



AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Youthful Days.

“REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR
IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.”

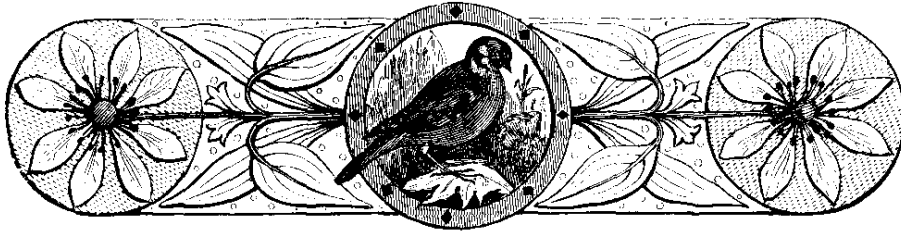
Ecclesiastes xii. 1



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1924.



PREFACE.

RENDER therefore to all their dues." As we look back over the year now closing, we feel that we must express our sincere gratitude to all who so willingly help in the work of this magazine. Again and again our friends have supplied us with matter, and other friends distribute copies amongst their acquaintances or encourage the younger readers to find answers to the Bible Searchings. How great a labour of love, love for our Master in heaven.

Someone in heaven! that accounts for the activities of our generous helpers. They have read their Bibles with an open heart and have learned that God counselled to send His Son on a mission to the people on the earth. A Saviour was needed, and the Son ended His visit by dying. Then He returned to heaven. He is as much interested in the doings of men as ever He was, for He has great numbers of followers, or servants, living here at the present time. To all these He is a living Lord, and they are the children of God the Father.

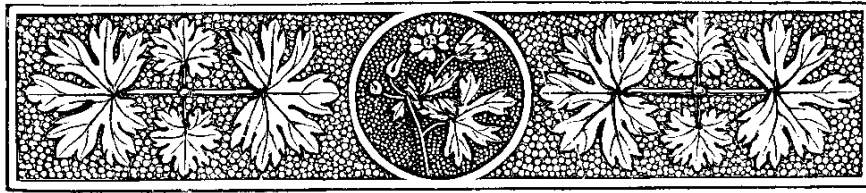
God has spoken to men in these days by His Son, and the Bible shews us His ways, unfolding and leading up to the grand consummation of the cross and the resurrection.

These are great truths which we shall never fully understand whilst we live. But time is short, and it is our desire and prayer that our young readers may begin early to learn a little of them. This magazine is intended as a help in that direction, and is sent out trusting that God may graciously add His blessing.

THE EDITOR.

FLINT,

December, 1924.



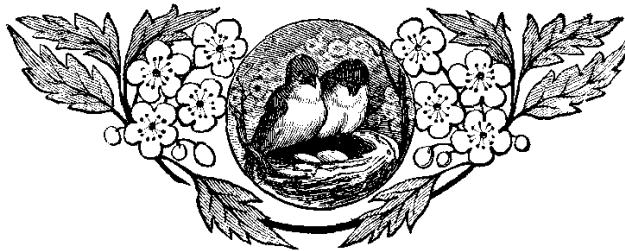
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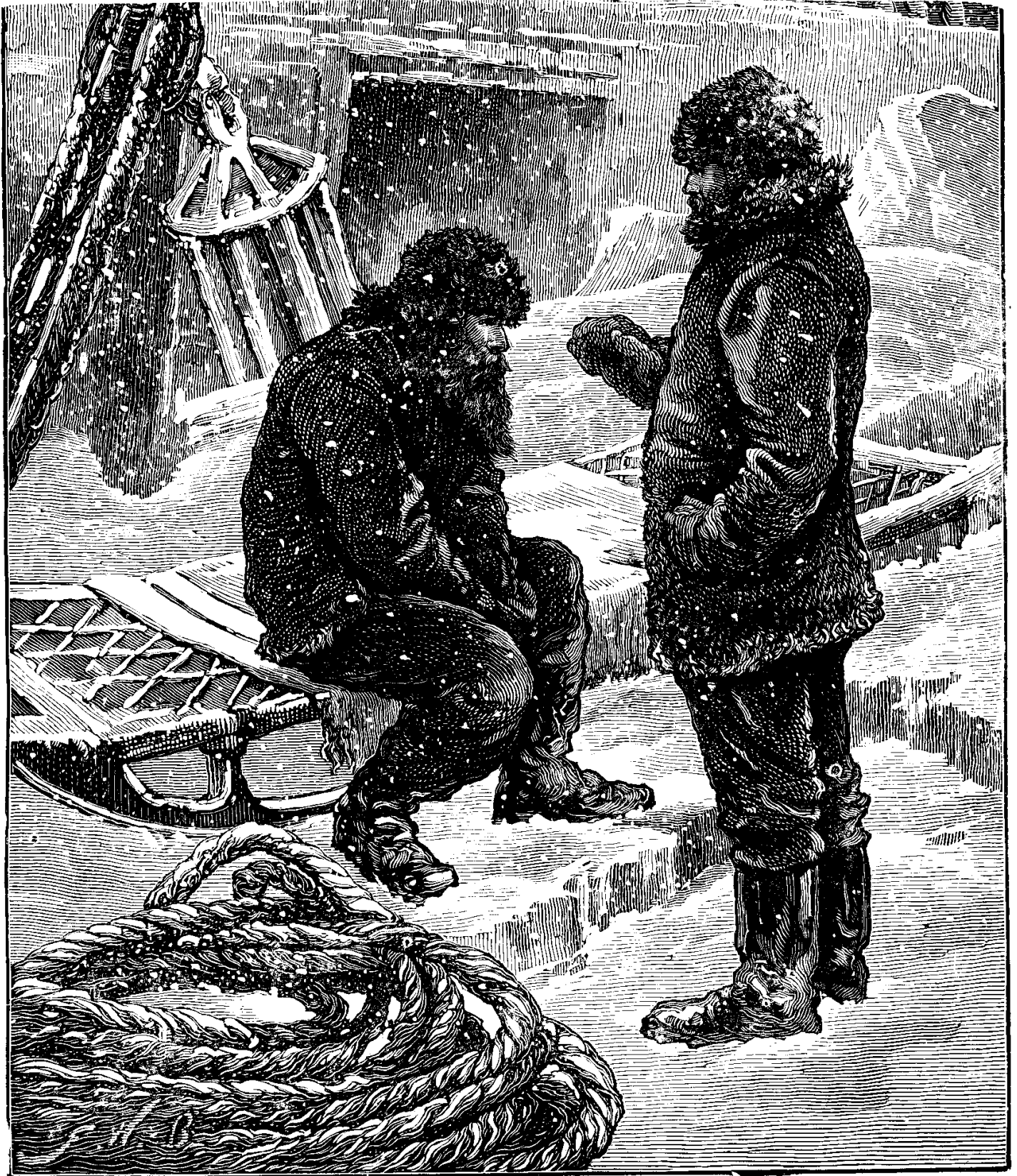
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MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Youthful Days.



Giant Untruth.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIDES now prepared to depart from the scene of his fall, and also the scene of his victory. Leaving Pleasure in the hands of Conscience, he only asked his bright friend what new achievement demanded his efforts now.

"Giant Untruth must at once be attacked," she replied. "He is one of the most dangerous of thy foes, from the strange enchantments that he uses. One stroke will not lay him low, he bears a charmed life, and thrice must he feel thy sword ere it has power to destroy him. A giant though he be, he can shrink to a shape as small as that of the tiniest dwarf, and so remain concealed and unnoticed till his pursuer passes by, and then resuming his own form, strike at his foe unaware."

"A hard task is before me," said Fides. "How shall I find out an enemy who hides himself thus, how discover him in his secret haunts?"

"Hold up thy glittering sword on passing any suspected place. If no Untruth lurks there, no change will be seen; but if the shadow of the blade falls near the false one, a dark shade will appear on the object that conceals him, strike then, strike boldly, and Untruth will fall!"

A few more words of counsel from his friend, and the champion departed on his way.

Seen from a distance the Castle of Untruth appeared like a lordly palace; on near approach it shewed like a poor-house. What had seemed marble was now seen to be but painted lath, the stately turrets were nothing but a deceptive wall, the large mullioned windows were false ones, admitting no air and no light; the very bolts on the door only seemed to be iron, they gave way to the first stroke of the sword!

But if the outside of the Castle of Untruth was so mean, far more so was

the dwelling within. No beam of day ever struggled into that place, bats hung from the rafters above, damp trickled down the green, unwholesome walls, the trail of the serpent was upon the floor, and the yellow glare of sickly torches rather dazzled the eyes than guided the footsteps of the stranger. Where is there upon earth a lower, baser spot than that where Untruth has fixed his abode?

Fides proceeded along a narrow, crooked gallery called Fear, which occupied a great part of the dwelling; through this gallery the giant received countless victims, who, lost in its dreary mazes, groped their way into the presence of the destroyer.

Perhaps Conscience, unseen, guided her champion now, for he neither stumbled over the obstacles that lay in his narrow path, nor struck his helmet against the low roof which seemed ready to fall in, nor missed his way in the labyrinth of Fear.

Just as the gallery ended in a large, dimly-lighted room, Fides caught a glimpse of the Giant before him. Never had he seen anything so hateful to the eye, so repulsive to the generous soul! None of his race was more hideous than Giant Untruth; meanness, cowardice and cunning were stamped upon his brow, he looked like one who would shrink from the light. For a moment Fides beheld the Giant, then, as if by magic, Untruth vanished from his eyes, and the knight found himself, as it appeared, alone, to pursue his search after his artful foe.

There were many strange objects in that hall, not one of which, when closely examined, looked the same as it did when at a distance. Treasures of plate, golden vases, candelabra of the same precious metal, proved to be nothing but gilded tin; imitation jewels gave a mock splendour to the place, and the tables were heaped with glittering coins which were only made to deceive. Fides, however, amidst so much that engaged his attention, was resolved not to forget his first important object, to hunt out

Untruth wherever he might lie hidden. At one end of the hall the knight's eye was struck by a very large and handsome mask* that rested against the wall. The features wore a smiling expression, the complexion was of a beautiful white. Fides fancied—was it only a fancy?—that through the eye-holes of the huge mask he saw something moving behind!

Straightway he approached it with his wonderful sword; even as its shadow fell on the false face, a dull stain appeared on the whiteness of the brow! Down came the blow, so heavy and so sure, that the mask in a moment was cleft in twain, and Untruth, receiving his first wound, rushed forth from his hiding place and vanished!

This success made Fides more eager in pursuit; with rapid step he moved from place to place, examining this, glancing under that, keeping sharp watch, like a good champion as he was. Now a heap of dresses thrown loosely together in a corner excited the suspicion of the knight. Amongst them was one cloak† of white fur, lined with black, whose massive folds might conceal the enemy. The test of the sword was applied to this, darkness gathered on the whiteness of the fur, its hue grew like that of the lining within—again down came the stroke, again the traitor felt its power, and fled to hide for the last time from the invincible sword!

Fides pursued his search till he was weary, and inclined to rest content with the success which he had already gained. He had examined every spot, as he believed, again and again, had paced through the length and breadth of the hall; was it not possible that Untruth was already slain? He wished to believe this, and yet felt a doubt on his mind, which prevented him from resting at ease. He sprang up from a heap of cushions on which he had been reclining,

* Hypocrisy, which is appearing to be what we are not, or to feel what we do not.

† Equivocation, or speaking truth to the ear, but conveying a false impression to the mind.

determined to pause no more in his search till the enemy should be found. Thrice he passed along the hall, thrice examined the gallery of Fear, then returned to the hall disappointed, but not altogether discouraged.

Amongst the curious furniture of the place was a mirror‡ which possessed the property of magnifying every object before it. It was set so close to the wall that there appeared to be room for nothing behind it, and thus it aroused no suspicion in Fides. Viewed in this mirror a dwarf would swell to a giant, the smallest thing appeared large, the meanest became great, it at once magnified and distorted. Fides stood still for a moment to look at his image in it, and smiled at his own stately height and the size of the arm which he raised.

"What a mighty sword will mine appear magnified thus," he exclaimed, as he turned the clear blade towards the mirror. But scarcely had its reflection appeared upon the glass when Fides started to behold the gathering stain which dimmed all the lustre of the crystal! Collecting all his strength for a final blow, Fides dashed his good sword against the surface, shivered the false mirror into a thousand pieces and slew the Enchanter, who, in his narrow recess behind, had been laughing at the vain attempts to discover him. Such was the end of Untruth! EXTRACTED.

‡ Exaggeration, want of exactness in description, distorting truth, and magnifying facts beyond their proper size. I would especially guard my young readers against this most dangerous habit. I have known persons well educated, and no longer children, whose word I could not in the least trust, when they gave an account of anything that had happened. The fatal custom of exaggerating everything was so strong, that I believe that at length they actually *did not know whether they were speaking truth or not.*



The First Liar.

SEVERAL weeks ago a literary man, famous enough in some circles, was addressing a great crowd of young men and women. Urged on by the enthusiasm of his hearers, he made bold to describe in a rough, joking manner the probable effects, from his point of view, of the first lie told amongst men in their earliest history. Carelessly and almost profanely he aroused the curiosity of the audience to speculate on the effects of deceit.

The scriptures, given by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, shew the introduction of deceit into man's world and the dire consequences, which the bold speculator ignored altogether.

God gave His creature, man, the extraordinary power of *speech*, whereby the man and his fair companion were able to exchange their thoughts. Their hearts were free from even the knowledge of sin and their spoken words truly represented their ideas.

The enemy of God and mankind hated the beautiful creation and the happy pair set to rule over it. Perhaps he could have destroyed the whole scene, but he endeavoured to corrupt it by guile and deceit.

Disguised as a serpent he crept up to Eve, and by means of spoken words, partly true and partly false, he infused a dark doubt into her mind. Thus the first lie was spoken, and Eve, excited by the false suggestions, stretched out her hand and disobeyed, and her husband shared her guilt. Death for them began that very moment, for with the shame of their condition there went the dreadful loss of pleasure in speaking with God their Creator. After the principle of deceit had been allowed to enter there was nothing really worth living for.

The moral consequences were disastrous and beyond all hope of human remedy. There were material consequences too; the thorns and thistles

asserted their right to grow in man's domain, and could only be kept down by heavy and unremitting toil.

Through all these disasters, a ray of bright hope shone from the throne of God. It was revealed to these disobedient people, suffering from the sad effects of deceit, that One would arise from among their children who would have the power to crush the deceiver, but with much hurt to Himself. Then Adam and his wife were driven from the garden of God with the hard task before them of distinguishing between truth and falsehood, but not despairing.

The centuries of man's early history rolled on, till the God of glory appeared to Abraham in Ur of the Chaldees. He obeyed God's call, and we have the record of family life enjoyed under His fear. Deceit found its way into the family circle of Isaac, so closely related to Abraham, God's friend.

Isaac desired to bless his eldest son Esau. Rebekah, on the other hand, wanted Jacob to be blessed instead. Taking advantage of Esau's absence, she dressed Jacob to resemble his brother, and sent him thus disguised to seek the old man's blessing. The disguise was successful, for the blessing was pronounced over Jacob and could not be withdrawn. When Esau learned that his father had been deceived, his heart was filled with burning hatred against his brother. Respect for his father prevented him from killing Jacob, who was, however, compelled to leave home for safety. Years afterwards the two brothers met and were friendly, but their descendants, the children of Israel and the Edomites, were constantly at war.

The deceit that found its way to the bedside of Isaac reappeared in Jacob's own family as the years passed and made sad havoc there. God's principles cannot be tampered with, and those who lightly resort to deceit to gain their ends will have to pay the penalty.

There is yet one more case of deceit



SEEING THE GLORY OF GOD.

JESUS lifted up His eyes, and said, Father, I thank Thee that Thou hast heard Me.

And I knew that Thou hearest Me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

And when He thus had spoken, He cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth.

And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

JOHN XI.

to be considered. It happened in the very early days of the history of the church. Those who had believed were selling their possessions and laying the proceeds at the feet of the apostles for them to dispose of. Ananias and Sapphira sold their land and privately agreed to keep back part of the price. He brought the money up, ostensibly all the proceeds of the sale. But Peter saw through the deception and accused him of lying to God Himself. And the first lie told in the church brought swift punishment to Ananias and his wife.

Let us be warned by these examples. God desires truth in the inward parts. Deceit and other sins of mankind brought our Lord so low that He had to stand as a prisoner before Pilate and hear the question, uttered more in contempt than anything else, "*What is truth?*"



He Suffered for Me.

THE story is told of a boy, named Charlie, who was full of mischief and, like other boys, often did not stop to think how his fun would affect others.

One day he saw a poor man walking down the street with great difficulty, for his back was sadly bent.

"Let us throw a stone to lodge on his back," said Charlie, and followed the crippled stranger down the street, pelting and making fun of him.

When Charlie arrived home he was dismayed to find the same poor lame man sitting at the tea table. He hurried silently through his meal feeling most uncomfortable, although nothing was said about his unkind treatment.

But can you imagine his feelings when his mother said, "Charlie, do you know who our visitor is?"

"No, mother," he replied, wishing he could escape.

"Well, Charlie, when you were a little boy you accidentally fell into the river

one cold day. This gentleman, who was then young and upright, jumped in and at great risk to his own life saved you.

"But I am sorry to say," his mother added, "that he caught cold, rheumatic fever followed and now his poor back is so bent that he will never be well again. You little know what terrible suffering he has passed through because he went into the water to save you."

This completely changed Charlie's feelings towards the stranger. No longer was he an object of derision, but Charlie loved him for all he had done for him and suffered on his account, and he would have given all he possessed to have undone his cruel treatment towards his saviour.



Do you not see in this story a picture of the way many are treating the Lord Jesus?

Despising and scorning Him, they have never considered that He went to Calvary's depth of woe and suffered such untold agony to save them from their sins and bring to them the knowledge of God's great love.

How are *you* treating Him, dear reader? Have you trusted Him? Do you love Him?

F. S. M.



Polly's Opportunity.

POLLY'S home was a very poor one, for her parents had to spend all the money they earned on food and rent, and such things as are absolutely necessary. The food they had was very plain, and sometimes there was not nearly as much as they could have eaten; and as for new clothes, Polly saw them in shop windows sometimes, but all the clothes she had were worn and shabby.

Still, even very poor children have pleasures sometimes, and one day Polly found herself sitting in a pleasant room with other girls and, of course, the babies

they had had to bring with them. Polly herself could not have come without the baby. They had to keep the babies good, because a lady had come to talk to them, and the room was very quiet for a minute or two while she asked them what they would like her to talk about.

This was a fine opportunity for Polly, and she did not miss it. "Please, mum, tell us how to be happy," she said.

And the lady, as well as she could, told them all how to be happy, even though they had hard lives, and lived in homes that had very little comfort or prettiness in them.

She told them, among other things, that it would help them to be happy if every day of their lives they learnt by heart either a text or a few lines from a beautiful hymn, and they must be sure to say it over many times during the day. It would be a good thing if every boy and girl who reads **YOUTHFUL DAYS** were to do this, and here is a lovely little verse for you to start with:—

"Wonderful Saviour, wonderful Friend,
Wonderful love that never will end,
Wonderful home He has gone to prepare,
Wonder of wonders, that I shall be there."

Many of you know this wonderful Saviour, this wonderful Friend, and can truthfully say the little verse right through to the end. I am quite sure you all desire to know that you will one day be there in that beautiful home He has gone to prepare. Every saved one will be there, and all are saved who believe on the Lord Jesus. The scripture does not say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be safe," but it says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." He is the Saviour and He saves. Trust Him and He will never let you perish. He is a wonderful Saviour, who saves to the uttermost every one that comes unto God by Him, seeing "He ever LIVETH to make intercession for them." But never forget that He once DIED to save you.

E. E. S. (B.).



Good Resolutions.

AS the old year passes into the new one, many people reflect on their doings in the past and resolve to do better in the future. We hope that when the clock struck to announce the beginning of 1924 our young friends were asleep.

It is a good thing to stop now and then to reflect in our minds over our actions and sayings, asking such questions as these: Was it right? Was it kind? Was it true? Let your own conscience answer and do not trouble to make resolutions to do better. A little look, a little prayer sent upwards to the throne in heaven will bring all the needed help.

There is one resolution which we should like our young friends to make. Every month we print on the last page of the magazine a number of questions. Each of these is answered in the same way, by hunting out a certain verse or portion from your Bible and writing it out. We ask those who have answered to send their papers off before the end of the first fortnight in each month, in order that their names may be printed in the monthly list. Once a year the names of all those who have answered regularly are collected and printed under the heading of "Diligent Searchers." We should like you to resolve to become "Diligent Searchers" for the year now begun. Why not?

In answering the questions you have to hunt through your Bible, and in that way get to know the scriptures better. If you gain this knowledge we shall be pleased, for it is well worth having, but if you gain the knowledge of the Saviour we shall be thankful.



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month's questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint, North Wales.

**Searchers 14 years of age and over
answer all the eight.**

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

BLESSINGS.

1. "I will bless thee." (Gen. xii. and xxii.)
(a) Where are these words? (b) To whom were they spoken?
2. Quote seven words from Deuteronomy xxxiii. about the "blessing of the Lord."
3. Quote a sentence containing the words, "Thy blessing." (Psa. i. to v.)
4. What does Proverbs x. say about His blessing?
5. (a) Who was it in 1 Chronicles iv. that greatly desired this blessing? (b) Quote his seven words. (c) What verse in 2 Samuel vii. is like this?
6. "He took them up in his arms." (Mark x.) (a) What two things followed? (b) Who was the Blessor? (c) Who were the blessed?
7. (a) Quote half a verse in Luke xxiv. in which we read again of His hands. (b) What happened while He was blessing them? (c) Quote two words that describe the feelings of those that had been blessed.
8. Quote a verse from Ephesians in which "blessings" are mentioned.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Luke xxiv. where the following words occur, giving the number of the verse in each case:—(1) "Idle tales." (2) "Slow of heart." (3) "They constrained him." (4) "They worshipped."

Answers to November Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

John Anderson; Elsie Archer, Sarah Baldwin, Gertrude Barden, Charis Bazlinton, Fred Bentham, Jean Blair, Marion Brown, Grace Burford, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura Coldrick, Irene Cottrell, Maggie Coutie, Irene Dixey, Cecil Duddington, Minnie Falconer, Kathleen Foxall, Hilda Gattrell, Bessie Goodall, Eileen and Josie Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Elizabeth Henderson, Theodora Hindley, Leonard Hollingsworth, Emily Holmes, Eunice Howard, Hugh Hughes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Miriam McKay, Malcolm Marsh, Vera Marshall, Gordon Nock, Peggy Payne, Marjorie Penfold, Ada Pindard, Marjory Plommer, Winifred Potts, Tom Reid, Gertie Remnant, Constance and Mary Roach, Rhoda Rogerson (2), Doris and Olive Sinden, Kathleen Snatt (2), Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Elizabeth Todd, Edna Tozer, Max Walder, George Wheatcroft, Elsie Wood, Evelyn Worrall.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Mary Abbott, Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, Frank Appleton (2), Joan Appleton (2), Frank Archer, Douglas Baker, Jane Baldwin, Fred and Minnie Barratt, Herbert Beresford (2), George and William Best, Helen Blair, Edgar Brandt, Ena, Janie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, Hilda Brown, James Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Dorothy and James Burke, Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Harold Cameron, Annie and Beatrice Cann, John Carruth, Monica Chambers, Philip Chase, Roy and Ruby Chattell, Phyllis Churchman, Christina Coe, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Ethel Collett, Albert

Cornick, Edward Cossar, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, James Dixon, Jessie Drysdale, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Margaret Evans, Amy Fairclough, Pearl Ford, Joyce Freeman, Ida Fowell, Theodora Foxall, Kenneth Frampton, Jeannie Frizelle, Edith Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Jack Goodall, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Eva Hazelton, Violet Hill, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Spenser Jay, Allen Jones, Herman and Karen Kaye, Grace Latimer, Freda Lewis, Freddie, Marjorie and Ronald Lodge, Ena McKay, William Mackreal, George and Jessie Mair, Walter Marriott, Norah Marsh, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, Harry Miles, James and Lawrence Morton, Fred Nicholls, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Jean and Max Padwick, James Palmer, Fred Parkes, Harold Parkes, Joseph Parkes, John Payne, Margaret Penberthy, Ernest and John Pickles, Hilda Porter, Ernest Preston, Eva Pring, William Railton, Bessie and Dorothy Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Essie Reid, Celia Reynolds, Mary Richardson, Edith and Drusilla Roach, Sylvia Robertson, Thomas Rogerson (2), George Rolph, Mercy Satchwell, Gwendoline Saunders, Philip Scott, Joan Selwood, Marie Seville, Joseph and Robert Shedden, Catherine Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Mary Stone, Grace and John Taylor, Philip Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Henry Topping, Leonard Tromans, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald, and Winifred Watson, Philip Webber, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willmott, Richard and Stanley Willows, Edwin and Joyce Wraight, Ruth Wraight (2).

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Colin and George Armstrong, Lily Baldwin, Kathleen Bastyan, Gordon Blackledge, Jessie Blair, Margaret Bolt, Ivy and Sylvia Bradley, Kathleen Broom, Elizabeth Bryson, Emma Burford, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Nellie Burke, David Carter, Ernest Christopher, John Churchman, Lucy Cole, Donald and Jessie Collett, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Dalglish, Mary Deayton, Frank Devenish, Margaret Dowding, Horace Duddington, Walter Fell, Eunice Felts, Gerald Foxall, Grace and Mildred Gay, Janet Green, Ronald Gregory, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Dennis Hardy, Margaret Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Dora Jay, Grace and Stephen Judd, Edith Kaye (2), Phyllis Kemsley, Phyllis Kinge, Olive Lewis, P. Lewis, Alex McKay, David Mathers, Mary Martyr, Aifred and Reginald Mortimore, Gideon Nicolson, James O'Hara, Ethel Palmer, Enid Parkes, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Frances and Gerald Phillips, Joyce Reeves, Maude Rolph, Grace Salisbury, Dick Saunders, Mary Selwood, Clare Smith, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Roland Smyth, Greta Stott, Ernest Taylor, Phyllis Templeman, Lillian Tipler, Will Tulloch, Eric Tydeman, Murray Walder, Barbara Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Madge White, Cecil Williams, James Wood, Eric and Roy Yandell.

Special Answers to "Sparrows" from Abroad.

Australia.—Alfred Kennerley (2), Alfred Oxnam, I. Parr, George Piggott, Austin and Ernest Reid, Alan Shearer, Noel Vallance.
New Zealand.—Winnie Bradley (2), Gladys Wycherley.
South Africa.—Kathleen and Lucy Summers.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Jean Boyd, Jean Caldwell, Effie Chappell (2), Muriel Chappell, Raymond Chappell, Hilda Cook, Elinor Corin (2), Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light (2), George and Lily Lockhart, Alfred Oxnam, David Stuckey, Clarence and Harold Vellacott.
India.—Albert and George Benjamin, Jemima Benjamin (8).
New Zealand.—Winnie Bradley, Rita Gifford, Alfred Kennerley, Grace Suckling, Elsie Wycherley, Esther Wycherley, Gladys Wycherley (2).
South Africa.—Aubrey and Eric Bricknell, Estelle Cro, Allison Leppan, Hilda Logan, Elsie Oettle, Joyce Richardson, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur, David, Frank, Mary and Phebe Townshend.

PRICE ONE PENNY (1s. 6d. a Year, post free). Please send all Orders for "Youthful Days" to the Publisher, G. Morrish, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C. 4.

MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND

Youthful Days.



Giant Hate.

AN ALLEGORY.

DEEP in the recesses of a wood, not far from the Castle of Untruth, a warm, bubbling fountain gushed from the earth. Even in the coldest winter when icicles hung from the boughs of the overshadowing trees, that spring rose hot and streaming to the light. Some said that a subterranean fire must have given this strange property to the water, some that Giant Hate, the owner of the ground round it, had mingled in it some secret venom. Thus much was known to all, that no moss or green herb would grow where the spray fell from the warm spring of Anger, and that whoever drank of its waters became at first furious, then helpless and feeble, an easy prey to the giant of the place.

One bright day, when the sunbeams bathed the world in light, and the little birds sought the shelter of the thickest foliage, stilling their songs till the soft evening breeze should arise to cool the fierce summer heat, Fides, passing through the depths of the woods, heated and thirsty, arrived at the fount. He had been passing through a difficult and tangled way, torn by thorns that stretched across his path, annoyed by the insect tribes that haunted the wood, and provoked by the insolence of the inhabitants of the land, who, being themselves the subjects of Giant Hate, annoyed his foe from a distance with poisoned darts, called "Bitter Words," which gave a most painful, though not dangerous wound. The lips of Fides were parched and dry, his shield hung heavy upon his arm, and the sound of water as he approached the spring made him quicken his footsteps to reach it.

Certainly a sweet, cool stream would have looked more tempting to the weary traveller, than the heated fount with the light steam curling above it; but, warm as it appeared, it was not too hot to drink, and Fides eagerly scooped up the water with his hand.

"Beware!" cried a soft voice in his ear—the knight well knew the tones of Conscience; he paused for an instant as he knelt by the spring, but whether his thirst was too great to bear delay, or whether the fumes rising from the tainted fountain of Anger disturbed his judgment, and weakened his power of self-control, putting his head down to the level of its basin, he drank greedily of the intoxicating waters!

Their fatal effect was seen only too soon; Fides started up from his knees in wild frenzy; he attempted to draw his invincible sword, but that could never be unsheathed but in a good cause, and remained fast fixed in its scabbard. Passionately he flung it from him—he tore off the armour which he wore, piece by piece, in the madness which now possessed him—struck at every object that happened to be near—injured himself in his furious rage—reason, conscience, all seemed lost in a moment to the Victor over Selfishness, Sloth and Untruth! It was a sad, a grievous sight to behold in the once faithful champion, the victim of Hate: either when the poison boiled in his veins, flushed his cheek, and kindled wild fire in his eye, or when, exhausted by his own passion, the knight sank to earth, helpless, defenceless, with scarcely power to move!

Then, darting from the ambush in which he had lain concealed, Giant Hate rushed upon his foe. In the state to which his own folly had reduced him, Fides was unable to make any resistance. He was bound tightly, cruelly bound with cords by the giant, till he could scarcely stir hand or foot! Now did it appear to Fides, as his reason gradually returned, that he was in a worse case than when struggling in the pit of Selfishness! He knew that he was reserved for a cruel death, for these giants were never known to shew mercy, and when his enemy left him in solitude for a while, bitter complaints broke forth from his lips.

"Oh! wherefore did I drink of the fountain of Anger—must I perish, the

captive of Hate! I who overcame Selfishness and trampled on Untruth! I to whom so glorious a reward was offered—to whom so faithful a guide was given! Must I now lose all, disgrace the name that I bear, and furnish a cause of triumph to the enemies of my King! Oh! Conscience! Conscience! would that I had listened to thee, that I had never tasted of that fatal spring!”

Conscience, ever near, appeared visible before him, but how was her aspect changed! The stars on her brow wore a red, angry hue, the kindly expression of her face was altered to one stern and terrible.

“I warned thee!” she cried, “but thou wouldest not hear! Thou art overcome—disgraced—endangered!”

“Oh! chide me no more,” exclaimed the suffering knight. “Help me in my weakness, assist me in my peril, let me not die in the hands of my foe!”

“What can I do for thee?” sadly replied his guide. “I have no power to cut the cords that bind thee; Conscience alone cannot release from Hate. The invincible sword can be wielded but by him to whom it has been given at the first—and lo! thou hast cast it far from thee.”

“Bring it back to me, Conscience!” implored the fainting knight. “Let me at least die with my hand on the hilt.”

The bright one obeyed; Fides touched again the invincible sword, but his weakened hand had no power to unsheath it. A little way, indeed, he drew it from its scabbard, but not enough to render it of any avail in severing the tight cords that bound him.

“I am doomed! I am doomed!” he bitterly exclaimed. “No strength is left in my feeble arm, the poisoned waters have done their work.” Fides turned his face to the ground and uttered a deep groan of despair.

“Hope still,” cried Conscience. “Thou mayst yet be freed. See, rising far above all the trees near it, yonder fair, stately palm. The name of that tree is Forgive-

ness, the fruits that it bears are called Benefits; both they and the juice which distils from the stem are a powerful cure for the poisons of Hate, and destroy the effects of Anger. Who knows but that thy strength may be restored to thee yet, that thou mayst live on for freedom and victory!”

So saying, raising from the ground the bright helmet which Fides had cast away in his madness, Conscience hastened to the healing tree, and while Fides with effort and pain still struggled to free himself from his bonds, she drew a cooling beverage from the stem.

A wondrous tree was that of Forgiveness; the deeper the wound inflicted on its trunk, the richer and freer its waters gushed forth, so sweet and pure that it was a marvel that any thirsty pilgrim who knew the refreshment that they yielded, could turn for a moment aside to drink at the fountain of Anger.

Fides partook of the healing draught, and a change seemed to pass over his whole frame. He no longer felt the excitement of fever, or the painful weakness which succeeds it; his fingers no longer helplessly grasped the sword which he could not draw; as well as his bonds would let him he gradually unsheathed its blade; once more it glittered in his hand; and though the giant's cords made it difficult to wield, each effort which Fides made rendered the next more easy. He cut the bonds one by one, and stood erect, ready once more to fight the battles of his King!

(To be continued.)



Mon Roi est venu me Sauver.

A PRES la grande attaque des Allemands contre Calais en 1914, un soldat belge était couché, grièvement blessé, sur le champ de bataille.

Sa vie s'en allait doucement, il avait

tout juste assez de force pour pousser le cri désespéré de : "Au secours." Il entendit alors un bruit de pas, puis des bras solides le soulevèrent et le portèrent à l'automobile prête à le conduire à l'hôpital. Il leva les yeux vers la face de celui qui était venu à lui quand il allait périr, et il s'écria : "Mon roi, mon roi est venu me sauver." C'était en effet le Roi des Belges en personne.

Ce récit ne rappelle-t-il pas à tous que le Roi des Rois est venu pour nous sauver, nous pauvres pécheurs qui périssons ? Lui-même a été à la bataille. Il a été blessé et son côté a été percé pour nous ; maintenant "par ses meurtrissures nous sommes guéris."

Des milliers de pécheurs ont déjà répété : "Mon Roi est venu me sauver." Et vous, cher ami lecteur, pouvez-vous dire que le Roi est venu vous sauver ?

A cause de cela Dieu l'a haut élevé et lui a donné un nom au-dessus de tout nom, afin qu'au nom de Jésus se ploie tout genou, des êtres célestes, et terrestres et infernaux, et que toute langue confesse que Jésus Christ est Seigneur à la gloire de Dieu le Père.

Au Roi des siècles, immortel,
Seul grand, seul bon, seul sage,
Soient louange, honneur éternel,
Amour, puissance, hommage !

"My king has come to save me!"

AFTER the great attack of the Germans against Calais in 1914 a Belgian soldier was struck down, grievously wounded, on the battlefield.

His life was slowly ebbing, and he had just sufficient strength to make a desperate cry, "Help." He then heard footsteps, and in a few moments some strong arms lifted him up and carried him to a motor car that was at hand ready to take him to the hospital. He raised his eyes towards the face of the one who came to

him when he was perishing, and exclaimed, "My king, my king has come to save me." It was in fact the King of Belgium in person.

Does not this story remind us all that the King of kings has come to save us poor sinners who are perishing ? He Himself has been into the battle. He was wounded and His side was pierced for us, and now "by his stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii.)

Thousands of sinners have already repeated, "My King has come to save ME," and what about you, my dear reader ; can you say that the King (Jesus) has come to save YOU ?

"Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name : that at the name of JESUS every knee should bow . . . and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." (Phil. ii.)

To the King eternal, immortal,
Only great, only good, only wise,
Be praise and eternal honour,
Love, power, and homage.

Translated from the French.

"He careth for you."

(I PETER V. 7.)

AMONG some old books stored away in a cupboard I happened one day to come across the life of a christian man who was born in the year A.D. 1692. Converted early in life, he eventually became well known as a zealous Christian in the time of Whitfield and the Wesleys. He was a diligent seeker of souls, and although he continued his business as a merchant in Kidderminster his faith stirred him up to spread the gospel, according as he had opportunity, among his fellow men ; *he* cared for the things of the Lord, and, as the following incident, which we quote in his own words, will prove, the Lord cared for *his*.

“Saturday, July 15, 1738.

“How good is it to trust in God, and to commit ourselves, our all, morning and evening, to His protection!

“This morning we have been favoured with a singular deliverance from danger by fire.

“Between three and four o’clock our female servant dreamed that a neighbouring house was on fire, and that it was also quickly extinguished.

“By the agitation which the dream occasioned, she discomposed her bed-clothes, and became cold; on which, awaking, she raised herself to replace her covering, and by that means moved her shoes; their grating sound awoke my wife (for we were in the room beneath), who at first imagined the girl was rising; but after revolving in her mind why she should rise so early, drew back the bed curtains to enable her to judge of the hour, and immediately observed smoke in the room.

“My wife gently roused me and asked what occasioned the smoke.

“I sprang from my bed, and hastily put on part of my dress, during which short time the smoke became much increased; but from its direction I immediately guessed from whence it proceeded.

“Accordingly, running down the stairs, I made to the parlour, and on opening the door saw through thick smoke a glowing fire, and round about it a circling flame.

“I ran to the pump for water and threw part of the contents of a pail on the fire, by which I was compelled to retreat from the effects of the vapour and smoke.

“Hoping I had checked its power, I ran to calm my wife’s fears and to put on more clothing; which done, I as quickly returned and repeated the application of water till the fire was quite subdued.

“I found it had been occasioned by the snuff of a candle being improperly thrown into a spitting box filled with sawdust, the snuffers not being at hand.

“The window curtain nearest to the box was burnt all away from bottom to top; the floor was burnt through the whole breadth of the box and had been on flame around it; the groundsel of the room, a thick, solid beam, was burnt to charcoal more than an inch deep and about the length of ten inches; one of the oaken wainscot panels had been on flame and part of it consumed; yet the window seat, which was deal and projected nearly two inches over the panel (and the corner of the seat much discoloured by, and, as I may say, wasted in the flame) had not caught it, which appears to everybody very wonderful.

“Consider now, O my soul, the greatness of this mercy and take notice of the interposition of divine Providence in working out this deliverance.

“Probably, if none of us had awoke before six o’clock, our usual hour—or if we had lain unapprised of it but one hour longer—the fire, penetrating through the board, would have caused a circulation of air, which would have accelerated the action of the fire, and, the whole room being wainscotted round, would soon have become impossible to be subdued; or, if we had escaped with our lives, it might have destroyed much of our substance, and spread desolation around us.

“Why was it that the servant should have, at such a juncture, a disquieting dream and my wife be so easily disturbed? Were these things the effect of chance? Surely, no! So seasonable an alarm must have been under the direction of Him who is the Keeper of Israel, and neither slumbereth nor sleepeth.

“He *doth* sustain our weakest powers
With His almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.’

“What shall I render the Lord for this and all His other benefits? My heart for some time overflowed with love and

DILIGENT SEARCHERS.

Searchers over 14 years of age (maximum 192 marks).

Marion Brown	192	George Wheatcroft	191	Brenda Butterfant	188
Edith Cann	192	Kathleen Worrall	191	Ethel Jackson	188
Maggie Coutie	192	Charis Bazlinton	190	Eric Robertson	188
Isabella Davidson	192	Fred Bentham	190	Laura Coldrick	187
Tom Reid	192	Bessie Goodall	190	Irene Cottrell	185
Leslie Coward	191	Mary McCormack	190	Theodora Hindley	185
Gwendoline Chambers	191	Winifred Potts	190	Ada Pindard	185
Kathleen Foxall	191	Doris Sinden	190	Grace Burford	184
Edwin Harrington	191	Olive Sinden	190	Rhoda Rogerson	183
Miriam McKay	191	Elsie Wood	190	Elizabeth Todd	183
Malcolm Marsh	191	Elsie Archer	189	Cecil Duddington	181
Peggie Payne	191	Violet Cox	189	Gertrude Barden	178
Marjorie Penfold	191	Amy Hindley	189	Dorothy Harris	178

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 (maximum 144 marks).

Minnie Barratt	144	Evelyn Spence	143	Violet Hill	140
James Brown	144	John Thewlis	143	Fred Himely	140
Henry Browning	144	Leonard Tromans	143	Walter Marriott	140
Roy Chattell	144	Mary Tydeman	143	James Palmer	140
Ruby Chattell	144	Winifred Watson	143	Freda Pemberton	140
Edward Cossar	144	Joyce Wraight	143	John Pugh	140
George Coutie	144	Jane Baldwin	142	Isabel Reeves	140
Peter Coutie	144	Ena Brock	142	Philip Webber	140
Annie Cann	144	Ronald Brock	142	Dudley Wheatcroft	140
Mary Cann	144	Phoebe Coldrick	142	Kathleen Allibone	139
Beatrice Darrah	144	Eva Edwards	142	Joan Appleton	139
Margaret Evans	144	Ena McKay	142	Fred Barratt	139
Jack Goodall	144	George Mair	142	Arthur Coldrick	139
Hilda Harrington	144	Jessie Mair	142	Joseph Parkes	139
Emily Holmes	144	Janet Nicolson	142	Gladys White	139
Edith Jackson	144	William Raitton	142	Richard Willows	139
Grace Latimer	144	George Rolph	142	Frank Appleton	138
William Mackreal	144	Mary Smith	142	Ethel Broom	138
Jack Mason	144	Dorothy Warren	142	Christina Coe	138
John Pickles	144	Gerald Watson	142	James Dixon	138
Ernest Preston	144	Myrtle White	142	Edith Hindley	138
Essie Reid	144	Herbert Beresford	141	James Morton	138
Joseph Shedden	144	George Best	141	Lawrence Morton	138
Alan Smith	144	Jeanie Brock	141	Bessie Rawlings	138
Margaret Smith	144	John Carbines	141	Thomas Rogerson	138
Edith Tipler	144	Fred Coldrick	141	Philip Scott	138
Ronald Tipler	144	Kenneth Frampton	141	Norman Smyth	138
Lily Allan	143	Daisy Goddard	141	Douglas Baker	137
May Brown	143	John Hasselgren	141	Gwendoline Saunders	137
Frank Coward	143	Allen Jones	141	Mary Abbott	136
Monica Chambers	143	Spenser Jay	141	John Anderson	136
Grace Deayton	143	Norah Marsh	141	Dorothy Burke	136
Freda Edwards	143	Joyce Meek	141	Stanley Willows	136
Herman Kaye	143	Ernest Pickles	141	James Burke	134
Karen Kaye	143	Mercy Satchwell	141	Marjorie Holbourn	134
Freddie Lodge	143	Robert Shedden	141	Dorothy Rawlings	134
Ronald Lodge	143	Philip Taylor	141	Theodora Foxall	133
Mary Nicolson	143	Faith Ward	141	Fred Parkes	133
Christina O'Hara	143	Ruth Wraight	141	Henry Thewlis	133
Harold Parkes	143	Frank Archer	140	Lewis Wheatcroft	133
John Payne	143	Joan Burke	140	Grace Taylor	132
Hilda Porter	143	John Carruth	140	John Taylor	132
Mary Richardson	143	Ida Fowell	140	Edwin Wraight	132
Joan Selwood	143	Joyce Freeman	140	Marjorie Lodge	129
Catherina Smerdon	143	Irene Hardy	140	Albert Willimott	125
Doris Smith	143				

Searchers under 10 years of age (maximum 144 marks).

Elizabeth Bryson	144	Doris Payne	144	Kathleen Bastyan	142
Eric Burgess	144	Grace Salisbury	144	Walter Fell	142
Donald Collett	144	Mary Selwood	144	Eileen Fisher	142
Margaret Dagleish	144	Clare Smith	144	Dora Jay	142
Mary Deayton	144	Kenneth Smith	144	Gerald Phillips	142
Horace Duddington	144	Ruth Smith	144	Eric Yandell	142
Grace Gay	144	Basil Stenning	144	Roy Yandell	142
Mildred Gay	144	Greta Stott	144	Ivy Bradley	141
Janet Green	144	Lilian Tipler	144	Sylvia Bradley	141
Mary Hales	144	Will Tulloch	144	Arthur Burke	141
Dorothy Hall	144	Wilfred Watson	144	Nellie Burke	141
Dennis Hardy	144	Lily Baldwin	143	Margaret Harris	141
Grace Judd	144	Margaret Bolt	143	Dick Saunders	141
Stephen Judd	144	Lucy Cole	143	Ernest Taylor	141
Phyllis Kemsley	144	Jessie Collett	143	Emma Burford	140
Alexander McKay	144	Leonard Coverley	143	Elsie Fletcher	140
David Mathers	144	Reginald Mortimore	143	Gerald Foxall	140
James O'Hara	144	Eric Tydeman	143	Edith Kaye	139
Enid Parkes	144	Withnall Wain	143	Kate McCormack	139

gratitude. O may the sensations excited by this deliverance never wear off!

"Who would be proud on account of riches? How soon may they make themselves wings and flee away!

"Who would withhold from God His due, either for relief of the poor or the support of His gospel?

"How easily, how convincingly, can He shew us the vanity and absurdity of covetousness!

"How safe and wise is it to trust in God, to wait on Him, and have our expectation from Him alone!

"How thankful should I be to a delivering God, and how careful to walk worthy of His mercies!"

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all *these things* shall be added unto you." (Matt. vi. 33.)



Diligent Searchers (continued).

We are pleased to find such a long list of Diligent Searchers, the names being too many for one page, so we are printing the remainder

below. Eleven of our friends missed the December answers only and this one little omission has caused the loss of their place.

Searchers under 10 years of age—continued.

Joyce Reeves	139
Honor Warren	139
Nan Pettigrew	138
Frances Phillips	138
Maude Rolph	138
James Wood	138
Esther Hindley	136
Gideon Nicolson	131
Ronald Butterfant	129
Ruth Hawkins	126
David Carter	126

Searcher over 14 (late).

Marjory Plommer	140
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SEARCHERS LIVING ABROAD.

<i>Australia.</i>	
Jean Caldwell	95
Cinthy Caldwell	156
Effie Chappell	118
Raymond Chappell	108
Hilda Cook	95
Elinor Corin	120
Marcia Kraushaar	176
Reginald Light	143
George Piggott	96
Austin Reid	93
Ernest Reid	90
Alan Shearer	142
Mavis Shearer	132
David Stuckey	144
Noel Vallance	96
Clarence Vellacott	181
<i>India.</i>	
Albert Benjamin	83

George Benjamin	9 sets (max. 144)	142
Jemima Benjamin	12 sets (max. 144)	141
<i>New Zealand.</i>		
Winnie Bradley	12 sets (max. 192)	192
Rita Gifford	11 sets (max. 132)	132
Alfred Kennerley	10 sets (max. 120)	119
Winnie McPeake	11 sets (max. 132)	124
Noel Strickett	10 sets (max. 120)	116
Grace Suckling	9 sets (max. 108)	100
Clyde Vautier	11 sets (max. 132)	132
John Vautier	10 sets (max. 120)	120
Phillip Vautier	10 sets (max. 120)	118
Gladys Wycherley	12 sets (max. 192)	190
<i>South Africa.</i>		
Aubrey Bricknell	10 sets (max. 120)	117
Eric Bricknell	10 sets (max. 120)	119
William Blandford	10 sets (max. 120)	118
Estelle Cro	10 sets (max. 120)	120
Pat Crocket	9 sets (max. 108)	97
Theresa Field	8 sets (max. 96)	96
Alison Leppan	10 sets (max. 120)	120
Elsie Oettle	10 sets (max. 120)	120
Joyce Richardson	12 sets (max. 144)	144
Mavis Richardson	8 sets (max. 96)	92
George Summers	11 sets (max. 132)	132
Kathleen Summers	11 sets (max. 176)	174
Lucy Summers	10 sets (max. 160)	158
David Townshend	11 sets (max. 132)	129
Frank Townshend	11 sets (max. 132)	131
Phebe Townshend	10 sets (max. 120)	119
<i>United States.</i>		
Evelyn Berger	11 sets (max. 176)	176
Esther Blazer	11 sets (max. 132)	132
George Hama	13 sets (max. 156)	156
Leslie McNiece	10 sets (max. 120)	100

Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint, North Wales.

**Searchers 14 years of age and over,
answer all the eight.**

**Searchers 10 years of age and under 14,
omit Nos. 7 and 8.**

DIVINE PLEASURE OR DELIGHT.

1. "In these things I delight." What things? Who is the "I"? (Jer. ix.)
2. Quote four words from Micah vii. about God's delight.
3. Quote a verse from Psalm cxlvi. or cxlvii. that tells of what God takes pleasure in.
4. (a) In Colossians iii. or iv. what is described as being "well pleasing unto the Lord"? (b) What in Hebrews xiii. is similarly described?
5. Quote five words from Proverbs viii. in which Christ speaks of Himself as God's delight. (Christ is "wisdom" in this chapter.)
6. (a) In what did Christ find His delight? (Psa. xl.) (b) What verse in Hebrews x. shews that Christ is the Speaker here?
7. (a) Where in Isaiah xlii. does God express His delight in Christ? Quote the seven words. (b) What verse in Matthew xii. shews that this does apply to Him?
8. (a) "Disallowed indeed of men." (1 Peter.) Who is it that is thus spoken of? (b) Finish the verse. (c) "Unto you therefore which believe." (1 Peter.) What three words follow?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from 1 Peter i. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—(1) "Inheritance incorruptible." (2) "Manifold temptations." (3) "Joy unspeakable." (4) "A lamb without blemish."

Answers to December Searchings have been received from the following:

Special Answers to Questions on "Sparrows."

Australia.—Alfred Oxnam, George Piggott (2), Austin and Ernest Reid (2), Mavis Shearer.

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Charis Bazlinton, Fred Bentham, Jean Blair, Marion Brown, Grace Burford, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, Gwendoline Chambers, Mabel Clark (4), Laura Coldrick, Irene Cottrell, Margaret Coutie, Leslie Coward (2), Violet Cox (3), Isabella Davidson (4), Betty Davies, Cecil Duddington, Kathleen Foxall, Jeannie Frizelle, Hilda Gattrell, Bessie and Jack Goodall, Josie Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Elizabeth Henderson, Amy Hindley, Theodora Hindley, Leonard Hollingworth, Emily Holmes, Eunice Howard, Ethel Jackson, Grace Latimer, Mary McCormack (2), Miriam McKay, Malcolm Marsh, Peggy Payne, Marjorie Penfold, Ada Pindard, Winifred Potts, Tom Reid, Bertie Remnant, Constance and Mary Roach, Eric Robertson (2), Rhoda Rogerson, Doris and Olive Sinden, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Elizabeth Todd, Max Walder, George Wheatcroft, Elsie Wood, Evelyn Worrall.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Mary Abbott, Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, John and William Anderson, Frank and Joan Appleton, Frank Archer, Douglas Baker, Jane Baldwin, Fred and Minnie Barratt, Herbert Beresford, George Best, Helen Blair, Edgar Brandt, Ena, Jeanie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, Hilda Brown, James Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Dorothy Burke (2), James Burke (3), Joan Burke, Annie and Beatrice Cann, John Carruth, Monica Chambers, Philip Chase, Ruby and Roy Chattell, Phyllis Churchman, Christina Coe, Arthur Coldrick, Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Ethel Collett, Albert Cornick, Edward Cossar, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Grace Deayton, James Dixon, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Margaret Evans, Amy Fairclough, Pearl Ford, Ida Fowell, Theodora Foxall, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Edith Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Rowland Houghton, Violet Hill, Fred Himcely, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Alfred Hughes, Edith Jackson, Spenser Jay, Allen Jones, Herman and Karen Kaye, Freda Lewis, Freddie, Marjorie and Ronald Lodge, James McCormack, Ena McKay, William Mackreal, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Walter Marriott, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, James and Lawrence Morton, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Christina O'Hara, James Palmer, Fred Parkes, Harold Parkes, Joseph Parkes, John Payne, Freda Pemberton (4), Arthur and Margaret Penberthy, Ernest and John Pickles, Hilda Porter, Ernest Preston, John Pugh, William Railton, Bessie and Dorothy Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Essie Reid, Mary Richardson, Edith and Drusilla Roach, Sylvia Robertson, Thomas Rogerson, George Rolph, Mercy Satchwell, Gwendoline Saunders, Philip Scott, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, Catharina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Evelyn Spence, Mary Stone, Grace Taylor, Harry Taylor, John Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Henry Topping, Leonard Tromans, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald and Winifred Watson, Philip Webber, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Richard and Stanley Willows, Edwin, Joyce and Ruth Wraight.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Mark Badams, Lily Baldwin, Kathleen Bastyan, Gordon Blackledge, Jessie Blair, Margaret Bolt, Ivy and Sylvia Bradley, Elizabeth Bryson, Emma Burford, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Nellie Burke (2), Ronald Butterfant, David Carter, M. Churchman, Grace Coldrick, Lucy Cole, Donald and Jessie Collett, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Dalgleish, Mary Deayton, Horace Duddington, Walter Fell, Eunice Felts, Eileen Fisher, Elsie Fletcher (5), Gerald Foxall, Grace and Mildred Gay, Janet Green, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Dennis Hardy, Margaret Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Dora Jay, Grace and Stephen Judd, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Phyllis Kinge, Olive Lewis, Kate McCormack (2), Minnie McCormack (2), Alex McKay, Mary Martyr, David Mathers, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Florence Murchie, Gideon Nicolson, James O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Enid Parkes, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Frances and Gerald Phillips, Joyce Reeves, Maude Rolph, Grace Salisbury, Dick Saunders, Mary Selwood, Clare Smith, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Ronald Smyth, Basil Stenning, Greta Stott, Ernest Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lillian Tipler, Will Tulloch, Eric Tydeman, Withnall Wain (2), Murray Walder, Barbara Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, James Wood, Eric and Roy Yandell.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Jean Boyd, Marcia Kraushaar, Effie and Raymond Chappell, Ausfin and Ernest Reid, Alan and Mavis Shearer, Beatrice and Winifred Stead, David Stuckey, Noel Vallance, Clarence Vellacott, Frank Wright.

Jamaica.—Keith Rogers.

New Zealand.—Winnie McPeake, Noel Strickett, Ronald Strickett, Grace Suckling, Clyde, John and Philip Vautier.

South Africa.—Pat Crocket, Aubrey and Eric Bricknell, Arthur, David, Frank, Grace, Mary and Phebe Townshend.

United States.—Evelyn Berger, Esther Blazer, George Hama, Leslie McNiece.

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MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

Youthful Days.



Giant Hate.

AN ALLEGORY.

(Concluded.)

FIDES replaced his sword in its sheath, gathered up the armour so madly thrown away, and thanking Conscience at once for her warning and her aid, prepared to seek out Giant Hate and destroy him.

While fastening his helmet on his head Fides noticed a quiver full of sharp, poisoned darts, which the giant had dropped on the ground when he bound the knight by the fountain of Anger.

"These are 'bitter words,'" exclaimed Fides, "the weapons of the giant and his followers, those which he so often discharges at his foes. I have felt their sharpness before now, and have been tortured by the venom which they bear. Now they are in my hand, and I can use them. I can launch them with an unerring aim at the enemies against whom I am not permitted to draw my sword. But let me reflect," he continued, still grasping the poisoned darts: "are these weapons which it is lawful for me to use? Are they such as become the champion of my King? Are not 'bitter words' strictly forbidden to all to whom the invincible sword has been entrusted? Never will I stain my holy cause by instruments so unworthy!" he exclaimed, as he snapped the venomed darts one by one, and flung their broken fragments into the dust. Even as he did so, a soft, pure radiance fell around him for an instant; it was not the glow of the noonday sun, it was not the glance of the summer lightning—he knew it for the smile of approving Conscience.

Hardly had the gleam passed away, leaving a sweet remembrance behind, when Fides was half tempted to regret that he had thrown from him the sharp weapons of hate. The people of the neighbourhood, long beneath the giant's sway, had gathered together to mock his opponent, bound and helpless as they expected to find him. On they came

with "bitter words," contemptuous looks and scornful jests; and though they paused on preceiving that Fides was now free, collecting together they prepared to surround him, and annoy the brave knight from a distance.

Fides laid his hand on his sword, but it was not to be moved from its scabbard, it was given to be wielded in fight against the Giants of Sin, not turned against his own fellow-creatures. Fides felt for a moment helpless and irresolute, not fearing death, but insult and pain, with the fiery darts which he now might have used lying all broken at his feet!

A moment's reflection, however, restored hope to the breast of the knight; where healing had been given, refuge might be found; with a bound he burst through the circle of his tormentors, and began to climb the tall tree of Forgiveness. Rapidly Fides ascended the stem, while his enemies gathered round the foot of the tree. They beheld him now seated among the branches at the top, looking down upon them from the lofty height of Forgiveness!

"Our darts can reach him yet!" cried the foremost of the troop; and while a rude burst of laughter sounded from below, a shower of stones and darts was flung high in the air, more than one of which struck and even wounded the knight!

Well then was it for Fides that he had chosen as refuge a tree possessing powers of healing. Rich, ripe clusters of Benefits were growing before him; he hastily plucked one and from the stalk whence it had been torn oozed out the precious balm. With one hand Fides applied the healing drops to his hurt, with the other he flung down upon his enemies below Benefit after Benefit, as fast as he could throw them! Quickly the shower of fruit descended on the heads of the persecuting band; this was his return to the stones and the sharp, venomed darts with which they had annoyed him.

As Fides bent from the branches to

mark the success of his new mode of warfare, he saw the crowd eagerly gather up the ripe fruit, and, with a wondering glance at the source whence it came, drop their darts to commence their delicious repast!

Even as the waters of Anger produced a strange effect upon those who drank of them, so Benefits, the fruit of the tree of Forgiveness, seemed to work a change upon those who partook of them. Insolent looks grew mild; angry voices gentle; the storm of passion became hushed and still. The savages themselves broke their darts, and gazed up with strangely altered feelings upon the champion of order and peace.

At length one, who had been foremost of the band, most rude in his insults, most bitter in his words, advanced with a frank, kindly air, and thus addressed the knight in the tree.

"Oh, Fides! we own ourselves overcome; thou hast returned evil with good, and wrongs with Benefits; thou hast weapons which none can resist! Think not that we now shall be thy foes, or that we willingly bear the yoke of the giant. He is a tyrant, tormenting and destroying; there is no sweetness in the waters of Anger, no joy in the service of Hate! Come down then and attack our enemy and thine; if we aid not in the fight, we will rejoice in the triumph; since we have eaten of that tree all appears in a new light to our once blinded eyes; we have learned to distinguish our foe from our friend, and we look for our freedom from thee!"

With a thankful spirit, and hopeful of victory, Fides now commenced his descent. Scarcely had his foot touched the ground, when an exclamation from one of his new allies gave him warning of the approach of the giant. Fides firmly grasped the hilt of his sword, and now, with scarcely an effort of his arm, the good blade flashed in the sunlight, as if eager to strike to the dust that barbarous enemy of man. The crowd gathering in a circle, gazed as spectators

on the terrible fight. Hate, arrayed in a blood-red mantle, with a heavy mace in his hand, seemed likely with every blow of his deadly weapon to crush the light form of Fides. But the champion had a source of strength which failed him not in the hour of danger. His helmet was not broken by the strokes which so heavily fell upon it, his armour gave not way in the fight, and his courage remained firm and unbroken. At length, seizing a moment of advantage, he plunged his sword into the heart of Hate, and with one cry of dying rage, the giant expired at his feet!

Then were there great rejoicings amongst those who of late had suffered from his tyranny. The people willingly dug a wide grave in which their tormentor should lie buried for ever. Willingly, at the command of Fides, they brought heavy masses of stone to choke up the fount of Anger. A short time after no one who passed by the place would have recognised the once gloomy spot. Where the heated waters had dried up the verdure, now the soft moss spread its carpet of velvet, and the fragrant violet and the lily of the valley shed their blossoms over the grave of Giant Hate!

EXTRACTED.



Youth and Age.

DEAR Ruth was very aged when she told some of her simple tales to an eager listener. There was a charm about the touches of child-life that made one feel the simple pleasures of a country life, or the interests of a home by the sea, where the perils and storms made even a child anxious when dear ones were out in their boats seeking to rescue sailors whose ships were in danger through violent storms. So there were pleasures and pains which accompanied the young then as now.

It was a sorrowful time when Ruth and her brother were both laid up in bed with

a bad infectious disease, and they were told that their grandfather, a sea-faring man, had been injured in a gale and had died. They were told when he was to be buried, so when they heard their friends were carrying him to the grave they both got out of their beds and looked through the window to see the long line of mourners as they walked along the street. The remembrance of that sorrowful time could not be forgotten by them.

Death is a very sad thing; it is the wages of sin. Had there been no sin there would have been no death.

Do you know what Ruth knew and was able to say at the close of a long stay on earth of ninety-six years? "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Cor. xv. 57.) The Saviour has been into death and is alive again for evermore. If you trust Him (Jesus) you will live because He lives!

This is very wonderful, but very true. Many of our fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, sisters and brothers, have trusted in a Saviour's love and have gone to be with Him; but it is written, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," and then we shall be for ever with the Lord. (1 Cor. xv. 51-58; 1 Thess. iv. 14-18.) May you, dear child, be ready for the moment, which may be very near, when our Lord shall call us away.

Now Ruth and her brother lived to a good old age, and so may you; but how much better to be a Christian while you are young than to wait until you are old. Solomon wrote some very wise words in Proverbs v. He warns his children; he did not wish them to travel in his steps, so he writes (ver. 12), ". . . and thou say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me." It is very easy to go the downward path; it looks so pleasant and smooth that the young are very often tempted to go the wrong way.

We were out on an undercliff of a well-known coast town some years ago. A young cousin, whose name was Katie, was with us. We wanted to get down to the beach, but we found the path was a narrow and awkward one; however, we decided to go by it. Now Katie had found a short cut against the upper cliff which she was sure she could get down very easily. She was quite ignorant that there oozed out of the limestone rock some clear spring water, which continually flowing made the lower rock in parts quite like soft putty. Well, we advised Katie not to try the short cut but to go with us; however, she was determined to try it. Her first step was a very slippery one, but the next one turned to a dangerous slide. Down, down she went, her blue seaside dress covered with soft, white mud. We watched, unable to help her, and then hastened down our narrow path, to find her unhurt but in a deplorable plight, covered with plaster. We dressed her in our waterproofs and tried to rub off the mud, but the dress was spoiled. Of course she then saw her folly, but it was too late to retrace her steps. It is so with us, dear children; if we refuse instruction and the advice of our friends we may have to suffer in various ways and bring trouble and anxiety to our teachers as well as to ourselves.

Ruth told us when she lived in the country she loved to gather wild flowers out of the fields and woods near her home. She often came across a lady with a little girl about her own age. Ruth thought she would like to give her some flowers, so one day she gathered several very nice bunches of cowslips, violets, primroses, lilies, snowdrops and grasses, and waited until she saw them coming down the lane.

She then went up to them and said, "Would the little girl like some flowers?" She thanked her very much, and the lady said, "Would you like to come to my house and see my little girl's dolls?" Ruth said she would be very pleased to

go if her mother would let her. So Ruth went to see the dolls, and the little girls were so pleased with each other that it resulted in a life-long friendship.

In those days there were no trains, no tramcars, only a few small buses and coaches, and people often travelled in the carrier's cart. There were few books, too; they had the Bible, the best of all books, and Ruth loved that and her hymn book better than any earthly things. How she and her friends loved to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" and look at its quaint pictures, though they did not understand all their meaning! Perhaps it was just as well they could not grasp all they read.

What do you read, dear child? There are so many books now-a-days and many are very untrue. Do you not think it is wise to ask the Lord Jesus to tell us how to read the Bible and what else to read, and to make what we read to be very real and true to us, so that we may be prepared for the home above in another world, where the unsatisfying things of this world will never be a bit of use to us, for the former things will have passed away.

E. E. S.

London.

Kitty's Puzzle Bricks.

WHY such a lovely box of puzzle bricks should have been given to Kitty I cannot tell you, for she was neither the eldest nor the youngest in a large family; but then, it may have been her birthday, and on birthdays even the in-between members of a family expect to be remembered. It was quite a large box, and of course each brick had six sides, and when they were correctly placed they made six beautiful pictures, illustrating scenes from the life of Joseph.

Though it was Kitty's puzzle, it proved a source of much interest to her brothers and sisters too, and they all spent many happy hours arranging and re-arranging

the bricks, and listening to father or mother, as they told over and over again the story of the lad who was so loved by his father, and so hated by his brethren.

One of the pictures shewed the sons of Jacob with their asses and their sacks full of corn, for "Joseph commanded to fill their sacks with corn, and to restore every man's money into his sack, and to give them provision for the way: and thus did he unto them. And they laded their asses with the corn, and departed thence. And as one of them opened his sack to give his ass provender in the inn, he espied his money; for, behold, it was in his sack's mouth. And he said unto his brethren, My money is restored; and, lo, it is even in my sack: and their heart failed them, and they were afraid, saying one to another, What is this that God hath done unto us?"

The second time that they came to Egypt to buy corn, they were still full of fear, thinking that Joseph would make this an excuse for falling upon them and taking them for bondmen, and their asses. But when they told the steward of Joseph's house, how they had found the money in their sacks, he gave them a beautiful answer. He said, "Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, hath given you treasure in your sacks: I had your money."

Do you not think they must have felt very much ashamed of the way in which they had asked, "What is this that God hath done unto us?"

These brothers of Joseph had many lessons to learn of the goodness and grace of God; they had behaved very badly, and knew they deserved nothing but punishment, and yet the word to them is: "Peace be to you, fear not: your God, and the God of your father, HATH GIVEN YOU TREASURE."

Dear children, we are just as undeserving as Joseph's brothers, and yet, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but

have everlasting life." And, with Jesus, He has given us everything, for "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?"

And those who accept God's gift by believing in Jesus, have the assurance, "My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

"His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,
His power no boundary known unto man,
For out of His infinite riches in Jesus,
He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again."
E. E. S. (B.).

"So Shine."

JUST a twist of paper with a candle inside. What a queer carriage lamp!

In Spain, as in England, every vehicle is supposed to carry a light after dark, and this is the way some people fulfil the letter of the law, while jogging along in their carts after sundown.

The fitful gleam is more likely to dazzle the driver as he holds it in his hand than to be of any use in shewing him obstacles in the way. It is just sufficient to let others see that something is coming along the road, and that is all.

That is not how we who love the Lord Jesus and have had our sins washed away in His precious blood should shew our light. He was "the true Light" (John i. 9), and it was not possible for Him to cast a wavering or uncertain ray around. When He was on earth those who were in darkness saw that great Light (Isa. ix. 2), and His enemies thought they had put it out when they crucified Him; but when Jesus went back to heaven He left many thousands of light-bearers here, and they were soon scattered far and wide throughout the world to shine for Him.

Their light was not given them to bring glory to themselves, for He had said, "Let your light so shine before men

that they may see your good works, and GLORIFY YOUR FATHER WHICH IS IN HEAVEN." (Matt. v. 16.) Jesus could say to His Father, "I have glorified thee on the earth." (John xvii. 4.)

If you turn to Acts xiv. you will see how distressed Barnabas and Paul were because after they had done a good work the people would have worshipped them. They immediately sought to turn them to the living God. And they so shone, not only when things seemed to be going well with them, but also, when Paul and Silas had their backs sore from much beating, and their feet fast in the stocks, they sang praises to God. (Acts xvi. 25.) They had been beaten because they were shewing a very bright light, and they had their reward when their jailer and his household "rejoiced, believing in God."

In England at the present time we are not called upon to lay down our lives because we "so shine," but perhaps we sometimes have to bear a quiet sneer, or a taunting word, or it may be just being ignored.

Those of us who are older may find, too, we have to take an inferior position, or one with less pay, because we could not "so shine" in that for which we are naturally well qualified. But do you not think that the "Well done!" presently will quite make up for all the sufferings of this little while?

Only let us see to it that we do not suffer through any fault in ourselves.

Eric was not a very wise little boy, he was often in trouble through some act of thoughtlessness. One night he was sent to bed early, and hearing a footstep on the landing, and fearing that the head would see the light in his dormitory and find out that he was once again in disgrace, he took the candle and hid it under the bed, crouching before it to conceal any ray that might escape.

When we lose our tempers, or deal unjustly, or in any way act so that we are not glorifying God, our light is like Eric's candle, hidden. It is worse than useless, for we may cause damage to the

souls of others, who are influenced by us, and are quick to notice when our light is dim.

We all need to ask the Lord Jesus to keep us near to Himself; then, and only then, our light will so shine as to bring glory to our Father which is in heaven.

“NOT UNTO US, O LORD, NOT UNTO US, BUT UNTO THY NAME GIVE GLORY, FOR THY MERCY, AND FOR THY TRUTH'S SAKE.” (Psa. cxv. i.) J. E. B.

The Stars.

Little stars that are on high,
In this dark, oft-clouded sky,
How is it you shine so bright,
Patient in the darkest night?

You your Master do obey,
So you shine by night and day;
Ever patient, ever bright,
Shining thus with all your might.

Jesus Christ for us has died;
Wicked men Him crucified;
He is risen from the dead;
Of the earth He will be Head.

Cannot we shine for Him too—
Shine for Him as well as you?
We each have a little light—
Let us keep it burning bright.

This we can for Jesus do:
Others seeing do it too;
Shewn the darkness they are in,
For the Light shews them their sin.

Let us shine for Jesus too—
Shine for Him as well as you!
We each have a little light—
Let us keep it shining bright.

WRITTEN BY A VERY YOUNG GIRL.



Light.

JOB.

“Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof,

“That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof, and that

thou shouldest know the paths to the house thereof?”

MALACHI.

“But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.”

JOHN.

“In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

“And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.”



Hidden Text.

A	O	S	L	F	I	E	T
C	Y	T	O	H	E	L	E
N	R	D	P	G	F	N	H
U	O	I	S	T	E	S	A
I	O	H	E	E	I	O	R
E	N	R	T	S	O	H	Y
G	S	R	H	M	D	E	R
I	L	H	N	I	T	Isa.	60.



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month's questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint, North Wales.

Searchers 14 years of age and over answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

SUBJECT: THE CALLING OF GOD.

1. What does Romans xi. say about "the gifts and calling of God"?
2. What is said in Romans viii. as to those "whom he called"?
3. "Called you into"—what? "Called me by"—what? (Gal. i. or ii.)
4. "That the purpose of God might stand." (Rom. ix. or x.) Finish the verse.
5. "Called you by"—what? and "to"—what? (2 Thess.)
6. "The God of all grace." Quote half a verse in which these words occur. (1 Peter.)
7. "Ye see your calling, brethren." (1 Cor. i. to iii.) Finish the verse.
8. "Saved us and called us." (2 Tim.)
(a) "With" what? (b) "Not according to"—what? (c) "But according to"—what? (Five words.)

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Romans x. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—(1) "God's righteousness." (2) "Confession." (3) "Ashamed." (4) "Beautiful are the feet."

Answers to January Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Francis Anderson, Elsie Archer, Lois Ball, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton, Nellie Burford, James Burke, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cunn, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura, Phyllis and Raymond Coldrick, Vera Cooper, Irene Cottrell, Isabella Davidson, Bettie Davis, Cecil Duddington, Minnie Falconer, Kathleen Foxall, Jeannie Frizelle, Hilda Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Eileen and Josey Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Amy and Theodora Hindley, Leonard Hollingworth, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Mary McCormack, Miriam McKay, Vera Marshall, Leonard Moore, Gordon Nock, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, Ada Pindard, Marjorie Plommer, Doris Reed, Essie and Tom Reid, Constance and Mary Roach, Rhoda Rogerson, Doris and Olive Sinden, Kathleen Snatt, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Elizabeth Todd, Max Walder, Winifred Watson, George Wheatcroft, Evelyn Worrall, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Constance Abbey, Lily Allen, Kathleen Alfibone, William Anderson, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Jane and Lily Baldwin, Fred Barratt, Herbert Beresford, Wilfred Blackledge, John Bradford, Sylvia Bradley, Dennis and George Briars, Ena, Janie and Ronald Brock, Fred Broom, James Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris and Emma Burford, Dorothy Burke, Joan Burke, Nellie Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Harold Cameron, Annie and Beatrice Cann, John Carruth, Gladys Carter, Grace Chambers, Philip Chase, Roy Chaffell, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Brenda Coombs, Albert Cornick, Edward Cossar, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, James Dixon, Albert Dorsett, Horace Duddington, Edna Edmondson, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Hilda Elsey, Margaret Evans, Amy Fairclough, Pearl Ford, Ida Fowell, Theodora Foxall, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Edith Gattrell, Grace Gay, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Violet Hill, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Spenser Jay, Allen

Jones, Herman and Karen Kaye, King and Wolsley Kernham, Jeanie Laird, Freda Lewis, Daisy Lipscombe, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Kate McCormack, Alexander and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Walter Marriott, Norah Marsh, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, David Mathers, Muriel Mayo, Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Francis Millband, Hilda Moore, Fred Nicholls, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Martin Patmore, Freda Pemberton, Milly Petter, Frances Phillips, Ernest and John Pickles, Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Dorothy Priestly, Eva Pring, John Pugh, Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie and Dorothy Rawlings, Olive and Raymond Redhead, Mabel Reed, Isabel Reeves, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Drusilla and Edith Roach, Thomas Rogerson, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Dora and Mercy Satchwell, Gwendolyn Saunders, Joan Selwood, Philip Scott, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Peggie Spence, Basil Stenning, Mary Stone, Ruth Swain, Grace and John Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Dorothy Ward, Eileen Ward, Dorothy Warren, Lena Watkins, Gerald Watson, Ronald Watson, Cyril Weavers, Philip Webber, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willmott, Richard and Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson, Edwin and Ruth Wraight.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Alldred, Kathleen Bastyan, Roy Batchelor, Gordon Blackledge, Margaret Bolt, Ivy Bradley, Kathleen Broom, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, David Carter, Lily Carter, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, John Churchman, Lucy Cole, Donald and Jessie Collett, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish, Margaret Dowding, Joffre Edwards, Rita Fear, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gerald Foxall, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Kathleen Goddard, Janet Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, Dennis Hardy, Margaret Harris, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Dora Jay, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Olive Lewis, P. Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Raymond Lyons, Eleanor McBride, Minnie McCormack, Joan McKinnon, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, Dorothy Miller, Ernest Miller, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Florence and Helena Murchie, Gideon Nicolson, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Cecil Priestly, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Mary Selwood, Charles Shedden, Clare Smith, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Roland Smyth, Billy Spence, Scott Stanley, Greta Stott, Ernest and Frank Taylor, Marjorie Thorp, Fred Thewlis, Lillian Tipler, David Todd, Eric Tydeman, William Waddilove, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Sydney Willmott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Cyril and Muriel Chappell, Effie and Raymond Chappell, Hilda Cook, Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light, George Lockhart (2), Lily Lockhart (2), Bruce Metcalf (2), Alfred Oxnam (3) (also answers on "Sparrows"), George Piggott (3) (also answers on "Sparrows"), Roy Proctor, Austin Reid (2) (also answers on "Sparrows"), Ernest Reid (2), Alan and Mavis Shearer, David Stuckey, Harold Vellacott.

Canada.—Alex Henry, Victor Langrell (5).

India.—Albert Benjamin (2), Christopher Benjamin (2), George Benjamin (2), Jemima Benjamin (2).

Jamaica.—Winston Brown (2), Ouida Brown (2), Maud Mitchell.

New Zealand.—Winnie Bradley, Rita Gifford, Alfred Kennerley Elsie and Gladys Wycherley.

South Africa.—William Blandford (2) Aubrey and Eric Bricknell, Sylvia Clark, Estelle Cro (2), Alison Leppan (2), Agnes and Hilda Logan, Elsie Octle, George Summers (5), Kathleen Summers (2), Lucy Summers (2), Arthur, David, Frank and Mary Townshend.

United States.—Evelyn Berger, Esther Blazer, George Hama, Leslie McNiece.

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MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

Youthful Days.



Voices.

AS we have noticed before, God in creating man endowed him with the power of speech, so that he could pass his thoughts on to his companion. How wonderful! A little vibration of the particles of the atmosphere and a thought passes from one mind to another.

Godly men living long ages ago realised that thoughts could be conveyed by other means than by making the air pulsate. They looked out upon the heavens, they saw the order of the night following the day, the sun rising and setting, the stars in their multitudinous beauty. What they beheld made them think, and one of these truly wise men wrote, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their *voice* is not heard." (Psa. xix.)

Moses heard God speaking on the holy mountain, and His laws engraved on stone were entrusted to him. The Psalmist knew this law, which was more precious to him than much fine gold. The voice of creation told him that God was wise; the voice of God's law told him that God was holy.

The same Psalmist was out in the wilderness when a thunderstorm came on. The lightning was like great flames of fire, the thunder was so heavy that the ground shook, and the wind broke the branches off the cedars of Lebanon, tossing them about like straws. Then the rain fell, filling the rivers to overflowing. In this turmoil of the elements he heard the voice of the LORD telling of His holiness, majesty and strength. He learned that the LORD would be King for ever and would bless His people with peace. (See Psa. xxix.)

The voice of God speaking to the conscience of a man is a most serious matter.

After our first parents had sinned, they were ashamed and hid themselves when they heard the voice of the LORD God sounding through the garden. The consciousness of sin brings the sense of shame, and fear takes hold of the man. There can be no peace or rest for him till the sin is forgiven.

David, who had heard the voice of the LORD in the storm, wrote in another psalm, "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." These words remind us of the woman of the city who poured the precious ointment on the feet of our Lord; she had come into His presence sorrowful and with tears; before she left, she heard His voice saying, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much." Peace and rest come in plenty when the blessed voice of forgiveness is heard in the heart.

How is it that the voice of God speaking to the conscience is so terrible, and the same God speaks the word of forgiveness? Can both voices be true? They can both be true. God cannot allow or permit sin, and yet He forgives sinners.

Last month we shewed in our picture a gallant ship sailing on a stormy sea. Over a century ago a ship like this was driving along, when one of the crew was washed overboard by a great wave. Being an expert swimmer, he soon rose to the surface of the tumbling waters, and:

"He shouted: nor his friends had failed
To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed,
That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind,
And scudded still before the wind."

The storm was too great to allow the ship to slacken her speed, so the poor fellow had to be abandoned to his fate, and his voice was soon lost to hearing.

When our Lord hung on the cross, His voice was heard saying, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The case of the poor sailor was bad enough, and his captain wept as he recorded the loss in his book, but no human

mind can grasp the meaning of the words our Lord uttered. He was alone, forsaken, and none came forward to help. In a few hours He died, and a man, Joseph of Arimathæa, had to go boldly to the governor in order to get a permit to remove Him from the cross, and a few friends saw that He was properly buried. Then, but not till then, did God intervene in mighty and mysterious power. Our Lord was raised from the dead, another matter beyond the ken of the human mind. The few friends and others were drawn together to witness the fact of Christ risen, and were sent out in the power of the Spirit to announce it. The whole course of events in the world took another direction. In our Lord's death and resurrection the voice of redemption is heard, and this explains why God is so angry with sin but forgives the sinner. His Son has suffered for sin, the Just for the unjust.

The word of God and the work and life of our Lord Jesus speak to us with the voice of revelation. As we hear this voice, we begin to understand God. If we read about His ways with the children of Israel in the desert we learn that He is longsuffering and merciful; if we read about our Lord Jesus we learn that "God is love."

Each of these great voices tells us about God in its own way. They are the Voice of Creation, the Voice of the Law, the Voice to the Conscience, the Voice of the One that was forsaken, the Voice of Forgiveness, and the Voice of Revelation. Which of these have you heard?



Our Eternal Home.

NO one can be certain of remaining for any length of time in an earthly home, for our times are in God's hand. He it is who overrules all the circumstances of our lives in this world, and He alone knows what the future may bring.

Death may enter our home and send us from it; war may arise and our home be razed to the ground; fire may break out and our home be burnt to ashes; poverty may come upon us and oblige us to leave our home—all kinds of events may cause us to quit or lose our present homes; we may, in fact, even find ourselves homeless on earth, without a shelter for our bodies at all, but what about our never-dying souls?

For them God has provided *an eternal home*. Oh! how wonderful it seems that He should have done so when we think of how we deserve none of His goodness and mercy! In His house above there are many mansions, and it is there that Jesus is preparing a place for those who believe in Him—for those who, through faith in Him, have everlasting life.

In this world "we spend our years as a tale that is told"—they soon come to an end and "we fly away," leaving our homes, our friends, interests or pleasures behind us for ever.

But in that *eternal home* those who belong to Jesus will dwell for ever in perfect love, joy and peace—in the full enjoyment of everlasting life. (John iii. 16.) They will be with Him in whose presence is "fulness of joy" and at whose "right hand there are pleasures for evermore." (Psa. xvi. 11.)

One spring day, many years ago, I went into the village to see a poor little invalid child. She was a constant sufferer and also very deaf—but always bright and contented. I took a few daffodils with me from the garden, for I knew she loved to see the sweet flowers; and with their golden heads bowed so gracefully they might well remind me of little Bessie. No murmur ever seemed to escape her lips—in all her pains and trials she was sweetly patient. How pleasing to God it must have been to see such acquiescence in a little child, and what a bright example she was to others! If we are rebellious and impatient we cannot be happy; we should

always bow to God's will, and all who would be saved must bow to His word, for He says, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Some day *every one* will have to bow to Him whether they would or not. 'To be truly happy we must be like Eric's daffodils—not only bow but be *happy to bow* to God's will, as we read in these little verses about them :

Hard by a little belt of wood,
In an old garden Eric stood,
With thoughtful brow and look intent,
As o'er some daffodils he bent.

While there he stood his aunt drew near,
"Eric," she said, "what brings you here?"
"I only came to take a walk,
And with the daffodils to talk!"

"To talk to *daffodils*, you say!—
Upon what subject, Eric, pray?"
"I wondered, auntie, if 'twere good
The gardener took them from the wood.

"And so I asked them to reply
Where they liked best to live and die;
Whether as in the wood of old,
Or planted in the garden mould?"

"A question strange! What answered they,
The daffodils, so bright and gay?"
"Though long I, auntie, with them stayed,
They *only bowed*, no answer made!"

Now let it be our heart's concern,
From Eric's daffodils to learn
To leave our path in God's own hand,
And silent bow to His command.

'Tis He whose ways work for our good,
Does better for us than we could;
Let Him for us our pathway choose
That we His smile may never lose.

But much as Bessie delighted to see the flowers which God has made, there was something she loved far better, and that was to hear about *Himself*—about Him "for whom" and "by whom all things were made." He is the Friend of little children—the One of whom we often sing :

"There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend who never changes,
Whose love can never die."

Oh! how different He is from our earthly

friends, is He not? How often they pain and disappoint us, and sometimes they die, and then their love, which was so precious to us, has gone for ever! And oh! how we miss it! how we long to see and hear them again! but we never shall on earth. Yet, if they believed in Jesus and if we love Him too, we shall be together with them again some day; we read about this in I Thessalonians iv., how at the first resurrection all who belong to the Lord Jesus, those who sleep and those who are alive, will be caught up to meet Him when they hear His shout in the air.

"We . . . shall be caught up together . . . to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord." (I Thess. iv. 17.)

And *where*?

In *our eternal home*—in the place which Jesus has gone to prepare for those who love Him and where He will, as He promised, receive us unto Himself. (John xiv. 2, 3.)

Young as she was, little Bessie already believed in Jesus, and knew that it is His precious blood alone which can cleanse us from all sin and wash and make us "whiter than snow." She therefore was saved and had a right, through her Saviour, to His *eternal home*.

She was very pleased with the pretty daffodils which I had brought her that day, and as I sat down, as usual, beside her bed I noticed that some flowers which I had sent her a few days before were fading. How like were they to the little child at my side—both she and they fading away, their lives *ebbing* fast from this world. The pretty flowers would die and be seen no more—even the fresh daffodils would soon be faded and dead! But little Bessie—it would not be the same with her! Oh, no! her body, though put in the grave, would one day rise again, as we have seen, and her spirit clothed in that body, changed and glorified, would be in her beautiful and *eternal home*.

“Where sin, nor want, nor woe nor death can come.”

A poor woman, who lived not far from Bessie’s home, had lost several of her little children. They had died and been buried in the village graveyard.

But when she told me about her great sorrows she did not say that her little children had been “buried.” No! she simply said, “I have *sown* so many of them!” Now, was she not a wise and happy woman? She believed, you see, that they would rise again and be reaped by the Lord; for although “sown in corruption,” they are waiting to be “raised in incorruption”; they were “sown a natural body,” and will be “raised a spiritual body.” (1 Cor. xv.) How could she be so *sure* about it? Because the Lord Jesus came to seek and to save that which was *lost*; the little ones are lost, but He died to save them and to fit them for

“That beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all that are washed and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

But we must return to little Bessie, lying patiently on her bed of suffering that spring day, with the pretty daffodils in her hand.

She always liked to be read to or to listen to any little news of interest which I could tell her; so that day I remembered that I had been to the hospital in the town since I last saw her, and as she had recently been a patient there, I knew she would be pleased to hear about my visit.

“Do you know, Bessie,” I said, “the other day I went to the hospital and saw the ward that you were in; then I went into the children’s ward, too. It was very full; there were about twenty little children, and one of them had a cage over her leg—just like you used to have. There were no nurses there then, they were quite alone. In the middle of the ward there was a little girl about as old as you are. And what do you think

she had by her side? It was a little hymn book!

“‘What are you doing?’ I asked her.

“‘I am learning a hymn!’ she said.

“‘Which hymn are you learning?’

“‘This one,’ she said, pointing to the page.

“I looked and saw that it was the one about *our eternal home*.

“‘Who is teaching it to you?’ I asked.

“‘That little girl over there!’

“‘Can you sing it?’

“She answered at once by commencing to sing it.

“I think I see her now—the fair, fragile little child sitting upright in her cot, forgetful of her sufferings, far away from her home and those she loved, and who loved her—in the strange ward among strangers and surrounded by other little sufferers, and with myself, also a stranger, standing beside her cot—yet with a sweet and joyous voice she sang the hymn steadily and clearly, so that the whole ward echoed with the words.”

Bessie’s mother had come into the room, and hearing the story she fetched a hymn book and we read the verse:

“There is a *home eternal*,
Beautiful and bright,
Where sweet joys supernal
Never are dimmed by night;
Where white-robed angels are *serv*ing,
Ever around the bright throne:
When, oh! when shall I see thee,
Beautiful, beautiful home?
Home, beautiful home!
Bright home of my Saviour,
Bright, beautiful home!”

“You see,” said I to Bessie, “it says ‘eternal home.’ *This* home of yours is not an *eternal home*. You will not stay in this home always. Do you remember when your home was in Hill Street?”

“Yes,” said Bessie.

“Yes, you do—but that is not your home now, is it? And that was not your home very long; when you left it you went to another house and you were not there very long before you moved and came here to this home; but you cannot stay here for ever!”

This was quite true, for her parents soon left the village for a distant city, where, after a few more years of patient suffering, the Lord took little Bessie to His *eternal home*. She was

“Absent from the body, and . . . present with the Lord.” (2 Cor. v. 8.)

When He comes again, as we have seen, He will raise her little body, changed and glorified, in which her spirit will be clothed; then He will take her, with all those thus changed, to be with Him in His *eternal home* for ever.

And what is *home*?

A christian gentleman once arrived at a cottage at tea-time. The whole family, father, mother and children, were seated round the table enjoying their meal in happiness and peace.

“What a picture this is of home!” thought he, and as he looked upon them there he asked them a question.

“What is home?” he said, and without waiting for the answer he gave it himself:

“Home is where the father is!”

Yes! that is the true home—no home is complete without the father.

Through faith in Jesus we become the children of God, “heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ,” and we belong to heaven. God is our Father, as the Lord Jesus said, “I ascend unto my Father, and your Father”; and heaven is our home because God is there. Jesus says:

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.”
(John xiv.)

Where is Jesus?

In the Father’s house.

What is He doing?

He is preparing a place there for those who love and belong to Him. He is coming again—soon—perhaps to-day.

What is He coming for?

To take all His own to Himself—to receive them in their *eternal home*.

If He comes to-day will He receive you there, dear reader? Or will you be left behind to await the coming judgment of God and to die the second death—from which there is no resurrection?

If you are not sure, do not rest until, by faith in Jesus, resting on Him alone for salvation, you know that He is preparing a place for you in the Father’s house, so that with joy you can sing with all the redeemed:

“We have a home above,
From all defilement free;
A mansion which eternal love,
Prepared our rest to be.

The Father’s gracious hand
Has built that blest abode;
From everlasting it was planned,
The dwelling-place of God.

The Saviour’s precious blood
Has made our title sure;
He passed through death’s dark raging flood
To make our rest secure.

The Comforter is come,
The Earnest has been given;
He leads us onward to the home
Reserved for us in heaven.

Thy love, most gracious Lord,
Our joy and strength shall be;
Till Thou shalt speak the gladdening word
That bids us rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,
Where all Thy glories shine,
In happier, holier strains, we’ll praise
The grace that made us Thine.

A. S. I. L.



A Refuge from the Storm.

“**W**HATEVER is the matter?” we exclaimed, as we stood on a path that winds down a mountain overlooking Barcelona.

The sun was shining brilliantly, as it can do, even in winter, in sunny Spain, and we were in the full blaze of it; but surely there was something amiss!

The city, with its glittering coloured roofs, and the blue Mediterranean beyond, lay below us, and as we gazed at the fair scene a small cloud floated slowly across the horizon, and while we still looked, another and yet another. At first we thought there must be a building on fire; but no, those curious puffs, which were quickly growing more and more, and larger and larger, were not smoke, and they could not be a mist rising! We watched intently until the whole city was blotted from our sight, as though covered with a hugh pall.

We started to come down the hill, and a fierce gust of wind met us as we struggled round a bend of the road. In an instant we were covered with dust, and our faces smarting with it. It was our first experience of a dust storm, and we turned our backs to the wind, and watched the dust swirling along the roads.

Boys and girls, there is a storm coming, in comparison with which dust storms and thunderstorms, and even those awful storms sailors meet with at sea, will be as nothing. The storm of God's wrath will burst over the whole world, and so terrible will it be that men will call upon the rocks and mountains to cover them. In that day the heavens will be rolled together as a scroll (Rev. vi. 14-17) and the earth will be burnt up. (2 Peter iii. 10.)

But before that storm breaks, the Lord Jesus will come and take away every boy and girl, every man and woman, who belongs to Him. He, the sinless One, bore God's wrath poured out against sin when He suffered on the cross, and His precious blood has washed away all their sins. He died for all, and He will never cast out one who comes to Him now for shelter, for He is indeed "a refuge from the storm." (Isa. xxv. 4.)

When the dust storm we experienced was over, Barcelona once more lay smiling in the sunshine, with all its sin and suffering and sorrow still going on as before. But when the storm of God's

wrath has spent itself, there will be "new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." (2 Peter iii. 13.) "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." (Rev. xxi. 4.)

If you have not already done so, will you not give your heart to the Lord Jesus now, while there is still time, so that you may be ready and waiting when He comes to call His loved ones away. God wants you to be saved, His desire is that you may flee to the Refuge He has provided, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John iii. 16.)

J. E. B.



Answer to Hidden Text.

"Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." (Isa. ix. 1.)



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint, North Wales.

**Searchers 14 years of age and over,
answer all the eight.**

**Searchers 10 years of age and under 14,
omit Nos. 7 and 8.**

(JOHN I.)

1. (a) *When*, in the past eternity, "was the Word"? (b) *Where* was the Word then? (c) *Who* was the Word?
2. (a) What things were made by Him? (b) What things were made without Him?
3. (a) Later on "the Word was made"—What? (b) Where did He then dwell? (c) What was He "full of"? (d) "And we beheld"—What? (e) What was "the glory" like?
4. (a) What else is said of the "only begotten" in this chapter? (b) Quote half a verse in chapter iii, about the "only begotten Son."
5. (a) We read of a "man sent from God": who was this? (b) What did he come for? (c) Who was "the true light"?

6. (a) Where did the Light shine? (b) What did "the world" think of Him? (c) How did "His own" treat Him?

7. (a) John said "I saw . . . that this is"—Who? (b) What did he twice exclaim as he looked at Jesus?

8. (a) What did Andrew say of Jesus when describing Him to "his own brother Simon"? (b) What was Nathanael's exclamation when he recognised Jesus?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from John i. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—(1) "Sent from God." (2) "The sons of God." (3) "Given by Moses." (4) "Like a dove."



Answers to February Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Francis Anderson, Elsie Archer, Sarah Baldwin, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, James Batchelor, Charis Bazlinton, Jean Blair, Marion Brown (2), Nellie Burford, James Burke, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Winifred Clarke, Laura, Phyllis and Raymond Coldrick, Albert Cornick, Irene Cottrell, Daisy Cox, Isabella Davidson, Cecil Duddington, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Jeannie Frizelle, Hilda Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Eileen and Josie Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Mary McCormack, Vera Marshall, Gordon Nock, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, Ada Pindard, Marjory Plommer, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Constance and Mary Roach, Eric Robertson (2), Doris and Olive Sinden, Winifred Smith (2), Kathleen Snatt, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Max Walder, Winifred Watson, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, William Anderson, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Jane and Lily Baldwin, Fred Barratt, Herbert Beresford, Wilfred Blackledge, Helen Blair, Barbara Bodys (2), Roy Bodys (2), John Bradford, Sylvia Bradley, Edgar Brandt, Dennis and George Briars, Ena, Jeanie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, James Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris Burford, Emma Burford, Dorothy and Nellie Burke, Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Gladys Carter, Grace Chambers, Philip Chase, Roy Chattell, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Donald Collett (2), Jessie Collett (2), Edward Cossar, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, James Dixon, Horace Duddington, Edna Edmondson, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Hilda Elsey, Margaret Evans, Pearl Ford, Ida Powell, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Gladys Garham, Edith Gattrell, Grace Gay, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Rowland Haughton, Eva Hazelton, Violet Hill, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, George Hutchinson, Edith Jackson, Spenser Jay, Allen Jones, Herman and Karen Kaye, Jeanie Laird, Freda Lewis, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Kate McCormack, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Ethel Masterson, Muriel Mayo, Ernest Meek (2), Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, John Payne (2), Freda Pemberton, Frances Phillips, Ernest and John Pickles, Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, John Pugh, Lancelot and

William Raitton, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Charles Richardson, Mary Richardson, Edith and Drusilla Roach, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Dora and Mercy Satchwell, Gwendolyn Saunders; Philip Scott, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Mary Stone, Ernest Taylor, Grace and John Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Dorothy Ward, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Lena Watkins, Gerald and Ronald Watson, Philip Webber, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Richard and Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Alldred, Colin and George Armstrong, Mark Badams (2), Kathleen Bastyan, Gordon Blackledge, Jessie Blair, Margaret Bolt, Ivy Bradley, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, David Carter, Lily Carter, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, Maurice Churchman, Edward Chandlers, Lucy Cole, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Cruickshank, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish, Joffre Edwards, Rita Fear, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford (2), Gerald Foxall, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Dorothy Glass, Kathleen Goddard, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, James Hall (2), Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Margaret Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Jack Hosking, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Rueben Hutchinson (2), Dora Jay, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Nora Latimer, Olive Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Raymond Lyons, Eleanor McBride, Minnie McCormack, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, Dorothy and Ernest Miller, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Florence Murchie, Gideon Nicolson, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Stanley Saddington, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Stanley Scott, Charles Shedden, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Roland Smyth, Billy Spence, Greta Stott, Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lilian Tipler, David Todd, Eric Tydeman, Betty Vanderplank, William Waddilove, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Sidney Willimott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Aubrey Chappell, Cyril Chappell (2), Effie Chappell (2), Muriel Chappell (2), Raymond Chappell (2), Elinor Corin, Kate Shedden Davis, Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light (2), Ellen Moroney, Roy Proctor, Alan, Mavis and Phyllis Shearer, Noel Strickett (2), Clarence Vellacott (2), John Wright.

Canada.—Alex Henry, John Henry (2).

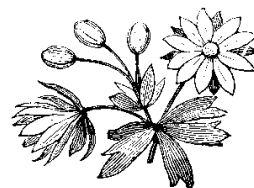
India.—Albert, Christopher, George and Jemima Benjamin,

Jamaica.—Rita Garriques.

New Zealand.—Winnie Bradley (2), Rita Gifford (2), Alfred Kennerley (2) Winnie McPeake (2), Noel Strickett (2), Ronald Strickett, Grace Suckling, Clyde and John Vautier, Gladys Wycherley (2).

South Africa.—Aubrey and Eric Bricknell, Estelle Cro, Pat Crocket (2), Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, Mary Pilcher, Joyce Richardson (3), George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers.

United States.—Evelyn Berger, Esther Blazer (2), George Hama, Ethel Johnson (2), Alfred, Philip and Robert Lutters, Clarence and Leslie McNiece, Benjamin Schirer (2), Judson Schirer (2), Florence Stevens (2), Mary Watt (2), Robert Watt (2), William Watt (2).



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Youthful Days.



A Divine Challenge.

ONE of the most outstanding passages in the Old Testament is to be found in Job xl., where the Lord challenges Job to shew his power, opening the argument with the words, "Gird up thy loins now like a man: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me."

Job could not understand why his misfortunes had befallen him and was trying to put the responsibility upon God. He felt that he was right and deserved better treatment. Perhaps he had never considered that this frame of mind might lead him to be a real opposer of God.

God said to Job something to this effect: If you feel that you are not being treated right, you are setting aside My judgment as of no value, and you are condemning Me in order to make yourself righteous.

Job had been making a bold stand, and at the end of it God reasons with him. An earthly king would not have tolerated an attitude of this kind and would have executed a man like Job; but not so with God, grace and forbearance are always shewn first. He was reminded that if he meant to question God's judgments there were several things he ought to be able to do.

To begin with, what about his arms, his bodily strength? Most likely he was weak and ill from his sufferings. Ill or well, no matter which, he must be up and doing. He must have an arm like God, strong enough to thrust aside any opposer. His voice would have to be of such power that the greatest of men would fly to do his bidding. Poor Job, I do not think there was enough strength in his body for a task like this.

Majesty, excellency, glory, beauty; what do these words convey to your minds?

We naturally associate majesty with

a king. Clothed in his royal robes and with the crown royal carried before him, he goes in state to open the sessions of the law-makers of his realm. He enters the august assembly, and the royal address is delivered and listened to before anything else can be done. Everything that a king does must be above suspicion; excellence should be shewn in his surroundings, his actions, and his words. There is a renown about the doings of a good king. After mature consideration, a plan is proposed and put into execution by the royal command. When completed every one admires the wisdom of the ruler. The king's palace, the furnishings of his rooms and table, the livery of his servants, should all be beautiful to look upon.

Keeping in our minds what is meant by majesty, excellence, glory and beauty, let us remember that Job was bidden to take these things upon himself. He was to deck himself with them, they were to be assumed with care and consideration in order that those who saw him might be properly impressed.

In addition to assuming the robes and majestic appearance of a king, his royal duties must be attended to. The king's anger and wrath must be directed against proud opposers. Those who would rise in attempts to usurp his power must be brought down. The kingdom with its subjects and its princes needs to be properly governed.

The king should discern between good and evil, rewarding and encouraging the doers of good and punishing the wicked. It is one thing to devise laws, but it is a far harder task to make people obey them. Every offender must be brought to book and bound, if need be, so that evil actions can be kept in abeyance.

God set before Job the manners, duties and responsibilities of a king and told him that he must assume these and deal with every proud man and every offender without any exception if he meant to continue questioning His judgments. If he had within himself the power to do

this, then God would acknowledge that his own right hand could save him.

Great as Job was, he could not possibly have answered God's challenge. In any one nation, only one man can publicly assume the office of a king or chief ruler, so you may say that the challenge put to Job cannot have any great interest to us, who are not likely to be exalted to any great position as rulers. Perhaps not. But every man, woman and child has a realm to govern. Listen to what a poet wrote on the subject many years ago :

"Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains :
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him which he serves."

Can you honestly say that you rule yourself? Have you never been overcome by a single passion? Has no single desire ever mastered you, and is there nothing that makes you afraid? You will find it impossible to rule your own heart apart from God.

Job was wise, he made no attempt to assume royal dignities or offices. He listened with patience and looked upon God. After that he was horrified to think how badly he had behaved and he repented.

Follow his good example, for he ceased to question and doubt God; instead of that he prayed, not for himself, but for his friends. "So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning."



The Old, Old Answer.

WALKING along a country road one hot summer day, I was accosted by an old woman. She was resting against a low stone wall, and on her poor bent back was slung a large bundle.

She began a long tale of misery, evidently hoping for a little help, telling

me how she was a poor widow trying to get work, and would be glad to do a bit of washing if she could get it, and was always thankful for anything that was given to her. She then assured me that she was thoroughly honest, that she had never done any harm to any one in her life, "at any rate intentionally," and that she had "*never* done anything wrong" that she knew of "all her days—*never!*"

"In fact," I said, "you think that you could get to heaven by your own works?"

"Well, miss, I don't know as I should like to say that exactly; but I'm sure I *never* did anything wrong as I know of—not knowingly."

"Did you never tell one lie?" I asked.

"I shouldn't like, miss, to say as I never told a lie—but I mean to say as I've never done nothing to call wicked."

"Indeed," I said, "but *God* says that '*all* liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone'; I wonder if you have kept all the commandments of God—have you, for instance, always loved 'your neighbour as yourself'?"

At this question she began to feel rather uncomfortable, and said she was afraid she had not always done so.

"I am," she added, however, "*quite* sure I never murdered any one nor stole anything!"

"But," I said, "by breaking *one* of God's commandments we forfeit our right to enter His holy presence. Supposing some one were to give your neighbour a ten pound note, would you be as much pleased as if it had been given to you?"

"No," she replied hesitatingly, "I can't say as I would."

"No! we cannot keep God's commandments in our own strength: but there is One who has kept them all for us—Jesus, the Son of God."

I then asked her if she were *quite* sure of going to heaven if she died.

She said that she had "*strong* hopes" of being there some day, but that she was not quite certain about it.

So I asked her by what means she *hoped* to get there.

"Well, miss," said the poor old creature, "I suppose we must pray to God and do good!"

The old, old answer!—so often given. Hundreds are trusting to their own "good works" for salvation—trusting in their own righteousnesses, which God says "are as filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. 6), ignoring the fact that "there is *none* that doeth good, no, not one." (Psa. xiv. 3.)

How, then, can we be *sure* of salvation—*sure* of "going to heaven"?

There is but one *way* by which we can be made fit for the presence of a holy, sin-hating God—the God who is also long-suffering, tender in mercy and

"READY TO PARDON."

It is (as I explained to this poor old soul on the very brink of eternity, and I think I see her now in the bright sunshine, leaning against the stone wall listening intently to all I said)—it is by owning ourselves *sinner*s and *unfit* for God and accepting His gift of salvation, which He offers "without money and without price." (Isa. lv. 1.)

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

I told her the old, old story of how the Lord Jesus Christ died upon the cross to save us from the terrible judgment which our sins deserve. He died that we might live. He says, "Look unto me, and be ye saved." (Isa. xlv. 22.) He accomplished the work of redemption for us and said, "It is finished," and rose again from among the dead for our justification. (Rom. iv. 25.)

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts iii. 19)

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

(Acts xvi. 31.)

With the message of salvation I left

her there in the sunshine—never to see her again.

She—old, worn out, and weary—continued her way along the road—her life's journey nearly over. And, as she travelled on, it may be that the remembrance of the words she had heard that day brought comfort and rest to her weary soul, for "There is life in a look at the crucified One."

I—young, with life before me—made my way homeward, hoping that the memory of our conversation might be fastened upon the mind of the poor old woman; and thinking that perhaps it might interest others I wrote it down soon afterwards.

And *you*, reader—you may be old and almost at the close of life's journey; or you may be young—but, even though young, you, too, may be nearing the end of *your* journey. How, then, about your never-dying soul?

By nature fallen, you are lost. On what then are you resting for salvation?

If, like this old woman whom I met long ago, you are building your hopes on prayers and "good works," you will at the close of your journey find them but "sinking sand."

If, on the contrary, through the grace of God, you are trusting in Christ for salvation—trusting in the merits of His death and resurrection—you will find at the close of your journey what you know already, that He will not fail you; that, cleansed from all sin by His precious blood, He will receive you unto Himself—"the solid Rock" against which no judgment can ever again arise, for it spent itself on Him upon the cross—for *you*.

Once again, reader, let me ask *the old, old question*: "By what means do you expect to reach heaven?"

Oh, do not give the *old, old answer*—that you *hope* to get there by prayers and good works.

In simple faith look away *from self to Christ* and say, "Through him who loved me, and gave himself for me."

And let it be your joy to serve Him until you are with Him.

"Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary,
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me."

A. S. I. I.

Pegs.

WHEN my brothers and myself were boys our good parents taught us amongst other things the advantage of being tidy in our habits, so there was fixed in the hall a row of pegs or hooks intended for our coats and hats.

Each one had their own "peg," so that we knew where to put our garments and be able to find them quickly without confusion.

I expect in most of the houses where my young readers live there is some such arrangement for each and all; in fact, there are three little boys I know who have three "pegs" specially placed low down where they can easily reach them, and who like to keep each "peg" for its respective owner.

Now if we find it a good thing to have order and tidiness in these things, do not my readers think that we need to "hold fast the form of sound words" in connection with the scriptures? (2 Tim. i. 13.)

God has been pleased to tell us many wonderful things in the holy scriptures, and we need to be taught by the Holy Spirit where to place the different truths that are made known to us, so that there may be no confusion in our minds.

There are four "pegs" I want to suggest to you from the four gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

We all know these four books speak about the same Person. They were written by different writers, at different times, and each one speaks of the Lord Jesus Christ in a different way. This is because each one is looking at the same

Person from a different point of view, and what God by His Holy Spirit moved them to write was intended to impress us with that particular character of His blessed Son.

Therefore my four "pegs" are, briefly, the four distinct ways in which these books speak about the

LORD JESUS CHRIST,

and we might write these "pegs" over each gospel for us to have constantly before our minds in reading their pages. I am sure we should find quite a lot of thoughts to hang upon them, each in perfect agreement with the "peg" or main thought as to the Lord Jesus in each gospel.

Further, these "pegs" are not brass, iron, or wood, which may perish and ruin all that depends upon them; but they are divine (pure gold), and no true thought that hangs upon them will be lost.

Is my reader trusting (hanging) upon Him? If so he (or she) will never be confounded. (1 Peter ii. 6.)

The "Pegs" are:

Matthew's gospel—*Behold thy King.* (Zech. ix. 9.)

Mark's gospel—*Behold My Servant.* (Isa. xlii. 1.)

Luke's gospel—*Behold the Man.* (John xix. 5.)

John's gospel—*Behold your God.* (Isa. xl. 9.)

In other words:

The Gospel by Matthew brings the Lord Jesus Christ before us as the King of Israel, their Messiah, who came to fulfil every promise made to Abraham and David.

The Gospel by Mark shews us the same Person as the true Servant of God come to "undo the works of the devil." (1 John iii. 8.)

The Gospel by Luke touchingly describes Him as the lowly, gracious Man Christ Jesus, who came "to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.)

The Gospel by John teaches us that He

is "God" the Son, so that He alone could reveal God as Father. (John i. 18.)

Perhaps my elder readers will be able to understand something of what these four "pegs" mean, and may find help and blessing in studying the gospels in this light, and finding out for themselves how many thoughts from each gospel they can secure and place upon its respective "peg." H. S. S.



Where is your Treasure?

I KNEW a gentleman who had grown up to be rich. He had a nice house and garden and plenty of good food and clothes and money, and all that he needed for being down here. But he never forgot that when he was a boy minding his father's sheep he felt cold and hungry, and how thankful he was when his sister brought him out a large basin of porridge which fed and warmed him. He often remarked at his well-spread table that that breakfast was the best meal he ever had. It is ever well to remember our mercies and to thank God *for all His benefits*.

But this dear man, whose name was William, needed to be reminded how he came to Jesus as a poor, lost sinner and that He received him just as he was

"— without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me."

You will find, dear children, as you grow older how the cares of this life and the deceitfulness of riches become great snares to the children of God. Read in Luke xii. 15-31 as to what the Lord Jesus Christ taught His disciples upon this subject. He wanted them to have treasure in heaven, where neither moth nor rust could corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. Where was their treasure? The disciples had to learn Christ was their treasure! Is He your treasure, dear child?

Well, one day when William came home from business (I had only just

been brought to know the Lord as my Saviour), I asked him much the same question, for I loved him and desired his everlasting good. The tears ran down his face, and he said, "A man only said to me the other day, 'We ought to think more of the things which are unseen and eternal.'" "Yes," I said, "we can only take what treasure we have in Christ with us."

After that day I often sought an opportunity of saying a word to him, which he never resented. But his riches had a great hold over him. He pushed off knowing what he possessed in Christ until hereafter. This is often the way the enemy deceives.

However, he became ill, and was soon taken away from all his riches to be with the Lord. He found that nothing he had was his own—all he possessed that was lasting was in Christ. He became weary of all that he had and said, "I am tired," and fell asleep.

"We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out." (1 Tim. vi. 7.)

"Not the labour of our hands
Could fulfil the law's demands;
Could our zeal no respite know,
Could our tears for ever flow,
Naught for sin could e'er atone,
But Thy blood, and Thine alone!"

H. E. S.

London.



"Be ye also ready."

READY! ready for what?

When a train comes into a station there is usually a great stir and excitement—a rush for seats by those who are waiting and watching for it; they have been *expecting* it to come for them. They jump in, the doors are SHUT, and off they go.

But what about any who are not READY? Supposing some one waits to chat to a friend just a minute or two longer, heedless of the warning call, "Take your

seats"—or the shrill whistle of the guard, assuring himself that there is still plenty of time?

He rouses to find that the train is moving out from the platform, the doors are SHUT, and the cry rings out—"Stand back, TOO LATE, TOO LATE!" He is *left behind*.

There was a little girl once who had a habit of dawdling; she always kept others waiting while she tied up her boots or looked for her gloves, or, perhaps, put away her playthings. She was never quite READY, but always wanted "just a minute" longer.

One day her friends refused to wait for her and she was *left behind*. In solitude at home she had plenty of time to regret that she had taken no heed of the many warnings she had received; now she was TOO LATE for the pleasure the others were enjoying.

"Be YE also READY"—ready for what? To meet the Lord Jesus! He is away just now for a little while, but is coming back very soon. He said, "I go away, and come again." (John xiv. 28), and "Behold, I come quickly." (Rev. xxii. 12.)

Many, many thousands of His friends are waiting, and watching, and longing for that coming again. Are *you* one of these who are READY? or are you waiting until the opportunity is passed and it is TOO LATE? If so you will wake to find that you have once too often neglected the warnings that you have allowed to pass unheeded, and that you are *left behind*.

Some people think they can reckon up certain dates and so find out the year or month when Jesus will return; but He said before He went away:

"WATCH THEREFORE: FOR YE KNOW NOT WHAT HOUR YOUR LORD DOETH COME," and again, "IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT THE SON OF MAN COMETH." (Matt. xxiv. 42-44.) And yet again: "WATCH THEREFORE, FOR YE KNOW NEITHER THE DAY NOR THE HOUR WHEREIN THE SON OF MAN COMETH." (Matt. xxv. 13.)

"Be ye therefore ready also!" ARE you ready?

It is wonderful to go to sleep at night with the thought that before the morning we may be "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye" (1 Cor. xv. 51, 52), or to awake with the consciousness that at any moment of our busy day we may hear the voice of the archangel and be called away to meet the Lord in the air!

Are YOU ready?

If not, I beseech you to ask the Lord Jesus to wash away your sins in His own precious blood, so that you may answer joyfully, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus"!

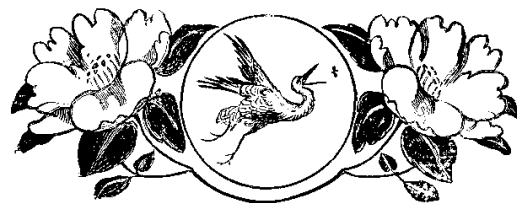


Jesus.

JESUS, precious Lamb of God,
Thou didst shed for us Thy blood;
Thus to bring us nigh to God:
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

Thou didst die on Calvary's tree,
Thou didst bear my sins for me,
Now on high in heaven we see,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

M. H. J. (age 13).



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month's questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint, North Wales.

**Searchers 14 years of age and over
answer all the eight.**

ROMANS V.

1. What follows upon our being "justified by faith"?
2. (a) In what do "we stand"? (b) A similar thought is found in 1 Peter v. Quote the sentence beginning with "This is."
3. (a) What is our "hope"? (b) Does it

fill us with awe or with joy? (c) What word is used to describe the "hope" in Titus ii.?

4. While awaiting the glory of God, what have we got "in our hearts"?

5. (a) If "tribulations" come how do we take them? (b) What verse in 2 Corinthians xii. reminds you of this?

6. (a) We twice read "Christ died." Quote the words that follow in each case. (b) What were we, beside "ungodly," according to the first of these verses?

7. (a) In what way does God commend "His love toward us"? (b) *When* did He love us according to Ephesians ii.?

8. (a) How have enemies been reconciled to God? (b) How are the reconciled ones to be "saved"? (c) Where in Hebrews vii. is salvation connected with His life—His living for us?

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

Notice the word "WE" in above: it does NOT include everybody. Let each Searcher ask himself or herself the question, Does it include ME? Are these blessings MINE?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Romans v. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—

- (1) "Without strength." (2) "All have sinned." (3) "The obedience of one." (4) "Righteousness unto eternal life."



Answers to March Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Frank Anderson, Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, Marion Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cunn, John Carruth, Laura, Phyllis and Raymond Coldrick, Vera Cooper, Albert Cornick, Irene Cottrell, Daisy Cox, Betty Davis, Cecil Duddington, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Jeanie Frizelle, Hilda Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Eileen and Josie Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Theodora Hindley, Leonard Hollingworth, Emily Holmes, Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Mary McCormack, Miriam McKay (2), Walter Marriott (2), Muriel Marshall, Vera Marshall, Gordon Nock, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, Ada Pindard, Marjorie Plommer, Dorothy Rawlings, Olive Redhead, Doris and Mabel Reed, Essie and Tom Reid, Constance and Mary Roach, Eric Robertson, Mercy Satchwell, Doris and Olive Sinden, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, George Wheatcroft, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, William Anderson, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Jane and Lily Baldwin, Fred Barratt, Wilfred Blackledge, Barbara and Roy Bodys, John Bradford, Sylvia Bradley, Edgar Brandt, Dennis and George Briars, Janie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, James Brown, May Brown, Henry

Browning, Joan Burke, Sydney Burr, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Gladys Carter, Philip Chase, Roy Chattell, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Donald and Jessie Collett, Edward Cossar, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, James Dixon, Albert Dorsett (2), Horace Duddington, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Hilda Eelsey, Margaret Evans, Pearl Ford, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Edith Gattrell, Grace Gay, Dorothy Hall, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Rowland Haughton, Eva Hazelton, Nelly Henderson, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourne, Sidney Hollingworth, Alfred Hughes, Grace Hutchinson, Thomas Ireland, Harry Ives, Edith Jackson, Herman and Karen Kaye, Jeanie Laird, Freda Lewis, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Kate McCormack, Alex McKay (2), Ena McKay (2), George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Enid Marshall, Jack Mason, Ernest and Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, John Payne, Freda Pemberton, Frances Phillips, Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Eva Pring, Grace and John Pugh, Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Raymond Redhead, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Edith and Drusilla Roach, Kenneth Samuel, Gwendolyn Saunders, Philip Scott, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherine Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Mary Stone, Ernest Taylor, Grace and John Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Lena Watkins, Gerald Watson, Philip Webber, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Richard and Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson, Edwin Wraight (2), Ruth Wraight (2).

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Alldred, Mark Badams, Kathleen Bastyan, Gordon Blackledge, Jessie Blair, Margaret Bolt, Ivy Bradley, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Cyril Byng, David Carter, Lily Carter, John Churchman, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, Lucy Cole, George Cook, Leonard Coverley, Margaret Cruickshank, Charlie and Winnie Curtis, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish, Joffe Edwards, Rita Fear, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Kathleen Goddard, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, James Hall, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Reuben Hutchinson, Dora Jay, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Lois King, Olive Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Raymond Lyons, Eleanor McBride, Minnie McCormack, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Albert Miles, Dorothy and Ernest Miller, Henry Millidge, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Gideon Nicolson, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Stanley Saddington, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Stanley Scott, Charles Shedden, Clare Smith (2), Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Roland Smyth, Billy Spence, Eileen Stone, Greta Stott, Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lilian Tipler, Eric Tydeman, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Sydney Willimott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Elinor Corin (2), Kate Shedden Davis (2), Marcia Kraushaar (2), George and Lily Lockhart, Grace McPhee, George Piggott, Roy Proctor, Austin and Ernest Reid, Alan Shearer, David Stuckey, Noel Vallance.

Canada.—Alex and John Henry.

New Zealand.—Noel Strickett (2), Ronald Strickett, Grace Suckling (2), Philip Vautier.

South Africa.—Aubrey and Eric Bricknell, Estelle Cro, Alison Leppan (2), Elsie and George Oettle, Joyce Richardson, George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur, David, Frank and Phebe Townshend.

United States.—Evelyn Berger, George Hanna, Clarence McNeice (2), Leslie McNeice (2), Mary, Robert and William Watt.

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Youthful Days.



A Willing Listener.

WE love to dwell on the well-known incidents that took place in the tabernacle at Shiloh when the aged Eli was high priest.

It was the custom of Elkanah, an Israelite, to bring all his family to the tabernacle to offer sacrifices once a year. Why was this long journey made? To draw near to God, is the answer.

Of the various sacrifices, the peace offering, as its name implies, was a very happy ceremony. The offerer brought his victim to the tabernacle, where it was killed and the blood sprinkled by the priest before the altar. The dead animal was divided into three portions. The fat and certain internal parts were burned on the altar as an offering to the Lord; the shoulder and breast were given to the priest and his sons for their own use, whilst the remainder was cooked and eaten at the tabernacle by the offerer with cakes of bread and unleavened bread mixed with oil. The Lord, the priest and the offerer each partook of, or shared, the one sacrifice.

As Christians we do not now sacrifice a peace offering in order to draw near to God. The Lord Jesus Christ has been offered up as a real sacrifice and the old altar and tabernacle are no longer needed. But there are times when Christians meet together to remember the dying of the Lord Jesus; they are pleased in their hearts when they think of Him, and God the Father is thinking of His Son as well. God in heaven and His people on earth are rejoicing together over the sacrifice of His Son. It is a very great privilege and joy for any one to be present at a meeting held for this purpose.

Elkanah and his family drew near to the Lord by making a peace offering and eating it joyfully at the tabernacle. There was one exception to the family rejoicing, for Hannah was very sad because she had no children of her own to bring with her. Elkanah did not

like to see her tearful face, so she went away to pray silently by herself. Eli, the old high priest, saw her and could not understand her behaviour. He thought she had been taking too much wine and began to reproach her. She explained that in her sorrow she had poured out her soul before the Lord. Eli told her to go in peace, desiring that God would grant her petition.

After this Hannah's sadness disappeared and she sat down to enjoy the rest of the feast. The next year Hannah did not go up to the tabernacle with the family; she stayed behind to nurse her newly-arrived son.

When her child Samuel was old enough she took him to the tabernacle with three bullocks, a quantity of flour, and a bottle or skin of wine, making a most unusual offering for one person to bring. Only one bullock was killed, so the other two would be left with Eli. But something far more precious was left behind, for Samuel the infant did not return with his mother. And when Eli understood this he worshipped the Lord.

It is a subject of absorbing interest to consider how these good people behaved in those long gone days, fearing the Lord and looking to Him in their troubles. Long before, God had ordained the mode of worship by means of sacrifices at the tabernacle, and in simple obedience Elkanah and his family followed God's directions.

Hannah prayed when she brought Samuel, and this time her words are recorded; the Lord and His doings are the theme of her song. Proud men and mighty men are as nothing before Him who can kill and make alive; "The pillars of the earth are the Lord's, and he hath set the world upon them." (1 Sam. ii. 8.)

The child Samuel ministered before the Lord, and year by year his mother brought a little coat for him to wear, each time a little bigger.

Samuel grew and was in favour with the Lord and with men, a wonderful

testimony. Thus it went on till God put His finger on that spot.

“Hush’d was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark,
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark ;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.”

The child had lain down to sleep and was aroused by hearing his name called. Thinking it was Eli, he got up and went to his bedside, only to find out that Eli had not spoken. This happened three times, till at last Eli perceived that the Lord was speaking and not man. Samuel was advised to say, if the voice was heard again, “Speak, Lord ; for thy servant heareth.”

The Lord stood and called again, “Samuel, Samuel,” and the child answered. The message given was so full of sadness concerning Eli and his family that the child shrank from repeating it when the morning came. “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” Eli had neglected to restrain his sons from their evil ways, and now their sin was not to be cleansed or forgiven.

After this, Samuel heard other words of the Lord and took heed to them all. Not long afterwards all that had been told to him concerning Eli was fulfilled.

The child was a willing listener. When God spoke, he heard and obeyed.

Naturally the question arises in our minds, Does God speak to people now in the same way that He spoke to Samuel ? Perhaps He may, but we have no certain knowledge of anything of this kind happening in recent times. But God has spoken and is speaking to people in a clearer and more certain way than He spoke to Samuel in the tabernacle. The willing listeners are not many.

“God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son.” (Heb. i.) Here it is as plain as possible. There is now no need for God to speak in a vision to a man. He is

speaking by His Son, and the willing listeners give Him all their attention. One of them said from his heart, “We believe and are sure that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.”

There is no need for us to wish that we could have stayed with Samuel in the tabernacle on that wonderful night. Jesus Christ, the true Word, has been here, and through Him we can hear what God says. He came in love to die for lost and guilty man. Could any greater message be imagined, the Son of God dying on the cross in order to secure man’s blessing ? This is God’s call from heaven, this is His voice to men. Are you one of the willing listeners ?

✿ ✿ ✿
Fair Gratitude.
AN ALLEGORY.

THE life of Fides was not one of rest ; he well knew that fresh labours were before him, but his was a joyous, gladsome heart, he felt honoured by the permission to serve his King, and to devote his strength to the cause that he loved.

One autumn evening when the red orb of the sun was setting behind a bank of clouds, tipping their edges with golden light, as Fides was passing along the side of the Morass of Forgetfulness, he thought that he heard a faint cry. He paused to listen, for by a Champion of the Truth the voice of distress is never heard in vain. Wide and dreary the swamp lay before him, not a tree broke the dismal expanse, but rank weeds grew thick in many parts, with rushes that seemed bending beneath the white mist that spread like a pall over the morass. Their presence betokened that of water ; but no silvery sheet reflected the fading splendour of the setting sun, the mantling green upon the pools shut out the light, and filled the air with unwholesome odours. Remembrance of the past may be painful when we review our mistakes and recollect our errors ; but better,

far better, to wander even over the painful desert of Regret, than to lose sense of both pleasure and sorrow together in the fatal Morass of Forgetfulness!

Again that cry, even more faint than before, but Fides felt certain that he heard one. As his sight could scarcely pierce the gathering mist, he lifted up his voice and shouted. From the swamp an answer was returned, as from the voice of a woman in distress.

"Help! help!" it cried, "for I am sinking! In the Slough of Forgetfulness I shall be lost!"

Fides hesitated for a moment, then his resolution was taken; whatever might betide him in the attempt he must venture to the rescue of the sinking sufferer. With a light and springing step he bounded forward some little distance in safety, and could now see, not far from where he stood, the form of a woman struggling in the swamp. But between her and him lay a part of the morass too soft to be traversed securely, though the ground upon which the knight rested his foot was firm. Then a thought came to the mind of Fides, and he instantly acted upon it. The long cord of twisted silk and gold, by which he had climbed from the pit of Selfishness, he had borne along with him ever since, wound in many a fold round his form. He speedily unrolled it, and, grasping one end, he fastened his shield to the other and then flung the buckler with a strong arm and a steady aim in the direction of the sinking woman. She touched it, grasped it, laid hold upon it, as one who, when drowning, clings for life, and by means of the soft, bright cord of Love, Fides gradually drew her to firmer ground, where the trembling one might rest in safety.

As she thanked him fervently again and again, the earnestness of her manner giving force to her words, her voice tremulous with emotion as she spoke, Fides thought that a being more exquisitely lovely his eyes had never beheld.

The angel sweetness of her face told of a spirit pure, loving, and holy; every movement was full of grace, and it was no marvel that the world, enchanted with her beauty, had surnamed her Gratitude the Fair.

"Gentle maiden!" said Fides, "by what strange misadventure hast thou fallen into yon dangerous swamp?"

"I was flying from my enemy, from stern Giant Pride, from him who seeks to destroy me. The very name of Gratitude is hateful to his spirit, he would slay me if he could, or if not, drive me forth to dwell amongst savages or the beasts of the field. Even with bears—with lions I would be safer far than with him! He tracked me this evening as, hard by this place, I bore home a large basketful of Benefits, which I had been gathering in order to preserve. The instant that Pride saw me, he pursued me: I dropped my burden in the haste of my flight; and though I fled yonder where he dared not follow, I beheld him with insolent scorn scatter my fruit over the waters of the morass. I fear to meet him now on my homeward way—I shall perish by his cruelty at last!"

"Fear not, Fair Gratitude," replied Fides, "this sword shall be drawn in thy defence; sooner will I die than suffer thee to be destroyed, thou that art beloved of all the children of virtue. Let me escort thee now to thy home, then, without delay, will I seek out that giant who would sink Gratitude in Forgetfulness."

So Gratitude led Fides towards her dwelling, and much they discoursed by the way of the giant who was now to be overcome.

"Pride is a prince amongst the giants," said the maiden, "not one has greater power than he. He is also one of the most artful of thy foes, he can often assume the manner and garb of a citizen of thy land, and he can speak its language in a way to deceive even an experienced ear."

"How then shall I know him?" asked Fides.

"He speaks the language well," replied the maiden, "but yet is unacquainted with the character in which it is written. This, Pride has never learnt, and by this thou mayst easily detect him. But there is a friend of mine, named Experience, who dwells not very far from this place. When thou hast passed over the hill to our right, the sound of his hammer on the anvil will be thy sure guide to his forge. From him thou mayst gain knowledge more than I can give, he will direct thee to the haunts of the giant. He will also tell thee of a marvellous and precious thing, which once belonged to the treasury of thy King, but was stolen thence by the giant. A high and glorious reward has been offered to him who will restore to its rightful owner the golden staff of 'the Will.' Mayst thou have strength to wrest it from Pride!"

"And may I be granted strength to free thee from thy persecutor!"

"Thou hast already slain one foe to me and mine," replied Fair Gratitude. "I was long an object of the hate of Giant Selfishness, since I helped to fix by his fatal pit that cord of Love, with which thou hast since saved me. Once was I myself almost stifled in the pit, but Experience came to my succour."

"I have often heard thy name, Fair Gratitude," said Fides, "but I never beheld thee before."

"I have been much talked of in the world, but little known," she replied. "Thousands have eagerly promised to make me their companion till death, but on their way to my home have turned back, or been lost in the Morass of Forgetfulness."

By this time the maiden and the knight had reached the dwelling of Gratitude. A small, humble abode it appeared, with a doorway so low that Fides had to stoop his plumed helmet ere he could enter. But no sooner was he within the place, than he gazed with admiration around! He found himself in a goodly

dwelling, lighted by a beautiful silver lamp, which cast soft radiance like moonlight; and in diamond letters glittered the word "Memory" inlaid in the clear metal. It was the daily occupation of Fair Gratitude to keep this lamp perfectly bright; with her own hand she fed it with precious oils, which shed a delicious perfume through the place.

By the mild light of Memory Fides beheld that the room in which he stood was hung round with exquisite pictures, all of which represented scenes beautiful to the eye and pleasing to the heart. In one a mother was tenderly bending over the cradle of a helpless babe; in another, a father with the best of books open before him, was instructing a fair-haired child. One picture shewed a poor widow receiving aid from a generous friend; the next, a truant led back by an elder companion to the path which he had lost, half struggling, half resisting, and yet clinging to the guide whose looks told of pity and love. An open door led into an inner apartment even fairer and more precious adorned than the first, into which Fair Gratitude often retired for the purpose of prayer and praise, for this was her dearest occupation, this was her highest delight. After Fides had passed a short space of time in examining the pictures hung round the walls, and had received from Gratitude minute directions as to the way to the dwelling of Experience, who could guide him to the haunts of Giant Pride, he took his leave of the gentle maiden.

(To be continued.)



"And what then?"

A DIALOGUE.

UNCLE JOHN (at his desk). So here you are, my boy—come to spend your holidays with us, eh?—sit down and tell me how you've been getting on at school.

NEPHEW GEORGE. First rate, thanks, uncle—I worked hard all the term, and I'm really glad to slack a bit!

UNCLE. So you're setting to work at last, are you. How's that?

GEORGE. Just a fad, I suppose!—but then, you see, if a fellow's to get on he's got to work some way or another or there's no chance for him!

UNCLE. True, my boy—king to peasant—all must work who would be useful men.

GEORGE. Yes, I daresay—but *I* want to get on and make a position for myself when I'm a man.

UNCLE. So you mean to start at once, eh? How do you intend to do it?

GEORGE. Oh! study hard and get an apprenticeship or something.

UNCLE. *And what then?*

GEORGE. Well—start in an office or business of course!

UNCLE. Very good—*and what then?*

GEORGE. I shall try to get on and make a fortune.

UNCLE. All very fine, my lad!—but many, I fear, have worked hard and tried to make a fortune without success. However, supposing you succeed and become a rich man—*what then?*

GEORGE. By that time I hope I shall have set up a home of my own and be getting some good holidays now and then.

UNCLE. I see!—*and what then?*

GEORGE. Well—I suppose after a time I shall think of retiring.

UNCLE. Retiring from your work or business—or whatever it may be?

GEORGE. Yes, I hope so—and settle down to take things easy and travel a bit perhaps.

UNCLE. I understand—*and what then?*

GEORGE. What then?—why then—then I suppose I shall begin to get old by that time!

UNCLE. Doubtless!—*and what then?*

GEORGE. Well—probably suffer from old age!

UNCLE. Possibly—providing that you reach it—*and what then?*

GEORGE. Oh, then!—then—why naturally, of course—I—I shall die!

UNCLE. *And what then?*

Reader, put yourself in the place of George.

Suppose for a moment that all your earthly and worldly hopes have been fulfilled and you have reached the end—the very close of your life's history on earth; you now, having a never-dying soul, have to leave this world in which you have lived and toiled—and suppose you leave it *to-day—what then?*

Where will you be? Where will you spend eternity?

I hope to go to heaven! you say.

Ah! *hoping* will not do—planning for earth and hoping for heaven is all a sad mistake.

We must be certain about things; *certain* of pleasing God on earth; and, by believing in His Son, the Lord Jesus, as your Saviour, *sure* of a title to heaven.

“We are by Christ redeemed,
The cost—His precious blood:
Be nothing by our souls esteemed
Like this great good.
Were the vast world our own,
With all its varied store,
And Thou, Lord Jesus, wert unknown,
We still were poor.”

“*For what,*” said Jesus, “*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?*”

You cannot take your riches—whatever they may be—with you when you leave this world, for, as the scripture says:

“We brought nothing into this world, and it is *certain* we can carry nothing out.” (1 Tim. vi. 7.)

Seek to do God's will and pleasure in this world, thereby *laying up treasure in heaven*; live for Him and *His* things—the things which are eternal, and not, like George, for yourself, and the things which are passing away.

Hear what Jesus said to His disciples when He was in this world:

"Labour not for the meat which perisheth, but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." (John vi. 27.)

Then the disciples asked Him: "What shall we do, that we might work the works of God?"

Jesus answered:

"This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent."

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," but He offers salvation freely to all who believe in Jesus and own Him as their Saviour; and "*now*" is the day of salvation. (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

Give up planning for earth or seeking great things here and see that you are quite *sure* of possessing eternal life and a home in heaven. Then, if sure of these precious blessings, it will be your chief pleasure while on earth to follow the steps of Jesus all the way home.

If you neglect God's offer of salvation and build your hopes on the sinking sand of this world, or as a spider's web in uncertainty, the storm of judgment will arise—*and what then?* The answer will be found in Revelation xx. 12-15.

A. S. I. L.



The Lord Jesus is coming again.

THE Lord has been pleased to awaken the hearts of many of His own in these last days to the nearness of His return. That same blessed Jesus, who in the last chapter of the Revelation declared, "Surely I come quickly," is not slack concerning His promise. He warned us that in the last days scoffers would arise who should exclaim, "Where is the promise of his coming?" But He does not reckon time according to human standards. And, oh! does it not magnify the grace of His heart in having borne with this poor world until the

present moment. This is the only reason He has delayed it so long as He has. He has grace and blessing in His heart even for such as scoff at the thought of the delay, if only they will turn to Him in repentance. But very soon He shall come, when the faithless world least expects Him, and they will awaken to the solemn fact that all His own have for ever left this scene. They will have gone to dwell in His presence for evermore. The day of grace will then be over for ever and nothing but God's righteous judgment shall remain for those who are left behind.

My dear young friend, will you be ready when Jesus comes? Satan is desirous of securing you for himself, but beware of his subtle wiles. He has given many to believe a lie by persuading them that there is plenty of time to consider the question of salvation, but not now. But the word says, "Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." And is not Jesus worthy of your heart's affections, who loved you so much as to shed His precious blood for you on Calvary's shameful cross?

A. E. B.



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over, answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14, omit Nos. 7 and 8.

PRAYER.

1. To shew that prayer should be continuous quote short sentences from Colossians iv. and I Thessalonians v.
2. When did the following pray? (a) Anna (Luke ii.), three words; (b) the apostles (Acts vi.), one word; (c) Epaphras (Col. iv.), one word.
3. "The Lord will not hear you." The sentence before this explains why. Quote it. (I Sam. viii.)

4. What is said in Proverbs xv. of "the prayer of the upright" and the "prayer of the righteous"?

5. In Isaiah xxxviii. prayers and tears are linked together. (a) Quote the two little sentences. (b) Whose prayers were these?

6. In Hebrews v. we read of one who "offered up prayers and supplications." (a) Who was this? (b) With what were they offered up?

7. "He . . . prayed the third time, saying the same words." (Matt. xxvi.) (a) What words? (b) Who was the "He"?

8. "I besought the Lord thrice." (2 Cor. xii.) (a) Who is the speaker? (b) How did the Lord answer him?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Proverbs xv. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—

(1) "Knowledge aright." (2) "A wholesome tongue." (3) "A dinner of herbs." (4) "The fear of the Lord."



To our Searchers.

We are sorry to think that many of our Searchers have been prevented by illness from sending in their answers. If this has been the case, we shall be very glad if those who have missed will answer the questions in arrears and post them as soon as possible.

Answers to April Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Frank Anderson, Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, Marion Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Gwendoline Chambers (3), Laura, Phyllis and Raymond Coldrick, Vera Cooper, Albert Cornick, Irene Cottrell, Isabella Davidson (2), Betty Davies, Cecil Duddington, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Jeannie Frizelle, Edith and Hilda Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Ruby Gover, Josie Halewood, Edwin Harrington, Dorothy Harris, Theodora Hindley, Leonard Hollingworth, Emily Holmes, Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Mary McCormack, Miriam McKay, Walter Marriott, Vera Marshall, Muriel Marshall, Gordon Nock, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, Marjory Plommer, John Pugh, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Constance and Mary Roach, Eric Robertson, Mercy Satchwell, Doris and Olive Sinden, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, George Wheatcroft, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Jane and Lily Baldwin, Fred Barratt, Wilfred Blackledge, Helen Blair, John Bradford, Sylvia Bradley, Edgar Brandt, Dennis and George Briars, Janie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, James Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris Burford (2), Emma Burford (2), Joan Burke, Sydney Burr, Ronald Butterfant, Harold Cameron, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Gladys Carter, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Donald and Jessie Collett, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrab, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, James Dixon, Albert Dorsett, Jessie Drysdale, Horace Duddington, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards,

Margaret Evans, Hilda Elsey, Pearl Ford, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Grace Gay, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Irene Hardy (2), Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Rowland Haughton, Eva Hazelton, Nellie Henderson, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Alfred Hughes, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Edith Jackson, Spenser Jay, Herman and Karen Kaye, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Kate McCormack, Alex and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Enid Marshall, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Muriel Mayo, Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Frances Phillips, Ernest Pickles (2), John Pickles (2), Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Eva Pring, Frank and Grace Pugh, Lancelot and William Rafton, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Edith and Drusilla Roach, Grace Salisb'ry (2), Kenneth Samuel, Gwendolyn Saunders, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherina Smerdo, Alan Smith, Clare Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Ernest Taylor, Grace Taylor, John Taylor, Henry Thewlis, John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald Watson, Philip Webber, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson, Dorothy Wilson, Edwin and Ruth Wraight.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Alldred, Mark Badams, Kathleen Bastyan, Roy Batchelor, Gordon Blackledge, Jessie Blair, Ivy Bradley, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Cyril Byng, David Carter, Lily Carter, John Churchman, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, Lucy Cole, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Cruickshank, Charlie and Winnie Curtis, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish, Joffre Edwards, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Kathleen Goddard, Paul Goldsmith, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, James Hall, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Reuben Hutchinson, Arthur Hyde, Dora Jay, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Roland Kingston, Nora Latimer, Raymond Lodge, Eleanor McBride, Minnie McCormack, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton (2), Albert Miles, Dorothy and Ernest Miller, Henry Millidge, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Florence and Helena Murchie, Gideon Nicolson, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Nan Pettigrew, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, John Russell, Stanley Saddington, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Stanley Scott, Charlie Shedden, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Roland Smyth, William Spence, Greta Stott, Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lillian Tipler, Eric Tydeman, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, W. Watson, Cecil Williams, Sydney Willimott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Effie Chappell (2), Raymond Chappell (2), Elinor Corin, Bertram Craddock, Phyllis Creak, Kate Shedden Davis, Marie Dunlop, Archina Kain (2), Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light (2), Grace McPhee, Bruce Metcalf, Austin Reid (2), Ernest Reid (2), Alan and Phyllis Shearer, Beatrice Stead, Winifred Stead, David Stuckey (2), Frank Wright (2), Noel Vallance, Clarence Vellacott (2).
Canada.—Alex and John Henry.

Jamaica.—Maud Mitchell, Alice Newman (2), Pearl Newman (2), Daphne Pomier (2), Joy and Maurice Pomier, Trevor Powell.

New Zealand.—Rita Gifford (2), Alfred Kennerley (2), Winnie McPeake (2), Clifford Pinker (2), Frances Pinker, Cyril Rankin, Ronald Strickett, Grace Suckling, Gladys Wycherley (2).

South Africa.—Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur Townshend (2), David, Frank, Mary and Phebe Townshend.

United States.—Esther Blazer (2), Clarence, Leonard and Leslie McNeice, Benjamin (2) and Judson Schirer (2), Florence Stevens (2), Mary, Robert and William Watt. One without name or address.

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Youthful Days.



Moses and a Future Life.

AT the present time there is much speculation as to the nature of life after death which is beside the mark. If any of my readers have been disturbed in their minds by erroneous thoughts, they may get a little help by considering the references made to Moses in the gospels.

In the time of our Lord, the Sadducees denied the resurrection, basing their denial on one of the laws given by Moses. On turning to Deuteronomy xxv. you will find that if a man died, leaving his wife a widow without children, his brother was to marry the widow. This law was well understood amongst the Jews, and there is a beautiful example recorded for us in the case of Ruth and Boaz.

The Sadducees imagined or remembered a case where there were seven brethren; the eldest married, died, and left his wife. The second brother then took her and he died. This went on till each of the seven had in turn married this woman, who died at last.

They asked the question, Whose wife is she to be in the resurrection? thinking the answer to be impossible.

Our Lord was very gracious with these questioners, and we give the words of His wise answer, quoting from Luke xx. "The children of this world marry, and are given in marriage: but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection." Just for a moment the veil that hides the future life is lifted and we see that marriage does not take place in heaven, but is an institution intended for earthly life.

Our Lord fell back on a well-known word of Moses to shew these men that

the dead are raised. At the burning bush Moses learned to speak of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. Although these three worthies had left their earthly surroundings before Moses came on the scene, they were still living in God's presence. He remembered His promises to them and for their sakes He was about to deliver His people from slavery in Egypt. This reference to the God of Abraham was a convincing proof of the reality of the future life.

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus (Luke xvi.) is a sorrowful one, for we see there the fate of one who had neglected his responsibilities. He realised that it was too late to alter his condition. Thinking that his relations left behind should be warned, he begged that a messenger should be sent specially for this purpose. The request could not be granted, for the reason that there were warnings and admonitions enough in Moses and the prophets. Our Lord's meaning is that those who do not listen to Moses will not be persuaded by any one rising from the dead.

If we want to get to heaven, Moses will tell us about the way; if we want to know what they do in heaven, we shall learn much by studying his five books. He was first a learner and then a great teacher; he learned his lessons from God Himself and afterwards he was able to teach a great nation fundamental truths. He taught that God created the heaven, the earth, and man; that man fell from a state of happiness by his own sin, and that those who loved God and their neighbours were pleasing to Him. He also taught that Enoch, the man who pleased God, was translated to heaven.

Moses and the prophets tell of God's ways with man, an absorbing subject, the knowledge of which brings real light and guidance to the soul, what those who profess to communicate with the departed can never bring.

After our Lord had been ministering publicly for a time, He took His disciples aside privately and questioned them as

to the opinions people had of Him. (Luke ix. 18.) Then He asked them what they thought. Peter said, "The Christ of God." He understood that God's Anointed was standing amongst his companions, ready to do God's appointed work. Our Lord imposed strict silence on His disciples, they were not to repeat Peter's confession. He told them definitely for the first time that the elders and chief priests, the responsible people, would kill Him, but He would rise again the third day. From that moment the cross was plainly set as the end of His earthly pathway.

Three of our Lord's disciples, including Peter, were chosen a few days after this as witnesses of His heavenly glory. How wise God is in His ways. Peter confesses and then he is shewn the glory of the Father and the Son on the mount of transfiguration. Moses and Elias were there with our Lord and spoke of "his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." How brilliantly this scene illuminates the future life. The living God shews us that Moses and Elias were existing in a form that Peter recognised, and he was able to understand what they were talking about. We cannot explain these things, we can only quietly consider them. Reading the words of Moses and seeing him on that mountain with our Lord gives us real enlightenment as to the nature of the future life. The people in that happy state will be surrounded by God's glory and praising His Son.

The last chapter of Luke's gospel contains another reference to Moses which has an important bearing on the future life. You will remember that the two disciples going to Emmaus were joined by our risen Lord, but they did not recognise Him. He gently rebuked them for their ignorance of the true drift of the Old Testament scriptures, then "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, he expounded unto them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself."

This fully confirms what has been put down about Moses and the future life.

Our Lord had just risen from the dead and was about to depart heavenwards, and He refers His own to the writings of Moses that they might understand how these have been fulfilled. Let us listen to our Lord's words on this occasion and turn away from the speculation of misguided men.

Giant Pride.

AN ALLEGORY.

FIDES rested for some hours that night in a small hut by the wayside, which he found deserted and empty. He awoke in the morning refreshed, and girding on his sword anew, set out in search of Experience. He walked on for some time without meeting with any adventure, until he judged that he must be near the forge; but before proceeding farther, he sat down near a small stream, which flowed brightly over pebbles and sand, reflecting the emerald moss that clothed its banks, and the willows that bent over its waters.

Here Fides laved his hands and his face, and stretching himself full length on the turf, enjoyed the stillness of the scene.

"A fair sky above, a goodly carpet below, and pleasant meditations for thy companions! thou hast well chosen thy place of repose, brave champion, and well earned thy moments of rest!" said the voice of some one behind him.

Fides lifted up his eyes and beheld near him a tall, stately figure, clad like himself in the armour of a knight, but bearing, instead of a sword, a massive, crooked staff, which appeared to be made of some dark heavy metal.

"Dost thou come as friend or foe?" exclaimed Fides, springing up, and instinctively laying his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"I am a friend to all gallant spirits like thee."

"And a servant of my King?"

"At least an enemy of those who are his foes," replied the stranger knight, evading the question. He threw himself carelessly down on the turf, but Fides, whose mind was not quite satisfied yet, remained standing until his further inquiries were answered.

"Thou hast not a sword?"

"I have left it at home; none can use it more skilfully than I, but in its place I at present carry this weighty staff, which I have found at least equally successful in slaying the giants whom I have encountered," and as he raised his strong arm, and shook the staff on high, a deadly weapon it appeared in his hand.

"What giants hast thou slain?" inquired Fides, with a growing respect for his companion.

"I crushed Meanness with one blow of my staff, he never spake a single word after; I drove Gluttony to hide in caves and holes; I penetrated the strong fort of Avarice, and forced him to yield up some of his treasures; I killed Cowardice, and cut off his head; and, in short, I believe that the good cause never found a champion less ready to flinch from its defence."

"And thy name, brave knight?" said Fides, now seating himself beside him without misgiving.

"My name is High-Spirit; I am of ancient family; I am connected with the noblest in the land!"

All this time the stranger had been speaking in the language of the country of Fides; there was something, perhaps, a little peculiar in his pronunciation, something that was like the accent of a foreigner, not of a native, but still he spake fluently and well, and Fides rejoiced to think that he had been joined by a comrade so valiant.

"I have heard of thy exploits," continued the stranger knight, "and have mightily triumphed in thy success. Thou wert not the first to attack Giant Untruth, he was once sorely wounded by me, and how he escaped alive, I wot not!"

"Not, I trust, by thy holding parley with the foe?"

"Holding parley with Untruth!" exclaimed the knight, turning round fiercely; "I would dash out the brains of any one who dared but to hint such a thing!"

Words such as these sounded strange in the ears of Fides; in their proud boldness they were so unlike the language wont to be spoken by the servants of his King, that the warning of Gratitude flashed across his mind, and he drew himself a little farther off from his comrade.

"Thy arm is mighty, thy hand strong," Fides said aloud, "but the power given to us is not to be employed in avenging any insult to ourselves."

"The power given to us!" repeated the knight with a scornful smile; "the strength with which I fight is my own, and," he added, firmly grasping his heavy staff, "I use it when and against whom I please!"

"I do misdoubt thee sorely!" cried Fides, springing to his feet; methinks thou art little like a champion of the Truth; how shall I know thee for one?"

"Speak I not in thy tongue?" said the stranger, also rising, but more slowly, from the earth, "thou art strangely suspicious, my comrade!"

"Canst thou read this?" cried Fides, rapidly drawing with his sheathed sword a few words on a spot where some white sand had been left by the receding of the river.

"*I repent—I am grateful,*" such were the brief sentences hastily traced by Fides, the first that came into his mind. He pointed to the writing with his sword, and turning his steady gaze upon the stranger, repeated his question, "Canst thou read this?"

The false knight scarcely glanced at the words which he knew that he never could master; with a glare like a tiger's ere he springs, whirling his mighty staff round his head, he uttered but the exclamation, "Ha! thou knowest me!" and rushed in his fury to the attack.

(To be continued.)

**“A soft answer turneth away
wrath: but grievous words
stir up anger.”**

(WRITTEN FOR THE CHILDREN.)

VERY quarrelsome little sisters they were—Mary and Rosie. Mary liked to have *her* own way and Rosie—the little pepper-pot that she was—she liked to have *her* own way too.

So it happened, very often, that when they were at play, if one of them wanted one thing the other wanted another thing, and *then*—?

And *then* came a quarrel—unkind words—and more unkind words; which, grievous to say, sometimes ended even in *blows*!

Now this was a very sad state of things in the nursery; and not only did it distress their mother and auntie, but it was also displeasing to God, for it is written in His word:

“Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!” (Psa. cxxxiii. 1.)

That means how good and pleasant it is when brothers and sisters agree—not just for a minute or an hour, but *all the time* while dwelling together!

Mary and Rosie had always been taught that little children should love the Lord Jesus and seek to please Him in all their ways; they had heard, too, how He loved us so much that He laid down His life for our sakes; and He says to His children—those who love Him:

“This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.” (John xv. 12.)

Oh! with what wonderful love then would He have His children to love one another!

Every day either their mother or auntie read to Mary and Rosie from the Bible, and they were both taught to repeat many texts of scripture from memory.

One of these texts was from the Book of Proverbs; it will be found in the fifteenth chapter, where it is written:

“A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY
WRATH: BUT GRIEVOUS WORDS
STIR UP ANGER.”

When Mary learnt these holy words they not only remained in her little *head*, but they sank *deep, deep down* into her little heart, so that she never forgot them.

That was because the Lord Himself made her understand their wonderful meaning. Like a bright light they pierced the certain very dark place in her heart, shewing her how dark it had been; for they shone so brightly, those little words, that *they made her see how wrong it is to quarrel*—especially with a sister or a brother; they made her know that if she spoke unkind, grievous words to Rosie, then she would be responsible for the quarrel; they made her understand, too, that even when Rosie said unkind words to her first, she must never say grievous words back to her again.

But, oh! how often had she done these things!

Suppose, for instance, that Rosie said, “Let us play with the dolls’ house!”

Then Mary said, “No! I want to play at shop!”

Rosie would say, “You’re very selfish—I *won’t* play at shop!”

“Then I shan’t play at all—you’re very unkind and disagreeable.”

“No I’m not, *you* are!”

“I’m not—I—”

And then—oh! what a sad scene would follow—ending in blows and tears, till nurse or mother came to the rescue.

And *that* would not be the end of it; for it *must be some one’s fault* and one little girl had to be punished.

So it happened that when Mary learnt this little text, it *showed* her how *very, very* sad and wrong it is to quarrel, and it filled her heart with busy thoughts which afterwards helped her to be a little *peacemaker*.

Oh! how happy to be a peacemaker! That is what the Lord Jesus would have

all His little ones to be—and big ones too. Hear what He says :

*“Blessed are the peacemakers :
for they shall be called the children
of God.”* (Matt. v. 9.)

We are born into this dark world in sin—with sinful hearts and sinful natures, and it is not natural for us to be unselfish or peacemakers ; we all like to have our *own* way, and so long as we have our *own* way we do not trouble whether other people have theirs ; this leads to quarrelling and has a very great deal to do with the troubles and sorrows in this world ; whereas every one ought to do God’s will ; and if every one tried to do *His* will, then everything would be happy and peaceful ; some day it will be so. How wonderful that time will be when every one will do God’s will and worship Him alone ! To love our own will is to worship ourselves ; to love God’s will is to worship God.

So Mary realised how wrong it is to speak grievous words and to quarrel with Rosie as she had so often done ; the words of the text were written on her heart and she could not forget them.

One day the two little sisters were playing at trains ; they had placed a row of chairs, side by side, across the room, so that they could run along them, pretending to be guard, engine driver or passengers on the railway.

That was great fun and they were ever so happy, playing together for some time—when—suddenly, facing one another in the middle of the train, they came into collision about something. Mary wanted *her* way and Rosie wanted *her* way, and Rosie—the little pepper-pot—raised her hand and slapped Mary on the face !

Mary had a proud little heart, and oh ! how angry she felt. She would—No !—quickly those bright words of light flashed from her heart into her mind :

*“A soft answer turneth away
wrath : but”*—

and instead of quarrelling with her little sister *she kissed her* !

Oh ! dear children, this is a true story—and it is true that without another sign or word those two little girls continued their play as though no storm had suddenly threatened to mar their happiness !

Surely it was the Spirit of Christ which had calmed the troubled waters—the Spirit of Him who long ago, when here upon earth, said to the raging waters, which are a picture of tumultuous people :

“Peace, be still.” (Mark iv. 39.)

It is at such actions as this that the angels may marvel, for they shew the power of God on earth, and they see how that God’s children can, like Him, be peacemakers.

A christian man was once speaking to a poor heathen chief who did not believe in God and His great power ; presently the christian man said something which made the chief so angry that he smote him on the cheek ; but to his great surprise, instead of smiting him in return, the christian man offered him his other cheek too.

This had such a powerful effect upon the heathen chief that he was converted to God ; he saw the power of God through one of His children ; how glad that christian man must have been that he had remembered the words of the Lord Jesus, who said :

*“Unto him that smiteth thee on
the one cheek offer also the other.”*
(Luke vi. 29.)

And oh ! what a wonderful example the Lord Jesus Himself set us when He was persecuted by His enemies down here ! What did *He* say when they crucified and reviled Him ?

*“Father, forgive them ; for they know
not what they do.”* (Luke xxiii. 34 ; Isa. l. 6 ; Matt. xxvi. 67.)

To act in such a way toward those who hate and trouble us, makes *nothing of self*, but everything of God—because it is His will for us to be peacemakers.

And what did He do for us, who are by nature so sinful and wilful and rebellious against Him ?

He sent His Son, the Lord Jesus, to die for us—to die *instead* of us, who deserve only His judgment for our sins.

The Lord Jesus is the great Peacemaker : He is the Mediator between God and men, and :

“He is our peace, who hath made both one.” (Eph. ii. 14.)

And if we believe in Him—if we follow Jesus—we too shall be peacemakers and be called “the children of God.” (Matt. v. 9.)

JESUS.

“Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again ; when he suffered, he threatened not ; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.”

(1 Peter ii. 23.)

A. S. I. L.



Precious Realities.

IN a day such as the present, when on all hands men are casting aside all thought of God and even speaking in terms of derision of our Lord Jesus Christ and His precious sufferings, how comforting it is to be able to dwell on these precious subjects again and again, knowing that they will remain unchanged in all their greatness and grandeur.

It was God who “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.)

Have you ever thought what it must have meant to God to have parted with His dear Son, knowing He was in due course to undergo the suffering and shame of Calvary’s cross? Yes, men saw no beauty in the blessed Lord of glory, and rested not till they crucified Him. He was mocked, reviled, and taunted in every conceivable manner by His murderers. And yet never so much as a single word passed His lips but those of kindness.

Then think, too, of that heart-melting cry, “Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.” Were ever words uttered like those before? Never. Oh! the believer in the Lord Jesus delights to contemplate his blessed Saviour who underwent all that rejection and hatred of men, and who also bore God’s righteous judgment on account of our sins, knowing that His death alone suffices to put away a single sin.

We can truly say that nothing can be compared to the sufferings of Jesus, no words can be compared to the words of Jesus, and no one can be compared to Jesus Himself!

Have you, dear young reader, trusted in that precious Saviour? If not, surely when you consider all that He has done on your account, you will not remain a stranger to His grace a moment longer.

The believer on the Lord Jesus Christ has the blessed privilege of speaking worthily of His precious Saviour in this dark world.

A. E. B.



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month’s questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

STRENGTH.

- 1 “Trust ye in the Lord for ever.” Why trust Him? (Isa. xxvi.)
2. If nature cries, “My flesh and my heart faileth,” what can faith add? (Psa. lxxiii.)
3. In 2 Timothy iv. Paul says, “All men forsook me.” What does he say of the Lord in contrast to this?
4. What does the Lord do for those who have “no might”? (Isa. xl.)
5. If we desire to renew our strength what must we do? (Isa. xl.)
6. Quote sentences beginning with the words “Be strong,” from (a) Ephesians vi. and (b) 2 Timothy i. or ii.
7. In 2 Corinthians xii. what is said about

strength and weakness by (a) the Lord and (b) Paul?

8. From Isaiah xxx. quote two sentences about strength—one of six words the other of nine.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Isaiah xxvi. where the following words occur, giving the number of the verse in each case:—(1) "Perfect peace." (2) "Everlasting strength." (3) "The way of the just." (4) "Thy name."



Found in the Bible of an old Christian.

Low at Thy feet, Lord Jesus,
This is the place for me—
There I have learned deep lessons—
Truth that has set me free.

Free from myself, Lord Jesus,
Free from the ways of men,
Chains of thought that have bound me,
Never shall bind again.

None but Thyself, Lord Jesus,
Conquered this wayward will;
But for Thy love constraining,
I had been wayward still.



Answers to May Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, Marion Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura, Phyllis and Raymond Coldrick, Vera Cooper, Irene Cottrell, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Edith and Hilda Gattrell, Daisy Goddard, Eileen Halewood, Josie Halewood, Dorothy Harris, Edith Harris, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion Ireland (3), Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Miriam McKay, Walter Marriott, Muriel Marshall, Vera Marshall, Gordon Nock, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, John Pickles, Dorothy and Marjorie Plommer, John Pugh, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Connie and Mary Roach, Eric Robertson, Mercy Satchwell, Doris and Olive Sinden, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, Frank and Joan Appleton, Jane Baldwin, Fred Barratt, Gordon and Wilfred Blackledge, Ella Blair, Margaret Bolt (2), John Bradford, Sylvia Bradley, Edgar Brandt, Dennis and George Briars, Janie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, James

Brown, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris Burford, Emma Burford, Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Gladys Carter, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, Beatrice Darrah, Grace and Mary Deayton, David Devenish, James Dixon, Albert Dorsett, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Hilda Elsey, Margaret Evans, Pearl Ford, Kenneth Frampton, Grace Gay, Dorothy and Grace Gillmore, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Nelly Henderson, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Alfred Hughes, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Margaret Kirkwood, Freda Lewis, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Alex and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Enid Marshall, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Cecil Nock, Christina O'Hara, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Francis Phillips, Ernest Pickles, Ernest Preston, Eva Pring, Frank Pugh, Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie Rawlings, Raymond Redhead, Isabel Reeves, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Drusilla and Edith Roach, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Gwendoline Saunders, Philip Scott, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Clare Smith, Doris Smith, Margie Smith, Mary Smyth, Norman Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Grace and John Taylor, Henry and John Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald Watson, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willmott, Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson, Edwin and Ruth Wraight.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Aldred, Colin and George Armstrong, Kathleen Bastyan, Roy Batchelor, Jessie Blair, Ivy Bradley, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Cyril Byng, David Carter, Lily Carter, Maurice Churchman, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, Lucy Cole, Leonard Coverley, James Crane, Margaret Cruickshank, Charlie and Winnie Curtis, Margaret Dalgleish, Joffre Edwards, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Florie Gillmore, Kathleen Goddard, Paul Goldsmith, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Esther Hindley, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Reuben Hutchinson, Arthur Hyde, Dora Jay, Edith Kaye, Phyllis Kemsley, Lois King, Roland Kingston, Jeanie Knight, Nora Latimer, Olive Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Raymond Lyons, Eleanor McBride, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, Gideon Nicolson, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Doris Payne (2), Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Stanley Saddington, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Stanley Scott, Mary Selwood, Charles Shedden, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Billy Spence, Greta Stott, Ernest and Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lillian Tipler, Eric Tydeman, William Waddilove (3), Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Sidney Willmott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Effe and Raymond Chappell, Elinor Corin, Bertram Craddock, Kate Shedden Davis, Archina Kain, Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light, Grace McPhee, George Piggott, Alan, Mavis and Phyllis Shearer, Beatrice Stead (2), David and Elvery Stead, Winifred Stead (2).

Canada.—Victor Langrell (5).

New Zealand.—Rita Gifford, Winifred McPeake, Gladys Wycherley.

South Africa.—G. R. Holland, Alison Leppan, Emmeline Moyle, Elsie and George Oettle, Mary Pilcher (2), Joyce Richardson (2), Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur, David, Frank, Mary and Phebe Townshend.

United States.—Esther Blazer, George Hama (2), Clarence, Leonard and Leslie McNiece, Benjamin and Judson Schirer, Florence Stevens, Mary, Robert and William Watt.

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MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

Youthful Days.



“Thy word is a lamp.”

IF you travel by train from London in a westerly direction and then go on by road when the train can take you no further, you will eventually find yourself on the top of the cliffs at Land's End. Stretching away to the north, west, and south you will see the Atlantic Ocean. The cliffs are far too steep to climb down, so that it would be quite impossible for any of our young people to play on the shore by the water's edge. We must content ourselves with walking carefully on the footpath running along the top of the cliffs and admiring the beautiful sea which heaves and dashes among the rocks, although only a light wind is blowing.

Exactly west of Land's End and about a mile from the coast, is a ridge of rocks called the “Longships,” which always shew above the water. A lighthouse has been built on one of these rocks to warn the sailors from coming too near. There it rests, firmly set on its foundation, and all the storms of many a year have not disturbed it.

Looking over the sea towards the south-west, another lighthouse is to be seen about six miles away. This is built on the terrible Wolf Rock, which is submerged at high water. If the tide is up no one can see the foundations, and the lighthouse appears to be rising out of the sea. You can easily understand the danger of a rock which is just covered by the water. When the wind blows and the great waves are breaking and tumbling in all directions there will be nothing to shew its position, and many a good ship has been lost through ignorance of its dreadful proximity.

Over sixty years ago an engineer built the lighthouse on the Wolf Rock. After he had surveyed the rock and made his plans, he laid the foundation. This was the hardest task, for the rock was only exposed for a few hours at each low tide and the men could only work there during

calm summer weather. The difficulties were overcome, the tower was built, and at last the lamp was fixed, and the sailors when they see it by day or night are only too glad to keep clear of the hidden danger.

There are two obvious lessons to learn about the lighthouse. One is that it gives a light which warns and directs, for the sailors use these lights to help them to find the best way over the trackless sea. The other lesson is that the light must be fixed on a firm and sure foundation. The Longships lighthouse rests upon a visible foundation, but with the Wolf light the foundation is generally out of sight. No sensible person seeing the tower rising out of the water would suppose that it rested upon nothing at all. Yet many in this day are enjoying the light of Christianity and are quite uncertain as to the hidden foundations of it.

Not so with the Apostle Paul, he knew where the foundations were. This is what he said to King Agrippa: “Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come: that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should shew light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.” (Acts xxvi. 22, 23.)

Plainly enough the light that shines on the Gentiles is the sufferings, death and resurrection of our Lord. The testimony of Christianity to-day bears witness to these great facts concerning the Saviour. The question then arises, what is the foundation? This is an important matter, for many at the present time are not caring much about it.

The foundation is to be found in the words of the prophets and Moses. Just as the lighthouse on the Wolf Rock rests upon a hidden foundation, so the foundations of Christianity were laid in ages long past, and the words of the prophets in those days were true. One hears

people speaking very lightly nowadays of the records of these sayings. They are put aside as having no weight in the current affairs of this life; a sad, sad mistake.

The Psalmist sang long ago, "Thy word is a lamp," and Paul before Agrippa proclaims Christ as the Light.

Right at the beginning of man's history, just after he had fallen, God promises that one shall arise from among his descendants who will be strong enough to bruise the head of man's enemy and deceiver. Thus we have one big and important foundation stone for the lighthouse, God's mercy.

When Moses was teaching the people how to offer sacrifices to God, he described what was to be done when a leper became well and needed cleansing. He was to take two birds to the priest. The priest killed one in a certain manner and dipped the remaining bird in the blood of the dead one and then allowed it to fly away into the open air. Before the leper can be cleansed, one bird has to die and the other goes free. Now we know what this ceremony sets forth. Before we could be cleansed, Christ Jesus died and rose again. Here are more great foundation stones, God's holiness, righteousness and justice. There they lie, deep under the water, and who can measure the cost and toil of laying them!

Christ suffered. That forms one of the bright beams shining from the lighthouse set on the foundation stones of God's mercy and righteousness. His sufferings include all that He felt in His earthly pathway, and they only ended with His death on the cross. Moses taught men God's law and they failed to live according to it. Because of this, Christ came to die instead of man. He suffered death that we, the unjust people, might live. The light from the Lighthouse shews us a Saviour who died for us, and God's law is another of the great foundation stones.

Another bright beam is the fact that He is not dead but alive. Just as the

sailors use the lighthouse to mark their way along the coast, so we set our course accordingly, "Let us run . . . looking unto Jesus." We see a glorified Saviour in heaven and journey forward with the bright hope of being with Him.

The Apostle Paul spoke of our Lord being the first to rise from the dead, which implies that those who trust Him will rise from the dead in the same way.

Remember the Lighthouse and do not forget the foundations. Read the Old Testament carefully, for there you will find the mind and ways of God revealed in the clearest manner.



The Depth and Height.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE is the name borne by a very famous old monastery situated in France, not very far from the Swiss frontier.

Some years ago the monks refused to submit to certain demands made by the French government, and were in consequence turned out. Their old home, from that time forth, has been in the possession of the State, and is a favourite show place for visitors.

It stands amid very beautiful scenery, several thousand feet above sea-level, and the drive to it from the nearest railway station is picturesque beyond description. For a long way the road skirts a very deep ravine, on each side of which precipitous mountains rear themselves to the sky.

While gazing, first into the depth of the one, and then up to the height of the other, we were reminded of the prayer which Paul prayed for the Ephesians, in which he desired that they, with all saints, might be able to comprehend what is the breadth and length and DEPTH AND HEIGHT; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. (Eph. iii. 18.)

We could see the bottom of the ravine

deep down below us, but no human eye has ever fathomed the depth of which Paul wrote. The words, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, where-with the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger" (Lam. i. 12), invite us to gaze down into that depth, for the depth of the love of Christ was told out at Calvary. On the cross the Man of sorrows, God's Christ, the spotless sin-hating One, was made sin for us, and was forsaken by His God. Well may the apostle add, "And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

But if the depth is beyond our power of thought, what of the height?

The prophet Zephaniah gives us a glimpse of it in the words, "The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, HE WILL JOY OVER THEE WITH SINGING." (Zeph. iii. 17.)

And Jesus Himself tells us of the joy which is His alone. He says, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field." (Matt. xiii. 44.) He tells us, too, that "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." (Luke xv. 10.)

Surely this, too, passes our comprehension, that His joy to find a people for Himself, a kingdom, in this world, is so great that He gave up everything, even life itself, to purchase them for His own; and the repentance of a sinner fills His heart with joy which overflows in the presence of the angels of God—a joy so great that, in anticipation of it—the joy set before Him—He "endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." (Heb. xii. 2.) F. F. S. (B.).



Giant Pride.

AN ALLEGORY.

OH! who has not felt the fearful strength of Pride, who now engaged in deadly conflict with Fides! Never had the champion been more sorely beset, never had he more felt the need of help! Even his good sword seemed scarcely to avail him here; the giant, who had suddenly risen to his formidable height as soon as his real nature was discovered, parried every blow aimed at him so well, showered down his own with such rapidity and strength, that foot by foot Fides gave way before him! Strong indeed is the weapon of "the Will," few are there upon earth who can withstand it! One crushing stroke fell upon the helmet of Fides; it gave not way, that covering of well-tempered steel, but the knight reeled and staggered with the blow. Sparks seemed to fly from his eyes, and he could scarcely see the enemy before him; for an instant he was blinded by Pride and scarcely conscious of anything but the faint cry of Conscience as she fled to seek aid for her champion!

Down came another blow upon Fides' right arm! It dropped numb—the sword fell from his grasp! The giant, foaming with rage, pressed on his advantage; he dashed his fainting adversary to the ground, and raised his heavy staff to destroy him! At that moment—that terrible moment—when all appeared lost for ever, a stone thrown from some unseen hand struck the strong arm which was raised to smite! Pride started at the unexpected blow, and for an instant let fall his staff and glanced round to see who was his new assailant!

Precious opportunity that might never come again! Fides with his left hand seized the dangerous weapon, and even as he lay on the ground, struck the foot of Pride with all the force that he could muster! Yet little impression made that blow on the giant, it rather served to stir

up his rage than to wound him: he stooped, not to wrest "the Will" from Fides, as at that time he might easily have done, but to make himself master of the knight's good sword which lay bright and glittering on the turf.

But the wondrous weapon was not one which could be wielded by the unholy hand of Pride! The golden hilt which Fides had rested on so often, burnt the hand of the enemy of his King, as though it had been formed of red hot iron; with a cry of pain the giant dropped it from his hold and next moment it shone in the grasp of Fides!

Yes, the champion of the truth was again on his feet, wounded, weary, but full of courage and hope. The fearful struggle was coming to a close, thrice and again he struck boldly at Pride, and oh! the joy, the relief, when at last the most dangerous of his foes bit the dust! Every muscle quivering with the efforts which he had made, breathless, gasping, scarcely believing his own success, Fides stood by the lifeless form of the giant, leaning on his own faithful sword!

And now he was approached by an old man with silvery hair, and a long, white beard, but a form still strong and unbent, and a face whose furrows had been made rather by thought than time. It was Experience himself who, in the hour of need, had come to the assistance of the knight, and who had flung that stone which, at a critical moment, had diverted the attention of the giant.

Warm was the gratitude of Fides, though his faltering tongue had scarcely power to express it. Experience, with kindly pity for the suffering knight, invited him to his dwelling, which was near, where rest and refreshment might be found, and where his wounds would be skilfully dressed.

"And oh! leave not that behind, noble knight," cried Experience, pointing to the dark, crooked staff of "the Will," which lay near the dead body of Pride; "take it, it once belonged to thy King, it is precious when devoted to Him, it

is the noblest fruit of thy triumph to be able to lay it at His feet."

Fides obeyed, and with feeble steps followed his new guide, whose manner, though grave and almost stern, yet inspired him with confidence and respect.

The dwelling of Experience was on a hill, which commanded a wide prospect around. Part of it was divided from the rest, where a glowing furnace, an anvil, and various tools hung around, sufficiently showed the occupation of its possessor.

Balm was poured into the bleeding wounds of Fides; wine was given to sustain his fainting strength; the mist before his eyes cleared away, he felt himself reviving again.

"Oh! Experience," he said, as he laid his hand on "the Will," "how can this instrument, once used by Pride, be ever an acceptable offering to my King?"

Experience took from a small casket a phial labelled "Submission," which contained a colourless fluid. He poured a few drops upon the dark, heavy metal, then rubbed the staff with a rough, hairy cloth, and wherever the liquid had touched there was a spot of bright, glittering gold.

"This rough cloth is 'Discipline,'" said the old man; "with patience, through its rubbing thou shalt see all the value of 'the Will' when restored to its rightful owner."

"Yet can I not offer to my King that which is crooked and bent! it bears too evident tokens of having been in the service of Pride!" and as Fides spoke he tried and tried again with all his might to straighten the massive staff, but the tough metal resisted all his efforts.

"The Will' is crooked, indeed, but it may be straightened," said Experience; "we have other ways of working. My furnace of Affliction is near." So saying, before Fides had time to reply, he plunged the staff into the red, glowing fire!

"Give it back!" exclaimed the knight with impatience; "any way, any way but this!"

"No way but this," said the old man firmly, keeping back the hand that would have snatched it from the fire. "See how the gold is brightening, see how the metal is softening in the furnace! Submit 'the Will' to what is needful to make it perfect, a precious offering acceptable and pure."

So saying, Experience drew it from the furnace of Affliction and laid it on the anvil of Trial. He struck it with his heavy iron hammer, but was interrupted by Fides.

"No more—thou wilt destroy it; no more—it is enough!"

"Not yet," replied the old man, and struck it again.

"Stay thy hand!" exclaimed Fides, "it can bear no more!"

"Yet a little patience," cried Experience, and struck it again. Then "the Will" was restored to Fides—straight, pure, beautified; oh! how unlike that staff which had been so deadly in the grasp of Pride.

As Fides stood gazing on the fair gift before him, once more, and for the last time, the shining robe and star-wreath of Conscience flashed on his sight! Never before had her smile been so glad, so beaming with the radiance of heaven.

"The work is done—the fight is over!" she exclaimed; "thou art summoned to the presence of thy King! A messenger is even now waiting to conduct thee to the home which thou so long hast desired! Go, bearing with thee the offering of a conquered 'will,' the acknowledgment that not even that should be thine own; and the remembrance of foes bravely met and overcome through the might of Him who armed thee for the fight! Go in humility, go in joy, confiding in the love which hath preserved thee through temptation, and never will leave thee nor forsake thee—go where all is gladness, rejoicing and peace—where war and danger shall be known no more!"

DEAR READERS,

Have you known anything of this War? have you ever drawn the sword of Fides, or fought with the enemies of your King? Have you broken through the web of Sloth, struggled out of the pit of Selfishness, choked up the fount of Anger, and resolutely thrown aside "Bitter Words" as unworthy the use of a Christian? Have you overcome the feeling of Hate, and striven with "Benefits" to subdue those who have wronged you? Have you pursued Untruth even into his most secret lurking-place, and never stained your lips with a falsehood? Have you tried to conquer your own proud, rebellious spirit, and submitting your Will in all things to your Lord, made His service your delight, His glory your aim? Perhaps you never till now thought of looking upon life as the Battlefield of the Christian; you knew not that your own hearts were full of foes that you could not conquer in strength of your own. Oh! then, if it be for the first time, ask, ask fervently for that grace which can overcome all, hold fast your glorious sword—the word of God—go forth with Conscience for your guide, and Prayer for your safeguard; and oh! may He who alone can give you the victory, make you more than conquerors here, and crown you with immortality in the eternal mansions which He has prepared for those who love Him! [EXTRACTED.]



"It was for us."

KATHLEEN and Norah were two little girls who lived in a cottage with their father and mother and baby sister. In front of their home was a tiny piece of garden, and in this garden a tall rose tree, which bore very beautiful red roses.

One summer day the children were playing as usual in front of the cottage, when one of the roses caught Kathleen's eye, and without stopping to think,

she began to jump up at it, knocking it each time with her hand, until all that was left of the lovely flower was a sprinkling of petals on the ground beneath the tree.

Soon mother appeared on the scene, and noticing the petals, asked which of them had been so naughty as to pull the rose to pieces; and then Kathleen, to save herself from punishment, told a dreadful lie. She pointed to Norah, who had been playing with the baby, and made her mother believe that it was she who had destroyed the rose, jumping up at the tree again to shew her exactly how it had been done.

Poor little Norah's heart was heavy with a sense of undeserved blame as she received the severe scolding and punishment which her mother, in the heat of her anger, bestowed upon her. But it is far better to have to bear blame for what another has done than it is to tell a lie, and though Kathleen escaped punishment at the time, she quite forgot that sin leaves a stain, and that God's eye saw not only the sin, but the stain it had left on her soul. It is now more than two years since Norah so unwillingly bore her punishment for her, but unless she has confessed her naughtiness that stain is still there. Indeed, there is only one thing that can ever wash it away, and that is the blood of Jesus; His precious blood can make little Kathleen's soul "whiter than snow."

These two little sisters often used to sing:

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe IT WAS FOR US
He hung and suffered there."

But I am afraid that Kathleen did not really know Jesus, the One who hung on the cross and suffered so willingly in our stead, and of whom it is written

that "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." (Isa. liii.)

If any dear child whose soul is stained with unforgiven sins should read this sad story, let them remember that God's word says, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. xxviii. 13), and that "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John i. 9.)

E. E. S. (B.).

Heaven or Hell?

THERE is a heaven and there is a hell. In either the one or the other *you*, as well as every living soul from Adam downwards, will spend eternity.

Time is short. Eternity never ends. Will you spend it in heaven or in hell?

Adam fell; he sinned, and therefore he and all his race are sinners—lost and undone. The place for lost sinners is hell with the devil and his angels for ever. No sinner, uncleansed and unforgiven, can enter heaven.

But hear the good news—the gospel message!

"BELIEVE ON THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, AND THOU SHALT BE SAVED." (Acts xvi. 31.)

And again,

"THE BLOOD OF JESUS CHRIST
HIS SON CLEANSETH US
FROM ALL SIN." (1 John i. 7.)

The Lord Jesus—the holy, blessed Saviour—died for our sins and rose again; trust in Him for salvation—believe on Him, and through the efficacy of His precious blood your title to heaven is sure!

Time is short. "Behold, *now* is the accepted time." (2 Cor. vi. 2.)

ANON.

Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over, answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14, omit Nos. 7 and 8.

HOPE.

1. In Romans viii. several things are said of hope. Quote any one of them.
2. Some hopes are described in Ephesians ii. (two words), 2 Thessalonians ii. (two words), Titus ii. (three words). Quote the words.
3. (a) *What* is the Christian's hope? (Rom. v.) (b) *Who* is the Christian's hope? (1 Tim. i.)
4. (a) *Where* is the hope "laid up"? (Col. i.) (b) *What* verse in 1 Peter i. reminds you of this?
5. (a) "Like him." Quote a sentence of five words ending thus. (1 John iii.) (b) *When* will this be? (1 John iii.)
6. *What* does every man that has this hope do? (1 John iii.)
7. (a) *To what* is the Christian's hope likened in Hebrews vi.? (b) Quote the words used to describe the *kind* of "anchor" it is.
8. (a) Quote a sentence from Hebrews xi. that links things hoped for with faith. (b) *What* verse in Romans viii. contrasts seeing with hoping?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Ephesians ii where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—

- (1) "His kindness" (2) "By grace" (3) "Were far off." (4) "Habitation of God."



Answers to June Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, James Brown, Marion Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Lutler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura and Raymond Coldrick, Irene Cottrell, Cecil Duddington (2), Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Edith and Hilda Gattrell, Eileen and Josie Halewood, Dorothy Harris, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Mary McCormack (2), Miriam McKay, Walter Marriott, Muriel Marshall, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, Marjory Plommer, John Pugh, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Constance and Mary Roach, Mercy Satchwell, Doris and Olive Sinden, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, John Thewlis, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Fred Barratt, Gordon and Wilfred Blackledge, Helen Blair, Margaret Bolt, John Bradford, Dennis and George Briars, Barbara Bodys, Janie Brock, Ethel Broom, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris Burford, Edward and Violet Burgess, Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Gladys Carter, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Peter and George Coutie, James Crane, Beatrice Darrah, Grace and Mary Deayton, David Devenish, Harold Devenish, Horace Duddington (2), Freda Edwards, Margaret Evans, Pearl Ford, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman (2), Grace Gay, Dorothy Gilmore (5), Grace Gillmore (5), Mary Hales, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Eva Hazelton (2), Nelly Henderson, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Lois King, Freda Lewis, Freddie Lodge, Marjorie Lodge, Alex and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Enid Marshall, Jack Mason, David Mathers, Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Christina O'Hara, Max Padwick (6), Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Frances Phillips, Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Frank Pugh, Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie Rawlings, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Drusilla and Edith Roach, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Gwendolyn Saunders, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catharina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Doris Smith, Maggie Smith, Mary Smith, Norman and Roland Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Greta Stott, Henry Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald Watson, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Stanley Willows, Edwin and Ruth Wraight.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Alldred, Doris Bacon, Mark Badams (2), Kathleen Bastyan, Jessie Blair, Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Cyril Byng, David Carter, Lily Carter, John Churchman, Philip Coldrick, Lucy Cole, Leonard Coverley, Margaret Cruickshank, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish (2), Joffre Edwards, Rita Fear, Walter Fell, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Florrie Gillmore (5), Kathleen Goddard, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Ernest Hadland, Edna Hadley, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Richard Howard, Reuben Hutchinson, Dora Jay, Phyllis Kemsley, Roland Kingston, Nora Latimer, Olive Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Eleanor McBride, Minnie McCormack (2), Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, Alfred and Reginald Mortimore, James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Oliver Palmer, Doris Payne, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Philip Samuel, Dick Saunders, Stanley Scott, Mary Selwood, Charles Shedden, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Billy Spence, Ernest and Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lilian Tipler, Eric Tydeman, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Sidney Willimott, Ella Wilson, James Wood, Joyce Wragg.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Bruce Metcalf, George Piggott, Austin and Ernest Reid, David Stuckey, Noel Vallance.
Canada.—Alex Henry (2), John Henry (2).
India.—Albert Benjamin (3), Christopher Benjamin (2), George Benjamin (3), Jemima Benjamin (3).
Jamaica.—Ina McGahan, Maud Mitchell (2), Alice Newman (2), Pearl Newman (2).
New Zealand.—Rita Gifford, Alfred Kennerley (2), Cyril Rankin, Noel Strickett (2), Ronald Strickett, Grace Suckling, Clyde Vautier (2), John Vautier (2), Phillip Vautier (2).
South Africa.—Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, Mary Pilcher, George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, David, Frank and Phebe Townshend.
United States.—Esther Blazer, George Hama (2), Benjamin and Judson Schirer, Mary, Robert and William Watt.

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Youthful Days.



The Conflict.

THERE has appeared in our magazine during the last few months a series of allegories describing the conflicts of one named Fides against several powerful giants. An allegory has a hidden meaning, and our object in inserting the old story is to encourage our readers *who have faith in our Lord Jesus* to be on the look out for the attacks of the enemy, lest they be taken unawares and bring shame and dishonour to their Lord and Master. The strength for this conflict is supplied, it is given to those who cry for it. The Apostle Paul exhorts us to put on the armour of God and stand. (Eph. vi. 13.)

The strength is given by our Lord, who Himself fought the greatest of all battles during His short stay amongst men. Unless He had entered the lists and had overcome the enemy, we should have had no desire to arm ourselves and carry on this warfare.

Our Lord took manhood upon Himself with the definite object of redeeming fallen man from the power of the usurper. He was owned by God as His Son (Matt. iii. 17), and claimed God's rights concerning man. The claim was violently contested, but the final victory was His.

The announcement in Herod's court (Matt. ii.) of our Lord's birth caused a violent outburst aimed at His life, but as you know His parents took Him into Egypt out of the reach of the heartless soldiers.

The real conflict began in deadly earnest about thirty years after His birth. John, the forerunner, was baptising the repentant crowds in Jordan and our Lord went there to be baptised Himself. As He rose out of the water the heavens were opened, the Holy Spirit descended upon Him like a dove, and God's sovereign voice was heard proclaiming, "Thou art my beloved Son." (Luke iii. 22.) The long-expected event had happened, God in the Person of His Son was there

to solve the question of good and evil once and for all. He was led of the Spirit into the wilderness (Matt. iv.), and when hungry after a fast of forty days Satan came to attack Him. Satan did not threaten with open violence, but tried subtlety and craft, which he had used before with our first parents. (Gen. iii. 1.)

The enemy suggests that if He is the Son of God, He might command the stones to be turned into bread. Had He not the power, had He not the authority to do this? Truly He had, but, as we have said, our Lord had taken up a definite position and He did not claim the right to give the needed commandment, but waited for God to give the word. He answered the tempter, "It is written, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

What wonderful grace and wisdom! He takes His answer from the scriptures, the vast treasure house of God's wisdom, which at this day lies open for our use.

The enemy attacks from another direction. He sets Him on a pinnacle of the temple, and bids Him cast Himself down, for surely the angels will see that God's Son comes to no harm. Our Lord had received no definite word from the Father for a situation of this kind, and He uses the scriptures again, "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."

Twice our Lord had shewn His entire dependence as Man upon God, and the enemy makes his third attack deliberately challenging this position. He shews Him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory and offers all to Him upon the one condition that He falls down in worship. How could a man depending upon God acknowledge any one else in His place, so He says, "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." (Matt. iv. 10.)

This phase of the conflict was over, the enemy leaves Him for a season, and the angels of God come to minister

to the needs of His Son. Our Lord returns from the wilderness and begins preaching the gospel of the kingdom. The next phase of the conflict was with men, as represented by the Pharisees, who took the position of teaching God's laws.

The trouble began in a cornfield which our Lord passed through on the sabbath day. His disciples plucked the ears of corn, rubbed them in their hands and ate the grains. The Pharisees considered this act as breaking the sabbath and drew His attention to it. He answered by reminding them that David had once eaten the shewbread which should have been eaten only by the priests, and then stated that "The Son of man is Lord also of the sabbath." He definitely claimed authority over the sabbath. (Mark ii. 28.)

Now it would appear that the Pharisees had been in the habit of deciding how God's law as to the sabbath should be observed, and even such a matter as the proper distance to travel on this day had come under consideration. And here, they thought, was a man assuming authority to decide these questions independently of themselves. The position needed clearing up.

An occasion soon came. Our Lord was in the synagogue on another sabbath day and a man was there with a withered hand. The question was openly raised, Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day? The Pharisees' silence on this matter caused our Lord to be angry (Mark iii. 5), but He healed the man.

The Pharisees withdrew, and immediately held a council to consult *how they might destroy Him*. "But when Jesus knew it, he withdrew himself from thence." (Matt. xii. 15.)

Thus our Lord came into conflict with His own creatures over the question of the sabbath. He had come according to the counsel of God for the purpose of blessing man. His blessed work is opposed, and worse still, men deliberate on the means of ending it. The battle now widens, it becomes evident who is on

one side and who is on the other, but victory has not yet come.

There is a pause in the conflict, and God intervenes in His way that men may not be entirely lost. Our Lord, in private, questions His disciples as to who He is, and Peter answers, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." (Matt. xvi. 16.) Here were a few men who knew our Lord intimately and believed on His name. They are told now for the first time that the chief people of the Jews would eventually seize our Lord and put Him to death, but that He would rise again. There was no withdrawal, it was war even to death. On the mount of transfiguration we see how God steps in to lift the veil before Peter, James and John in order that they may see for themselves the divine glory of their Lord, and be established as witnesses to the recognition of His Son.

The darkest phase of the conflict was in the garden of Gethsemane. The triumphant entry into Jerusalem had taken place, the supper was over, the Lord enters the garden with His disciples and bows down alone in His agony, for they were heavy with sleep. Judas with his band of rough attendants is drawing near, and it is night. Satan again comes with his dark suggestions. Why need He die? If He must die, why undergo the shameful suffering of trial in Pilate's court and crucifixion? Why not cross the hills and get to the house of Lazarus at Bethany, where He would find friends? It was a terrible and awful situation for our Lord to be in, it caused Him to suffer exceedingly. But the agony was ended, and the tide of battle turned by His submission to the Father, whose will it was that He should suffer.

In perfect calmness, our Lord rises from the ground to meet His enemies. The cross is still before Him with its untold sufferings, but on account of His submission, by weakness and defeat, He overcomes.

* * * *

Our source of strength for the conflict is seen in Christ's work for us on the cross. By that we have been delivered, by that we are armed, by that let us go forward in the assurance of faith.



WHAT is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of man, that thou visitest Him?

THOU madest Him a little lower than the angels; Thou crownedst Him with glory and honour, and didst set Him over the works of Thy hands. . . .

BUT now we see not yet all things put under Him. But 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.

A Heap of Treasure.

MOST little boys are only able to stay at the seaside for a few weeks every year, and some do not get even that treat; but Ronnie lives there all the year round, and plays on the beach both winter and summer.

One day last October he was running about as usual, when his sharp eyes caught sight of something bright mixed up in a tangle of seaweed, and on looking closer he found what made him open those eyes very wide indeed; for there were quite a lot of coins lying there, and several other articles of value. The thing that took his fancy most was a small whistle, so he picked it up, and then ran off to his father and mother, who were walking quietly along not far away. Their quietness soon gave place to much excitement, as Ronnie told them that he had found "a heap of treasure," and begged them to come and see it.

The things, which looked as though they had been washed up by the sea, were all picked up and examined with much curiosity, and then carefully carried home; and you may be quite sure that Ronnie's find was the chief subject of conversation at tea-time that afternoon. Every one was so puzzled to know how the "treasure" came to be there, and where it had come from.

Some months passed, and then at last, after many inquiries had been made and many letters written and answered, the rightful owner was discovered, and Ronnie had to part with his treasure, because, though he had found it, it was never really his own.

Now we cannot all of us find coins on the beach like Ronnie did, but there is a far greater treasure we may each of us find and keep for our very own.

The Apostle Paul found this treasure and valued it so highly that he counted everything else but loss in comparison with it. He wrote in one of his epistles, "Yea doubtless, and I count all things

but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." (Phil. iii. 8.)

There are very few who have to suffer the loss of all things in order that they may have Christ for their gain; but all who can say with Paul, "I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me," have found the treasure he found, and the possession of it makes them think very little of all earthly treasures.

It was one of these happy finders who wrote:—

"O worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus:
There shall I dwell with God."

and another of them expressed the same thought in the words:—

"'Tis the treasure I've found in His love
That has made me a pilgrim below,
And 'tis there, when I reach Him above,
As I'm known, all His fulness I'll know."

Both these writers had proved for themselves the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus when He said, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. vi. 21.) E. F. S. (B.)

The Garden of Weeds.

A SHORT while ago some young friends were staying with me on a visit. It was lovely spring weather, and they were delighted to ramble over the beautiful downs and country villages gathering grasses and early flowers. They would come home laden with large bunches of various ferns and plants which they classed in botanical order with much taste and precision. I quite admired their natural pleasures, but I was most anxious that their visit should be productive of greater

and lasting blessing to them. I took every available opportunity of speaking to them of the great and good God who not only adorned and filled the earth He had formed with plants and flowers to delight our eyes, but as the One who had seen us in our lost estate as sinners and had sent His Son, by whom also He made the worlds, that we might be saved from everlasting distance from His presence.

Yes, they listened with attention to what I was able to tell them, and I had reason to believe that they trusted in the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. Now I want to tell you about their ramble to a place called Polegate. They came home one day laden with bright young ferns and bunches of primroses which they had gathered from a wood. They much wished me to go and see the place where they were found. So one fine morning a few days after we took our lunch with us and started for our long country walk. What a disappointment it was when we reached the wood to find the gap through which they had crept a few days before had been fenced up by order of the proprietor, and a large board in front informed the public that the property had been so rudely dealt with that in future any persons trespassing upon it would be heavily fined. Well, we had to turn away and content ourselves with the roots and wild flowers that grew on the sides of the lane and off the common, which was free to all.

Has it ever occurred to our dear young friends that prohibitions are necessary because we by nature have such a desire to covet what does not belong to us? We would not like ruthless hands to go into our gardens and steal our fruit and flowers. Oh, no! But such is often done, alas! After much labour we find one morning our well-trimmed borders all trodden down and our treasured roses, or perhaps cherries and other fruits, all gone! All this tells us of a sinful nature that does not know what is right. Those

who steal do not know that "Thou God seest me."

In Ephesians iv. 28 we read, "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labour, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." This, of course, is written to believers and not to those who are yet in their sins. We pity such from our hearts and desire that they may turn to God, who will abundantly pardon. He can justly forgive because of what His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, has done for Him and for us. Truly, as Jeremiah says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) I was walking with a friend in Warwickshire some time ago, and we inquired the way of a short cut across some fields which would take us out by the county prison. We were told we must go by a garden of weeds. We found it was not so pleasant as we desired, for not only was noxious herbage there, but we were annoyed by black flies and gnats which followed us. Then on the other side we saw a red flag, and above it the word, "Danger." We hurried on as quickly as we could and were glad to see in the distance a farmhouse, where we inquired our way into the public road.

That fenced, neglected garden of weeds gave me to think of what the Lord Jesus said in Mark vii. 14-23. He not only spake to His disciples, but we read, "And when he had called all the people unto him, he said unto them, Hearken unto me every one of you, and understand." Read for yourselves the solemn words He spake. The disciples, like my young friends, were very slow to think they had such bad hearts capable of doing and impressing others with what came from within. When they were in the house they asked Him concerning the parable. We can do the same and talk to Him and tell Him all the truth. Let us not think we can hide anything from Him. We do not like to think we are capable of doing such naughty things

as we see others doing. If we think so, let us humbly tell God what He well knew when He sent His Son our Lord Jesus to shew to man what was suitable to God His Father. Then in His grace He went down into death and the grave to rise out of it to give us to know that He had died unto sin once! He will never have to suffer for sin any more! How blessed then for us to accept the truth about ourselves and to know Him as our Saviour who is mighty to save. "He is able," as any believer may know, "to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. 25.) Jude also wrote some very precious words in verses 24, 25 of his epistle: "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, dominion and power, both *now* and ever. Amen."

May each of us, young or old, rich or poor, whoever we may be, know more and more of our gracious, loving, merciful God and Father who sent our Lord Jesus Christ to open out the way of life that we might live through Him.

"Himself He could not save,
Love's stream too deeply flowed.
In love Himself He gave
To pay the debt we owed,
Obedience to His Father's will
And love to Him did all fulfil.

And now exalted high,
A Prince and Saviour He,
That sinners might draw nigh
And drink of mercy free,
Of mercy now so freely shed,
For Jesus liveth, who was dead."

London.

E. E. S.

✿ ✿ ✿
Jesus!

QUITE recently, in a common lodging-house in the Midlands, some Christians were giving a free tea to some tramps in order to have the oppor-

tunity of preaching to them the glorious gospel of God's free grace to men.

During tea-time there was some conversation in which it was pointed out that John iii. 16 could be written to spell the word GOSPEL, thus :

GOD so loved the world, that He
gave His
Only begotten
Son, that whosoever believeth in
Him should not
Perish, but have
Everlasting
Life.

On hearing this one tramp, who had appeared quite disinterested, suddenly remarked aloud, "Why, that reminds me of what I was told when I was a boy!"

"What was that?" he was asked.

"That," he replied, "the name of JESUS spelt—

Just
Exactly
Suits
Undone
Sinners."

Such an unexpected message was so encouraging that it was not difficult to go on telling them of the love of God, of the glorious Saviour, His beloved Son, of His finished redemption work, of the value of His precious blood by which the vilest could be cleansed in God's holy sight.

Who can tell the value of the name of Jesus? It had lingered in the memory of that poor tramp. It is precious to millions to-day, and it will be for ever the sweetest name to those who know and love Him.

Is Jesus precious to YOU? F. S. M.



Extract from a Letter.

THE following is an extract from a letter written by the late Edward H. Chater to a young believer who had recently decided for Christ.

"August 14th, 1896 . . . I trust you are cheered and encouraged notwith-

standing the trials of the way. I think the Christian, when he enjoys the privileges which are his, has by far the best of both worlds. For what have the unconverted but a handful of sand, and where is one among them truly happy?

"I suppose you are still busy in your labour of love. Do not overdo it . . . but as each day comes, seek to please the Lord, and though service is right and important in its place, to sit, like Mary, at His feet, occupied with and worshipping Him, hearing His voice, and doing His will, is all higher.

"Mary," said He, 'hath chosen *that good part.*'

"It is a great thing in Christianity to learn His mind and to get His thoughts instead of our own. It may check us, and in the eyes of others we may appear to be doing less; but *being* is more important than *doing*, and more is really done for eternity, for it is done for *His* joy and satisfaction.

"It is very little we can do at most, and as J.N.D. said, what is done, the Lord did it; but if done *to Him*, it is highly valued by Him. He looks upon the *heart's* motives and values two mites from a poor widow, her all for God, when Israel was all wrong, *more than all the rich men* cast into the treasury.

"It is of the first importance to have Himself before us in all we do."



Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month's questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

THE APPEARING OR REVELATION OF CHRIST.

1. In Hebrews ix, we read of Christ having "once" appeared. (a) What great work had He then to do? (b) How was it to be done? (a) When He appears "the second time"

will any be expecting Him? (b) Will He come for their "salvation" or "judgment"? (Heb. ix.)

3. "With Him." (Col. iii.) (a) What two words follow? (b) Quote the eight words that tell when this will be.

4. "Like Him." (1 John iii.) (a) Quote the sentence—five words. (b) When will this happen? Quote the scripture—four words.

5. (a) Where in 1 Peter i. or ii. do we read of "the appearing of Jesus Christ"? (b) What six words follow?

6. (a) What will be given "at that day" to all those who "love his appearing"? (b) By whom will it be given? (five words) (2 Tim.)

7. When will those who partake of "Christ's sufferings" be "glad also with exceeding joy"? (1 Peter iii.-v.)

8. Mention two things described as "not worthy to be compared," in Romans viii.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses where the words quoted below are found, giving the book, chapter and verse in each case:—

- (1) "Wise unto salvation." (2 Tim. iii.)
 (2) "Crown of righteousness." (2 Tim. iv.)
 (3) "That which is good." (1 Peter iii.) (4)
 "Glory and dominion." (1 Peter v.)



To our Searchers.

We trust that those of you who read the scriptures carefully in answering the questions on "Strength" (July issue) were encouraged. Strength is needed at all times and these questions shew where it comes from. May all our Searchers seek help from no other source, for in answering question No. 5 they would see how we can *renew* our strength. (Isa. xl. 31.)



Answers to July Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton (2), Jean Blair, Ena Brock, James Brown, Marion Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura and Raymond Coldrick, Cecil Duddington, Edith and Hilda Gattrell, Edith Harris, Dorothy Harris, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Miriam McKay, Walter Marriott, Harold Palmer, Peggy Payne, John Pickles (2), John Pugh, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Connie and Mary Roach, Mercy Satchwell, Arthur Scott, Doris and Olive Sinden, Doris Smith, Mary Smith, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, John Thewlis, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight. Also Marjory Plommer.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Lily Allan, Kathleen Allibone, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Fred Barratt, Gordon and Wilfred Blackledge, Ella Blair, Margaret Bolt, John Bradford,

Sylvia Bradley (2), Dennis and George Briars, Jeanie and Ronald Brock, Ethel Broom, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris Burford, Violet Burgess, Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, Leslie Coombs, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward (2), James Crane, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, David and Harold Devenish, Albert Dorsett, Horace Duddington, Eva Edwards, (2) Freda Edwards, Margaret Evans, Walter Fell, Pearl Ford, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Grace Gay, Dorothy and Grace Gillmore, Paul Goldsmith, Ernest Hadland, Mary Hales, Dorothy Hall (2), Irene Hardy, John Hasselgren, Eva Hazleton, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Herman Kaye (3), Freda Lewis, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Alex and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, Florence and Harry Miles, Reginald Mortimore, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Christina O'Hara, Max Padwick, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Frances Phillips, Ernest Pickles (2), Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Eva Pring, Frank Pugh, L. and W. Raitlon, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Philip Scott, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catharina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Clare Smith (2), Donald Smith, Maggie Smith, Norman and Roland Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Greta Stott, Grace Taylor (2), John Taylor (2), Henry Thewlis, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Phyllis Trow, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald Watson, Frederick White, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Stanley Willows, Douglas Wilson, Edwin and Ruth Wraight. Also Karen Kaye (3).

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Aldred, Kathleen Bastyan, Jessie Blair, Ivy Bradley (2), Eric Burgess, Arthur Burke, Cyril Byng, David Carter, Lily Carter, John Churchman, Lucy Cole, Philip Coldrick, Leonard Coverley, Margaret Cruickshank, Charlie and Winnie Curtis, Margaret Dalgleish, Frank Devenish, Joffre Edwards, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Florrie Gillmore, Kathleen Goddard, Paul Goldsmith, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Edna Hadley, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Reuben Hutchinson, Dora Jay, Edith Kaye (2), Phyllis Kemsley, Roland Kingston, Nora Latimer, Olive Lewis, Raymond Lodge, Eleanor McBride, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Mary Maudlin, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, Alfred Mortimore, Florence and Helena Murchie, Gideon Nicolson (2), James and Maxwell O'Hara, Ethel and Orwen Palmer, Doris Payne, Nan Pettigrew, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Edith Richardson, Ernest Sales, Philip Samuel, Stanley Scott, Charles Shedden, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, William Spence, Ernest and Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lilian Tipler, Marjorie Tipler, Eric Tydeman, Ronald Tyler, Murray Walder, Philip Waldron, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Stanley Willimott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Effie and Raymond Chappell, Elinor Corin (2), Bertram Craddock, Kate Shedden Davis (2), Beryl House, Archina Kain (2), Marcia Krausbaar (2), Reginald Light, Grace McPhee (2), George Piggott (2), Austin Reid (2), Ernest Reid (3), Beatrice Stead (2), David Stead (2), Winifred Stead (2), David Stuckey (2), Frank Wright.

Canada.—Alex and John Henry.

Jamaica.—Alice and Pearl Newman, Dorothy Greenidge, Maud Mitchell.

New Zealand.—Winifred McPeake (2), Ronald Strickett (2), Grace Suckling (2), Gladys Wycherley.

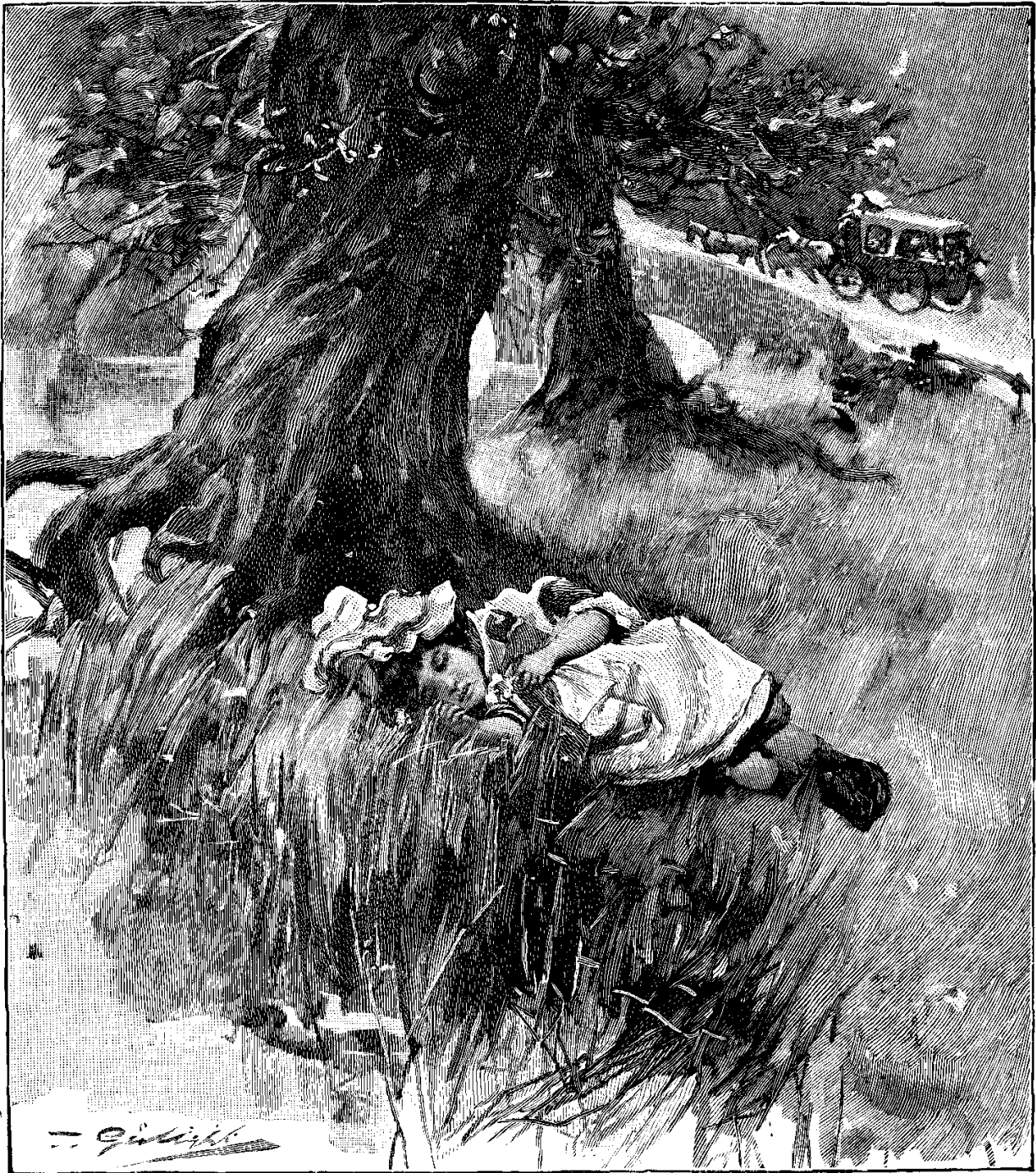
South Africa.—Stella Dubber, Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, Mary Pilcher, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur, David, Frank, Mary and Phebe Townshend, Gertie West.

United States.—Evelyn Berger, George Hama, Emmanuel Johnson, Clarence McNiece (2), Leslie McNiece (2), Leonard McNiece (2), Dorothy, Mary, Robert and William Watt.

PRICE ONE PENNY (1s. 6d. a Year, post free). Please send all Orders for "Youthful Days" to the Publisher, G. Morrish, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C.4.

MADE AND PRINTED IN ENGLAND.

Youthful Days.



Delays are Dangerous ; or, the Wreck.

SOME years ago a ship sailed from London for Melbourne in Australia.

There were thirty-three passengers on board besides the crew and a cargo. At first all went well, until she got near the Isle of Wight. Here she got too close to the dangerous coast, and was driven by a strong wind upon the rocks near Ventnor. Steam tugs were employed and everything possible done to get her off, but it was no good. Nothing could release her from the sand and rocks which held her so firmly. All night she lay with the wild waves beating about her as if they might sink her into the deep tempestuous sea. It was indeed a night of fear for all on board. What a picture of this poor, sinful world, around which the waves of God's wrath and judgment are surging for its unbelief.

But there is one great difference between those who do not believe in Jesus and the passengers on board the *Underley*. What do you think that is? Why, sinful man will not believe that wrath is coming on this Christ-rejecting world, they will not believe the waves are rising round them, although God has said it. The passengers on board the wreck could see their danger, and because they saw it they were filled with fear and longed to escape.

Deliverance was sent them. A steam tug ran out to help them, and got as near to the wrecked vessel as its captain dared to go, and then boats put off one after another to take the passengers from the ship to the tug. Can you not think how their hearts were rejoiced at the sight of the boats when they came alongside? Do you think any would refuse? No, how could they? Would any one venture to delay under these dreadful circumstances?

You can scarcely believe it, and yet people are foolish enough to trifle about

their never-dying souls and neglect the present opportunity of making sure of salvation. Some may not intend to refuse it, but they delay to accept it. Let me give you an illustration from this wrecked ship.

After the passengers had been taken off in the boats, the sea became so dangerous that boats could not be used to save the sailors. Now what happened? A rocket was used to throw a line over to the wreck, and then a strong cable was drawn from the shore to the vessel and made quite fast. The cable is a thick rope, and on this there was placed a life buoy, so fixed that it could be drawn to and fro. By this means one after another of the crew was landed safely.

But now the sea was dashing wildly over the doomed ship, any moment it might suddenly break in pieces. All saw it was a solemn moment and not one to be lost. Could any one be mad enough to delay when such danger was imminent!

Strange as we may think it, there was *one* who was so rash, so blind. It was the chief steward; he was going home to his wife and family in Australia. He had saved some money and put it in a belt round his waist; but now he wanted something more. He owned a canary and a parrot, they were in another part of the ship, and instead of waiting to make use of the life buoy in his turn, he went to get them. Foolish man! While walking along to save his treasures a tremendous wave suddenly swept the deck and carried him overboard. Although a good swimmer, he could not save himself, his efforts were all in vain. The raging sea was too much for him and he perished in its waters, losing his life in trying to save two birds. Was it worth while?

What of those who delay to accept the great and wonderful salvation offered them by Christ Jesus, neglecting from day to day to repent towards God, and having no faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ until it may be too late. The grace of God brings salvation unto all.

Do you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? If so, you are saved. He died for sinners, for He took the sinner's place, as the little hymn says, "He bore the punishment instead." "He came from heaven that we might have our sins forgiven." In our story all the passengers and crew were saved except the steward who delayed too long. Do not forget that "*now* is the accepted time."

ADAPTED BY C. E. H.



Who was Job?

WHEN Irene was a little girl she used to sit beside her mother in the morning to do her lessons. She could read nicely by the time she was six years old and liked to take her books and her dolls into the garden with Victoria, the cat, who loved to follow her up and down the paths, and sit beside her in the shade when the sun was hot.

There were other things for Irene to learn besides reading. Those tiresome sums had to come right, and then the dictation, and oh, dear! spelling was the worst of all!

As well as all these there was the Bible lesson, which usually came first in the morning.

She soon knew the stories about "the first man that God made, the father of us all," and about Eve, his wife, and his two sons Cain and Abel; and Enoch, "the man who pleased God and was taken up to heaven without dying," and Noah, "the good man who was saved when the world was drowned." Then came the question—

Who was Job?

Irene could repeat the short answer given in her catechism easily enough—

"The most patient man under pains and losses,"

but I do not think she understood what "pains and losses" meant, especially what they meant to poor Job, and I

am sure she did not know very much about him and his troubles, or the way God brought him through them.

There are only three letters in his name, J-O-B, but God took such an interest in him that He caused forty-two chapters to be written in the Bible about him for us to read.

God takes just as much interest in each one of us, as He did in Job all those long years ago. He knows you—little boy—all about your father, and mother, and your home, and school, and games, and everything you do or say, and whether you have given your heart to Him already or are waiting until you are grown up, and missing all the pleasure of serving Him in the days of your youth.

And you, little girl, He sees right into your heart, and knows when you are happy and when you are in trouble, and is longing for you to turn to Him for the true happiness which never comes to an end.

Job was a rich man at the beginning of the story, he was rich and in good health, and had ten children and plenty of servants, and was honoured by all who knew him; and he himself honoured and served God. God said of him that there was

"none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil." (Chap. ver. .)

Satan, too, was watching Job, and said that he only served God because he was prosperous and had everything to make him happy in this life (chap. ver.), so God allowed Satan to test him, and he quickly swept away almost everything he had.

His oxen, and asses, and camels were stolen, and his sheep were burnt up, and a great storm blew down the house where his sons and daughters were feasting and killed them. (Chap. ver. .)

All was gone except the few servants who escaped to bring him the bad news. In his bitter grief Job did not complain, but said—

"The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Chap. ver. .)

Yet again Satan was allowed to try this "most patient man." He brought a terrible disease on him, dreadful sores all over his body. (Chap. ver. .) He felt so ill that he longed for the night, thinking he might find ease in his bed, but when sleep came he was terrified with bad dreams (chap. ver. .), and tossed to and fro until the dawning of the day. (Chap. ver. .)

His wife was so distressed that she told him to "curse God, and die" (chap. ver. .), but even in his sufferings Job would not listen to such wicked advice, and said, "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh.

What? shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" (Chap. ver. .)

Three friends who came to visit him were so shocked to see how changed he was, that they sat down for seven days and nights without speaking a word. (Chap. ver. .) Then Job poured forth his complaint.

His three friends did not understand that—

"whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." (Heb. xii. ver. .)

They thought he was bearing *punishment* for wrong-doing.

But Job was filled with self-righteousness, and reminded them how he had helped the widows and fatherless. He had been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame (chap. ver. .), and their words only vexed and irritated him (chap. ver. .) until he burst out with, "... miserable comforters are ye all" (chap. ver. .), and in the bitterness of his misery, "Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends." (Chap. ver. .) In the anguish of his spirit he cried, "My friends scorn me: but mine eye poureth out tears unto God." (Chap. ver. .)

At last these three men ceased to argue with him because

"he was righteous in his own eyes." (Chap. ver. .)

And then Elihu came forward. He was angry with Job because

"he justified himself rather than God" (chap. ver. .),

and he was angry with the three friends because they found no answer and yet condemned him. He explains to them that God speaks to people in different ways, sometimes through pain and illness, and sometimes by dreams,

"that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man." (Chap. ver. .)

Then God Himself talks to Job and shews him His majesty and omnipotence, until Job finds himself so small and insignificant that he no longer takes any account of the good deeds he has done or of his upright life, and in the presence of God's holiness he has nothing to say but

"Behold, I am vile" (chap. ver. .),

and in the last chapter of all he says, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee.

Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." (Chap. ver. .)

Now boys, little boys and big boys, you may learn your lessons to the best of your ability, be energetic at sports and games, be obedient sons and kind brothers—this is very right and as it should be, but all this will not justify you before God.

And girls, whether you are six years old like Irene when she learnt her little catechism, or sixteen and nearly ready to leave school, or whatever age between, if you are top in your form, or head of your dormitory, if you have gained the conduct prize, and are helpful and industrious at home—this is good, but it will not make you fit for God's holy presence.

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.

HEBREWS XII.

Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord.

Be ye also patient ; stablish your hearts : for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience.

Behold, we count them happy which endure.

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.

Children, we need an Elihu, a Daysman or Mediator, like Job wanted. (Chap. ver. .)

The Lord Jesus is our Daysman. (1 Tim. ii. ver. .) He came into the world to shew God's great love to us, and in giving Himself as a ransom for us when He died on the cross long, long ago, He put away all our badnesses and all our little righteousnesses which are only as "filthy rags" (Isa. lxiv. ver. .) in God's sight.

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. vii. ver. .)

The Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning and gave him twice as much as he had before. (Chap. ver. .)

May each one of you know what it is to be able to say—

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." (Isa. lxi. ver. .)

J. E. B.



"Looking unto Jesus."

LET us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

"For consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself, lest ye be wearied and faint in your minds." (Heb. xii. 1-3.)

Is He not enough for us, dear young fellow believer?

Is He not enough to satisfy our hearts

and to fill our sight, without the things of Egypt?

Have we any need to wander back to Egypt for pleasure?

Turn for one moment to Numbers xiv. 4 and Nehemiah ix. 17, where we see what even the very *thought* and proposition of His people's return to Egypt was to the Lord and to His servant Moses.

By faith Moses forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king: choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward and endured as seeing Him who is invisible. (See Heb. xi. 24-27.)

Even so now—

"Faith views on high a fairer scene
Than aught this world can shew,
For there in glory Christ is seen
Outshining all below."

With our backs to Egypt and Christ in view, let us run with patience the race that is set before us—

"To faith the goal is reached, and the race already won."

ANON.



"Why Jesus died."

I ALWAYS wondered why Jesus died!" said a little boy to his aunt. And now he knew.

She had come upstairs to tuck him up and to give him a good-night kiss: but thinking of the Lord Jesus, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," she sat down by his bed to talk to him about the loving Saviour.

Although he was very young, like most boys and girls in this country he had heard about Jesus all his little life; how He had come from heaven to this earth where "He went about doing good," and then was crucified; how He rose again and is now in heaven.

All this no doubt her little nephew knew quite well, but this evening his aunt tried to explain to him how it was on account of our sins and our sinful nature that Jesus died; how He came into this world to live, and died for us, lost sinners, that we might be forgiven; how it was on the cross that He bore the punishment for sin instead of us, and all who believe on Him are saved—He died to save us.

Suddenly the little boy, who had been listening attentively to his aunt's words, looked up and said:

"I always wondered why Jesus died!"

He understood why it was *now*! he saw it clearly in his little mind. But, oh! let us hope that he believed it *in his heart too*.

Thousands of little children, and grown-up people also, believe that Jesus died, and even that He died for them—they believe it in their minds; but it is quite a different thing to believe it in the *heart*.

We read in the scripture:

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth

THE LORD JESUS,

and shall believe *in thine heart* that God hath raised him from the dead, *thou shalt be saved*. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto

SALVATION." (Rom. x. 9, 10.)

It is not enough merely to believe these things in the mind. "The devils also believe, and tremble." (James ii. 19.) We must be able to say from the heart, I believe that Jesus died for me: "He loved me and gave himself for me," believing at the same time also that He was raised from the dead and is alive for evermore. For He is the Son of God.

In closing, dear young reader, let me ask, Can *you* from *your heart* say, "I know why Jesus died"? ANON.



Bible Questions.

IN God's holy word two persons we see,
And to one or the other we each one agree.

One has a *mouth*, but not for the truth;
Eyes he has also, but proud ones forsooth;
His *feet* they are swift, but for evil we hear;
His *hands* spread around him destruction and fear;
His *heart* it is evil and plans wicked things,
Calamity God on this wicked one brings.

The other has *ears*, to hear God's own word;
Eyes he has also, to look to the Lord;
A *heart* he has too, God's word there to hold;
And *life* he has with it, in blessing untold.
With his *feet* he must turn, nor to left hand nor right;
But from evil remove them, and walk in God's sight.

Five things they each have, *three* the same,
and *two* not,
A mouth and two hands, are the first person's lot.
The second more ready to hear, than to talk;
Has life for his portion and strength for his walk.

Now where do we find them in God's holy word?
And who was the writer, inspired of God?

J. H.



He shall feed His flock like
a shepherd, He shall gather
the lambs with His arm, and
carry them in His bosom.

ISAIAH XL.



To our Searchers.

A letter from South Africa tells us that our Lord was pleased to call home Willie Blandford in February last. He had been a Searcher for two years.

Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

**Searchers 14 years of age and over,
answer all the eight.**

**Searchers 10 years of age and under 14,
omit Nos. 7 and 8.**

SACRIFICES.

1. The "sacrifices of God." (Psa. li.) What are they?
2. What kinds of "sacrifices" are spoken of in (a) Psalm iv., (b) Psalm xxvii., and (c) Psalm cvii.?
3. What are Christians exhorted, in Romans xii., to do with their bodies?
4. What is said in Proverbs xv. of "the sacrifice of the wicked"?
5. "To do good and to communicate." (Heb. xiii.) What is said of such sacrifices?
6. Hebrews xiii. speaks also of another "sacrifice." (a) What is this? (b) To whom is it offered? (c) When?
7. "A sacrifice" is mentioned in Philip-
pians iii. or iv. (a) What was it that was thus described? (b) What did God think of it?
8. In 1 Peter Christians are spoken of as a "spiritual house." What was to be their service as such?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the passages in Philip-
pians iii. where the following words are found,
giving the number of the verse in each case:—
(1) "Mine own righteousness." (2) "The high
calling of God." (3) "Our conversation."
(4) "His glorious body."



Answers to August Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Minnie Barratt, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, James Brown, Nellie Burford, Lena Butler, Brenda Butterfant, Edith Cann, Edith Chambers, Laura and Raymond Coldrick, Betty Davies, Cecil Duddington, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall (2), Eileen and Josey Halewood, Dorothy Harris, Edith Harris, Nelly Henderson, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Miriam McKay, Muriel Marshall, Jean Padwick, Peggy Payne, John Pickles, Marjorie Plommer, Arthur Pontin, John Pugh, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Connie, Drusilla and Mary Roach, Mercy Satchwell, Dorothy Simmonds, Doris Sinden, Doris Smith, Mary Smith, Winifred Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winnifred Watson, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight. Gertrude Barden, Mary Cann, Isabella Davidson (4).

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

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Youthful Days.



The Prophet's Vision.

THE prophets spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and the man who wrote Isaiah xl. was under this happy influence as the vision of God came into his mind. It was not heavenly light illuminating some condition on the earth, but rather a light that revealed or disclosed the nature of God in heaven. Well might the Apostle Paul take pleasure in the thought that the "oracles of God" were committed to his Jewish ancestors. (Rom. iii. 2.)

"Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Good news indeed for a sorrowful nation to learn that *their* God was concerned about their welfare. Good news to learn that their iniquity was pardoned without being overlooked, for they had suffered at the Lord's hands.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." How wise is the Holy Spirit in the choice of comparisons to teach us the truth as to ourselves. A meadow in spring with its green carpet sprinkled with bright flowers and flecked with the shadows of trees or moving clouds holds the eye by its beauty. And if a few children come along gathering armfuls of the flowers, the charm and attraction of the place is increased, its "goodliness" can be enjoyed. Visit the same spot a few months afterwards and note how everything is changed: coarse and tangled grass, the leaves gone, and the trees, moved by a damp, chilly wind, throw their black branches against a dull sky. A few years pass and the joyous child becomes weighted and changed with the cares of life.

It is God's mind that these changes should take place and we must not be dismayed as we witness them. The prophet is not cast down, for he says, "The word of our God shall stand for ever." The Spirit of the Lord blows over fields and over men, and their glory fades, while the word of God made known by the selfsame Spirit has a glory that will never diminish.

Jerusalem and Zion are sent to the neighbouring cities with good tidings, "Behold your God!" Job, about whom you have read lately, would have gladly welcomed these messengers, could they have come his way, for he was troubled because he could not find God. The message declares that God can be seen by those desiring to do so.

Having called us to look upon God, the prophet enlarges his theme.

With God is strength, who can stand against Him? He is the supreme Ruler, and He only knows how to recompence and reward every man. Gentleness is there, too, for God's flock will be fed, and the lambs will be gathered up and carried in His bosom. How beautifully the character of God is shewn by this picture of a shepherd tenderly caring for the sheep.

The prophet thinks of God's greatness. So mighty is He that the waters of this earth would lie in the hollow of His hand; He could span the whole heaven and weigh the earth in a balance. Work of any sort implies wisdom and thought on the part of the worker, and the prophet asks questions which are not answered: Who taught God? where did He learn? We cannot say, for judgment, knowledge and understanding have ever been with Him. The great and mighty nations are as a drop in the bucket, too small to be taken into account.

Living near the prophet were those who worshipped idols made by man's hands, and he asks how these things can tell people about God. The finest idol ever carved by man can tell us nothing in comparison with that which is revealed in this chapter alone. To learn of God we need to open our hearts to Him in quietness, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." (Matt. vi. 6.)

The prophet's vision widens, he sees God sitting upon the circle of the earth,

the broad heavens are as the curtain of His tent. He looks upon the princes of the earth busy with their schemes and brings them to nothing. The earth and the people upon it are exceedingly small in His sight.

Instead of falling down before an idol, the prophet bids people look up and around; let them ask who created all that they can see.

Although God is so great, He has an interest in and a care for His people. Israel was complaining to the prophet that God was not watching over them. This was a needless fear, for there is no faintness or weariness with the everlasting God, the LORD, the Creator of the ends of the earth. And God is one who gives power to the faint and strength to those who are weak. His gifts have ever been freely bestowed upon man.

How are these gifts obtained? By waiting upon the Lord. In this way strength is renewed. The word of God is received and the soul in the freshness of blessing mounts up like an eagle with the strength given by God. After the day of upward flight, there comes a time for running, moving quickly along the level. Divine strength is again given and weariness is dispelled.

Running makes us think of a race and the excitement of reaching the goal, but walking is a different matter. "Walk as children of light," not just once, but every day, ever on the guard, constantly in the same circle, home, school, work-room, for months, for years. There is the test, but again the gift comes and the prophet says, "They shall walk, and *not* faint."

It gives us happiness to remember that God sent His Son in the likeness of man in order that He might be known. The prophet understood this, for he says farther on (chap. xlii.), "Behold my servant, whom I uphold . . . he shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth."

Our Lord came from God in tender grace and we see God revealed in Him.

What the prophet saw dimly, we have plainly set before us.

"Blessed are the eyes which see the things that ye see."

"For I tell you, that many prophets and kings have desired to see those things which ye see, and have not seen them; and to hear those things which ye hear, and have not heard them." (Luke x. 23, 24.)



A Wonderful Exhortation.

"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." (Eccles. xii. 1.)

SUCH an exhortation as this calls for serious attention in the present day, when indifference to the claims of God is the characteristic feature of the age. It is the desire of God, the Creator of all, that those who are young should give their hearts to Him now. Many who are older in years know the importance of this, for, as one becomes more advanced in years Satan, the great enemy of God and men, has more opportunity of drawing away the hearts of men from God. The longer one goes on in disregard of God the more hardened does the heart become.

Then, the most important reason why you should turn to God while you are young is because He desires your whole life for Himself. We know that in His faithfulness He will not forsake the most hardened sinner who turns to Him in repentance, whatever age he or she may have attained, but how very much happier to turn to Him in your youth, and thus have the unspeakable privilege of living for His pleasure in this world where His blessed Son, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, has been rejected and cast out. Oh! is He not worthy of your heart's affections? He loved you so much as to spare not His only Son the untold suffering and shame of Calvary's cross!

All the bitter hatred of men was arrayed against the blessed Lord of glory as He hung upon the tree, also all God's righteous judgment was meted to the holy, spotless Lamb of God, when He made atonement for sin.

Dear young reader, the world has not changed. The enemy would endeavour to persuade us that the world is not the same now as when the Lord Jesus was crucified, and that were He upon earth now He would receive very much better treatment; but hearken not to his wiles, for the positive truth is that the world hates Christ as much to-day as when it crucified Him nineteen hundred years ago. We have only to mention His blessed name to men around us to know what their thoughts are about Him.

How blessed then to know that there are people upon earth to-day who love the Saviour, and seek to walk worthily of Him in the scene where He has been rejected and from which He has been cast out. May you, dear young friend, be added to the number, by heeding the exhortation which Solomon was inspired to write, for, as we learn from the scriptures, he exceeded in wisdom all the kings of the earth who preceded him, and all who have followed him. A. E. B.



The Story of a Korean Father.

THE story I am going to tell you is about a man who lives far away from England in a country called Korea. If you take your atlas and look at the map of Asia you will be able to find out for yourself just where it is.

Well, this man and his wife lived together in a hut; they were not rich people, but they had enough for their needs, and then one day God gave them a little baby boy. Oh! how pleased they were to have a dear little son of their very own; but they did not know that it was God who had given him to them,

for they were heathen; they did not even know that the Lord Jesus once came into this world as a Babe.

They took very great care of their little boy, for he was the most precious thing they possessed, and as he grew older so their love for him grew greater; all their hopes were centred in him.

Then one sad, sad day they made the terrible discovery that their beloved son had become a leper.

The leprosy began with such a tiny spot that perhaps they hardly noticed it at first, for leprosy is like sin, which shews itself to begin with in very little ways, perhaps by one lie, or by an act of disobedience, or selfishness, or by a fit of temper. But that one spot shewed that the dreadful disease was there, just as one sin shews that our whole nature is sinful.

The poor father was broken-hearted, his constant thought was, "What can I do for my boy?" He did not know of Jesus, the unfailing Friend, to whom we may turn in every trouble; he thought that evil spirits had brought this calamity upon him, and he cast about in his mind for some way of turning aside their anger.

About thirty miles away from where he lived was a mountain, which, though very beautiful, was thought by the people who lived around to be the dwelling-place of spirits. The thought came to this poor man that if he went to the mountain he might be able to do something to gain the goodwill of a spirit that could heal his boy.

Having made up his mind what to do, he set out, taking with him only enough food for himself to last for a short time, but quite determined to stay up there until the spirits granted his desire.

He reached the top of the mountain, and set to work to build a tiny straw hut, just big enough for him to crawl into and sit down; and then he put little poles around the hut, and tied string from pole to pole, making a circle round it. All along the string he tied little bags of rice and bits of coloured cloth, for he

thought these would keep the bad spirits out of his hut. Then on the rocks all about he placed rice for the spirits to eat.

He did not know the true God, who alone can answer prayer, but he planned to stay up there praying to the spirits, and he had a dim thought that through them his prayers would reach some god.

But though this broken-hearted father did not know God, God knew all about him, and was even then leading him. He has said, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not" (Isa. xlii. 16), and this poor heathen man was indeed spiritually blind.

A little while before this one of the Lord's servants, who was feeling the need of rest and quiet, had built for himself a summer house on that very mountain top. He knew that the Koreans were afraid to stay up there over-night, and he was very much surprised when he looked out one morning from his little home among the clouds to find that he had a near neighbour.

He made friends with the old man, who told him all his grief, and why he was there, enduring both cold and hunger; for though he had brought plenty of food for the spirits, he had very little for himself, and when it rained he always got wet to the skin and shivered in the cold mountain air. His little hut, too, was no match for the rains, and his bed, which was on the ground, was almost mud.

What a joy it was to the missionary to tell him of the true God, who "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.)

The poor old man understood so well what it meant to himself to have an only son, that the thought of a God who loved him so much that He gave His only Son to save him touched his heart, and he readily listened to what was told him; his constant request was, "Tell me more."

The missionary taught him a few

sentences of prayer that he could use in praying to God, for though an old man he was like a little child whose mother teaches it to say—

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,"

until the little one has learned to pray to God in its own language.

And God, who hears and answers prayer, set the old man's heart at rest about his dear boy.

Not far from the mountain is a place called Kwangju, where there is one of the largest leper settlements in the world. It is under the charge of a doctor who, through love to Christ, is devoting his time and skill to lessening the sufferings of the poor men and women and children who live there, many of whom are, after a time, able to return home to their friends. But the best thing of all is that every one of the lepers in this home is taught about the Lord Jesus, and told how once, when a poor man full of leprosy fell at His knees saying, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean," Jesus, moved with compassion, stretched out His hand and touched him, and said to him, "I will: be thou clean," and immediately his leprosy was cleansed.

Dear young reader, have *you* ever come to Jesus, and asked Him to make you clean in God's holy sight?

The missionary sent for the boy to come and live in this home at Kwangju, and the old man was so filled with joy and gratitude that he at once began to do all he could to shew it.

He saw that those who were living in the missionary's house took walks in certain directions each day, and he began cutting the grass and making paths from the house so that they should not get wet when it was damp.

No one told him or asked him to do it, but a grateful heart will always find a way to shew gratitude—like the Samaritan who left his nine companions to go on to the priest, and turned back alone, to fall on his face and give thanks

to Jesus for having cleansed him of his leprosy. Those who went on were content with having received blessing, but that one man felt he must go back and thank the One who had blessed him.

Have you, dear reader, ever thanked the Lord Jesus for dying for you? and do you ask Him to keep you near to Himself always? We cannot all do big things to shew our love to Him, like the doctor who takes care of the lepers in the home I have told you about; but if we ask Him to give us something to do for Him, He will shew us just the very thing that will give Him pleasure.

ADAPTED.



Pharaoh's Birthday.

FOR YOUNG BELIEVERS.

WE do not know how long ago people began to keep birthday days; but we know that as far back as the time when Joseph was in prison in Egypt, Pharaoh had a birthday feast.

That day was a very special day to two of his servants; some time before this they had offended him, and had been put in prison, the very same prison where Joseph was; and there, both in one night, they dreamed dreams. Joseph, taught by God, explained to them what the dreams meant, and on Pharaoh's birthday they came true.

The butler had dreamed about a vine, which budded and brought forth, first blossoms, and then ripe grapes, and that he took the grapes and pressed the juice out of them into Pharaoh's cup, and gave the cup into his hand. Only three days afterwards Pharaoh celebrated his birthday by making a feast for his servants, and he released the butler out of prison and restored him to his butlership, so that once more he gave the cup into his hand, just as he had dreamed.

But the baker's dream had been quite

different, and the very day which brought forgiveness and restoration to the butler, to him brought condemnation and death, for Pharaoh hanged him on a tree, as Joseph had foretold.

* * * *

It was nearly two thousand years after the butler said to Joseph, "In my dream, behold, a vine was before me," that the Lord Jesus said to His disciples: "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. 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. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples." (John xv. 1-8.)

* * * *

Dear young fellow-believers, the butler of old was forgiven and taken into favour by an earthly king, but we have been forgiven by God Himself, and we have been given the same place of favour before Him that Jesus has, because He has accepted us in Him, the beloved One. (Eph. i. 6.) We may even be like the butler when he pressed the grapes into Pharaoh's cup and gave it into Pharaoh's hand, for those who abide in Jesus have the unspeakable privilege of giving joy to the heart of their God and Father by bringing forth fruit to His glory.

How wonderful that Jesus, the Son of

God, who has ascended up to His Father, should say to us: "Abide in me, and I in you."

What a dwelling-place He has given us for our hearts, so that we may be at rest, and bringing forth fruit as rich as the grapes which the spies brought back from the promised land (Num. xiii. 23), even though in our every-day life down here we are passing through a wilderness.

"And now, little children, ABIDE IN HIM." (I John ii. 28.) E. E. S. (B.).



A Great Contrast.

GREAT importance is often attached to the last words of persons who pass out of time into eternity. Very solemn, however, is the contrast between the words of those who die believing in Jesus, and those of the unsaved who die in their sins with no prospect before them other than eternal judgment.

The following is the record of the last words of one (Cæsar Borgia) who lived for his own pleasure, in disregard of God, and who died without the knowledge of his soul's salvation.

"In the course of my life I have provided for everything except death, and now, alas! I am to die, though entirely unprepared."

What a heartrending exclamation! Yet, alas! this is the condition of multitudes of souls in this world in the present day. They find time for their own things, their businesses, their pleasures, indeed, time they can find for everything but the consideration of their precious souls, and the eternal realities connected therewith. The precious Saviour who shed His own life's blood on Calvary's shameful cross has no attraction for them. How deeply solemn! Then when death comes to such as are still unsaved, who can conceive of the anguish of being eternally shut out from the presence of that blessed Saviour?

And now, my dear young reader, have you yet trusted in the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, who died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God? Oh! how He loved you to leave His Father's throne on high to suffer in your stead on Calvary's cross. Yet He was willing to endure all the enmity of men, in their hatred towards Him, and also God's righteous judgment on account of our sins, in order that the way might be opened whereby not a single soul need ever come into judgment, but, rather, that all, through faith in His precious name, might be eternally saved.

May you, then, learn a lesson from the record of the dying words of that poor soul referred to above, by seizing your opportunity, now that you are young, of trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for your eternal salvation. And then, instead of living here for your own pleasure you will have the unspeakable privilege of living for His pleasure. A. E. B.



The Completeness of the Work of Christ.

OUR Lord Jesus Christ would not take His seat on high until He had, by the offering of Himself on the cross, purged our sins. Hence a risen Christ at God's right hand is the glorious and unanswerable proof that our sins are all gone, for He could not be where He now is if a single one of those sins remained. God raised from the dead the self-same Man upon whom He Himself had laid the full weight of our sins! Hence, all is settled—divinely, eternally settled. *It is as impossible that a single sin could be found on the very weakest believer in Jesus as on Jesus Himself.* C. H. M.



Answer to Bible Questions.

The solution to the questions asked last month in verses will be found in the descriptions of the obedient and the disobedient in Proverbs iv. 20-27 and vi. 12-14 and 17-19.

Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers to this month's questions, not later than the 15th of the month, to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14 omit Nos. 7 and 8.

AN OFFERING AND A SACRIFICE.

1. Quote from Exodus xii. a sentence of eight words beginning with "It is the sacrifice."
2. Quote from 1 Corinthians v. a sentence of eight words beginning with, "Even Christ our passover."
3. For what purpose has Christ "appeared"? (Heb. ix.)
4. Having "offered one sacrifice for sins" (Heb. x.), what did He do?
5. Hebrews i. says, "He sat down." (a) When did He sit down? (b) Where did He sit?
6. "We are sanctified." (Heb. x.) (a) "By" what? (b) "Through" what?
7. A verse in Hebrews ix. tells us (a) "through" whom, (b) "without" what, and (c) "to" whom, He offered Himself. Quote the words.
8. Ephesians v. tells us of "an offering and a sacrifice" given. Say (a) Who gave this. (b) What did He do before He "gave."? (c) What did He give? (d) To whom?

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses from Isaiah xl. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—

- (1) "The glory of the Lord." (2) "The word of our God." (3) "His counsellor." (4) "He giveth power."



Answers to September Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Charis Bazlinton (2), Jean Blair, Ena Brock, James Brown, Nellie Burford, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, John Carruth, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura Coldrick, Raymond Coldrick, Isabella Davidson, Betty Davies, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Edith Gattrell (2), Eileen and Josey Halewood, Dorothy Harris, Nelly Henderson, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Miriam McKay, Jean Padwick, Peggy Payne, John Pickles, Marjorie Plommer, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Connie, Drusilla and Mary Roach, Mercy Satchwell, Doris Sinden, Olive Sinden (2), Doris Smith, Mary Smith, Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, John Thewlis (2), Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, Richard Willows, Joyce Wraight, Harry Miles.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

One from Bournemouth, Lily Allen (2), Kathleen Alli-

bone, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Fred Barratt, Gordon and Wilfred Blackledge, Helen and Jessie Blair, Barbara and Roy Bodys, Margaret Bolt, Sylvia Bradley, Janie and Ronald Brock, May Brown, Henry Browning, Doris and Emma Burford, Violet Burgess (2), Joan Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, James Crane, Beatrice Darrah (2), Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, Albert Dorsett (2), Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Margaret Evans, Peggy Eyles, Muriel Fairclough, Pearl Ford, Florence Fox, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Grace Gay, Dorothy and Grace Gillmore, Paul Goldsmith, Mary Hales, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington, John Hasselgren, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Thomas Ireland, Edith Jackson, Herman Kaye, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, Kate McCormack, Alex. and Ena McKay, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Frederick Marshall, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, Reginald Mortimore, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Christina and James O'Hara, Maxwell Padwick, Enid and Harold Parkes, Fred and Joseph Parkes, Doris Payne, Frances Phillips, Ernest Pickles, Ernest Preston, Marjorie Pridham, Eva Pring, Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Charles Richardson, Mary Richardson, Edith Roach, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Eric Simpson, Catharina Smerdon, Alan Smith, Clare Smith, Maggie Smith, Norman and Roland Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Greta Stott, Grace and John Taylor, Henry Thewlis (2), Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Leonard Tromans, Mary Tydeman, Faith Ward, Dorothy Warren, Gerald Watson, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Gladys White, Myrtle White, Albert Willimott, Stanley Willows, Edwin and Ruth Wraight, Florence Miles.

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Answers from Abroad.

Australia.—Margaret Allbut, Ray Ball, Aubrey and Cyril Chappell, Effie and Raymond Chappell, Hilda Cook, Elinor Corin, Bertram and Beryl Craddock, Phyllis Creak (5), Audrey and Kate Shedden Davis, Archina Kain, Marcia Kraushaar, Grace McPhee, George Piggott, Mavis Shearer (2), Phyllis Shearer (2), Beatrice and David Stead, David Stuckey, Clarence Vellacott (3), Frank Wright.

Canada.—Alexander and John Henry.

India.—Albert Benjamin (3), Christopher Benjamin (2), George Benjamin (3), Jemima Benjamin (3).

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New Zealand.—Noel Strickett, Clyde Vautier.

South Africa.—Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, Joyce Richardson, George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers.

United States.—George Hama, Clarence, Leonard and Leslie McNiece, Benjamin and Judson Schirer, Dorothy, Mary, Robert and William Watt. One without name from Ashland, Wisconsin.

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Youthful Days.



Gifts of Healing.

LAST month you were reading in this magazine about the man in Korea who found that his only son was a leper. Through God's guidance he was directed to a leper settlement, where the child was skilfully cared for. When our Lord was here He had the power to heal and cleanse lepers by a touch, and not only leprosy, but other sicknesses and even blind eyes were cured in the same way.

His followers in these days do not appear to possess the power that He had of healing by a touch.

Nowadays, when people are taken ill, they go to doctors, and I think that our Lord is pleased to use them in restoring the sick. They have learned to cure certain illnesses which used to be thought incurable. Taking the profession as a whole, its members have skill and the experience of themselves and their teachers. They study diseases affecting the human body and search for remedies, and sometimes they are successful.

But why this energy in searching? As men considered our Lord's sayings and the purpose of His visit, their sense of the value of human life increased. Slowly the hateful doctrine of Cain ("Am I my brother's keeper?") was displaced by the doctrine of love, and they began to care for one another.

Medical treatment is one way by which men shew kindness, and the prompting which causes them to do this was greatly strengthened by our Lord's life and teaching. As we go to fetch the doctor we can think of the faithful centurion (Luke vii. 7), whose message to Him was, "Say in a word, and my servant shall be healed."

Coveting.

JUST over the hedge by the side of a country road was an orchard full of apple trees, all covered with beautiful rosy apples.

Oh! how tempting they looked, those branches of ripe fruit, towering above the hedgerow against the summery sky!

Even to me they were tempting, although I was neither hungry nor thirsty. What then would they have been to one who was hungry, thirsty and faint on the road?

There was, however, something else to be seen in the orchard, towering above the hedgerow—something which no passer-by who was not blind could fail to see.

It was a notice board on which were painted the words, in clear large letters:

"Trespassers will be prosecuted."

This of course meant, "No one must enter this orchard where the apples grow"—and further, that no one must touch the rosy apples which could not be reached without entering the orchard.

No one who likes an apple and who sees quantities of them in an orchard—fine, juicy and ripe—could fail to *covet* one, naturally, even if he had no desire to steal one.

Man by his laws protects what is his own: God exposes the wickedness of our hearts.

As I walked on I pictured a board in that orchard on which were painted in bold letters the words:

"Thou shalt not covet."

How strange that would look! How can I help coveting? Ah! we cannot in our own strength, and by this very law which, thousands of years ago, God wrote with His own holy hand on one of the tables of stone, we learn how sinful our hearts are: "Thou shalt not covet . . . any thing that is thy neighbour's." (Exo. xx. 17.)

"Covetousness . . . is idolatry" (Col. iii. 5), because if I allow myself to covet a thing my whole mind becomes absorbed with the desire to possess it. I worship it, and unless I am watchful it will lead me to committing other sins in order to obtain it.

Men scoff at and scorn the warnings of God and His servants—they have done it ever since the fall, when Adam and

Eve took the forbidden fruit and tried to hide their sin and themselves from God. But even that one notice board alongside a lonely country road tells the necessity of those warnings against sin, and that the heart of man is still unchanged.

God said, "Thou shalt not covet . . . any thing that is thy neighbour's." That was the law. Man promised to keep it, but failed. He cannot keep it. One, and One only, could do so, and He is Jesus, the Son of God, who in His love and pity came to this world and kept it for us—kept it perfectly and offered Himself, the spotless Lamb of God, as a sacrifice for our *sins* and will take away the *sin* of the world.

By the law, then, we learn there is no good in us.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? I the Lord search the heart." (Jer. xvii. 9, 10.)

His word is a light and a lamp, and who can withstand its searching ways? (Psa. cxix. 105.)

Let us not fear them, however, for by coming into its holy light we shall see how sinful we are and therefore how much we need a Saviour—the Lord Jesus; and with joy we shall turn to Him:

"Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord." (Lam. iii. 40.)

Not only are the hearts of grown men and women deceitful and desperately wicked, but the hearts of little children too. All alike have sinful natures, and unless they obey the word, the word of God, who says:

"Be thou in the fear of the Lord all the day long" (Prov. xxiii. 17), they will doubtless, sooner or later, find how sinful they are.

In a certain little village there is an open space where four roads meet—a kind of cross-roads. On one side, between two of the roads, is a large gate-

way with iron railings on either side which enclose the grounds of an old house, and a thick shrubbery hides the house and gardens from the passers-by.

Within the shrubbery and close to the railings, however, during the summer months a little girl might sometimes be seen busily munching apples! and as she enjoyed the fruit, a close observer might have noticed that she was on the alert—watching for something or somebody all the time.

And that was quite true.

Eva had first coveted and then *stolen* those apples! She was a thief.

She knew it, too, quite well, although she may never have realised that she might be actually *called a thief*; but Eva was a thief because she had taken what did not belong to her.

In the garden, just behind that thick shrubbery, the paths were bordered by hedges of standard apple-trees. There were many other different kinds of fruit in the garden, but the apples on these trees were so easy for little hands to reach!

But grannie had said that Eva must not touch the fruit in the garden; that, however, did not prevent the little girl from coveting it.

In the afternoons grannie drove out in the carriage and often took Eva with her; but sometimes Eva was left at home, and then it was that two little feet wandered in the wrong direction and carried a little culprit into the home of apples!

Gathering some of the sweetest she could find she then hid away in the shrubbery and stood close to the iron railings, from which she could see the roads down which the carriage *must* soon come bringing grannie home.

There she stood, feeling perfectly safe, enjoying the stolen fruit. Yes! she enjoyed it there is no doubt, for

"Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant." (Prov. ix. 17.)

The sound of wheels on the road!

The horses are turning the corner! Ēva has disappeared!

Where is she?

Come to the porch in front of the house; there she stands like a good little granddaughter with a smiling face—and *empty hands!*

She is acting a lie.

Grannie thinks her happy and good, but that little child knows quite well that she is *not* good and knows too that:

“The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the *evil* and the good.” (Prov. xv. 3.)

She may hide in the shrubbery from the gardener and watch for grannie that she may not be caught; but although no one else may see her or find her out, she cannot hide from God, from Him who says:

“Can any hide himself in secret places that I shall not see him? saith the Lord. Do not I fill heaven and earth?” (Jer. xxiii. 24.)

We cannot, as Adam and Ēva found, hide ourselves nor anything from God; He even knows our very thoughts, and for that reason there came a time when He knew that Ēva was unhappy about her sins.

When she heard God’s word read, its bright and searching light shewed her how dark and sinful her heart was and how evil her ways. She knew that she had not only disobeyed grannie and others, but the Lord Himself. And this troubled her, for she realised that no sinner who is unforgiven can enter the presence of God.

But He of whom it is written:

“The Lord knoweth the thoughts of man” (Psa. xciv. 11.),

He who knoweth our thoughts “afar off,” knew that Ēva was sorry; she repented of her sins, and one day, more brightly than ever, He allowed the light of His holy word to shine into her heart, and with joy she saw that, although so black with sin that nothing she could do could ever make her clean, it was the Lord

Jesus Himself who could do it, and *had* done it because she believed that He died for her, and also that:

“The blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from *all* sin.” (I John i. 7.)

And then what peace filled her heart when, as one of His own, she confessed her sins, knowing that:

“If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” (I John i. 9.)

And so, with love in her heart for Him, she sought to please the Lord and found that to those who seek Him, He gives grace to do those things which please Him. We cannot keep the law of God in our own strength. None but Jesus Himself could fulfil all God’s commandments.

How well a certain lawyer could, with shame, remember, when appearing in court for an old lady whose apples had been stolen from her garden by a little boy, how he himself, as a school-boy, had been guilty of the same offence!

Ah! who among men, when accusing others of failure, either toward God or man, has not been guilty of it themselves in some form or another?

No, *none* but Jesus, the holy, spotless Lamb of God, could keep all God’s laws. But because He *did* keep them for us, we, too, if we believe in Him, have the right to enter God’s presence, for:

“Our title to glory we read in Thy blood.”

How often, after walking for some distance through the stretch of thick woodland at the foot of the moors, have I suddenly come upon the open space of ground where, down beneath the shady slopes, was a keeper’s garden; and there, in the centre of it, grew one large, solitary apple tree—the most perfect in form and prolific in blossom and fruit which I have ever seen.

I think I see it now in the sunshine, standing out in beautiful contrast against the background of the dark foliage of the trees of the wood.

How different it was to the masses of towering trees of the wood around it! On none of them was there found any fruit for food. And how delightful it was to enter the little garden in the vale and there beneath the shade of the apple tree to enjoy its refreshing fruit!

Who that has read the Song of Songs would not have been reminded of the words of her who loves her Beloved:

“As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons.” (Song of Sol. ii. 3.)

Among all the sons of men—from Adam downward—there is not one to give life and food to the soul. One, and One alone, can satisfy every desire of the heart of man and give life eternal to lost and perishing sinners.

In the garden of God stood the tree of life, of whose fruit man might freely eat until he by disobedience sinned and fell. For this sin death came upon all men and they were driven from that beautiful garden.

But in His love and pity God provided a remedy. He sent His Son to die for us; He died for sin that men might live; He died instead of us. He rose again, and now, *as the Tree of Life, He is seen in the midst of the paradise of God.*

Beneath His shadow we find rest for our souls and of His fruit we may freely eat—even now—and be satisfied.

To covet His fruit is not wrong; indeed, the more earnestly we covet it the more of it shall we obtain, and the more we obtain the more of it shall we desire—coveting His “best gifts.”

God would not have us covet the things of this world, as we read:

“Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.”

(I John ii. 15.)

If we in our hearts believe in Him and realise that the world crucified Him, if we have the eye of faith upon Him where He is in the midst of the paradise of God, and behold His beauty there as the ‘Tree of Life,’ outshining all here,

we shall not covet the things of this world which cast Him out.

“Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that JESUS IS THE SON OF GOD.”

(I John v. 5.)

Thus we see that those who believe in Jesus as the Son of God will be satisfied with His beauty, for they are the overcomers of whom we read:

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.” (Rev. ii. 7.)

ANON.



Objective Truth.

“As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up.”

WE notice amongst young people nowadays much reaching into regions where adults only were supposed to be admitted. They must not be surprised if occasionally they are presented with an article which at first appearance is beyond them. Attention, or “stretching to,” is needed in divine things.

Objective truth is a very important matter, and battles fierce and long have raged and are still raging round this question. There is a strong desire on our part that those who read this magazine may pause and consider for a moment what is going on.

There arises occasionally amongst men a thinker of outstanding ability, marked by a wideness of vision combined with a genius for describing what he sees in attractive language. We use the word wide advisedly, for he may not see far up or far down. At the moment of writing the people dwelling in a foreign town have just witnessed the funeral of a man of this kind.

One of his conclusions was that it was impossible for man to reach an objective

standard of truth. As we have never read any of his writings we have to take the opinion of another who is competent to judge.

The philosopher's conclusion is popular, but dangerous, and we shall endeavour to shew that it is plainly contrary to scripture.

The danger lies in the assumption that man can ascertain and discover truth, and therefore can make his own standards of right and wrong. The standard that is valid to-day may have to be changed to-morrow.

In that region of truth comprehended in the term natural science, the principle of discovery holds good and men's ideas of the laws of change have to be modified as time goes on. But the analogy must not be pushed into the sphere of moral values, and it is precisely in this respect that the lately-departed philosopher went astray.

The standard of right and the standard of truth have never been set up by man, they were entrusted to him by God. This is a great mercy, for what would become of him if the standards were lost and had to be rediscovered by painful and disastrous experience?

A ship is wrecked on a lonely island and the survivors search for food. Happily one of their number has a knowledge of plants and knows the kinds that may be safely eaten. Through an accident he is killed and the party are at a loss. They have to take the risks and consult as best they can on the problem of selecting material for food. The danger is that in their ignorance they may get hold of something poisonous.

The standard of truth is that God rules the heaven and the earth; the standard of right is obedience to God the Ruler. The sorrowful fact is that men have not obeyed: "Who have received the law by the disposition of angels, and have not kept it." (Acts vii. 53.) The message from God is that men should repent of their disobedience because He will judge them by the Man

raised from the dead. These are facts which have been revealed and recorded in the scriptures, they have not been discovered.

Obedience is a principle worth carefully considering, because it has its objective side. If you go to one of the upper windows of the house and push a stone over the edge of the sill, it falls to the ground in obedience to the law of gravity, as we speak. You return downstairs and meet your mother, who saw you drop the stone out of the window. She tells you that you are not to do such a thing again, and you obey her. The obedience of the stone to the law of gravity and your obedience to your mother are fundamentally different. The stone has no thoughts about the matter, you have many thoughts. Your mother's command and the tone of her voice remind you of the danger of the action she has forbidden, and your mind is formed and directed by these things which are outside of you and therefore objective.

Men have made extraordinary discoveries and inventions, so that any child in this country with a penny may purchase a sweet orange grown thousands of miles away. And if we were to follow back the course of that orange we should find that everybody who had handled it was obeying orders of some kind or another. All the varied associations and corporations of men are held together by obedience, they have not yet discovered any substitute for this principle. The Bible teaches us plainly that man was created by God and told to obey Him, which shews us that the thought of obedience originated in heaven.

The children of Israel were commanded by God through Moses to kill and eat the passover while still in Egypt, and the same night that this was celebrated Pharaoh sent them out. It was not their own suggestion to do this, God told them. Later on in the wilderness they began to get tired, particularly while Moses was away in the holy mountain receiving

God's law. They acted upon their own impulse, saying to Aaron, "Make us gods to go before us: for as for this Moses, which brought us out of the land of Egypt, we wot not what is become of him." (Acts vii. 40.) These people had got away from the objective standard of truth, that is, the worship of God, and for them the results were disastrous. The old story, God reveals Himself and man turns away in self-will.

What is the present position for man? for God's principles are still the same, although our faith is not called upon to travel to Jerusalem literally. We alluded to God's judgment of men by One raised from the dead. Who is this? It is our Lord Jesus, and one great objective truth for the present day is seen in this well-known verse: "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up." The central theme of the gospel is Christ on a cross, something outside of man, something for him to look at and think upon.

The man who honestly considers the fact of Christ crucified becomes affected thereby and discovers to his joy that Christ is the King of his heart. He realises that his disobedience brought the Saviour to a place of suffering. He learns of the Saviour's love to him and his love rises upward in response.

Objective truth when honestly received produces happy and blessed effects in the heart. Two outstanding examples of this truth are seen in God giving the law through Moses and in giving His Son as Saviour. In both cases it is His thought and His act. Clearly the way of blessing is to receive what He gives.

Possibly the lately departed philosopher we have referred to did not like to think of the effects of considering objective truth which involves submission to Christ. Although he may have admired some aspects of His character, he leaned to the conclusion that the truth was out of man's reach; "wisdom's children" know better.



One, only One.

One,
Only One.
Two?
No, not two.
Lord,
Only Thou
couldst
Love like You
Loved
Me, the one
who
Went astray.

There
To sit still
and
Learn of Thee,
that
Only in
Thy
Company,
blest
Saviour, I'm
at
Peace and free.

I
Sought for peace
and
Rest away
from
Thee, blest Lord,
and
Found the path
was
Dark indeed
With-
Out Thee, Lord.

The
Bruised reed
Thou
Didst not break,
nor
Smoking flax
quench,
But fanned a
flame
Of ardent love
in
True response.

Thy
Love, Lord, was
most
Passing sweet,
and
All Thy grace
and
Tenderness
just
Brought me to
Thy
Precious feet.

And
Gave the strength
I
Needed so,
to
Serve Thee, Lord.
Then,
Lord, may we,
just
Act like Thee,
while
Here below.

C. A.



To our Searchers.

WE find on looking through our mark book that there are gaps opposite many names. Will those who have missed any month please send answers to make up the deficiency with their answers for December.

Bible Searchings.

Please post the answers not later than the 15th of the month to F. Shedden, The Meadows, Flint.

Searchers 14 years of age and over, answer all the eight.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14, omit Nos. 7 and 8.

"SINS"—"OUR SINS."

1. "Christ died." (1 Cor. xv.) Why did He die? Quote the scripture.
2. "Christ also . . . suffered." (1 Peter iii.) (a) What did He suffer for? (b) Who was "the just" One? (c) Who were "the unjust" ones?
3. In Galatians i. what is said of "our Lord Jesus Christ" in regard to "our sins"?
4. What is said about "His own body" in 1 Peter ii.?
5. Quote half a verse from 1 John i. about the confession and forgiveness of "our sins."
6. What is said about sins "forgiven" in chapter ii.?
7. "Ye know that he was manifested." (1 John iii.) (a) For what? (b) What about Himself personally? (Same verse.)
8. When He, "the just," suffered for us, "the unjust," what was His purpose concerning us? (1 Peter iii.)

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Find and write out the verses in 1 Peter iii. where the following words are found, giving the number of the verse in each case:—

- (1) "Be courteous." (2) "Eschew evil."
- (3) "Followers." (4) "Right hand of God."



Answers to October Searchings have been received from the following:

Searchers 14 years of age and over.

Elsie Archer, Gertrude Barden, Minnie Barratt, Jean Blair, Ena Brock, James Brown, May Brown, Nellie Burford, Joan Burke, Brenda Butterfant, Edith and Mary Cann, Gwendoline Chambers, Laura Coldrick, Betty Davies, Cecil Duddington, Amy Fairclough, Kathleen Foxall, Edith Gattrell, Eileen Halewood, Josey Halewood, Dorothy Harris, Edith Harris, Nelly Henderson, Theodora Hindley, Emily Holmes, Marion and Robert Ireland, Ethel Jackson, Dorothy Jenkinson, Grace Latimer, Ronald Lodge, Harry Miles, Peggy Payne, John Pickles, Marjorie Plommer, Dorothy Rawlings, Essie and Tom Reid, Connie, Drusilla and Mary Roach, Mercy Satchwell, Doris and Olive Sinden, Mary Smith, Winifred Smith (2), Ivy Stigwood, Edna Storey, Grace Taylor, John Thewlis, Max Walder, Dorothy Ward, Winifred Watson, Myrtle White, Richard Willows.

Searchers 10 years of age and under 14.

Kathleen Allibone, Lily Allan, Frank and Joan Appleton, Douglas Baker, Fred Barratt, John Bass, Gordon and Wilfred Blackledge, Helen and Jessie Blair, Barbara and Roy Bodys, Sylvia Bradley, Janie Brock, Ronald

Brock, Henry Browning, Doris and Emma Burford, Violet Burgess, Arthur Burke, Ronald Butterfant, Annie and Beatrice Cann, Harold Cameron, Philip Chase, Phyllis Churchman, Arthur and Fred Coldrick, Phoebe Coldrick, George and Peter Coutie, Frank Coward, James Crane, Beatrice Darrah, Monica Davidson, Grace and Mary Deayton, Horace Duddington, Eva Edwards, Freda Edwards, Molly Eyles, Peggy Eyles, Margaret Evans, Muriel Fairclough, Walter Fell, Pearl Ford (also Bible questions), Florrie Fox, Theo Foxall, Kenneth Frampton, Joyce Freeman, Grace Gay, Dorothy and Grace Gillmore, Mary Hales, Irene Hardy, Hilda Harrington (2), John Hasselgren, Eva Hazelton, Margaret Harris, Edith Hindley, Marjorie Holbourn, Grace Hutchinson, G. Hutton, Thomas Ireland (3), Edith Jackson, Freddie and Marjorie Lodge, George and Jessie Mair, Norah Marsh, Fred Marshall, Jack Mason, Joyce Meek, Florence Miles, Reginald Mortimore, Janet and Mary Nicolson, Christina O'Hara, James O'Hara, Max Padwick, Enid and Fred Parkes, Harold and Joseph Parkes, Doris Payne, Frances Phillips, Ernest Pickles, Ernest Preston, Eva Pring, Frank Pugh (2), Lancelot and William Railton, Bessie Rawlings, Isabel Reeves, Charlie Richardson, Mary Richardson, Edith Roach, Grace Salisbury, Kenneth Samuel, Joan Selwood, Joseph and Robert Shedden, George Simmons, Catherine Smerdon, Alan Smith, Clare Smith, Margaret Smith, Norman and Roland Smyth, Peggy Spence, Basil Stenning, Ernest Taylor, John Taylor, Edith Tipler, Ronald Tipler, Henry Thewlis, Leonard Tromans, Mary Tydeman, Philip Waldron, Faith Ward, Gerald Watson, Dudley and Lewis Wheatcroft, Gladys White, Sidney Willmott, Stanley Willows, Hilda Wilson.

Searchers under 10 years of age.

Joseph Aildred, Kathleen Bastyan, Gracie Bowyer, Ivy Bradley, Albert Bull, Eric Burgess, Cyril Byng, Norman Cameron, David Carter, John Churchman, Grace Coldrick, Philip Coldrick, Lucy Cole, Leonard Coverley, Margaret Cruickshank, Margaret Daigleish, Joffre Edwards, Eunice and Peter Felts, Gilbert Ford, Gerald Foxall, Ruth Freeman, Mildred Gay, Florrie Gillmore, Kathleen Goddard, Janet and John Green, Ronald Gregory, Edna Hadley, Dennis Hardy, Henry Harris, Ruth Hawkins, Richard Howard, Kathleen Hughes, Reuben Hutchinson, Dora Jay, Ronald Kingston, Phyllis Kemsley, Nora Latimer, Annie Learthmouth, Phyllis Lewis, Beatrice Lodge, Raymond Lodge, Eleanor McBride, Joan McKinnon, Ruth Mann, Mary Martyr, Roy Middleton, Albert Miles, John Millidge, Alfred Mortimore, Maxwell O'Hara, Betty Padwick, Ethel and Olwen Palmer, Elsie Pawling, Gerald Phillips, Ruth Plant, Ina Purdy, Joyce Reeves, Stanley Saddington, Ernest Sales, Stanley Scott, Charles Shedden, Mildred Shephard, Kenneth Smith, Ruth Smith, Billie Spence, Greta Stott, Frank Taylor, Fred Thewlis, Lillian Tipler, Marjorie Tipler, Eric Tydeman, Murray Walder, Barbara Ward, Eileen Ward, Honor Warren, Wilfred Watson, Cecil Williams, Stanley Willmott, Ella Wilson, James Wood.

Searchers living abroad.

Australia.—Edna Caldwell, Edwin Back, Archina Kain, Marcia Kraushaar, Reginald Light, George Piggott, Austin Reid, Ernest Reid (2), Beatrice Stead, David Stead, David Stuckey.

Canada.—Alex and John Henry.

India.—Albert, Christopher, George and Jemima Benjamin.

Jamaica.—Maud Mitchell, Alice and Pearl Newman.

New Zealand.—Cecil Kemmerley, Alfred Kemmerley (2), Winifred McPeake (3), Frances Pinker (2), Noel Strickett (2), Ronald Strickett (2), Grace Suckling, Clyde, John and Philip Vautier.

South Africa.—Geoffrey Holland, Alison Leppan, Elsie and George Oettle, Joyce Richardson, George, Kathleen and Lucy Summers, Arthur, David, Mary and Phebe Townshend, Frank and Stewart Tunley.

U.S.A.—Esther Blazer (2), George Hanna



We wish to thank our many friends at home and abroad for their encouraging letters received during the year.

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