, who, to quote John's words, "we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life," is a stronghold of conclusive testimony more impregnable than the Rock of Gibraltar is declared to be.

The enemies of christianity have perceived this, and have not hesitated to use every kind of criticism, honest and dishonest, to show discrepancy in the evidence given by these strong and independent witnesses. The conclusion to which their testimony brings may be stated in the following words. Allowing for the element of individuality in the writers, and that they never intended identical utterance in regard to their testimony, it is true to say that their evidence is absolutely conclusive concerning the life and character of our Lord, the very disparities of which prejudiced critics have made so much capital being amongst the strongest confirmations of their truthfulness.

Estimated as a question of judicial trustworthiness, there is not an unprejudiced lawyer in the land who dare affirm that the differences which are noticeable are necessarily

incapable of explanation, or that they detract from, much less destroy, the substantial unity of the witnesses themselves. It has occurred in many cases that witnesses have combined for purposes of deception. Marked precision in reference to circumstance, language, and detail is regarded as one of the sure indications that what is popularly called "cooked evidence" is being given. As an illustration, there is a seeming discrepancy concerning the blind men and the blind man of Bethsaida, but who is prepared to say that the incidents are to be declared identical? Why may there not have been two occasions upon which our Lord exercised His miraculous power in regard to the blind at Bethsaida? The Evangelists do not pretend to give an exhaustive history either of the life or of the actions of our Lord. Let it be remembered that three years and a half of His public ministry, teaching, healing, and miracles are compressed into twenty-eight chapters in Matthew's, sixteen in Mark's, twenty-four in Luke's, and twenty-one in John's Gospel.

There is one remarkable argument which to my mind is simply irresistible, as proving beyond all question that these men "spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." I refer to the entire absence of personal feeling or opinion on the part of the writers themselves in regard to the subjects of which they write. They are not in the slightest degree influenced by partisanship on the one hand, or by individual sympathies, preferences, or feeling on the other. There is, moreover, no denunciation of opponents, neither comment nor statement which bears the slightest trace of personal feeling against the enemies of Christ, and, what is still more wonderful, no indication that they either sought to vindicate their Lord, or were in the least degree influenced in their expressions concerning Him by reason of their strong attachment or their remarkable companionship. It is astonishing that greater prominence has not been given to the unique character of this testimony, which, so far as I know, is without precedent or parallel in the whole range of literature.

HENRY VARLEY.



A Berean Competition.

ALTHOUGH there are still two months before the end of the year, we do not anticipate a very much larger accession to our membership for 1910. The Berean movement is going on in a most wonderful way. There are now over 860 Bible-learning Circles scattered all over the United Kingdom and abroad, with an aggregate membership of 36,000. In view of the coming year the efforts of our friends should now be directed to the increasing of the membership of the existing branches and the formation of new ones, and in order that there may be no delay in our new members starting their Bible-learning, the hon. general secretary will be glad to send, during November only, this year's list of verses as well as those for next year, if they are asked for, to all those who wish to be enrolled as members for 1911.

We hope all our branch secretaries have already received our President's letter of thanks, and a copy of the new circular. If any have failed to receive them, will they kindly communicate with the Central Office of the Band?

As the Berean movement becomes more widely known, its simple yet effective methods are being readily adopted, and as the number of Bible-learning Circles are multiplied, it becomes more than ever essential that there should be a word of encouragement to Bereans from pulpits, and in our Bible Classes, so that they may persevere in the goodly habit they have formed or are forming. Many of our friends remember this during the year, but the institution of Berean Sunday provides an opportunity when the practice of Bible-learning may be urged in a very definite way upon both adults and young people throughout the country.

The encouraging response to our appeal last year fills us with hope that the coming Berean Sunday, which is to be held (D.V.) on December 4th, will eclipse its predecessors in spiritual influence. A large number of invitations have been sent out to Clergymen, Ministers and other Christian Workers, to speak on behalf of Bible-learning on that date, and already there has been a most encouraging response.

It is anticipated that Berean Sunday will be

taken up very largely by the Y.M.C.A., and the Y. W. C. A., and it is hoped that

Sunday School Superintendents will be induced to bring the subject of Bible-learning before their schools.

We shall, however, rely largely upon our branch secretaries and members to make Berean Sunday an even greater success than last year. There ought to be more than double the number of Centres this year in which Bible-learning is advocated. Let all our helpers do their level best, and something effectual will be accomplished. If one sermon or address on Bible-learning be delivered as the result of each member's efforts, we shall say "well done."

We want all our members to send us three reasons, written on post-cards, why the Bible should be committed to memory. Ten shillings worth of books will be given to the one who sends us a post-card with what the adjudicator considers the best three reasons. The following rules must be adhered to.

Reasons, which must be distinct and limited to three on one card, can be either original or selected, if the latter, the source from whence they are taken must be given, with the name of the author if possible.

They must be written distinctly (illegible writing may disqualify).

The left hand side of the front of the post-card may be used as well as the back.

More than one card can be sent if desired by an individual contributor.

Post-cards must be received by the hon. general secretary not later than the first post on December 10th next.

The adjudicator's decision, which will be published in our January issue, must be accepted as final. He reserves the right of withholding the reward if, in his opinion, the quantity or quality of contributions warrant it.

The verses to be committed to memory during November are—

THE JEW.

- | | |
|---------|---|
| Nov. 6. | Jer. 32, 42—All the evil, and all the good. |
| „ 13. | Ezek. 37, 21—Their own land. |
| „ 20. | Jer. 24, 7—They shall return unto Me. |
| „ 27. | Isa. 45, 17—Israel shall be saved. |

Address all communications to the Founder and Hon. General Secretary of the Berean Band, 12, Baldwin Gardens, Acton, London, W.

Our Young People's Pages.

Inside are a hundred neatly written texts, on coloured paper, rolled, and ready for use. By the sale of these Alice

Alice, and the "Results" of her Race.

BY WILLIAM LUFF.

THE eager competitors gathered around the teachers they loved, for "We are to have races!" they cried. It was early evening, June, 1909, and the children from the Birmingham Branch of the Railway Mission were out for the day, a day prayed over that it might yield fruit to the glory of God, for the workers believed in 1 Cor. x. 31: "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The eating and drinking at the tea-table was over, and now that races were to be run, even the godly teachers could not guess what great things would be in the "results."

Alice, whose portrait is before us, was the winner of the Globe money-box seen in her hand, a box representing the world, and suggesting to her the words of the Lord Jesus:

"Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15). If she could not, "Go," she could, "Help go."

"That Globe money-box shall be my missionary box," was her resolve, prompted only by the Spirit of God.

But how was it to be filled? She was poor: her father was an invalid, out of work, for many weeks; but notwithstanding difficulties, the box was brought back in September containing 1s. 1d. in coppers.

Alice had seen Mrs. Caswell's Promise Boxes, containing word texts to be taken out and read: these she imitated on a small scale, and sold at a penny each. One is before me as I write, a cardboard box, 3½ inches by 2½ inches, on the lid of which is written in beautiful writing,

"Eternity gives nothing back of the minute that has struck."

"Prepare to meet thy God."

filled her box.

Asked by her teacher why she turned her prize into a missionary box, she replied, "I thought I should like the children abroad to know about Jesus and His love, as we do; for I love to come on Wednesday night and sing to Him, and hear you speak of Him."

This example was told in the class of sixty girls, and all took Globe missionary boxes, with the result that when called in, after eighteen weeks, they contained £1 17s. 10d. This, with a profit on a Lantern Service held to celebrate the event, enabled the lady to send to India the sum of £2 10s., all through the unselfish thoughts of little Alice.



"THE WINNER OF THE GLOBE MONEY-BOX."

It made the teacher read Christ's words in Luke xix.: "A certain nobleman went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. And he called his ten servants, and delivered them ten pounds, and said unto them, Occupy till I come. . . . And it

came to pass, that when he was returned, having received the kingdom, then he commanded these servants to be called unto him, to whom he had given the money, that he might know how much every man had gained by trading. Then came the first, saying, Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds. And he said unto him, Well, thou good servant: because thou hast been faithful in a very little, have thou authority over ten cities."

"Alice's box gained sixty other boxes," was that teacher's comment, "and Alice's shilling gained fifty other shillings."

The money was sent to the Zenana Training Home, Poona, India, where, on the morning of its arrival, Miss Soowderbai H. Powar was sorely tried, for they had no money with which to buy food for the children. As she finished opening her letters there was nothing in any of them, and she turned to her helper, Miss Edith

Hall, saying, "I cannot understand this. God has never left me thus."

Nor art thou left now. "The Lord is good unto them that wait for Him, to the soul that seeketh Him" (Lam. iii. 25).

"He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee: fear not, neither be dismayed" (Deut. xxxi. 8).

"The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him" (Nahum i. 7).

"Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer: thou shalt cry, and He shall say, here I am" (Isa. lviii. 9).

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear" (Isa. lxxv. 24).

Miss Hall proceeded to open her letters: and among them was the one containing the result of Alice's self-denying efforts: and that £2 10s. fed the needy ones for a week.

The story has been told in other centres, and others are taking the work up, so that no one can tell how far the influence may spread. We give the photo of Alice, taken by her teacher, in the hope that still more will go and do likewise.

"Truly, a little child may lead us, even in the matter of giving," is Miss Hall's message from India. Alice leads, will you follow her?

A Little Prayer-Hymn.

"**T**HY Hands have made me and fashioned me: give me understanding, that I may learn thy commandments" (Ps. cxix. 73).

GOD make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all;
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest:
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith that never waxeth dim,
In all His wondrous ways.

And finish this nice little Prayer-Hymn by saying,
For Jesus Christ's sake, Amen.

This beautiful Hymn is taken from "Redemption Songs" No. 661. A splendid tune for it appears in the music edition published at 2s. 6d. which we send post free.

III.—The Life Story of John Falk.

By COUSIN EDITH.

AFTER THE WAR.

"I NEVER fear death when in the path of duty," was the answer of this truly brave man to friends, who felt that his untiring ministrations to the sick and wounded often exposed him to danger. After some weary months the war was over; but the peace that followed seemed like the sunshine that often follows a night of storm, to make the wreck and desolation that had been wrought only more plainly seen, and more keenly felt.

The vintage had not been gathered; the fields of grain that had been ripe and ready for the sickle, during "the appointed weeks of harvest" had not been reaped, and lay rotting and utterly unfit for food. The people were almost starving. Plague broke out, and four out of Falk's six children were among its victims. The suddenness and severity of the blow seemed for a time almost to crush him. He felt, he said afterward, as if the best part of his life had been buried in the grave of his little ones. He prayed for grace to say from his inmost soul, "The will of the Lord be done," but his heart was very sore. He wrote to a friend, "We all like the glory on Tabor, but we cannot bear to spend our nights in Golgotha."

But the same sickness that had entered his home had raged in the poorer districts of the town, and scores, if not hundreds of children had lost one or both parents. Hungry children, with tear-stained faces, came knocking at his door, for with the quick instinct of childhood, they felt he was their best earthly friend. And that door was never closed against them. "God," he said, "has taken my darlings to Himself, but spared me that I may be your father." A few of the most needy cases were, with the full approval of his wife, taken into his house, fed, clothed, and taught as though they had been his own children. But his work did not stop there. With a few christian friends, like-minded with himself, he founded a society called "Friends in Need," the object of which was by small gifts or loans of money to help really deserving people, who had lost their all during the war. The number of orphan children under his care grew larger; hardly a week passed without some poor child seeking his help. Sometimes they would come to his door, at others, as he walked in the street, a thin little hand would be slipped into his, and a face that looked almost too worn and pinched with hunger to belong to a child, with large, tear-dimmed eyes, would gaze trustfully

into his own. Did he see in each, the faces of the old, then dead burgomasters of his native town? Did he hear their voices in the stories of suffering and hardship the children poured

and the more he prayed and thought about the children, who perhaps, for no fault of their own, were shunned and scorned by everybody, the more certain he felt, not only that something could be done, but that God was calling him to do it. He begun by inviting a few to his house; they were treated with the same kindness as the other inmates; but after a few days, nearly all of them ran away. This was discouraging certainly, and many men would have been discouraged, but such ungrateful conduct only roused his pity and made him more hopeful of future success. Some of the runaways returned, and were kindly received; others were added, and in spite of difficulties the work went on.



"THE OUTCAST, UNCARED-FOR CHILDREN."

into his sympathizing ear? Perhaps he did, but we cannot fail to recognize that a strong, deep love to his Saviour was the secret spring of his life; a spring, hidden yet all-powerful to influence his words and actions.

The orphans among whom Falk begun what proved to be the great work of his life, had as a rule enjoyed the blessings of comfortable, and often godly homes; the children of small farmers, or shopkeepers, who had either fallen on the field of battle or been carried off by the plague. But as his work grew, he was brought into contact with a class whose need seemed to him still greater. The outcast, uncared-for children of criminals and drunkards. Some had been deserted by their parents, and did not know if they were living or dead; with others, their fathers, and sometimes mothers were working out longer or shorter terms of imprisonment.

He longed to reach such, but did not at first see how it was to be done. He had a few warm-hearted friends, who were willing to help him in any way they could, but many, even among christians, looked coldly on his plan, and tried to persuade him not to attempt to do anything for such waifs and strays. One wrote to him, "The children you talk of feeding, clothing, and educating are the children of thieves and murderers; in a few years they will be as bad or worse than their parents, and a thief who can read, write and cypher, is as much a thief as one who cannot, only more dangerous."

But John Falk was a man of prayer. "Have faith in God," had become the motto of his life,

Missionary Study and Cupbearers' Circle.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

COUSIN EDITH is face to face with a problem which she hopes some among the many readers of "THE SPRINGING WELL" will kindly solve for her. She cannot understand how any christian girl or woman could fail to be interested, in some at least, of the many efforts made in this our day of privilege and opportunity, to carry the good news to the millions of our sisters who are still heathen, or christians only in name; but though the letters on missionary subjects that reach her from time to time are deeply interesting, they are still "few and far between." She wonders why?

To encourage correspondence, and what is of far greater importance, stimulate interest in mission work, it has been decided to offer monthly, three small prizes, for the best letters on subjects suggested in our "Study Circle." There will be no limit to age, and those who compete may take any subject in which they are interested, or they may write concerning any part of the world—India, China, Korea, Japan, Africa, the New Hebrides, or any Moham-medan land.

Names of successful competitors will (Lord willing) be printed in the January or February number of "THE SPRINGING WELL." All letters to be addressed to "Cousin Edith," 8, St. Andrew's Road, Croydon, Surrey.

There are so many things connected with missionary work about which all our dear young friends may write. For instance, if you know anything of the work of the veteran missionary Mr. Paton, in these not so very long ago savage and cannibal islands, mention it in your letter.

If you do not, but would like information, do not be afraid to say so, and "Cousin Edith" will gladly help you in the choice of books.

Chinese Women.

We hear and read much about the rapid changes that are taking place in China. How laws to prohibit the growth and sale of opium are being passed, and how a desire for Western education seems to be spreading. We are, perhaps, in danger of forgetting that much remains to be done, and that still in that vast field, "the labourers are few." Much patient teaching is still needed, for as a rule, the women of China do not learn quickly. A lady missionary, now at home on furlough, gives a typical case.

"A woman from a distant village came to our dispensary, heard the good news, and seemed really interested. We lost sight of her, but some months later she came again, when the following conversation took place. 'Do you remember what we told you?' 'Oh, yes.' 'And do you pray to the Lord Jesus?' 'Every day.' 'What do you say?' 'I put what you gave me (a hymn sheet) on the wall, and every day I pray to it, and knock my head on the floor; you told me it had the character 'Yesu' (Jesus) on it, so I thought it was your God.'"

Have you read or heard about the needs and claims of the great Empire of China, with its four hundred million of people, forming nearly a third of the population of the globe?

"The Springing Well" Almanac.

THIS splendid Gospel sheet almanac contains prominent texts of scripture and striking illustrations, the centre one being illustrative of the Word of God in the Home, a very beautiful picture. Price one penny, post free 2d.; 12 copies, post free, 1s. 3d.; 50 copies, 3s. 6d.; 250 for 16s. We will supply 500 copies, carriage paid, for 30s., to those who will circulate it freely. This is a magnificent Gospel Sheet, and it will, we trust, be freely distributed in all the towns and villages of our land. The almanac has always been vastly appreciated, but we believe the general "get up" of this, and the Scripture texts thereon, will be more liked than ever. We shall be glad to send a specimen to any who wish to circulate a splendid wall almanac, which silently preachers the story of Redeeming Love all through the year.

"The Springing Well" Volume.

WE have much pleasure in announcing that our new volume will be ready as soon as this number reaches our readers. It forms a beautiful book. We are sure it will be appreciated in the homes of the people, and we ask our friends to aid us in making it known. It may be ordered of all booksellers, through any colportage agency, or at any of the railway bookstalls. The prices will be 1s. 6d. in cloth, 2s. in cloth, stiff boards, and in bevelled

boards (best), gilt edges, at 2s. 6d. A special reduction would be made for quantities by the Publisher, or the volume would be sent by him at the above prices post free.

Volumes 1 to 12 may also be had in cloth boards, 1s. 6d. each; in cloth, stiff boards, 2s.; and in cloth bevelled boards, gilt edges, 2s. 6d., post free. The new volume is most tastefully bound, forming a useful and attractive present. The complete set of 13 volumes at 1s. 6d. each, will be posted free for 15s.

Now is the time to order this beautiful calendar.

The Golden Text Block Calendar for 1911.

Price 1s.; carefully packed, 1s. 3d.; 12 copies, carriage paid, 10s.

WE are glad to announce that this favourite Calendar is now ready for 1911. The design is the finest we have ever produced, and the texts are chosen by the Editress with her usual prayerful care.

It is really a very beautiful production, and will make a pleasing addition to any home; and we trust very many of our readers will be glad to secure a copy, and perhaps to make a present of one to a friend, for it would form an acceptable gift to anyone, and, moreover, would present the Word of God to the possessor all through the year.

We should like to encourage our readers to help in missionary work as Alice did, and would allow 7s. 6d., with this view, to all who sell twenty-four of the 1s. Calendar amongst their friends and acquaintances.

To Our Annual Subscribers.

MAY we ask all our kind subscribers to renew their subscriptions for 1911 at once. We thank those who order largely, but, if we could have 10,000 single subscriptions at 1s. 6d. each per annum, our paper would be more widely distributed, and it would remove all financial burden in the production of "THE SPRINGING WELL." Indeed, we shall be very thankful if those interested in the circulation of such a scriptural and spiritual magazine, as we desire this to be, will endeavour to help to secure for it a much larger circulation. This is really necessary in order that the cost of its production may be covered, and also so that its Gospel Message might reach thousands more of our fellow men and women and young people. We are grateful to those who do help us most generously, but we need a large accession to our general subscriber's list.—THE EDITOR.

Our Subscription Funds.

WE have received this month only as under for our various subscription and Free Distribution Funds. We thank this dear friend who sends this 2s., viz., 1s. for the Hop-pickers Fund and 1s. for Free Distribution. The Lord knows the needs and He will lead others to help, if it be His will.

From "Whaplode" 2s.

All communications for the Editor to be addressed to the care of Mr. ALFRED HOLNESS, 14, Paternoster Row, London.

THE Springing-Well

OR WATERS THAT FAIL NOT.

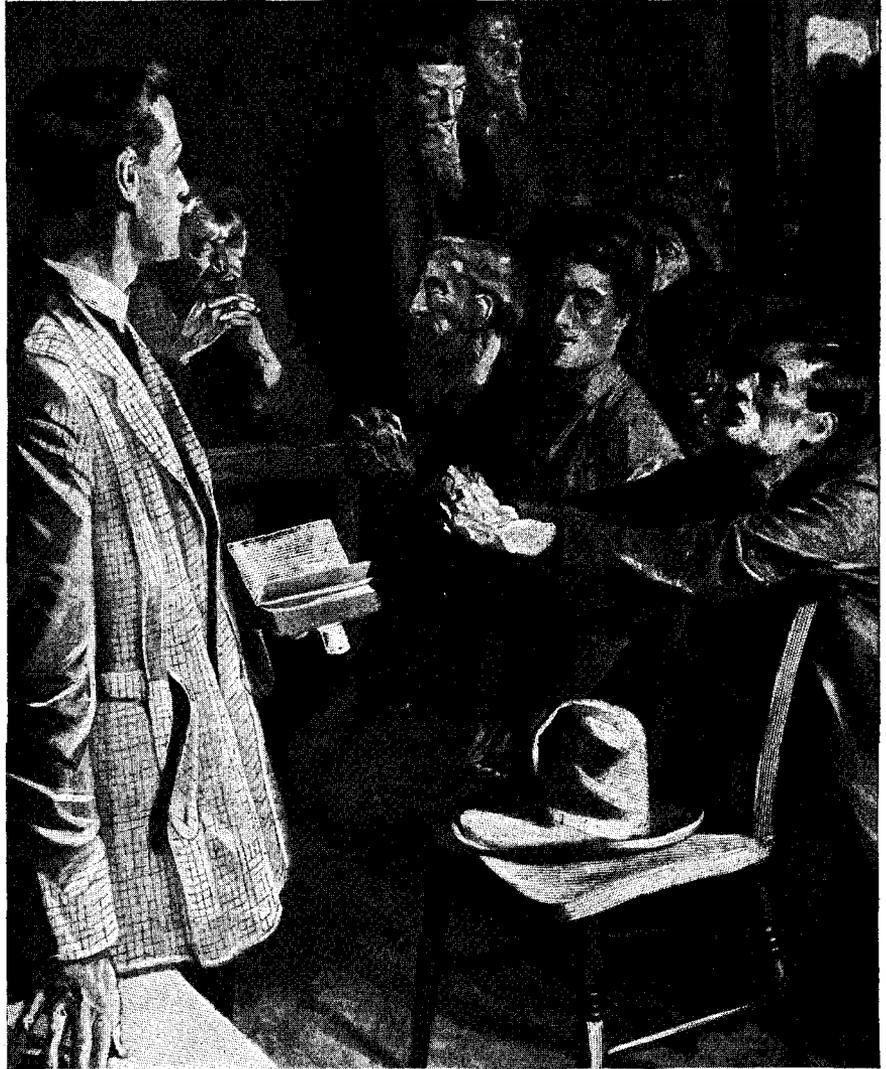
"SPRING UP, O WELL"

How the Miller's Man Kept a Good Conscience.

SOME years ago, in a village in Yorkshire, the Lord was working in a remarkable way, convincing men of sin, and leading them into the knowledge of forgiveness through Christ.

Amongst these was Robert Robinson. He was truly awakened, and, in the distress of his soul, cried to God, like the publican of old, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." One thing pressed very heavily on poor Robert. He was by occupation a miller, and managed a mill driven by water power. In hot, summer weather the supply of water would sometimes run short, and he had to stop the mill until the dam filled, and then go on again. On such occasions Robert's master required him, when the dam was full, to turn on the water, whatever day it might be, and this involved Robert, at times, in working on the Lord's day.

This Sunday-grinding seemed to Robert a very great sin, and he felt that he must confess and forsake it or he would never find mercy. So, in the presence of others at the prayer-meeting, he cried to God, in his broad Yorkshire dialect, "O Lord, hea maysey on me, and ah will nivver



"SO IN THE PRESENCE OF OTHERS AT THE PRAYER-MEETING, HE CRIED TO GOD."

gründ nea mair o' Sundas." Of course, poor penitent Robert meant that he would not grind any more corn for his worldly master on the Lord's Day, if the Lord would only forgive him for the past, and save his soul. This petition

he repeated many times, until He, who does not despise a broken and contrite heart, heard and answered his earnest prayer, by giving him to see that Christ Jesus had died for him, and filling his heart with peace and joy through believing in Him.

Now came the trial of his faith. Robert frankly told his master that, being saved, he meant to lead a different life, and that now he could no more set the mill going on the Lord's Day. He was sorry if this should displease his master, but he must now obey the Lord at all cost, and, besides, he had promised the Lord not to do it again. His master who had more thought for his own business than for Robert's spiritual benefit saw no harm in having the mill going a little on the Lord's Day. Should the water be running over the mill-dam to waste, what sin could there be in turning it over the wheel in order to grind the corn to make bread?

Robert stood firm, however, as to Sunday grinding, but he was quite willing to meet his master's wish, as far so he was able to do it with a good conscience. He would keep the mill going up to midnight on the Saturday, and start it again directly after midnight on the Monday morning.

This proposal his master accepted, as he valued Robert as a faithful servant. Thus Robert's path was made clear, and he was as happy as the day is long.

He had occasionally to go to the houses of the farmers to fetch their corn for grinding, and to take it back when ground. His heart was full of joy; when he heard the birds singing in the hedges by the wayside, or in the trees, he thought they sang of Jesus Christ the Saviour, indeed, everything spoke to him of the Lord. Even in the old mill he heard the name of Jesus, for when the bell rang for more corn in the hopper Robert thought that it sounded forth that Blessed Name. The "hopper" is a wooden receptacle in the shape of a round tub, rather narrower at its lower end, where the corn issues to pass between the millstones. A small bell is fixed near the bottom of this, and when the hopper is full the bell is silent, but as soon as the corn passes below it the shaking motion given to the hopper to keep the corn passing through it rings the bell and gives the signal for more "grist to the mill."

Christ filled the heart of Robert, in the mill or out of it, a constant unfailing spring, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Robert stayed with his master as long as he lived, which was not many years, for his consti-

tution was not robust. The dust of the mill injured his lungs, yet he continued his duty as long as he could, and his master kindly kept on his faithful servant to the last. Robert passed away in triumph, to see the One who had loved him, and who had given him such heavenly joy even on earth.

That "God is Love."

"GOD is love!" His word hath said it,
This is news of heavenly birth!
Speed abroad and widely spread it,
Make it known through all the earth
That "God is Love."

Not in yonder blessed regions,
Where the Lord, with glory crowned,
Reigns amid angelic legions,
Will the brightest proof be found
That "God is Love."

'Tis that "Man of Sorrows" yonder
Object of contempt beneath,
But, in Heaven, of highest wonder,
Teaches fully by His death
That "God is Love."

His a throne—the throne of Heaven
Yet He comes on earth to bleed,
And for man His life is given;
This is what declares indeed
That "God is Love."

Not for those that ever loved Him
Did the Lord of glory die;
Pity to the wretched moved Him;
Who that hears it will deny
That "God is Love."

'Tis a truth; away and spread it—
Spread the tidings far and near!
Oh, may sinners give it credit,
And be joyful when they hear
That "God is Love."

A thousand voices rang out this magnificent hymn with thrilling power! It was at a large missionary meeting in Bishopsgate Street, London. With Spirit-given joy and gladness the wonderful ascription of praise and thanksgiving rose up to God, and it was indeed very, very wonderful! Often had we uttered the words in song before, but never had they so completely filled our hearts with worship and adoration as when the great congregation joined in the grand concluding climax to each verse,

That "God is Love."

We then determined to print the well-known hymn, in faith believing that God by His Holy Spirit would bless the scriptural lines to some beloved readers, and enable them also to join with heart and soul in the inspiring strain that "GOD IS LOVE."

The hymn on the occasion to which we refer was sung to a most appropriate tune entitled "Love." It is to be found in the tune book to "Hymns of Light and Love."

More Life Lessons in the Gospel Labours of the late John Jones.

ONE thing has struck us very much, as we have read the record of the life of this remarkable man, and that is the way in which he seemed to turn everything he met with to good account, no matter where he went, or where he was, he was always on the alert to speak of Christ, and so each incident in his career, like that of Billy Bray's, gave an oppor-

the forty-fourth verse of Matthew xxi. : "Who-soever shall fall on this stone shall be broken : but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." My exhortations only brought forth growls and an exhibition of ferocious anger. Some of the civil words I got from him were : "I've worked in this 'ere shed, an' my fayther he worked afore me in it, and it ain't fallen yet. I be now nigh on seventy years o' age, and I ain't afeared of it fallin'." One morning the old man crossed the threshold of his cottage to his work shed for the last time. His daughter-in-law said to her child, "Call your grandfather to his breakfast." Before the child could go, an awful thud was heard, which shook the cottage. The woman rushed out. The heavy stone had fallen and crushed him to a shapeless mass. Poor old man ! He had been nursed under the danger, toiled under it for many years, and now killed by it. He would not take warning, but made light of the Lord Jesus and His merits, and of the "wrath to come."



"EVERY TIME I PASSED I WARNED HIM."

tunity to testify concerning the wonderful salvation of God. This is more manifest in the following further incidents.

Crushed by a Great Stone.

Just above a hydropathic establishment at Limpley Stoke, near Bath, stood two cottages. Near the end of the first was a man who for many years had been daily labouring at squaring Bath stone. The place in which he worked was a natural shed, formed by slabs, partly roofed in by one enormous stone, many tons in weight. From the first moment that I leaned on the edge of a garden wall to speak to the man, I had a dread of the danger he was daily in. Every time I passed I warned him—especially of his danger in refusing Christ, "the living Stone," as his Saviour. The workman was a hardened unbeliever, and mocked at all warnings of the "wrath to come." I would plead with him about the Lord Jesus having shed His precious blood for sinners, and on more than one occasion drew his attention to

Challenged to Fight.

We were told how once at an open-air meeting he was challenged to fight by a half-drunken man. "Well," said

John Jones, "we will make it a matter of prayer as to whether we are to fight," and he fell on his knees and looked to God so earnestly and fervently, that before he had finished the semi-intoxicated friend was kneeling beside him and crying to God to save him, and, thank the Lord, the appeal was heard, for the man was saved, and recently informed us himself of the incident.

He told us that it was the quiet forceful power of John Jones that reached his hardened, obdurate conscience. That a man should kneel down and pray for him when he was threatening to knock him to pieces, positively broke his heart and led him there and then to cry to God for mercy ; "and I found it," said this friend, "wonderful mercy ! abounding grace ! From that day until this I have tried to witness for the Saviour, and I know that the open-air prayer-meeting on that memorable evening was the means in God's Hands of turning me from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, for which I shall praise God as long as I live."



A Triumphant Ending.

"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."—ROM. viii. 30.

WE have once more to close another volume of "THE SPRINGING WELL," and again we desire to convey our christian greetings to every follower of our Lord Jesus Christ who may read these lines. We wish you God's blessing in the highest and best of senses, praying indeed that each beloved one may know how good it is to walk with God and to be found cleaving with purpose of heart to God's precious word.

Many of our constant readers are truly earnest followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and it is our common joy to know that whom He loves He loves to the end. He will keep and carry home every one who has put his trust in Him.

For life or death we are absolutely secure.

As we read the praise song with which the eighth chapter of Romans ends, it is said of God, "Whom He did predestinate, them He also called; and whom He called, them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified." There is not a word here respecting our walk, but all is of God's grace. Justified—glorified! From our sins, into His presence! But what about our stumbling footsteps and our backsliding hearts? Not one word. No, God is for us, and He does not mention or refer to our ways for a moment, for he is giving us to triumph in His grace. Thus may we with grateful hearts regard the year that has passed, as we consider God's grace. God will not allow a charge to stand against His elect.

God glorifies those whom He justifies.

But there is another side to ponder over, our side—our way, our walk. This we could not contemplate with truthfulness were we not first at rest in the grace of God toward us. But being established in God's grace toward us, we can look at our own ways, however abasing the sight may be. The year that has passed has been one of lesson-learning, in it God has humbled and proved us, and shown us what is

in our hearts, even as He did with Israel of old when they wandered in the wilderness. One great end of such knowledge is the wisdom of humility, and if we have learned some humility by the observation of ourselves we have done well. We have learned surely many things in which to glory in the Lord, we have not found anything in ourselves in which to boast.

From the day we were justified, from the day we believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, up till now, God has been for us, and He will continue our God to the end, ever faithful, ever tender.

He will never leave, never forsake, but will bring all His own home to glory.

He will also be the Guide and Instructor and the Chastener of His people until their life-story is told, and they are brought safely home to His rest.

But are all our dear friends who have month by month this year perused our pages, sure of a blissful eternity? THIS SHOULD BE A SOLEMN AND SEARCHING QUESTION AS THIS YEAR PASSES AWAY FOR EVER.

Christ exalted in Heaven.

THE spiritual character of true christian worship is surely one of the special characteristics of real christianity. It is one of God's ways with His people of this age, that their worship should not be of a kind that the mere natural eye or ear can enter into, and in the exaltation of Christ as High Priest in heaven we have one great reason for this fact. In the first place no merely outward form of worship finds pleasure in God's eyes. Christ solemnly rebuked exteriorism in the Pharisees. Beyond this, religious man nailed Christ to the cross, therefore in Christ's cross is the death-knell of all mere human religion. Now God has magnified Christ as the Priest on high, and through and by Him spiritual worship arises to the Father. By Christ the sacrifice, Christ the High Priest, all christians have liberty or boldness to enter into the Holiest of All, and to worship God without a veil between (Heb. x. 21—22), to be before Him in His holiness in joy and rest.



Great Truths about Salvation.—X.

The Touch of the Infinite.

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."—MATT. viii. 15.

MANY were the homes entered by the Saviour when upon earth, varied were the circumstances under which His visits were paid. Sometimes the scene of joy and merriment, as when called to the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee; sometimes the scene of sorrow and grief as was the case at Jairus's home at Capernaum, when his daughter had died; and in this instance Peter's mother-in-law is laid low with a fever. The Lord Jesus is equal to every emergency, compassionate in every case, and ever prepared to dispense His power and blessings for the benefit of suffering humanity.

He is just the same to-day.

He has not changed in His attitude toward men in the least. Faith can discern Him waiting with hands filled with rich heavenly blessings to meet the deeper needs of every man.

Sin is an awful reality to the awakened sinner. We have known of some labouring under such deep conviction as to cause great distress, not only to themselves but also to their families, and like the Philippian jailer, saying in deep despair, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved" Acts xvi. 30. Unsaved traveller to eternity, does the sin of your past life come before you like a great insurmountable mountain, so that you are beginning to despair? Listen! by coming into contact with Jesus Christ, distress and despair shall vanish. No longer shall you live in darkness, no more shall you walk the wild paths of sin; instead of these things you shall know the blessed Saviour Himself.

With what tenderness and love does the Lord Jesus make His way to the bedside, and with just one gentle touch remove far from her the heated fever. "He touched her hand," O condescending compassion! "and the fever left her." O power Divine! He came in contact with her poor, weakened body; she came in contact with His mighty person.

The infinite meets the finite.

Hand touched hand, and Divine healing was communicated to every recess of her being. As you read these lines, are you conscious of sin within? Do you realise you have often refused

that tender touch? REFUSE IT NO LONGER. Just one touch of His hand will calm those rising fears, and still that troubled breast; will bring into quietude and subjection those masterly passions which so often rise to fever heat under the sway of Satan's power.

This wondrous touch of Christ Jesus was voluntary.

It was in His very nature thus to act. He saw in her a fit subject for the display of the grace and power He had brought down from heaven; doubtless He also saw in her a heart that would appreciate such a precious act, and so "He touched her hand." It is still the desire of the Lord Jesus to save men. His power is just as great, so that He can remove the fever of sin under which you are dying. He is still the Saviour, and lovingly He goes still into the deepest depths of human misery and ruin, to seek out and to save poor lost, ruined, and guilty sinners.

W. H. BROWNING.

Blackwood, Mon.

"He Touched me."

TO the feet of my Saviour in trembling and fear
 A penitent sinner I came;
 He saw, and in mercy He bade me draw near;
 All glory and praise to His Name.
 He touched me and thus made me whole,
 Bringing comfort and rest to my soul;
 O glad happy day, all my sins rolled away!
 For He touched me and thus made me whole.
 I knew not the tender compassion and love
 That Jesus, my Saviour, had shown;
 Tho' burdened with grief, His dear Hand brought
 relief;
 He healed me and called me His own.
 "My grace is sufficient," I heard His loved voice,
 "O come and find rest for your soul;
 From sin you to save My life freely I gave;
 I died that you might be made whole."
 O Jesus, my Saviour, Thy Name I adore,
 For saving and keeping my soul;
 Thy praises I'll sing, my Redeemer and King,
 Thy dear loving Hand made me whole.
 O come, my dear brother, He's waiting for you,
 Your sin-burdened heart to console;
 Your weary head rest on His Own loving breast;
 He suffered and died for your soul.

From Redemption Songs.

"He touched me and set me upright" (Dan. viii. 18).
 "For the Hand of God hath touched me" (Job
 xix. 21).

Jottings about the Bible.

"The Bible says so: Don't
you believe the Bible?"

Go Ye . . . and Preach the Gospel.

"Preach the Gospel."—LUKE iv. 18.

TO preach is to bring good tidings (Isa. lxi. 1), to call (John iii. 2), to tell good news (Acts x. 36), to tell thoroughly (Col. i. 28), to cry or proclaim, as a herald (Mat. iii. 1; iv. 17), to talk (Mark ii. 2). A preacher is a crier, a proclaimer, a herald (1 Tit. ii. 7; 2 Pet. ii. 5). The Gospel means good news, good words, good tidings (Lu. ii. 10).

We get the word Gospel as an acrostic in the key verse of the Bible.

G od so loved the world that He gave His
O nly begotten
S on, that whosoever believeth in Him should not
P erish, but have
E verlasting
L ife (John iii. 16).
This is

God's crowning glorious message

of grace to the sons of men.

We sing, "I love to tell the story," and even a child can tell good news.

We can preach as we talk.

A lady sat by the bedside of an Indian girl who was ill. She talked to her of the love of Jesus and about heaven. "What that mean they sing, 'Every fear and pain gone by'?" "It means that those whom Jesus takes to heaven are never again afraid, never sick any more." "I go to heaven, I never sick again?" "Never." "I never have ague again?" "Never." "My head never ache again?" "No, Tisgonalah." "And I never cry again?" with a curious choking in a tired voice, for in Tisg's short life there had come reason for tears. "Never. When God has once wiped the tears away they can never come again." "Miss Dane, how long you know it?" "Know what?" "Know this good thing—that Jesus loves us so?" "When I was a little child they told me." "Who tell you?" "My mother." "Who tell her?" "I suppose her mother did." "All white mans he knows it?" "Yes." "How long white mans he knows?" "Many hundred years, I think." "Hundred years he know?"

What for why he not come tell my people sooner? I get well, I just *run* tell my people Jesus so good." Then after a long time of quiet the soft voice added, "I love Him so." And Tisgonalah got well and lived as a christian girl should.

We can preach as we sing.

In a rustic seat under a tree, a tired traveller sat to rest. He had walked twelve miles, and was too weary even to look at the beautiful scenery. Presently a sweet child's voice sang,

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
He will wash me white as snow,
He will keep me pure I know;
For I'm His little lamb."

He wished he could get a glimpse of the child. He did not have to wait long. She came out soon and offered him a glass of water for which he was glad. She said, "I saw you sit down and you looked so tired I thought you must be thirsty too." The child's thoughtfulness touched the man's heart. After thanking her, and drinking the water, he asked her to sing for him. She sang again,

"Jesus loves me this I know," etc.

Then she asked, "Are you Jesus' lamb, too?" Without seeming to hear the question he said, "What is your name, little one?"

"I am Josie, sir," was the reply. "Well, Josie," he asked, "how do you know that Jesus loves you?"

"Why, sir," said the child, "the Bible says so; don't you believe the Bible?" Some one called Josie and she ran away, leaving the young man with his thoughts. He was the only son of christian parents who had often pleaded with him to give his heart to God. But he had fallen in with low companions who made fun of good things, and he was such a grief to his father and mother.

But the little one's song and questions had touched his heart. Sitting there he prayed to God to forgive his sins and make him His child. He went back to his home, gave up his wild ways and wicked companions, and made the hearts of his parents happy.