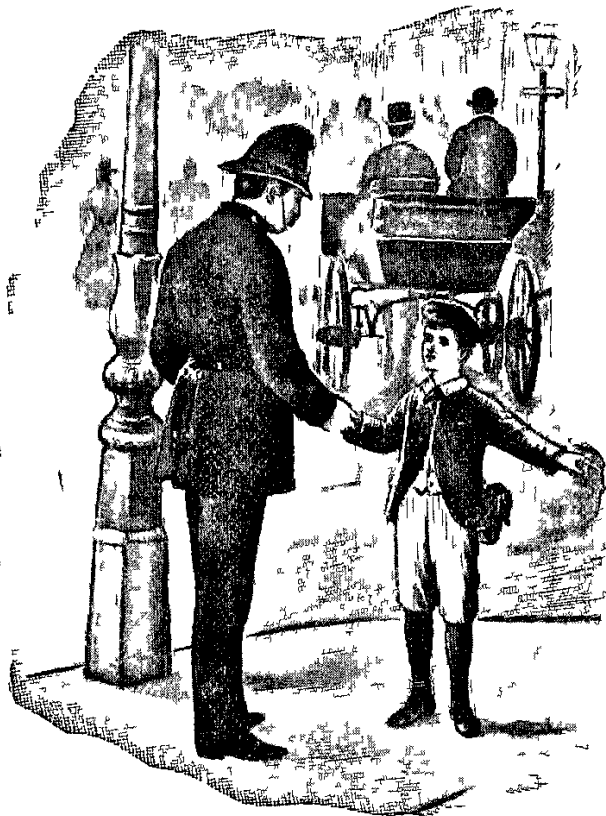




CHILDREN ON THE SANDS.

Gospel Stories for the Young ANNUAL.

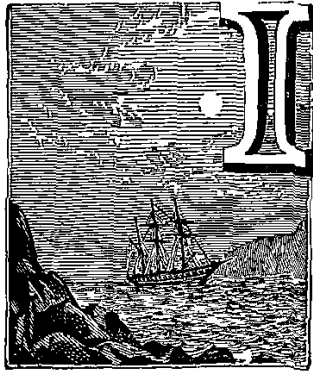


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LONDON:
OFFICE OF "GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG,"
20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.



PREFACE.



IT is our privilege to again issue our little monthly paper in volumn form.

In doing so we desire above all things that the perusal of its pages may be greatly used of God in blessing to our dear young readers. It is our glad privilege to acknowledge the grace and favour of our God in speeding our little paper, and we look forward in confidence to that "great and coming day" that the fruit may be to *His* praise.

We gladly proffer our thanks to our kind helpers, writers and distributors; to such we would say, Let the future see no slackness in our service. He comes quickly, for whom we wait and whom we serve; time is short, and souls are perishing.

To the God of all grace we commend our little volume, may its message be an arrow in the hand of the Master Archer.

THE EDITOR.

20, PATERNOSTER SQUARE,
LONDON, E.C.

December, 1905.





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GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.



THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL.

I.

IN order to write a story about a lump of coal, it will be necessary to take a glimpse into some of the secrets of nature, and very wonderful secrets they are too.

As we sit around a cheerful fire on a cold wintry evening and enjoy the pleasant warmth that it gives out, we little think about the past history of each piece of coal in the grate or scuttle, and all that it has passed through before we could have it ready at hand to use for heating.

Then too coal is used for many other

1-1905.

purposes besides making our sitting-rooms comfortable in cold weather, for it has to be used every day in the kitchen both in summer and winter for the purpose of boiling our kettle and cooking all the different kinds of food that we have learned to enjoy.

But think for a moment how many things depend upon our having a good supply of coal. What would be the use of our thousands of railway engines that travel across the country every day if we had not coal or coke, which is made out of coal, wherewith to feed them. The steamers too on the rivers and seas would be steamers no longer if we had no fuel to keep their immense fires going.

Gas as well, would almost disappear and electric light and power since they are also dependent to a large extent upon coal. We may therefore begin to wonder what would happen if no more coal could be obtained. This, however, is not at all likely to happen, for God, who made the world, formed also the coal measures, as they are called, and He knew exactly how much would be required for the many uses to which we put it. He knew also how long the world would have to last in its present condition, so we may be sure that He who has so provided for all the needs and comforts of His creatures would not fail them in such a matter.

Well now, I said we should have to look at some of the secrets of nature, and these are the questions that many people have

asked : What is coal ? How has it been formed ? and how came it to be so deep down in the earth ?

All are agreed, I think, that although coal is called a mineral, yet it was once vegetable matter, as the leaves of plants and twigs and stems and branches of vegetable growth can often be seen and traced in pieces of coal when freshly split in pieces. We know very well that plants and shrubs do not grow covered up in the earth, therefore when ages ago these plants were growing they must have been on the surface of the earth.

It is known also that they must have grown in a very hot climate, because all the samples or impressions of stems found amongst the coal are of what are called tropical plants, or plants that grow only in hot countries.

Then it is evident that while at one time it grew like an immense forest, there came a time when by some means it was all covered up with earth in such a way as to exclude all light and air, and great pressure caused the mass of leaves and stems to become a solid mass and it was gradually turned into what is so well known to us as coal.

But the most difficult question is the last one—How came it buried so deep in the earth ? It must have been by some such means as the flood of which we read in Genesis. Let us suppose that the forests were growing in valleys or low marshy places, then came the mighty flood and washed down an immense quantity of earth from the hills and higher parts. This loose matter would all settle in the valleys and cover up anything that was there.

Now I must leave you to think about what I have said till this time next month.

ENIGMAS.

LIST OF PRIZE-WINNERS FOR THE YEAR 1904.

BOYS UNDER 14 :—

First prize : Howell Long, Yarmouth.

Third prize : Fred Wilson, Stratford.

GIRLS UNDER 14 :—

First prize : Kathleen Long, Yarmouth.

Third prize : Grace A. Ross, Shetland.

Fourth prize : May Moneriell, Shetland ;
Eulalia Espond and Maria Perez, Barcelona.

GIRLS UNDER 10 :—

First prize : Louie Chambers, Bilston.

Third prize : Grace Champney, Taunton.

HIGHLY COMMENDED :—

Gladys Dove, Rochester ; Emmie Offord, Southsea ; Carmen Gomez, Barcelona.


A small book or text-card will be sent to competitors whose names are not on the list.

ENIGMA.

1. A piece of wood will one day speak
2. Bad word that ill becomes the meek
3. Whom Moses slew—not then a lad,
4. Type of Him now priestly clad.
5. Thither gone—once devoted—sad !

Initials and finals name a food without leaven,
Our Lord spoke of both as God's gift from
heaven.

SAVED BY A HORSESHOE.

 ANY years ago there lived in Scotland a man whose name was Ormiston.

He was a lover of the Lord Jesus, and belonged to the people of God who were called Covenanters. There were a great many of them ; but they were not allowed to meet together for the worship of God ; if they did they were in danger of having their service broken up by troops of horsemen, who hunted them upon the mountains.

One day Ormiston had been to a little gathering of Christians. He believed we ought not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, even if men forbade. He was very happy, thinking about the Lord he loved, and as he was returning across a field near a place called Eckford Moss, Roxburghshire, he saw a horseshoe, and, as it was nearly new, he picked it up. A simple thing to do, and yet great things depended upon that small bit of iron.

For a time he carried it in his hand, then he put it in his pocket, then he changed it over to another pocket ; but it seemed to get heavier and heavier, so he would throw it away.

Nay, brother, do not cast it away, it is as important to thee as faith is to us, and the message we have might apply to thee, " Cast not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward." (Heb. x. 35.)

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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At last Ormiston thought of his Scotch cap, or bonnet; the horseshoe would lie in it quite comfortably; so in that upper story he tucked it away. He had hardly done so when some troopers rode up.

"Have you been to hear a sermon?" said the leader.

"Yes," replied the honest Covenanter.

Without waiting for anything more, the soldier raised his sword, and, striking the man upon the head, felled him to the earth. Then, thinking he was dead, they rode off.

Coming to his senses, the Christian found he was not hurt: a deep dent was seen in the horseshoe, but it had saved his head.

In Ephesians vi. 17, we are told to "take the helmet of salvation." Have you done so? Then you may say, "O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, thou hast covered my head in the day of battle. (Psa. cxl. 7.)

W. L.

"I WILL GIVE YOU REST."

"I AM very tired." How often we hear these words. The errand lad, who has been running very busy all the week to many places for his master, is glad when Saturday night comes, that he may rest a little on the Sunday and be able to go to the Sunday school and hear about Jesus.

The father comes home, perhaps has been away all the week; he is glad to meet his wife and children, and spend the quiet on the Lord's day to read the Bible and go to hear the word of God; indeed, it is rest to the tired body.

But what about the soul? Well, Jesus has promised to give "rest." What a blessed thing we can enjoy this rest! There is rest in Jesus for you in this world, and then a rest hereafter for the people of God. Yes, dear young friends, you may have pardon from your sins, for Jesus came into the world to give salvation and give you freedom from the bondage of sin and Satan.

A poor sailor, when he became a Christian, exclaimed, that "Jesus should never hear the last of it."

T. H.

THE WATCHMAN.

I LIKE to look at this picture in which the artist has so beautifully shewn the watchman standing patiently at his duty. That the people may sleep in safety yet be warned of the approach of any danger.

The custom of having watchmen is no doubt very ancient, as there are many references to them in scripture. In Isaiah xxi. we get the question asked twice over: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"

Then the watchman replies: The morning cometh, and also the night. I think that means a morning of joy for some and a night of sorrow for others.

We read that when Jehu had been anointed king over Israel that he rode in a chariot to Jezreel, and though he drove very fast, yet long before he entered the city he and his company had been seen by the faithful watchman on the tower at Jezreel. So we see that a watchman's duty was not only to keep guard at night time but in the day as well.

It was the same on the day when Absalom was slain; King David was anxiously waiting for tidings of what had happened and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate, while David sat in the gate. The moment he saw a man running towards the city he told the king.

We can thus see easily enough what the duty of the watchman was, to observe the approach of either friend or foe and to report either good news or bad. It may be he has no power to stop a foe from coming on, but at least he can give warning to others to be prepared.

But there is another verse in one of the psalms which is very important. It says, "Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain." This means that although it is quite right to have a watchman, yet for the real safety of a city there must be also trust in God.

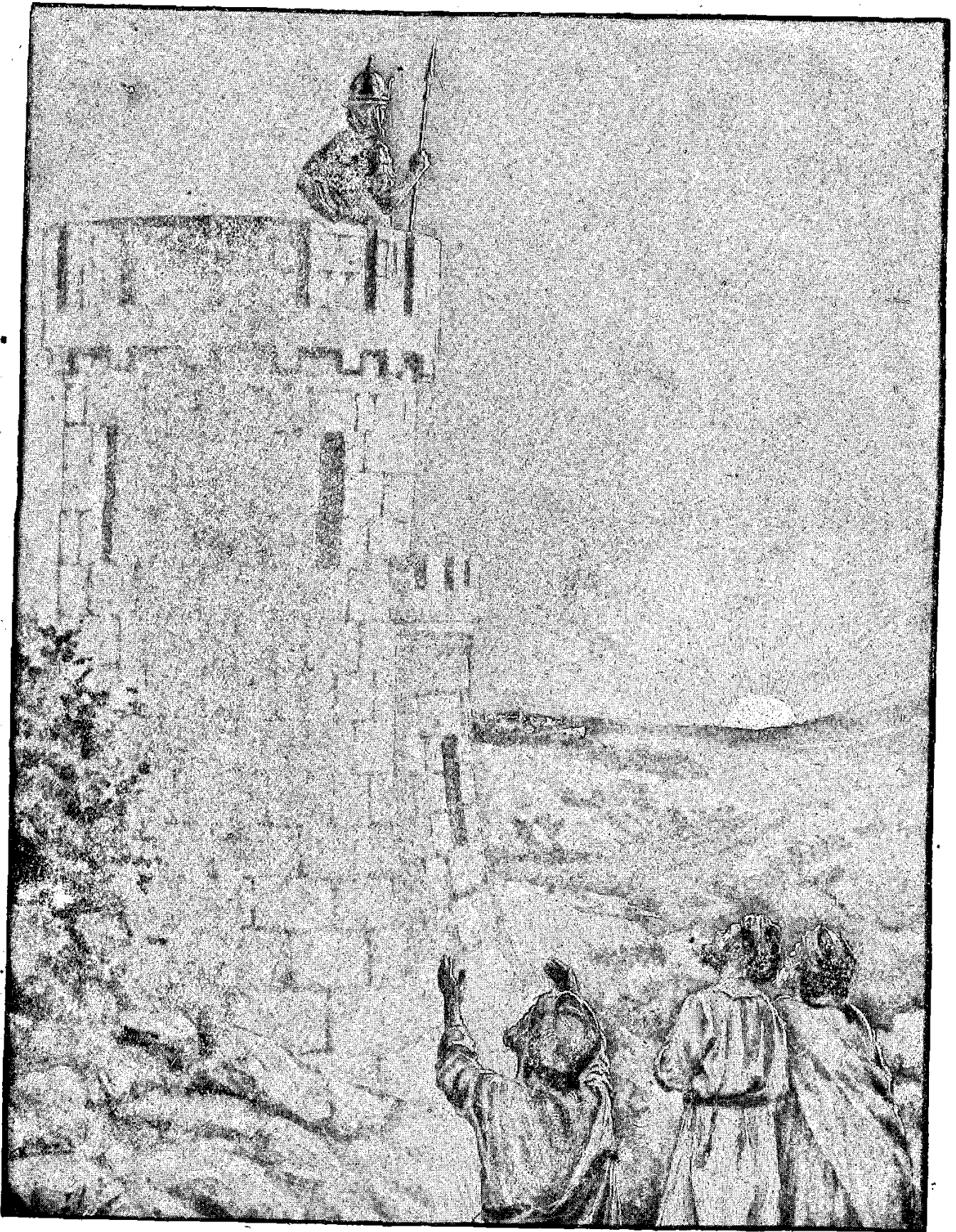
Not yet the dawn—the things around

No human eye sees as they are:

But still on earth are watchers found

Absorbed with Christ the Morning Star.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.



THE MORNING COMETH.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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MOTHER'S RETURN.

A LOVING mother has been away from her little children for some weeks, nursing a sick friend some distance from home.

Time passes slowly on and the little ones long to see dear mother again, and the mother thinks of her children. But at last the sick one is restored to health again, and the mother is only too glad to get back home as quickly as possible.

She arrives after bed time for the little ones, but without waiting to throw off her cloak, she finds her way to the well-known bedroom where her loved ones are, and soon they are found all three around her, each with so much to ask and so much to tell of all that has taken place in her absence.

There are Milly, Arthur and little Sue each with a long story to tell, but mother has to quiet their excitement and put off till the next day much that they would like to say.

It is now time for them all to kneel on the little bed, while their glad mother thanks God for keeping them safely and for her own return. Then asking also for His blessing to be upon them for another night, they are all soon back into bed and warmly tucked in.

This is a scene the like of which is known in many a family where there are happy boys and girls.

All this makes us think of a grand gathering to take place some day, perhaps not far distant, when, as we sometimes sing,

Around the throne of God in
heaven,

Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all for-
given,

A holy, happy band

A HUNDRED MILLION HEARERS.

IT is estimated that a certain evangelist addressed audiences in the aggregate amounting to a hundred million. In the course of his busy life of service thousands must have been converted to God through his preaching. But how did the gospel which he preached serve him? Was Jesus and His precious blood sufficient in the hour of death? Thank God, they were. Turning to those who gathered round his bedside in his home at Northfield, U.S., he said: "I see earth receding; heaven is opening, and God is calling for me."

J. T. M.



MOTHER'S RETURN.

A "SHEEP" OR A "SINNER"!

A YOUNG woman on a sick-bed was most anxious to be saved. A friend, knowing her distress, sent her a scripture text-card by post. Slowly she read:—

"I give unto them [my sheep] eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John x. 28.)

As she sank back on the pillow, she said, "If I were only one of His sheep I should be happy." As the card fell on the coverlet it turned over and displayed a text on the other side. Again she read:—

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." (1 Tim. i. 15.)

"Oh!" she said, as this glorious gospel verse enlightened her soul,

"IF I'M NOT A SHEEP, I'M A SINNER, and Christ Jesus came to save sinners."

There she trusted Him, there He received her, and, folded in His arms of love, she learned that the Saviour of sinners is the Shepherd of the sheep, and that in perfect safety

HE KEEPS ALL WHOM HE SAVES.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE MESSAGES AND MESSENGERS.

III.

(1.) Give a short account of the circumstances under which the words, "I have a message from God unto thee," were used, stating briefly by whom spoken, to whom addressed and what followed.

(2.) In which of the parables did the Saviour speak of an unkind and angry message being sent to or after an absent lord?

(3.) On what occasion, and from what place, did John the Baptist send messengers to Christ?

(4.) Explain, as far as you can, his reason for so doing.

(5.) To whom did Paul the apostle (in one of his letters) send a message bidding him "take heed to the ministry he had received from the Lord"?

(6.) On what occasion did the brethren of Joseph send a messenger to him?

Recent PRIZE-WINNERS. C. J. L. is really sorry for the delay that has occurred this time in sending off prizes to those of her Gleaners whose names appeared in a recent issue of *Gospel Stories*. Causes she cannot explain on paper have led to the delay. She is grateful to all for the patience with which they have waited, and while assuring them they have not been forgotten, hopes (if the Lord will) to write to each early in the New Year, if not before.

Address as directed on last page of magazine, sending in Gleaners' Papers only when a set of answers to THREE months' Questions has been completed.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.**CHAPTER XIII.****A LETTER FROM PANAHPUR.**

THOUGH we turned aside for a moment to take a peep at school-boy life in India, Rhoda and her family of famine-stricken orphans have not been forgotten, and we shall all be glad to hear more about the home and school life of the rescued little ones.

Perhaps I cannot do better than copy part of a letter written by Rhoda's uncle, Musa Shah himself, as it gives a very interesting account of a journey he took across the hills to fetch a party of orphans. We shall, I think, all have a better idea of what travelling in India is like when we have finished reading it than we had before; but as the letter is a very long one I will not attempt to copy it from the beginning, but, after telling you that Musa had heard from a lady missionary of some poor little children that she had found so sick and faint from hunger, that at first it seemed hardly possible any of them could recover, leave our Indian friend to describe his return journey. He writes: "We were obliged to travel very slowly, as some of the children (eight in number, four boys and four girls) were so very ill that I feared they would die upon the road. You would truly have been grieved to see my poor little ones; the youngest in this party is seven years of age, and the oldest eleven, but I never saw children in a worse condition. They seemed to have neither flesh nor blood, only bones, covered with loose, yellow skin. Frightful sores, too, caused by what is called famine fever, had broken out on the heads and bodies of most of them. On the way to Panahpur they cried and begged for food, asking for more than we dared to give them, as we knew they were too weak to digest it. It seemed a long and weary way before our huts by the side of the mountain torrent came in sight.

"I must not forget to tell you of our meeting with a native Christian, a shoemaker by trade, who though he is very poor, seems bright in soul, and has a real love for the things of the Lord. He has

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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a little daughter, named Namili, who is about eleven years old. He came to meet us, bringing the child with him, and begged leave for her to join our party, giving as his reason that both he and his wife wished her to grow up a christian girl, and so they had decided if we would only take her, that she should live in our little colony, and be taught by Rhoda. After prayer, I felt the Lord would not have me refuse to take Namili, so she was added to our party.

"About sunset we left by train, and about noon on the day following we had travelled as far as the train would take us.

"I then engaged carts drawn by small oxen, and in these the next stage of our journey was accomplished. When we were between twenty and thirty miles from Panahpur, the road became so rough that the carts could go no further, and as the children were too ill to walk and too heavy to be carried we began to wonder how we should reach our resting-place. It was a joy to remember that even our need in this was not too small for the notice and care of our God and Father. Very soon, to our great delight, Jiwa met us, and we were able to hire ponies; our difficulties, however, were not at an end, as the children were so weak that it needed constant care to keep them from falling off the ponies. It was near sunset when we reached Panahpur; Rhoda and the children who formed our first family of famine orphans came out to welcome us, and the meeting was a very happy one. I had been away for twenty-three days, and at first I hardly knew some of the children, they had improved so greatly. They were also quieter and more obedient. One dear little boy had died, but when brought to us he was in such a weak state that we felt almost sure he could not recover. Another, who had been very ill, and so weak that he was quite unable to stand, had gained flesh, and was beginning to walk nicely. So you see we had indeed much to praise our God for.

"Jiwa has been very busy, and all the land that we have been able to clear is now sown with Indian corn and other crops. There has been a good rainfall this season, and though a flood did some damage to our land, the mischief was quickly repaired.

"I lift up my eyes to Him who sitteth in the highest heavens, and I speak His word to all who come here, praying that they may turn their eyes and their hearts to Him."

The rainy season in India lasts from July to September, and is never a healthy time of the year. There was a good deal of sickness at Panahpur, as a low kind of relapsing fever broke out among the children, and Rhoda's hands were so full that she was not able to devote much time to keeping school. But with the blessing of the Lord upon her unwearied care of her little patients, they were all nursed back to life again, and even the worst case, that of a girl who for three months very often hovered between life and death, began to gain strength, and was soon able to take her old place among her friends and class-mates.

Outdoor work kept all the elder boys very busy out of school hours, for as the family at Panahpur

was now a large one, more food was of course required to supply their daily wants. More land has to be cleared, fenced, and sown with food crops. Rhoda and her pupils too were always busy. Sometimes in the summer the low-roofed hut, used as a schoolroom, grew very hot and close, so lessons were done out-of-doors, often under the shade of a tree. When lessons were over the younger children played, and though their games are much quieter than those of English children, they chatted and laughed in a way that shewed they were very happy in their new home.

I cannot close this chapter without telling of a remarkable work of the Holy Spirit of God in the hearts of some at least of these poor Indian children. Several of them had Hindu relations and friends, and at one time it seemed likely that some of them would be taken from Panahpur and obliged to return to their former homes, as the famine was over. The elder children had many talks among themselves on the Bible verses and hymns they had been taught, and at last several of them came to Musa and asked permission to be baptised as Christians. After many talks, and much patient endeavour to shew them that if they took the place of being Christians they could not go back to heathen customs, and might have to suffer for the sake of Christ, they still begged more earnestly than at first for christian baptism; Musa felt that God was working, and he must not refuse their request. So the children were baptised, their Indian names being as far as possible retained, the name of one boy only being slightly changed from one the meaning of which in the Indian language is, "Follower, or servant of Rama, one of the false gods of the Hindus," to one not unlike in sound, but with a very different meaning, "One who has received mercy."

Nearly all the children who were baptised at that time are still at Panahpur. Shall we not think of them sometimes in prayer, and ask the Lord that they may be Christians not only in name, but in heart and life. Then we know that in the Lord Jesus they will find a mighty unchanging Friend, One who always loves and never leaves. One, too, whom each of us may know for ourselves, as our own loved and trusted Saviour.

Though Namili had not been very long at Panahpur a warm affection had sprung up between her teacher and herself, and it was a real trial to Rhoda when she was taken away by her father, who, with his wife and son, came for a time to live in the little colony, but went on badly, disliked work, and gave so much trouble that no one could feel sure that he was really a christian. He was borne with for a time, but on being told by Musa that he feared he had made a mistake by receiving him at all, he got very angry, and went away, taking his family with him.

C. J. L.

Just Published, price 8d. By C. J. L.
SOWERS AND REAPERS;
A SCHOOL GIRL'S STORY.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Our New Year talk must not be a very long one this time, for our kind editor hopes to make *Gospel Stories* not only more interesting, but more helpful to you during 1905 than it has ever been (though many of you have been kind enough to write and say how you welcome the monthly book-packet, adding that you always take special care to secure your own magazine); but then, *Gospel Stories* is to take some new departure, and we shall all be wanting to hear the wonderful all-true "Story of a Lump of Coal." Perhaps, as we read it, we may learn to think oftener of, and sometimes to pray for, the men and boys who, deep down in the coal mines, have to face so many dangers, before we enjoy the warmth of a coal fire.

But I have said enough, have I not, to remind you that we must not mind if just for once rather less room than usual can be spared for our "Correspondence Corner?" so I shall not attempt more than, after wishing ALL my young friends, gleaners and helpers a New Year bright with the loving-kindness of the Lord, tell just one sweet little story of how, not so very long ago, a Jap officer received the gospel, and how it became the power of God to his salvation.

Only a few years ago an order to build a large battle-ship, the "Nikdsa," for the Japanese Government was received by a well-known London shipbuilding firm. When the vessel was completed, a crew was sent from Japan to take it home. While in London, like many other Japanese sailors who come to our docks, they were sought out and kindly cared for by a lady who was able to converse with them in their own language. Miss Maclean when quite young had gone to Japan as the missionary teacher of a day and boarding school. While in that country she not only learned to love the bright-eyed, dark-skinned children who gathered round her, but also their sea-going fathers and elder brothers. On her return to England she was grieved to see to how many temptations and dangers these poor Japanese sailors were exposed, and how often wicked and unprincipled persons took advantage of their ignorance of our speech and ways to lead them into bad company.

What could she, a weak woman, do to help? was a question she often asked herself. Perhaps not much, but she was willing to try. God, she felt sure, was calling her to a very special bit of service. So she began to go on board Japanese ships as they came into harbour, spoke kindly to the men, making them feel that she was their friend, advising those who wanted quiet and respectable lodgings where to go.

Scripture portions and gospel books printed in Japanese were also given to those who were willing to receive them, and it was but seldom that the quiet, patient worker for Christ met with a refusal. One of these books, the Gospel by John, soaked with sea-water and stained with blood, was found in the breast pocket of an officer who was killed

by the explosion of a torpedo-boat during the fierce sea-fight that took place between Japs and Russians just off Port Arthur, on May 3rd, 1904. When our British ships sent out their boats to pick up any who might be struggling in the water, the body of this officer was one of those recovered. His friend and fellow-officer said of him, "He loved the book, he read the book, he believed all its words; he was a brave soldier, but it made him also a good man."

Was not this a beautiful testimony? and should it not also be a cheer to all who in weakness are seeking to sow good seed—the seed that has a life-germ in it, the living word of the living God?

The name of the owner of the book and also of the friend who had given it to him were written on the fly-leaf of the gospel, and it was suggested that perhaps Miss Maclean might like to have the gospel and to hear how greatly it had been blessed and used by God; so it was made into a small parcel, and with a letter telling its strange story, addressed to her; but before it could reach our shores the Master's call had come to Miss Maclean and she was with Christ, "which is far better."

The Jap sailors, who from time to time visit London, have lost a faithful friend, but we know that the Lord makes no mistakes, and we can pray that the gospel message that through the labours of Miss Maclean has been so widely circulated in Japan, may still be used in leading souls to Christ.

Parcels of toys, scrap-albums, &c., have already been sent in. These, as far as possible, have been acknowledged by post, but as in some cases no address has been given, the only way in which C. J. L. can thank her friends, known and unknown, is through *Gospel Stories*.

One very useful parcel of children's garments has been received from a friend at Bexhill-on-Sea. Knitted petticoats and cuffs came to hand in a parcel with no address, postmark "Portland Docks." Toys, &c., from Marnhull, near Blandford. A parcel containing odds and ends of wool, also a pair of knitted stockings suitable for a girl of from eight to ten years of age. Will the dear little friend who so lovingly sent her almost first finished work accept thanks? She will be glad to know that her gift has proved a very useful one.

From Selcombe, Devon, a parcel containing toys, picture-books, child's petticoat, infant's wool boots and cuffs, wool balls, &c., arrived this morning. Will the faithful "Young Helpers," who knitted the cuffs and made the balls, accept not only the thanks of C. J. L. but of the children who have not many bright or pretty things, and are made so happy even by a small gift. "Louisa," Ealing, is also thanked for infant's pink flannelette night dresses.

Gleaners' Papers and letters for C. J. L. should if possible be posted NOT LATER than January 25th, and may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, or at 106, Buxton Road, Stratford, Essex. Young Helpers will greatly oblige by sending their parcels of toys, text-albums, &c., as early in the month as possible direct to the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES

FOR
THE YOUNG.



THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL.

II.

IF we take a journey to one of the coal-producing districts we shall find ourselves in what is called the black country, and black it is indeed in parts. The roads are black, the streams are black, the trees and bushes black, and even the poor birds look dirty.

What is the cause of this?

It is because in these places much coal is worked and brought to the surface for the use of man, and as this carting of coals goes on every year, coal dust is scattered about in

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all directions till everything is more or less covered with it.

Then, too, there are always a number of furnaces at work near to coal mines and these make a great deal of smoke and soot. A coal pit, therefore, is not a pleasant place to visit, although it may be very interesting and there certainly is much to learn.

Let us suppose then, dear reader, that you and I have arrived at the mouth of a coal pit and have made up our minds to go down the shaft and see the men at work deep down under the surface of the ground on which we are standing.

We must first find a miner who is not on duty and who is willing to take charge of us and act as guide, and also to explain all that we shall see. He tells us before we go down to put on a loose flannel suit that will cover up our own clothes and keep them clean.

This is very necessary, for you cannot help getting soiled in such a place, so it is well to be prepared. He then gives us each a small safety lamp and we step into the cage and take hold of an iron bar, and after waiting a few moments we hear the bell ring and at once start on our downward journey. The engine at the top quickly unwinds the steel rope to which the cage is fixed and down, down we go at such a speed that it gives us a strange feeling of dizziness, but at last we feel a distinct bump and know that we are safely at the bottom.

As we step out of the cage we find ourselves in a kind of passage, which leads to many others, in fact it is like a town under ground. There is the main roadway and lanes or streets leading off in all directions.

At first it seems very damp, dark and dismal, but as our eyes get used to the darkness the dim light from the little lamps seems to grow brighter and we are now prepared to follow our guide to the various parts of the working.

We walk some distance along the chief roadway and notice that there are tramway lines laid down, and after a time hear a strange noise in front of us like thunder, which increases as we advance, till in the confined passages of the mine it sounds most alarming.

Our guide tells us that it is only a train of "corves" or trucks full of coal which pass up and down this roadway, so we step back into some spaces in the walls and wait till it thunders past, then we continue our walk.

As we get further away from the shaft the air seems to get closer and more oppressive, but a current of air is kept moving through all the narrow passages or else we should not be able to breathe at all. This is done by having a number of doors in the passages which have to be opened and shut every time that a truck is brought along. Behind each of these doors there is a hole in the rough wall where a boy can sit, whose duty it is to open the door when wanted and see that it closes again at once. These boys are called trappers and it is the first work that a boy does in the mine.

They must be weary hours that he will spend there and no doubt he is very glad when he is big enough to be a "putter," that is, a boy who first fills the corves with loose coal and then pushes them into the high road where the ponies will draw them to the foot of the up-shaft.

The hardest work of all is that of the "hewers," who dig out the coal and leave it in loose pieces ready for the "putters." In some places too the seam of coal may be very thin and then the "hewer" must lie on his side to dig out the coal without disturbing the shale or earth that may be just above the coal.

It is marvellous to find that oftentimes several layers of coal two or three feet thick will be found one above the other and separated by a few feet of rock, shale, or slate, proving that when ages ago they were formed by a forest being buried by earth and water, another forest grew above it, and then another above that and so on.

These are some of the wonders of nature and shew how that God knew beforehand what would be required by the creatures which He had not then formed and how He was able to cause the forests to grow ages before they were wanted. In the same way, let me add, He has provided salvation for us long before either you or I were born. Well may we say with Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"



ABOUT HONEY BEES.

I.

MOST readers of *Gospel Stories* have seen a bee and know they gather honey from flowers and take it to their homes to eat in the winter months when there are no flowers because of the frost and snow. Various are their homes, some in the ground, others in hollow trees, but those I am going to tell you about have homes provided for them called hives.

A very dear friend of mine whom I visited some time ago had quite a number of these

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hives in which many thousands of bees made their homes.

One of the hives had glass sides to it, so that any one could see all that was going on inside. It was a wonderful sight ; I only wish you all could have had a peep in to see what I am going to tell you.

"There are about eighteen thousand bees in this hive," my friend is telling me, "and although there is not much honey gathered, yet they are all very busy. Nearly all the comb you see contains bees in different stages of development.

"I will shew you what I mean ;" with this he carefully took out of the hive a large piece of comb in a frame, and asked me to look closely at some of it. I did so, and could see some little white dots at the bottom. "Those are eggs," my friend explains, "the next you see some little grub-like creatures." "Yes." "Those have just been hatched and need feeding, they are a little older. But here are cells quite closed up." "Yes." "The grub is undergoing its final change and when it comes forth it will be a perfect bee.

"See, here is one coming out," and as I watched the cell pointed out, I saw the little bee inside eat away part of the covering and crawl outside its little home. "It must be put back now or the baby bees will take cold and die." It was put back and I watched

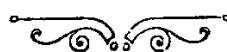
the bees flock upon it as though glad to have it safe again. "With what do they feed the baby bees and how?" I now asked my kind friend.

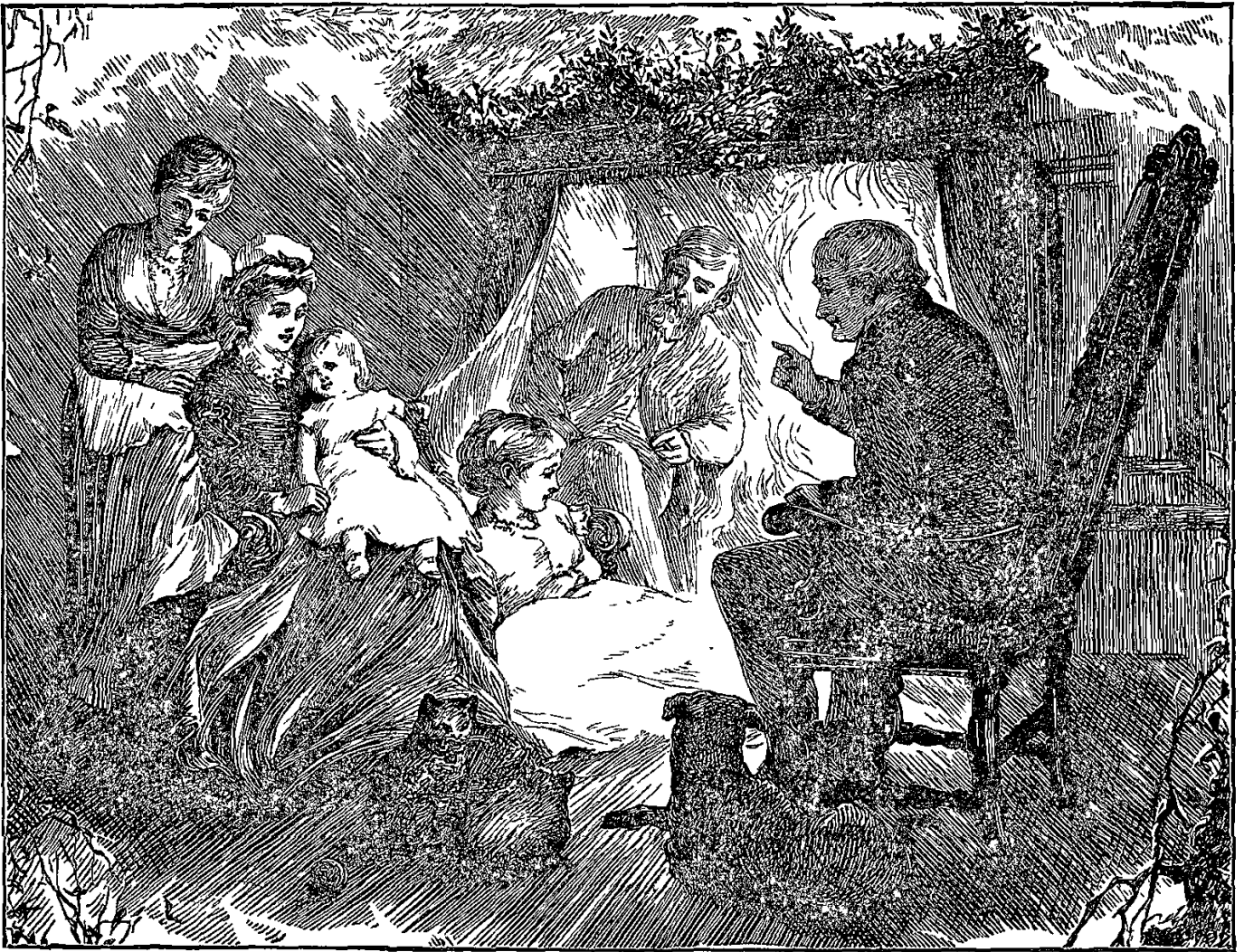
"Come to the front of the hive and watch the bees coming home " I did so, and soon noticed many of them had their legs covered with some yellow substance.

"That is what I wanted you to notice," my friend remarked. "This is the bee flour or pollen which is mixed with water and honey into what is called bee bread, with which the baby bees are fed, for they are as tenderly cared for as any baby boy or girl." But I will tell you more about them in my next (D.V.), for I must tell you now why I am writing this for you.

In many ways young Christians are like these young bees. They have a small beginning and need the gentle care that is bestowed upon them ; they cannot seek their own spiritual food, so God raises up others to gather it for them and bring it to them. Various are God's ways of doing this, morning and evening reading, the Bible class or talks with other Christians who know the Lord. And I do desire some may be got from the pages of our magazine.

J. L.





WINTER EVENINGS.

TIS a winter's evening and outside the wind howls through the grove of trees near at hand, and the hoar frost gathers on the roofs of the houses making everything seem cold and cheerless to the traveller.

Inside, however, all is different ; the thick curtains are drawn and the logs heaped high on the blazing fire.

There is no need for gas or lamp, for the homely party, which includes one or two visitors, are gathering round the fire and pleasant conversation is going on. Later on a story is asked from each of the company, and it is a story suitable for such an occasion that I wish to tell.

A young lady, daughter of a nobleman, was, through a book given her to read, truly con-

verted to God. This was a great grief to her father, for he had hoped that she would shine in the world, and he now found that she had lost all taste for worldly amusements.

In many ways he tried to win her back to her old life of pleasure and gaiety, but it seemed as if her heart was indeed fixed on Christ and Him alone.

At last her father thought he would make one desperate effort to get her to give up this Christianity. He arranged a very grand party at which the daughters of the guests would be called upon to play the piano and sing some song for the pleasure of the company. If his daughter refused she was to be disgraced before all, and if she sang a worldly song it was thought it would be the end of her christian life.

The day at length came and one by one

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the daughters took their part till the name of the christian girl was called.

She at once took her place at the piano and sang a sweet hymn that spoke of the shortness of this life and how that there is no time for trifling here. At the close of it all the guests were so affected that they one by one went home, and then the nobleman, with tears in his eyes, asked his daughter to pray for him that he too might know the Lord.

ENIGMA.

1. When doctors' remedies had failed,
O'er this for cure, her faith prevailed.
2. First two letters backward read of name
Of Priest, who Joseph's relative became.
3. *Of Israel—a wicked king,*
Whose acts from God did anger bring.
4. Though loud the sound—they hunger
still;
Seek God—He'll all your wants fulfil.
5. Upon the list for might extolled,
This Gittite has his name enrolled.
6. Though in it good and bad are caught,
The good are those where faith has
wrought.

Initials and finals if rightly you've guessed,
Form a class of three words, whom Jesus
called blessed.

A DRUNKEN BEAR.

A BEAR story! Who will not like to hear a bear story? It first appeared in the papers, and came from Russia.

It is about a tame bear, who always behaved himself very respectably, until one day some foolish person gave him some intoxicating spirits and made him drunk. Then he began to be a naughty bear: just like many men and women, who directly they begin to take strong drink begin to act wickedly.

The bear got so fond of the spirit that he felt he must have some more. He craved for it, as human beings crave, and, like them, he resorted to improper means to procure it. Entering a tavern, he seized a barrel of what we should call whisky, and knocking

the top in with his strong paws, he proceeded to enjoy the contents.

But the tavern-keeper discovered the intruder, and as he knew no money would be forthcoming, he wished the customer had not come upon his premises, for he was a thief.

Dear children, the dreadful drink makes people do all kinds of wicked things to get it; so do not begin to taste it. Ask Jesus to save and keep you.

Wishing to save his whisky, the innkeeper tried to get the barrel away; but he made a mistake, and the bear caught him and hugged him to death in his great arms. Then his son tried to rescue his father; but the bear served him the same, and also a second son, and a daughter.

So the good, kind-hearted, harmless bear, through the strong drink became a drunkard, then a thief, and then a murderer of the tavern-keeper, and a sister and her two brothers.

I am afraid it sometimes leads victims who are not bears in a similar terrible course: they first drink, then steal, and in not a few cases even commit murder.

The peasants in the neighbourhood were aroused, and coming into the house found the bear dead drunk in a pool of whisky, and surrounded by the lifeless family of four. Getting a gun, they shot the wicked creature dead on the spot.

W. L.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

SOME of our Gleaners have not written lately, while others say they are afraid they shall have to drop out of the ranks, not because they are tired of Bible searching, but so many day-school lessons *must* be done that they really have not time for gleaning much in Bible fields, though they know it is happy work. And then, ah then! there are a few quite little friends who would, they say, like to answer the questions given month by month in *Gospel Stories* only they find them "too hard."

Well, they shall have their opportunity, and be indulged with a set of very easy ones. Answers are not to be sent in till THREE months' questions have been answered.

MISSING WORDS.

I.

Find and fill in the words left out in the FOUR following texts, ALL of which will be found in the gospels.

(1.) "And — they were — into the — they — the — — — and — his — —, and — — — and — — — him. And — they had — — their — —, they — — — unto him — gold, and — — — — and — —."


(2.) "And — — — when he — — — saw — — — and was — — — with — — — toward —, because — — — were as — — — having no — — —, and he — — — to — — — them — — — —."

(3.) "And he — — — a — — — unto them to — — — —, that — — — ought — — — to — — — and — — — to — — —."

(4.) "I am the — — — — —, the — — — — — giveth — — — — — for the — — —."

ADDRESS as directed on last page of magazine.

IN THE MEADOWS.

URING my walks through the meadows last Spring I noticed quite a number of the flowers bent their heads in the direction of the sun. In the morning their heads were bowed towards the east, as if saying Good-morning to the sun, at mid-day they were looking straight up. In the evening they were bowed towards the west, saying, in their silent way, Good-night good-night to the fast setting sun, and the beautiful little daisies are closing for sleep, as though whispering, It is also time for children to go to bed and sleep, and be ready to hail the sun on the coming morning.

As I noticed these little flowers, I thought how much more thankful they were than many boys and girls, also men and women, who live on earth, for they, by their looks at least, acknowledge the warm rays which make them grow. How often do you turn your face heavenward and acknowledge the Giver of all good, and thank Him for the greatest gift of all, the Lord Jesus Christ, that we may be saved through faith in Him?

J. L.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOING FORWARD.

THE rainy season of 1901 was, as we already know, a more than unusually long and trying one, and sickness among the famine orphans was not the only form of trouble that tested the little christian colony at Panahpur. The huts in which the children slept were not like English or American houses, strongly built, with brick walls and slate or tile roofs. Owing to the long continued and heavy rains, the ground became so soft and slippery that nearly half the buildings fell, one being a hut in which four little girls were sleeping. Three escaped unhurt, but Ghotli, the child whose brother had begged that they might not be parted, was buried under the falling ruins, and though no time was lost in getting her out, the poor child was quite dead; hers was the second death in Rhoda's family of famine orphans, and she felt it deeply, though she had reason to hope that the child who had been so suddenly called from her lessons and her play-fellows was a lamb of the good Shepherd's flock. A small piece of ground was set apart and enclosed for burial purposes, and words of christian faith and hope were spoken over the graves of the two children who were the first to be interred there.

The children, who were at first rude, disorderly and disobedient, grew more quiet and gentle. One boy, who had behaved very badly and given almost constant trouble by lying and stealing, became so changed that Rhoda and her uncle were encouraged to hope that a real work of God's saving grace had begun in his heart.

At length the rains were over, and though it would not have been wise to begin to rebuild the huts without allowing time for the ground to dry, work was fairly started about the first week in November. At first, you will hardly be surprised to hear, the progress made was very slow, so many native dwellings having been either washed away, or more or less injured by the floods that during the wet season had covered all the low-lying districts for miles around. No one at Panahpur was able to do quite all the work required, and the few Indian workmen who lived in the neighbourhood were, for a time at least, more than kept constantly busy. Grass for thatch was in great demand, and Rhoda and her children were often obliged to go long distances before finding any that would be worth the trouble of cutting. But even difficulties were turned to good account, many sweet and long-remembered lessons of a Father's tender care for even the smallest need of His children being learnt by those who had begun to taste the joy of taking everything to God in prayer.

The houses, which were larger and better built than those that had been destroyed by the rains, were finished at last. They had mud walls, thatched roofs, rough wooden doors, and were very neat and simple. They were taken possession of with much prayer for blessing. All who were at Panahpur heard of God's way of salvation, and the gospel was

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often preached in the villages around. In some places there were tokens of great interest, a Mohammedan schoolmaster often coming to the place to ask questions, and seeming fully to believe that the Lord Jesus was the Son of God, though wanting courage to confess Him as his own trusted Saviour, knowing full well that such a confession on his part would expose him to suffering, and perhaps even to death.

The village work was in a very marked way owned and blessed by the Lord, several being converted and afterwards baptised as Christians. In one place, quite a number of women contrived to get near enough to the preacher to hear all that was said, and yet themselves to keep out of sight. They were afterwards heard saying to each other, "We have heard good words; he tells us to repent of our sins, and does not he say beautiful things about the Lord Jesus Christ?" This was very cheering, as there is great need for gospel work among the women and girls of India. As native customs will not allow them to be taught or even visited by men, the glad tidings of the love of God to sinners, if they are to hear it at all, must be carried to them by women whose own hearts are aglow with affection to Christ.

We, who have so very often heard the gospel, sometimes find it far from easy to realise that in the great continents of India, Africa and also in China, millions live and die without ever hearing of the Lord Jesus and His death for sinners. Shall I tell you of a visit to an Indian village, as it was told to me by a friend who has really been there? "We had," he said, "left the road, and gone for some forty or fifty miles across the hills, when we came to a large village. Only a few women were as usual to be seen, and they hid themselves as quickly as possible; the children ran away, but a few men who, seeing we were foreigners, expected we should want to engage guides, or coolies, ventured near. The head man of the village was pointed out to me, and I asked, 'Are there any disciples of Jesus (Christians) here?' He looked as if he did not quite understand what I wanted, but after talking for a short time with some of his friends, he said, 'Yes, I will send for the man who lives in the hut you see yonder, under the shade of the tall date-palms, he has spoken of Jesus.' In a few minutes the man arrived. 'Do you know anything of the Lord Jesus Christ, my friend?' 'Yes, I once heard the name,' was his reply. 'Where did you hear it?' 'Once I took a very far journey. I went over the hills and through the forests till I reached a great city. Many people were in the streets, and the bazaars were crowded. I joined some of my countrymen who were listening to the words of a white man. They told me he was a missionary. He spoke of Jesus; I do not know who He is, but think He must be some great one. All that I know I have told to you.'"

This man was the only one in the village who had even heard the Saviour's name. And there are many such Indian and Chinese villages. I wonder if there is any way in which we can help to send "the glad tidings"? We can pray for the labourers

already in the field, and pray that others may be led forth, remembering the Lord's own words: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest," (Matt. ix. 37, 38.) C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

SO many kind letters have been received, so many expressions of loving sympathy with my sightless little friends, and those who are seeking to help them, which have taken the shape of small parcels, containing clothes, sweets or playthings, that it seems only fair that as much as possible of the space at my disposal should be used in grateful acknowledgements, in which, if the children could only know that I am writing, they would, I feel sure, join most heartily.

Maggie M. M., Alnwick, Northumberland. Thank you so much, dear Maggie, for the loving thoughtfulness that led you to refill the dainty little boxes with sweets, chocolates, &c. They will give quite as much pleasure as you can possibly have hoped or expected, perhaps a great deal more, and it is worth something to make a poor child happy, is it not? You will, I think, be pleased to know that most of the boxes will be sent to BLIND children, most of whom will have returned to school before you can read what I am writing; and though too many sweets would not be good for them or us, a few will do no harm, and will be greatly enjoyed, and even as I write my thoughts are passing on to more important, because more enduring things.

"Children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." (Gal. iii. 26.) If we have really trusted in the Lord Jesus Christ as our very, very own Saviour we, you and I, dear young friend, are in that blessed circle. We belong to the family of God, and our heavenly Father is not only too wise, but too loving to allow His children's lives to be always smooth and pleasant ones. Sometimes, when dark clouds of trouble seem around and above us, we are glad, oh so glad, to turn from things here to the sunshine of His love, and to rest our weary hearts upon His own peace-giving word, "We know that ALL things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." (Rom. viii. 28.)

Jessie L., Darlington. The box you so kindly sent, filled with useful and pretty things for the children, arrived this morning. Thank you so much. Accept very real thanks. You have, I feel sure, learnt to love the "wee bairnies," and would, I am sure, have enjoyed a somewhat large gathering of workers among the young, at which it was my privilege to be present not many days ago. I wonder if I can give you a few broken crumbs.

Very faithful, earnest words were spoken to those assembled by well-known and gifted brethren. The first speaker pressed upon us, in connection with John vii. 38, 39, that if we really desired that the out-flow of Christ, as seen in our words and ways, should be "rivers of living water," we must not merely DRAW for others, but DRINK for ourselves.

Not just opening our Bibles to get something to say to the children, but finding in the *written word* of our God the food and refreshment so greatly needed by our own souls.

He was followed by another speaker, who dwelt at some length upon the "nameless witnesses" of scripture. We are not told the names of the disciples of whom we read in the early chapters of the Acts of the Apostles that after being driven from their home by persecution, "went everywhere, preaching the word," but we know they were a very effective band of gospel preachers. Why? Because they were "living witnesses" to what they had known for themselves of the truth that had made them free men and women, not only what they had heard or read. And if we seek to be used by the Lord in the conversion of the children who week by week gather around us, we too must be "living witnesses" to the power and grace of Christ.

An unknown friend is thanked for sending two pairs of warm knitted stockings, with the words, "To be given to some sick or aged one." They have been passed on to a dear aged saint, who has just entered her eighty-sixth year. Her delight and gratitude were touching to witness. "Know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

The working party at Swanage have not been idle this year. Again they have sent a well-filled box of toys, infants' clothing and other pretty and useful things too numerous to mention. C. J. L. is sure that they enjoyed their happy work, and a number of the children of her own class are, or soon will, she hopes, be gladdened by their labour of love. There is a great deal of need, as well as sickness, around us just now, and if through the mercy of God ours are sheltered and happy homes, it is quite as good for us as for those we seek to help that we should "remember the poor."

Ethel C., Sunningdale, and her mother are thanked for garments, toys, &c. They will be so glad to know that the nice warm jacket sent just fitted some one who was needing just such an one, as being in feeble health she suffers greatly from the cold. It is good for us all to be brought into touch with other lives, good, because it helps us to overcome the selfishness that is deep down in all our hearts; but this is only our side of things. "Ye serve the Lord Christ." And we desire, do we not, that He should be able to say of each of us, "She hath done what she could"?

A parcel has been received from Ardens Grafton containing infant's petticoat and pinafore, also a pair of sleeping socks. No name or address was enclosed, but if I copy the words of the text-card found in it, "With us is the Lord our God to help us," the sender will know that her parcel has been gratefully received and acknowledged.

Louisa —, Ealing, is thanked for nice useful night-dresses, sent with the request that they might be given to some poor little one. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Several "Young Helpers" are thanked for gifts of pocket-handkerchiefs, small bags of sweets, &c. Work from love to Christ, dear ones, then your service will be accepted of Him.

E. G. M., Lymington. Though I think you already know that the parcel of knitted articles you sent was most useful and acceptable, you will, I think, like to know something of those to whom its contents were given. The cold, damp weather we have been having lately made the warm ties and puzzle-jackets more than usually needed, and they were given to some aged ones who are of the "household of faith," the knitted petticoats just fitting Minnie and Jessie D., two dear little girls whose parents know and love the Lord Jesus.

Elsie O., Reading. Thank you, dear Elsie, not only for the useful things sent, but for the very nice letter enclosed in your parcel. I am so glad you found it pleasant work for winter evenings to work for poor children, who, as you say, really do require a great many garments to keep them warm in the cold weather, so there is no danger of too many being sent. Your wool socks sent for competition are very good, but as only a few pairs have been sent in, it is too early to say a word about who will be a prize-winner. But it will be pleasant to know that your work has helped some always busy, often over-tired poor mother.

Wilfred and Eileen C., Sydenham. Many thanks, dear little friends, for your gift of toys, &c., also for very kind note and good wishes for the New Year. I should like to pass on to you four lines of poetry that were repeated to me on the New Year's morning, and seem to keep saying themselves over and over to me.

"A New Year lies before you,
Like a track of spotless snow;
Take care how you tread upon it,
For every step will show."

Phebe and Nellie O., Farrington Gurney. Dear little girls, and so the shadow of death has entered your home during the year that has just closed, and the much-loved little brother Bennie, who helped so gladly when you were sending off your parcel last year, has gone to be with the Lord Jesus, the good Shepherd who gathers the lambs with His arm and carries them on His bosom. He will comfort you, and you will find it helps you still to think of and work for others. We read in one of the gospels that when the Lord Jesus was upon earth, He called a little child unto Him, and now that He is in the glory, He is still calling the children to love and trust Him, and sometimes He calls them to be with Him where He now is.

Mary and Kathleen M., Ventnor, Isle of Wight. So glad to hear that you are having happy holidays, and still more so to find that you did not forget the poor and sick children, who do not often get presents, or who cannot go for walks. A little pleasant work for others makes our own lives all the brighter, and if sometimes we are called to do things that we find difficult and trying, if we do them from love to Christ we shall find some joy and sweetness in doing them.

While Gleaners' Papers and letters for C. J. L. may be sent to her at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, E.C., she will be grateful if the friends who so kindly send things to be given away will NOTE CHANGE OF ADDRESS to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.



THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL. III.

I MUST now speak a little of the many dangers to which miners are exposed while busy for so many hours every day deep down in the earth. Accidents have happened by the machinery going wrong that raises and lowers the cage, but the worst accidents of all are those that occur in the mine itself. These are of various kinds, which I will try to explain. In order to keep the mine clear of water, which is constantly draining into it from the earth around, powerful pumps are kept always working to pump it away as fast as it runs in, but it

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sometimes happens that a large body of water will suddenly burst into the workings without any warning, and the poor men, shut in as they are in the narrow passages, are drowned before help can reach them. Another danger is when the roof of a passage falls in and tons of earth block it up; if any men are working beyond such a point they may be shut in and die for want of air and food before they can be rescued, but I believe all mines are now protected from accidents of this kind by having two shafts, so that if the men cannot reach one they may escape by the other. But the worst enemy in the mines is the bad gas that often collects there, and if not carried off by a strong current of pure air being forced through it, may cause death by being breathed, or it may explode if by any chance a light should be exposed. Many explosions take place in mines, and after an explosion there is always a rush of bad air, called after-damp, which is very poisonous to breathe.

You have all heard of the safety lamps which the miners use, and if you should ever visit a mine, no doubt they will shew you how that the fire-damp gas will burn inside the lamp but cannot explode, because the light inside is surrounded with a piece of wire gauze. The gauze allows the gas and air to pass into the lamp but will not allow the flame to come out and explode any gas that may be in the mine.

I have read the story of how two men and three boys were once shut up in a small part of one of the passages for five days before help reached them. It was the roof of the passage that had fallen in and many tons of earth had to be removed before they could be got out. The passage being so narrow only two or three men could work at one time and though different men worked night and day yet it was five days before the fallen earth and rocks were all removed.

What do you think the men and boys did for so long a time shut up in black darkness? They could do nothing but turn to God. The two men were Christians, who prayed and sang hymns in turn. They also spoke of Christ and His salvation to cheer their own hearts, and to lead the boys to look to Christ and to trust in Him, two of whom were still unsaved. All listened with the greatest attention, because they could not tell if they would ever get out alive.

Their earnest prayers were at last answered, for by Saturday an opening was made large enough for all five to be drawn out, and although very weak and ill they were saved.



ENIGMA.

1. Act of Moses, when of age
He heeded not the monarch's rage:
2. "The beginning" of His course down here
From which He never sought to veer.
3. Tribe between two asses lies
Servant became—does it surprise?

4. By wind and rain and flood so tested
Read backward, here at last it rested.
5. Where God to Moses did appear
From whence the sight filled him with fear.
6. Initials read down, 'twas what did shine
In saints of old—shall it be yours and mine?
7. Finals read up, and they form the name
Of judge whose courage failed—from
God gets fame.

A BRIGHT TO-MORROW.

ON a certain Sunday afternoon an old Christian attended a meeting of believers, and at its close gave out that hymn commencing, "Through the love of God our Saviour," and when he came to the last verse, which reads—

" We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well, "

he remarked, "What a bright to-morrow it will be for the Christian, for he will be with the Lord Jesus Christ in glory, but the unbeliever's to-morrow will be a lost eternity." Little did they think as they sang those words what would happen on the morrow. The old man was crossing the railway the next day and was knocked down by a passing train and instantly killed. It was a "bright to-morrow" for him, for he was absent from the body and present with the Lord. But was that the "to-morrow" he expected? No, death is not the believer's hope, or the prospect of going to heaven when he dies; it is the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has promised to come again and receive His own to Himself, that where He is there they may be also. (John xiv. 3.) "We shall not all sleep," said the Apostle Paul to the Corinthians in chapter xv., and in 1 Thessalonians iv. we are let into the secret of how it will be all brought about; and with such a prospect in view, believers can sing with exultation—

" *We expect a bright to-morrow.* "

What is your prospect, dear reader? Live in this world for ever you cannot, and with death on your track threatening at any moment to cut short your life, can you say—
I expect a bright to-morrow—all, all is well?

E. E. N.

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THE SAILOR'S BIBLE.

AFTER a heavy storm at sea, a sailor's chest, which had been swept from a wreck, was washed ashore. On opening it a Bible was found with the following lines written on the fly leaf, and on the opposite page a photograph—evidently of the mother and writer of the lines—was pasted. What a suitable gift for any mother to give her boy!

Remember her who gave thee this,
 When other days shall come;
 When she who had thy earliest kiss
 Sleeps in her narrow tomb;
 Remember, 'twas a mother gave
 The gift to one she'd die to save.
 That mother sought a pledge of love,
 The holiest for her son;
 And from the gifts of God above,
 She chose a goodly one;
 She chose for her beloved boy
 The Book of light and life and joy.
 And bade him keep the gift; that when
 The parting hour should come,
 They might have hope to meet again
 In an eternal home.
 She said his faith in that would be
 Sweet incense to her memory.
 A parent's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing;
 The love that would retain the one
 Must to the other cling.
 Remember, 'tis no common toy—
 A MOTHER'S GIFT! *remember, boy.*

"JUST AS I AM."

SOMETIME ago a poor boy came to a city missionary and, holding out a dirty and well-worn bit of paper, said, "Please sir, father sent me to get a clean paper like that." Opening it out, the missionary found that it was a single page leaflet, containing that beautiful hymn beginning, "Just as I am, without one plea."

The missionary asked where he had got it, and why he wanted a clean one. "We found it, sir, in sister's pocket after she died. She used always to be singing it while she was ill, and she loved it so much that father wanted to get a clean one, and to put it in a frame and hang it up. Won't you give me a clean one, sir?" That simple hymn given to a little girl seems to have been, by God's blessing, the means of bringing her to Christ.

MARGIE'S FIND.

"YOU'LL let Margie come with me to Margate on Monday, won't you, Mrs. Hunt?" pleaded a friendly neighbour.

Mrs. Hunt was a loving and careful mother, who gladly did anything that lay in her power to give her little girl pleasure and enjoyment, but as Margie had been for several nice outings she felt she must not too readily promise, so that all that could be got from her was the half-encouraging reply of "We will see." However, gradually, after coaxing and persuasion, to Margie's great satisfaction and delight mother gave her consent.

You can well imagine that Margie did not want much calling when Monday morning arrived, and that eager eyes peered out to make quite sure that it did not rain. Certainly the wind was a little high, but then what did that matter so long as it was fine! After all fears had been set aside on this point came the pleasant hurry and bustle of getting dressed, and having breakfast, the walk to the station in the freshness of early morning, and then the tiresome waiting for the train which seems to take special pleasure in coming late, all the more because we are so very impatient to be off. At last it came, of course, and in they jumped, and with the hiss and whistle from the great engine they moved off and Margie and her kind friend were on their way to the sea.

Quickly the train sped on with all its happy holiday seekers, past the green fields, and dancing hedges, and whirling trees (as they seem to be), the peaceful cattle who look at the great black, flying thing all unconcernedly, and the poor frightened sheep who scurry away as if they had never seen such a dreadful thing before, through dark tunnels, and under little bridges, then with a loud, long whistle on they rush through stations both little and big, sleepy villages and busy towns, until at last they slacken speed and our friends are at Margate.

Of course the great enjoyment of being at the seaside to Margie was just the same as I suppose it is to most of our young readers, I mean the supreme delight of casting aside shoes and stockings and wading in the cool,

beautiful water on the flat sandy floor, and you may be sure that she lost no time in doing it, and though the waves were rather rough, and tumbled and roared in a restless mood, that only added to the fun.

Presently as a big wave rolled back Margie's quick eyes spied something looking very much like a bright new half-penny and the next moment in dashed the wave and

for father and Lillie, whose birthdays were both near at hand; a warm winter coat; stout, strong boots for school, and I know not what beside.

Later on when the long day was over and the journey home had been accomplished, and mother stood waiting to welcome the travellers back, for Margie, although she would soon be twelve, had never before been away from her for a whole long day from early morning till late at night, it was such an excited little maiden that she could scarcely give herself time to get out of the train before telling of the wonderful find she had had.

Are you thinking that you would like to meet with Margie's good fortune? Perhaps you would, but I am going to remind you that there are wonderful treasures more lasting than anything we can ever find in this world which are being offered freely to us, and all we have to do is to take them and take them now. To the thirsty God says, "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." To the hungry Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." To the weary He says, "I will give you rest." To the lost, the troubled, the perishing, He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." To all His grace brings salvation. And of the children He says, "Let them come to me."

Indeed His gifts are so great, and so many, and they are for each one of us if only we will have them. And those of us who have accepted them let us never forget to be eager to tell of them.

M. M. P.




rolled the shining thing right at her feet. Instantly she caught it up lest it should be washed back again and what do you think it was—nothing less than a whole, real sovereign. How pleased she was you may be sure, and a very proud and happy little girl indeed to be the possessor of such a treasure. What would it not buy!—presents





SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP.

A WONDERFUL SHEPHERD.

 ONE of the ways in which the Lord Jesus made Himself known when here upon earth was as the Good Shepherd.

The marks of a good shepherd is that he is devoted to the sheep and if necessary is ready to lay down his life for them. This the Lord Jesus did, for it was indeed necessary if ever we were to become His sheep and lambs that He should go into death for us.

You will see that the shepherd in our picture is going before the sheep to remove large stones or anything that may lie in the path, and if you will read Psalm xxiii. you will learn what the Lord does for His sheep. This psalm begins with—"I shall not want," and ends up with, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.**BIBLE QUESTIONS. II.****STONES.**

(1.) A young man who was overtaken by night, when on a journey, lay down to sleep, using a stone as his pillow. Give his name, and also the name of the place he started from, and the one to which he was going.

(2.) What never-to-be-forgotten event made that night a remarkable one in his history?

(3.) Mention any other occasion on which we read of the same person being ALONE with God.

(4.) Over the grave of what woman do we read of a pillar being set up, or erected?


(5.) After the crossing of Jordan by the children of Israel, stones as a memorial of the event were set up, although in different places. Why do you think some were placed where they could be seen only by God, while others were in full view of the people?

(6.) Where in the New Testament do we read of a "stone disallowed" or rejected by the builders, "yet held in high honour by God"?

Post as far as possible not later than the 24th of April, as another set of THREE MONTHS' Questions will then (if the Lord will) be completed.

ADDRESS as directed on last page of magazine.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.**CHAPTER XV.****FINGER-TALKING.**

S Rhoda's story is an ALL-TRUE one, I shall not be able to finish it now, for she is still living and writing it, though not with pen and ink, but in the hearts and lives of her large family of famine-orphans, to whom from time to time additions are being made. We are not going to say "Good-bye" to her and her work, but so much still remains to be told about the children of India, that I hardly think we shall be able to take a peep at Panahpur this month.

You will, I think, remember my telling you that a great number of different languages are spoken by the people of India. So many, that if you or I were asked to write down the names of as many as we could remember, our lists would, I am afraid, not be considered very good ones.

Scattered here and there all over India, sometimes in busy towns, sometimes in mountain villages, are to be found men, women and children who cannot speak any of these varied languages. They seem shy of strangers, so hardly ever come to the front; indeed they are so little known, so little noticed, that except you were seeking them you might pass through the towns and villages in which they live without finding them. They are the deaf and dumb, or deaf-mutes of India, and though it is not easy to be sure of their exact number, it has been set down at two hundred thousand.

What sad, loveless, joyless lives all these people are living! Neglected and uncared-for by their nearest relations, they claim our pity, and need our help. It can hardly be a matter of surprise that the children, whom until the last few years no one thought worth the trouble of teaching, grow up to be idle and wicked.

A christian lady, who was teaching school in the Madras district, had three of these children brought to a class she was teaching to sew and knit; she soon learnt to love the poor little strangers, and found it was not at all hard to make them understand many things she wished to teach them. Their very faces seemed changed; the sad, hopeless look they had when first brought to the class gave place to a bright and almost happy expression of countenance. They no longer tried to run away and hide themselves, as they had been used to do, but seemed glad when allowed to sit or stand near their kind teacher, who soon grew very fond of them; but as she had a large class of hearing children she was not able to do much for them, and began to make inquiries if there was not some school for deaf-mutes in which they could be received and properly taught. But after speaking to nearly every one she knew and writing a great many letters, she was only able to hear of two such schools, and as in one the teacher was a heathen and the other was managed by Roman Catholics, it would not, she felt, be right to send them to either.

What was to be done? There seemed only one

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thing possible—so to arrange her work as to be able to teach them herself. A small class was soon formed, and school-life, with its work and play, began for our silent little friends.

There are two ways of teaching deaf-mutes, one being by what is called the "oral, or lip-reading" system, the other, which is much older, and has been far more widely used, is by finger-talking, and is called the "sign and manual system." It was found best to teach these Indian children by the latter method, and though a great deal of loving patience on the part of the teacher was needed, the children got on so well that in a short time they were able to learn almost everything taught to the scholars of an Indian day-school.

At first it was intended to take only girls, but before the class had been opened many weeks, three small boys came along, all needing to be taught and cared for, and it seemed hard to have to send them away. A few friends kindly gave money for this part of the work, so a native house in which the boys could live and sleep was put up, and a christian man and his wife engaged to look after them, teach them how to make their own clothes, and do many other useful things. Nineteen boys are now sheltered in the home and all attend school during the day. The christian boys are taught to cook their own food, though a cook has to be engaged for the Hindu boys, whose religion will not allow them to eat food that has not been prepared by one of their own people.

Several of the children are the famine orphans of whose sufferings you have already heard so much. One little girl had so nearly died from hunger that she looked all skin and bone, her head seeming too large and heavy for her thin, wasted body; she had to be sent a long way from the orphanage where she had at first been received to school, and having taken a severe cold on the journey was so ill when she arrived that every one thought she could not recover, but with the blessing of the Lord on many weeks of devoted nursing, she got well, and though the hardships through which she had passed seemed to have weakened her brain to such a degree that she could not be taught to read, she is quite able to understand that she is being cared for by those who love her, and better still, her mind has so far opened that she knows something at least about

"The Friend for little children,
Above the bright, blue sky."

When first brought to the school the children are often very rude and troublesome, quarrelling with each other, or trying to bite and pinch those who have offended them; all this is, we may be sure, very trying to their teachers, but they try to remember that by nature their own hearts are just as sinful, and that these poor children have never, until coming to school, been taught the difference between right and wrong. And their labour is not in vain. One little girl who on first coming to school had given trouble by her naughty ways, after being there for about a year became much more gentle and obedient; one day the teacher saw her saying on her fingers to a school-fellow, "We

must not do naughty things or Jesus will be sorry. He loves us, so we should try to please Him."

One dear little girl died after a very short illness. When the teacher went to tell the other children, who were anxious to know how Bessie was, they did not seem grieved or surprised, though little Bessie had been a great favourite among her companions. One saying for all, "We are sorry, for we loved Bessie, we are glad, for she has gone to live with Jesus, *she will not be deaf and dumb there.*"

These deaf-mute children when their own hearts have been touched by the love of Christ are not only willing, but glad, to help in making it known to others. One holiday afternoon the teacher went, taking some of her pupils with her, to a village where she hoped to get an opportunity of talking to the women about the Saviour. They came out of their huts to look at the foreign lady, but did not seem inclined to pay attention, or listen to what she was saying. She felt almost like giving up, when she told one of her girls to write a text, with her finger, in the sand. She did so at once, and then signed, "God is love." The women were at once interested, though greatly surprised to find that though deaf and dumb, she was able to read and write. "The wordless book" was then taken from her pocket, and she explained every page by signs so clearly that the people were delighted, and said they understood her meaning quite well.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS,—

Although the number of parcels of garments, toys, scrap-albums, &c., received during January was not so large as in the same month of the two previous years, there is no room for discouragement. Good and useful work has been done by the willing hands that at the bidding of loving hearts have worked so steadily and well. Although for several reasons the things sent have had to be repacked into smaller parcels and given or sent to the children and dear old people at their homes, the real usefulness of the presents has not been less, indeed they seem to have been almost more valued than ever, and C. J. L. has often wished that her faithful helpers could have seen the happy face of some delighted receiver of a toy, or picture-book, or heard the murmured thanks of some aged friends who have found the warm cuffs or knee-caps "such a comfort."

The number of articles sent in for competition has been very small, many articles having been sent without name or address of the friends who must truly have worked from the sweet constraint of love.

A large parcel of patterns of various kinds was received from a friend who, though personally unknown, proved himself a true helper. Dolls have been dressed, patchwork quilts, and pretty short window-curtains and glass-covers contrived from the contents of his most useful parcel. A local tradesman, who is also a brother in the Lord, was so good as to send to us the damaged toys re-

maining from his Christmas and New Year sales. Others will, it is hoped, follow such examples, and look up odds, and ends for which they have no present use, remembering that "the time is short," our opportunities are passing quickly, and if once allowed to slip by will never be ours again.

The dear "Young Helpers," who sent a parcel from Bilston several weeks ago will be glad to know that ALL its contents are now distributed, and are asked to accept very warm and loving thanks for their very pretty and useful gifts. C. J. L. is sorry the thanks should have been so long delayed, but the past few months have been so filled with work of various kinds that letter-writing has to some extent been neglected. Have you, dear ones, begun to taste the joy of doing even "little things" from love to Christ? If you have, you have found it such joyful service that you are not likely to get tired of, or wish to give it up. Only be sure, quite sure, that you are on the right road, that you know the Lord Jesus as your own trusted Saviour; for it is only when we know a Person that we really begin to learn what will give that Person pleasure.

"The Working Party" who, during the winter months, make so many pretty and exceedingly useful things for the delight and comfort of our poor children, always taking care to put in a few that will be acceptable to some sick or aged one, have again been busily at work; and it is not at all difficult to believe evenings thus spent were very happy ones. The arrival of a box or parcel from Swanage is always a welcome event. The nicely dressed dolls, though not sent in for competition, are giving untold pleasure to the little girls who rejoice over their make-believe babies, while the stuffed dogs, rabbits and monkeys, all cut out in dark-coloured cloth, prove not only considerable skill in toy-making, but some knowledge of drawing and anatomy, they are so correctly shaped.

And we are working, are we not, dear young friends, from a motive far higher than a mere desire to give pleasure by doing small kindnesses? The attractive power of the love of Christ has won our hearts, and we are glad, so glad, to find the outflow for the love that glows in our hearts; even though at times we have to sorrow over coldness, it is, we know full well, an echo of the great love wherewith He loves us, first by telling it out to Himself, and next by trying to help and serve others. And we very often have to praise Him, have we not, for giving us so many opportunities of being of use to others? "Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." (Gal. vi. 9.)

A parcel containing garments, cards, &c., has been received from Clifton. As no address was given, it could not be acknowledged by post, but the sender will be glad to know that its contents have helped more than one poor mother.

Bertha and Phyllis G., Balming. Thank you so much, dear girls, for the lovely snowdrops, they came just in time to brighten a sick-room and seemed to whisper their own sweet message that Spring is coming, and will soon be here. But this

was not the only message the pure, white blossoms had to bring, snowdrops seem to suggest purity, and may remind us of words that fell long ago from the lips of the Lord Jesus, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." (Matt. v. 8.) We cannot make our own hearts pure and clean, but the precious blood of the Lord Jesus can wash away every stain and make the soul that simply trusts in the finished work of God's dear Son fit for the presence of a holy and sin-hating God. And if our snowdrops remind us of "unseen" things, and lead us afresh to the word of God, they will not, I think, have bloomed in vain. Several friends have been kind enough to send a supply of "flower messages;" these are texts of scripture neatly written or printed on small cards and are just what is wanted for tying on to bunches of cut flowers.

Beach services were being held day after day, when the tide was out, on the sands at L—. The bright singing and the sweet gospel stories that were told at almost every meeting had made the services very popular with the children, of whom there were a great many, for it was the holiday month, and the pretty watering-place seemed almost to overflow with boys and girls. Each felt they had a personal friend in Mr. S—, who was conducting the gatherings of young people, and dearly they loved to gather round him. Sometimes a party might be seen busily at work with their spades, digging out seats for themselves, or raising a mound for Mr. S— to stand upon. A great number of smooth, white pebbles had been washed up by the tide, and were strewn over the smooth yellow sands. One morning Mr. S—, after giving out the time and place for the evening meeting, said he should be glad if as many as possible would fill their baskets or sand pails with these pebbles, as he had a use for them. The children went to work with a will, though wondering greatly what the use could be.

They had not long to wait, for after being told to empty all their pails and baskets into one heap, Mr. S—, taking a stick, traced in large, bold letters on the sands, "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?" He had hardly done so, when five-year-old Minnie, who was a great friend of his, came up quite close to him, and taking his hand in both hers, said in a very earnest little voice, "I know what I think, He's my own dear Saviour."

Happy Minnie! Was not hers a sweet confession of the Lord Jesus as her own Saviour? I wonder how many readers of *Gospel Stories* could make Minnie's words their own?

We shall hope to give in next month's issue the names of PRIZE-WINNERS, "Gleaners' Column," for the HALF-YEAR ending December 31st, 1904.

Answers to Bible Questions, Letters for C. J. L., &c., may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E. C., or to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.

FLOWERS for the sick and aged, and all parcels, should be sent direct to the latter address. Please try to remember this, as it saves time, trouble and the cost of double postage.



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THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL.

IV.

LET us now suppose that the diggers have been at work, first blasting the large masses of coal, then breaking it into smaller pieces with the pick, till it is small enough to be thrown into the empty corves waiting to be filled.

After this the putters do their part by pushing the trucks one at a time as far as the up shaft, where they are very speedily drawn to the surface of the ground.

But we must not forget the work of the little trappers, which, simple though it is, opening the trap-doors to let the corves pass

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through, is most important for the safety of the mine, as by this means the air is forced through all the passages and galleries and keeps them free from danger.

Now let us follow the corve up the long shaft into the daylight once more. How very bright the daylight seems after the gloom of those strange workings under the ground! Some of the coal is, of course, used for fuel near the mines, but the great bulk of it goes a long journey either by rail or sea to distant parts of the country or else to foreign parts.

We next see the coal screened, as it is called, which is another word for being sifted to separate it from the dust and small pieces, and then comes its long journey to that part of the country where it is required, and last of all it is put into sacks and weighed ready to be delivered at the houses of those who buy it, including the house of the boy or girl who is reading this story now.

As we sit and warm ourselves by the fire on a cold or chilly day we seldom think of all the labour that has been spent on bringing the coals into our coal-cellar to be used as we may want it. Or going back much farther still to think of the wonderful way in which God in His wisdom and goodness had prepared the immense quantity that is found stored up in the earth. For although more than three hundred millions of tons are sold every year yet there is still plenty left for those who may live after we are gone.

But as it takes such a long while for coal to be formed, and as such vast quantities are being used every year, thoughtful men have come to the conclusion that the time may come when all the coal will be used up or at least become so scarce and dear that no one could afford to use it for ordinary fires.

This gives us to see that this earth is certainly not intended to last for ever, and when we look in the Bible it quite confirms this thought, for it says that heaven and earth shall pass away, and it tells us that there will be a new heaven and a new earth.

All this makes us think of the future and we sometimes ask ourselves the question, where shall I be when these things take place? Thank God we need not be in uncertainty, for we know that all those who have faith in our Lord Jesus Christ will spend eternity in His own blessed presence.

ENIGMA.

1. A word of three letters, meaning the life of trees. (Psa. civ.)
 2. An apostle who did not think he could ever deny his Master. (Matt. xxv., xxvi.)
 3. A place of much weeping. (Matt. i., ii.)
 4. A man whose name begins and ends with the same letter. (1 Chron. ix.)
 5. A good thing which refreshes. (Prov. xxv.)
 6. A fruit, much liked by invalids. (Song of Solomon ii.)
 7. First letters of the six words, name one of the seasons when nature awakes from a long sleep.
 8. Last letters, what is due from persons old or young, and from all things.
- The chapters have been given purposely, for easier reference. Now, and in future, please always write out carefully the whole verse in which the word is found.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

GENESIS.

- (1.) Where do we read of a servant being sent into a distant country to fetch home a bride for the son of his master?
- (2.) What provision was made for the journey? Why do you think the camel better adapted for crossing the sands of the desert than a horse, or other beast of burden?

(3.) Refer to the scripture in which the number TEN is specially mentioned.


(4.) In what way, or ways, did the relations of the chosen bride seek to hinder her going at once to the one for whom she had been sought and claimed?

(5.) What was her own decision when the question, "Wilt thou go with this man?" was referred to her?

(6.) Where in the New Testament are we told that "now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation"?

ADDRESS as directed on last page of magazine.

OLD NOOGIE.

 NOTHING was more delightful in the eyes of the two children at Merton than a visit to old Noogie. She had been papa's nurse and their nurse, and now she was so very old—too old to bear the noise, and have the care of children.

She lived quite close to them in one of papa's cottages, and they went to see her very often. Chrissie and Grace were twins and great favourites with old Noogie.

They used to love to sit by the hour in her tiny rooms, bright with scarlet geraniums, and talk to the dear old soul who sat upright in her old-fashioned, scarlet-backed chair, with her large print Bible open before her.

I well remember one warm August morning Chrissie and Grace were resting in her cool cottage and listening to her sweet, quaint talk about Jesus, the Good Shepherd. How brightly her face lit up when she read the words her withered finger rested upon, "My sheep shall never perish; no man shall pluck them out of my Father's hand." Chrissie, always full of questions and doubts beyond her eleven years, said, "Noogie, what if, after all, after your loving Him and believing you are one of His sheep, He lets you be lost?"

Noogie's eye flashed, then softened and filled, as she answered—"Ah, bairnie dear, ye have no got much length of God's learning! Let me tell ye, that were this poor trembling soul o' mine lost, God would have the greatest loss. Noogie would only lose her soul, and that wad be a great loss, but God wad lose His honour and character.


GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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"If He breaks His solemn word, which I read you ere now, He wad make Himself a liar, and a' this grand, great world of His wad gae to rack and ruin. Na, na, bairnie, trust the Lord to tak' right gude care of His ain"; and she smiled joyously. "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee." E. T. P.

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

 ANY years ago some travellers, passing through a desert, were sadly in need of water. As they journeyed they all kept a strict and vigilant watch. At last they thought they saw in the distance a large spreading tree and thought there was a well near. They hastened on, the advance party got to the place, but alas! they found there was no sign of water and they felt very much disappointed.

This reminds us of a traveller who was also in want of water; seeing a cave, he went inside, there lay some pearls which had been hidden or lost, but no water. What good were pearls, however valuable, to a thirsty man?

Dear young friends, that poor *body* of ours needs water which God gave as our natural drink and which we cannot live long without. So *the soul* cannot live as it were without the salvation and sustaining grace which Christ is able to give *to the perishing*. Jesus told the woman of Samaria that He could give a well of water springing up into everlasting life. (John iv. 14.) He is indeed "the water of life." Dear young friends, you are invited to come and drink the life-giving stream of grace and pardon which Christ has prepared for you; may your wish and prayer be in response—"Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw." (John iv. 15.)

Once more the gospel message comes to you, will you turn away from Him that speaketh? Now is the BEST time, we cannot speculate or say to-morrow, we may not see to-morrow, "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

"Yes; whosoever will,
O let him freely come,—
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come."

T. H.

FRUIT GATHERERS.

"WHAT does cocoanut mean?" asked Daisy, "the nuts have nothing to do with cocoa!"

"The name is said to come from the Portuguese word, *coco*—a bugbear," said uncle Ross, "because the end is like a monkey's face."

"Where do they grow?" asked Stella.

"In East and West Indies, India, Brazil and South Sea Islands," answered the uncle.

"The South Sea Islands—oh! do let us have a story about them," said Stella.

"Then may I tell it?" asked Stuart, "I have some schoolfellows from Honolulu and they have told me a lot about that part of the world."

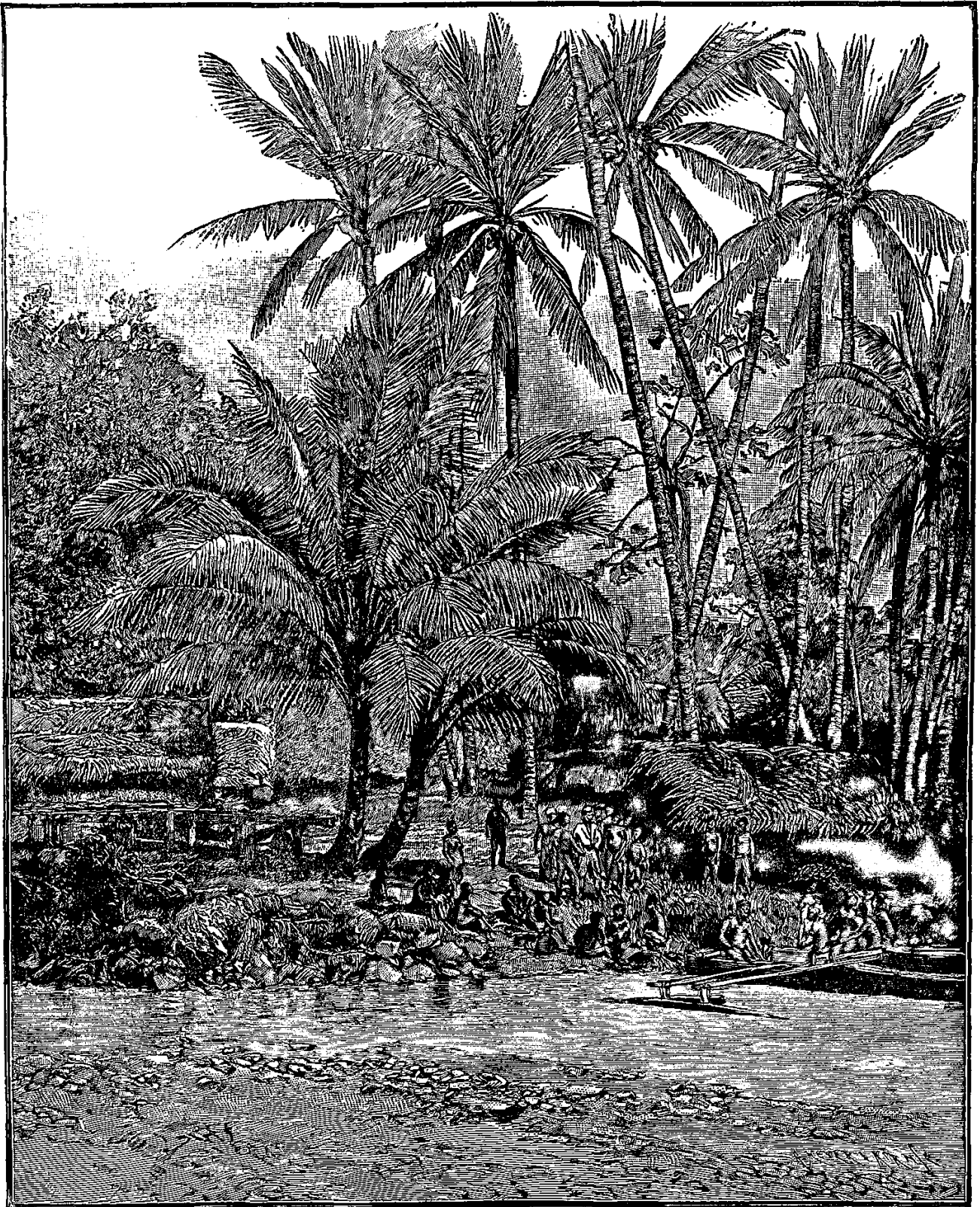
"Certainly," said uncle Ross, "I am glad to learn anything in that way, and when one cannot see the world one's self it is well to learn from others." Stuart began modestly:

"On a small island in the Pacific three people went out one day to found a home. Only a month before the father had gone to sea in his small boat, which foundered in the surf and he was lost. The mother and two children had little means of living where they were and so resolved to move to another part of the island. There was no missionary residing there, but one from a larger island used to visit them, and both children had been baptised in the christian faith, the mother being proud of the Bible names, Ruth and Samuel.

"They set out from their village carrying all they possessed: Ruth had a fat hen struggling in her arms, Samuel looked after the pig, while the mother took charge of a few odd things such as nails, hammer, &c.

"As they journeyed along the shore they reached a beautiful grove of palm-trees near a little bay, and finally it was decided that this should be the home.

"The first thing was to make the house; this was easier done than in England. A few stout poles were placed in a circle leaning against each other; over these they spread palm-leaves, Ruth and the mother weaving them in and out while Samuel found a crab for their supper. Then after getting a few cocoanuts to provide drink, they rested satis-



A BEAUTIFUL GROVE OF PALMS.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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fied with their new abode. 'These cocoanuts are ours,' said the mother, 'but we must set apart one tree for the missionaries.'

" 'Why?' asked Ruth.

" 'Don't you remember, Ruth,' said Samuel, 'that our fathers used to worship evil spirits, until the missionaries came; the good missionaries taught us better and now we must give them something to teach us still.' 'We have no money,' said the mother, 'so we will give the cocoanuts.' So they chose a nice big tree and rested satisfied with all God had given them.

"Next day they were busy finishing their house, making mats for chairs and bedsteads; then Samuel commenced a canoe so that he might fish for their food.

"On Sundays they walked to the chapel, carrying a fine lot of shaggy cocoanuts for the plate—well no, not the plate, but their gift was laid with others in a heap of offerings. So years rolled by, the palm-trees grew and so did Samuel and Ruth.

"One lonely evening the mother and Ruth were on the shore anxiously looking for the return of Samuel, who was very late. At last Ruth exclaimed, 'Here he is,' as his canoe shot round the corner of the rocky coast.

'Why have you been so long, my son,' said the mother. Samuel said, 'Mother, will you be vexed? I have been to see the missionary on the other island to ask if he will take me to train for a teacher.'

" 'Oh! Samuel, we cannot spare you,' cried the mother. 'Can you not, mother? think of our happy home and then of our people in other islands still heathen. I think God calls me to teach and help them; will you not let me go?'

"Nothing more was said that night, but after talking it over for some days, the mother gave up her son to the Lord and away he sailed to the missionary.

"The mother and Ruth toiled on at mat making and fishing.

" 'Mother,' said Ruth, 'what shall we do, there are no cocoanuts on the missionaries' palm this year?'

"Tears came to the mother's eyes as she answered, 'Never mind, Ruth, we have given to the Lord something more precious than cocoanuts!'

"But when Samuel became a teacher, winning many poor heathen for Christ, the mother did not repent her sacrifice."

E. D.

Come unto me, all ye that
labour and are heavy laden,
and I will give you rest.

Mat. xi. 28

"MOTHER, I'VE GOT IT!"

BOYS little know the value of a christian mother's prayers. Our friend, Thomas, had a praying mother, and in due time God graciously gave her to see an answer to her prayers.

God had been working among some young people in a certain town where they lived, and the dear mother had the joy of seeing evidences of a work of God going on in her boy, but she held her peace, counting upon God to deepen and perfect the work which He had begun. One evening the gentleman who had been used of God to the conversion of several known to our friend, took the opportunity of speaking to Thomas when they were alone, and found that God had evidently been speaking to him, though as yet he had not the knowledge of salvation through the remission of sins. A few days after the conversation they had together, the gentleman invited Thomas to take tea with him, and that evening light broke into his soul; he saw that in dying upon the cross Christ had borne his sins, and suffered all that was due to him as a sinner, so that in righteousness God could forgive him, and that believing in the Lord Jesus Christ he was saved.

On reaching home that evening, he greeted his mother with the words—

"MOTHER, I'VE GOT IT."

"Got what?" she inquired. "The forgiveness of sins," was his reply.

What an evening that was! never to be forgotten by either of them, and if they rejoiced together, as they did, heaven too rejoiced, for "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

Dear reader, what about your sins? are they forgiven? If not, why not? Christ died for sinners, His precious blood cleanseth from all sin, won't you trust in Him? Then in the happy assurance that your sins are forgiven, you can make known to others what great things the Lord has done for you, telling mother, father, brother, sister, or companion,

"I'VE GOT IT."

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins *are forgiven you* for his name's sake." (1 John ii. 12.)

E. E. N.

KEY WORDS TO ENIGMAS.

January: Beam, Raca, Egyptian, Aaron, Dalmatia, Bread, Manna.

February: Press, Po(tipherah), Omri, Roar, Ittai, Net.

March: Forsook, Alpha, Issachar, Ararat, Horeb.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.**CHAPTER XVI.****HINDU GIRLS AT HOME.**

MANY, among the dear young friends who have given the story of "RHODA" such a cordial welcome, have learnt to think of her almost as a personal friend. Their thoughts, and may we not hope their prayers also, have, sometimes at least, travelled over the miles of land and sea that lay between our happy English homes and the little christian colony at "Panahpur." It is not hard, is it? to picture Rhoda, surrounded by her group of famine orphans, telling them in their own language the sweet story of a Saviour's love; or helping them to learn and understand hymns and verses of scripture.

But while we can and do give thanks for "Panahpur," with its gospel preachings and Bible readings, and think of it as "a light shining in a dark place," we cannot, must not forget the almost countless numbers of Indian girls and women who live and die without even the opportunity of hearing "the glad tidings" of a full and free salvation through the finished work of Christ.

The home of a Hindu girl is far from being a bright or pretty place. There are no books or pictures in it. She gets no new year or birthday presents, and is made to feel, even when quite a tiny child, that because she is a *girl* no one wanted her, and that she need never expect to be loved, or petted, except by her mother, and that only for the first five or six years of her life, for in India, as you already know, little girls are married, or promised in marriage, when not more than eight or nine years of age; and that means going right away from her own home to live in the house of her husband's mother, who is not always kind to the poor, frightened child who is so soon to be her daughter-in-law.

If the parents of an Hindu girl are poor, and of low caste, her life may be on the whole a happier and freer one than would be the case if they were well-to-do, high-caste, Hindus. She will be allowed more liberty, she will be sent to the well for water, and employed in grinding corn, cooking rice, and many other things.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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Would you care to take a peep into the home of a Hindu girl of high caste? The houses of the rich are generally so built as to form four sides of a square, with a space in the centre. This space is a court-yard, and as we enter, we shall hear the soft splash of water as the spray falls into the marble basin of the fountain in the middle, round which trees and flowers are often planted. If the court is large there may even be one or two palm-trees.

The rooms occupied by the gentlemen of the family we have come to visit are built on three sides of the court, and as we enter we shall be almost surprised to find them so comfortable and well-furnished. There are dainty bamboo tables of Indian workmanship, and also many other things in the way of furniture such as we might find in an English or American house, but no women or girls are to be seen, though if we were to go to the kitchen, we should most likely find the eldest lady of the household helping the servants to cook the dinner, for all Hindu ladies, however rich, know how to prepare rice and currie for their husbands.

On the fourth side we shall find a large room, with the roof raised something like a dome. This is the temple where the family offer prayers and gifts to their idol gods. But though Hindu women are allowed to do "*pujah*," as this praying and giving is called, they are never seen in the temple, for though they are sometimes present, they are hidden away in a low dark gallery, where they cannot see much, though they may peep out through a screen of cane-work; no one sees them, it is too dark, and the canes are too closely platted.

Behind the gallery are some low doors, which lead into the apartments occupied by the ladies. A few mats, a bronze drinking-cup, and perhaps, but not always, a low bedstead. A long box, or carved chest, in one corner of the room holds the clothes and jewels belonging to the ladies, for like most Indian women they are rich in rings, bracelets, and ear and nose jewels. It is really surprising what a number of ornaments an Indian lady will contrive to wear, when fully dressed to pay, or receive visits. Hens and chickens and several dogs are running about the room, and as very little, if any, cleaning is ever done, and no care is taken to keep the air pure and fresh, you will hardly be surprised to hear that the room is close and ill-smelling.

There are several cities in India which the Hindus think to be very holy or sacred; and year after year thousands of pilgrims visit them, believing that in this way they can obtain the pardon of all their sins. Shall I tell you a little about BENARES? It is said to be the most holy of all, and even little girls are sometimes taken there by their parents. Very strange stories, which of course are *not true*, are told about Benares in the sacred books of the Hindus. One being, that long, long ago the city was built by the idol-god Siva, of gold and precious stones, but that one day when he was angry with the wickedness of the people who

lived there, he turned the gold and gems into stones and bricks.

Another is that Benares is eighty thousand steps nearer heaven than any other place in the world, and that any one who dies there will go straight to Siva's heaven, which they believe to be the best and happiest of all. Great numbers of sick and aged persons are taken every year by their relations or friends to die at Benares, or near it on the banks of the Ganges.

As I write such words, my own heart seems filled with a deep thanksgiving that for so many years "the gospel of the grace of God" has been faithfully preached in our island home, and that so many thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen know, not only by the hearing of the ear, but in the secret of their own souls, the true and only way of salvation, through faith in Christ; that precious Saviour, whose "blood cleanseth us from all sin." (1 John i. 7.)

But we must go back to the sacred cities of India. I have not told you yet about "The Well of Knowledge" at Benares, have I? The well is very large, but there is no pure, fresh water in it. It is almost filled with dead flowers, and rice mixed with muddy water which has been brought from the river Ganges. The flowers and rice are offerings to the idol in whose honour a large and beautiful temple has been built. The water is dirty, and has a very bad smell, and yet a Hindu will often give all the money he can get, perhaps the savings of many years to the priest, to be allowed to carry away even one teaspoonful of the water. How different to the "living water" which the Lord Jesus gives so freely to all who come to God through Him.

Allahabad and Calcutta are also very sacred cities, though the Hindus do not think them quite so holy as Benares. Millions of pilgrims go every year to bathe in the Ganges, in the hope that by so doing their sins will be washed away. Women bathe in the river as well as men, but in such a strange way.

When a Hindu lady wishes to visit the river, great care is taken to prevent her being seen by any man. She must be carried all the way in a kind of closed carriage, without any windows. The carriage is so made that water can get in at the bottom; when she reaches the stream, the carriage is lowered into the water, and so the poor lady takes her bath, without being seen, or leaving it even for a moment. Of course she has to be carried away in her wet things, which must be very uncomfortable, but even if she should take cold and die, no one, not even her husband, would be very sorry. Sometimes a Hindu wife who has no little boys will take a journey of many hundreds of miles to bathe in the Ganges, in the hope that, as a reward for her trouble, she will have a baby son to love and pet, as she knows how pleased her husband would be by the birth of a boy.

C. J. L.



CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG HELPERS AND FRIENDS,—

It is again time to go to press and again I have sadly to confess that some things which I ought to have done have for this month to be left undone, one being to give my promised list of PRIZE-WINNERS (Helpers and Young Gleaners), and yet if all who will be a trifle disappointed could know how busy the days have been their forgiveness would be, I know, at once full and free.

Constant sick-nursing makes no small demands not only upon time, but strength, and when that task ends as it has done in the present case in the removal of a much-loved friend and fellow-worker, to the joy and blessedness of being "for ever with the Lord," one has, I believe, to learn to be content that our own plans of work should be set aside, as we bow, and say with reverent hearts, "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good" (1 Sam. iii. 18), as we listen with hushed and reverent hearts to hear what He has to say to us.

Many of the readers of *Gospel Stories* have read from time to time of the Braille-type books sent by post, and in other ways, to our blind friends, the dear, sightless children coming in for a large share of loving care and interest in the way of putting gospel papers into their hands. They have also read short poems by "Maria James," the blind author of "I Shall See," and now that the Lord has taken her to be with Himself, I should like to interest quite a number of boys and girls in the dear blind children she loved so well.

One of a family of ten children, five of whom were born blind, she gave early proof of possessing a more than usually active mind, also a strong desire to be useful to others, one of her earliest recollections being that of being called upon by the doctor to sing to her younger brother with the object of soothing him while some slight operation was performed upon his eyes. From a child she loved to sing, and her naturally sweet and powerful voice was, after her conversion, often employed to carry gospel messages or favourite hymns to the sick and sorrowful.

Her parents were in humble life; when not more than five years of age she was taught to read in Dr. Moon's raised type for the blind by her father, a shoemaker, who worked at home. All she then had in the way of books at that time was the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by John, this served as her entire library. She studied it, however, to such good purpose that she was able to read with ease any book embossed in the same type. The work, too, of the Holy Spirit must have begun in her soul while she was still very young; she has often told me how she used to ponder over the "many mansions," and wonder if she should ever find the way there.

Small for her age, and far from physically strong, she was twelve years old before her admission to the School for the Blind, then carried on at St. George's, Southwark, but since removed to pleasant

country surroundings at Leatherhead, Surrey, could be arranged for. Up to that time she had gone to a day school in company with seeing children, and having a retentive memory, got a fair knowledge of arithmetic and geography from the lessons given orally.

She was, at the time when she entered St. George's, a real child, with all a child's love of play, and often loved to recall incidents of her school-days, ball and skipping rope being among her favourite games.

Half-holidays being spent by the girls at school with Maria much as they pleased, nothing seemed to give them greater pleasure than getting up what they called "an Exhibition." They had not much to display, but they made the most of what they had. A few dolls, a puzzle map and a shell necklace, belonging to one of the girls whose uncle had given it to her on his return from a voyage, seem to have been nearly all, but these valued possessions were arranged and re-arranged with great care. Invitations to the girls who did not exhibit were pricked with great care in "Alstone" type, the Braille system, now so widely known among the blind, not having come into use during her school-days, though she afterwards became one of its earliest, and ranked among its best writers.

But there were deeper longings in her soul than could be satisfied by lessons or play. It was during the seven years she spent as a pupil at St. George's that she first felt and owned herself to be a lost sinner, and though at first her knowledge of the way of salvation was very small and imperfect, faith in Christ as her own trusted Saviour was wrought in her soul when she was about fourteen years of age.

She loved her Bible and enjoyed reading it to others, often her own play-hour being given up to read some Bible story to the sick girls, or old people in the infirmary, for in the days I am writing of St. George's was not only a school for the children, but also a home for the aged indigent blind.

On leaving school her gift of song often threw her into associations that did not help to deepen her spiritual life. But the One who had set His love upon her followed His straying sheep with ever watchful, unwearied love, drawing her closer to Himself, and bringing her into the circle of His gathered ones.

Her home-going was very bright and peaceful. After repeating some long-loved verses of scripture, she added, "The Lord is good, so very good. I'm going straight home. Perfectly lovely!" and then without a sigh, or a struggle, the Lord Himself gently put her to sleep.

Those who knew her best will miss her the most, but the coming of the Lord is drawing near, and we look not at the grave, but the nearing glory, when on the resurrection morning "them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him . . . wherefore comfort one another with these words." (1 Thess. iv. 14, 18.)

Young Gleaners' Papers, Letters for C. J. L., &c., may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, or 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.



YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

GENESIS (*continued*).

- (1.) Give a list of the shepherds mentioned by name in the first book of the Bible.
- (2.) Who was the first maker of musical instruments? and also give the name of the first worker in metals.
- (3.) Give a short account of the attempt to build the tower of Babel.
- (4.) Who was the Deborah of whom we read in Genesis? In what book of the Bible is another woman of the same name mentioned?
- (5.) What do you know about Bethel? What led Jacob to exclaim, "Surely the LORD is in this place, and I knew it not"?
- (6.) On what occasion did Jacob receive a new name? Give a verse from the Book of Revelation in which the words "a new name" are found.

Send replies as directed on last page of magazine.

PRIZE WINNERS.

EMILY HILDA W——, 6, Bolton Road, Stratford, E.

BERTHA A. G——, "Hermitage Farm," Barming, near Maidstone.

ELSIE J. H——, 103, Northbrook Street, Newbury, Berks.

DORIS R——, "Ravenhead House," St. Helens, Lancs.

5-1905.

W. J. H——, 103, Northbrook Street, Newbury, Berks.

MARY F——, 64, Davis Street, Moonie Ponds, Melbourne, Australia.

Also SPECIAL PRIZE for MAP DRAWING.

Our SPANISH GLEANERS have done so well that it is proposed to send a small prize to each. Their names will (D.V.) be given next month.

LEFT BEHIND.

IT was on a busy Saturday evening we set off for a little town not many miles distant, where, on the Lord's day, we were to have the great privilege of telling out the matchless story of the Saviour's love, first to the boys and girls, and then to those older in years. Our train was something like half an hour late in starting. When we were little, it was nice to sit a long, long time in the train, but now we like it to start punctually, speed along at express rate, and land us at our destination in the shortest time possible. Three young men who sat in our train evidently wanted a change, so stepped out, and occupied a seat on the platform. At last, the guard, having examined the handles of the doors, &c., blew his whistle, the whistle of the engine sounded, and the train moved off, first slowly, then more rapidly. The trio now thought it time to bestir themselves, rose, opened the door

of a compartment, and two of them entered ; the third, however, just as he was about to follow them, was intercepted by the guard, who brushed him aside, closed the door, off we went, but he was left behind.

He was near the train, he might have been inside, but he put off just too long. Doubtless he thought it would be all right in the end, but he was left behind. Dear young friends, we expect you understand the moral of our little story. Jesus is coming, He might come to-night. When He comes, some will be taken and some will be left behind. Among which company will you be found ? We rejoice to think that many readers of *Gospel Stories* will be taken, not because they—in themselves—are better than other people, but because they have been washed from their sins in the precious blood of Jesus.

How we should like to know that not only many but all our readers will be taken, and none left behind. Salvation is so very near to you, because Jesus is so very near ; as you read these lines His eye is upon you, He looks upon you in tenderest love, and He waits to save you just now. Do not listen to Satan as he whispers, "There is time enough, it will be all right in the end." Jesus is coming, perhaps to-night, and you are not ready yet, then make haste. We want you to come to Jesus, not merely in order that you may not be left behind when Jesus comes, but in order that you may be the very happiest boys and girls living while waiting for Him to come. God gave His Son, Jesus gave His life, and the Holy Spirit pleads with you just now, all in order that you might get rid of your sins, might have your soul saved, your heart satisfied, and that you might be happy now, and happy for evermore. Then we pray you ere you lay down this little paper, just as you are, and where you are, come right away to Jesus ; for remember

The last train for heaven may start e'en to-night,
Oh, quickly join ! or you'll be left behind.
'Twill be a dreadful, yea heartrending sight,
When the neglectors all wake up to find
The Lord has come, and He has shut the door ;
Outside they'll stand, who would not come before.
"Too late ! too late !" —this cry, the air shall
 rend ;

"We meant to come, but, we are—left behind."

W. B. D.

FREE, AND YET BOUND.

"Ye are not your own." (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

"Made free from sin, servants to God."
(Rom. vi. 22.)

UPON a ship that ploughed the briny wave
An English voyager observed a slave,
A cultured Turkish youth, once rich and
 free,

Whom war had sunk in sad captivity.

He pitied, loved, and longed to liberate
The weary captive from his wretched state ;
At length, the costly ransom price was paid,
The bondman overheard the bargain made ;

Mistaking, he at first condemned the deed,
Till, finding he was purchased to be freed,
With grateful tears he bowed before his friend,
And cried, "I'll be your slave till life shall end."

Love is a yoke that never galls the neck,
A silken chain none ever wish to break ;
And thus the great Redeemer will control
And sway the powers of every ransomed soul.

He bought His people, and with what a price !
No heaps of shining treasure would suffice ;
For guilty rebels doomed to die were they,
And His own life-blood must the ransom pay.

And when we hear the voice of love divine,
"Fear not, I have redeemed thee, thou art
 Mine,"

Our hearts respond, "Amen, so let it be,
We yield ourselves, beloved Lord, to Thee."

Just as the slave of old who could be free,
But loved his master more than liberty,
So, if we might, we never would depart
From Thee, whose love has fully won our heart.

And often, Lord, in pleasure or in pain,
Let these sweet pledges be renewed again ;
Oh, let Thy will our highest pleasure be,
Whose grace has made us free to follow Thee.

Never our own ! in yonder world above
We'll sing the anthem of redeeming love,
And still repeat, in every joyful line,
Thanks to Thy name, we are for ever Thine.

H. S. L.

A DIFFICULT SUM.

BOYS are often more fond of play than
lessons, but sometimes we meet with
a lad who is fond of his books. Well,
here is a difficult sum. What shall it profit
a man if he shall gain the whole world and
lose his own soul ?

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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ENIGMA.

What prophet was a herdsman?
 Who defeated Sisera?
 The man who cursed David?
 What king befriended David?
 Who was the father of Noah?
 Who was the first judge of Israel?
 What man thought he should die because
 he had seen God?

The first letter of each of the names gives
 the name of one of David's sons.

Send answers by May the 15th to P. R.,
 No. 20, Paternoster Square. Do not forget
 your name and age.

LOOK.

1. LOOK INWARD. (Cant. i. 6.)
2. LOOK DOWNWARD. (Luke xviii. 13.)
3. LOOK BACKWARD. (Isa. xlv. 22.)
4. LOOK UPWARD. (Heb. xii. 2.)
5. LOOK FORWARD. (Tit. ii. 13.)

NOW, boys and girls, what is that word I
 have written on the board?
 "LOOK!"

Right you are. Now tell me, how do
 you look? Speak out.

(Chorus) "With our eyes."

Yes, of course. But, remember, you have
 eyes in your *heart* as well as in your *head*,
 and I want you to use both pairs this after-
 noon. Perhaps some of you wonder how
 you can use the eyes of your heart. Well,
 shut the eyes of your head for a moment.
 (All eyes closed.) What do you see? Oh,
 you see me and the board, do you not?
 And if memory travels back, you see other
 things you have seen with the eyes of your
 head. But faith is even more far-reaching than
 mental eyesight, for, by faith we see things
 which we have never seen and can never see
 with our natural eyes. Now I want you
 to take five looks this afternoon—five looks
 with the eyes of your heart, anointed by
 faith. First of all—

LOOK INWARD.

Turn the eyes of your heart in on your-
 self. What do you see? Nothing very
 encouraging. An ancient and a haughty
 Roman was so proud of his integrity that
 he wished his heart had a window, that
 others might look into it. Poor man, he

was in the dark as to what was really in
 his heart. Eyes are no good in the dark,
 are they? No, we need light as well as eyes
 in order to see. When the light of God's
 word shines into our hearts then we can
 see, and lo, we find that our hearts are
 ever so much worse than we thought them
 to be: "Deceitful above all things, and
 desperately wicked." (Jer. xvii. 9.) The
 Lord Jesus tells us that every wicked thing
 in this life comes out of the heart. (Matt.
 xv. 19.) And every sin is found in germ in
 the heart; whether or no, it comes out in
 the life. Thank God, His grace can renew
 the heart, or rather give us a new one. Now
 for another look—

LOOK DOWNWARD.

You know what I mean? If you have
 been naughty you cannot look father or
 mother in the face, can you? No, not if
 you are an honest boy or girl. Guilt in
 the breast makes us stand with downcast
 eyes—we look downward, ashamed and
 afraid. So, when we feel ourselves to be
 sinners in the sight of God, having taken
 a look into our hearts and found that there
 is nothing good in us, we look downward.
 Of the publican in the parable we read,
 "He would not so much as lift up his
 eyes unto heaven." Ah, he felt and owned
 himself to be "a sinner." Dear child, you
 are as surely a sinner as he was a sinner.
 You may be a little sinner, a sinner doing
 the best you can, a sinner, but not so bad as
 other sinners, yet, after all, you *are* a sinner,
 and you need a Saviour. Now look again—

LOOK BACKWARD.

Where? Look away back to Jesus on the
 cross. "Look unto me," He cries. His
 blessed hands and feet were nailed to the
 tree, and upon His holy, sinless soul He
 bore the judgment due to our sins. Boys
 and girls, look to Him and be saved, and as
 you look, say, "Lord Jesus, I ought to have
 been punished because of my sins, but I see
 Thee by faith as my Saviour, bearing all my
 punishment instead of me." A little boy lay
 dying, and—

"Pray," said the mother to her dying child—
 'Pray,' and in token of assent he smiled.
 Most willing was the spirit; but so weak
 The failing frame, that he could hardly speak."

The dear child, with an effort, managed to whisper into his mother's ear, and the poet goes on to say—

"At length he said, 'Dear mother, in God's Book
Is it not written, "Unto Jesus look"?
I can look up. I have no strength for prayer;
"Look unto me and be ye saved" is there?'
'It is, my child, it is; thus saith the Lord,
And we may surely, safely trust His word.'
Her son looked up, to Jesus raised his eyes,
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies."

Yes, as surely as you look backward to Christ crucified, so surely will you

LOOK UPWARD
to Christ glorified. The Lord Jesus is not now on the cross, but in heaven. He bore your sins on the cross; He is without those sins on the throne.

Where have they gone? "Into the depths of the sea." (Micah vii. 19.) Yes, buried in the ocean of God's righteousness and love, so deeply buried that Satan has not a line long enough to find them and bring them up again.

Look upward, then, I say. Look upward when tempted. Look upward when in difficulty and trial. Look upward when unhappy. When you go home you will look to some one for your tea, will you not? I rather think you will. And to-night you will look to mother or sister to put you to bed.

To-morrow morning, too, you will look to them to give you your breakfast and prepare you for school. Well, look to Jesus in the same way to supply your soul's need.

Look to Him, count on Him, draw from Him. He seeks your confidence, and wants to be your Friend, your loving Counsellor, your Guard and Guide. Oh, how it delights His kind and gracious heart to help and bless His little ones!

LOOK FORWARD.

There is just one other look I want you to give, that is to say, those of you who have looked to Jesus for salvation. I want you to look forward, for Jesus is coming, and coming very soon. He says, "Surely I come quickly." Then look forward to His coming. Get ready.

Said a little girl to a servant who was busily polishing a grate,

"Polly, when will Jesus come?"

"I do not know," replied the christian maid; but He may be here at any moment."

"Oh, dear," said the child, "if Jesus may be here so soon, had you not better *make haste and tidy yourself and be ready?*"

Dear children, let us be ready—ready in heart and life for Jesus when He comes. Let us not merely *tell* others, but *shew* them in

our lives that we really do believe He is coming very soon to take us all home. Let us look forward.

S. J. B. C.



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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THE STORY OF A LUMP OF COAL.

V.

WE have now to speak a little of the three great products that are obtained from coal when it is made very hot in a retort or large closed vessel. They are gas, coke and tar. These three things are of great service to man, and in importance no doubt the gas stands first. It is used for the lighting of our streets and houses, and if at any time you should visit parts of the country where gas is not yet to be had, but where oil lamps are used instead, you will notice at once how poor the light seems to be, compared with our well-lighted streets. Especially does it seem strange to see only oil lamps on the railway stations.

But beside the lighting, gas is now much used for cooking purposes and also for driving gas engines. So if the time should come when no more gas could be made we should feel the loss of it very much indeed. We once had a peep into the kitchen of a large banqueting hall and saw two immense gas stoves, in either of which it was possible to cook fifty joints of meat or a hundred fowls at the same time.

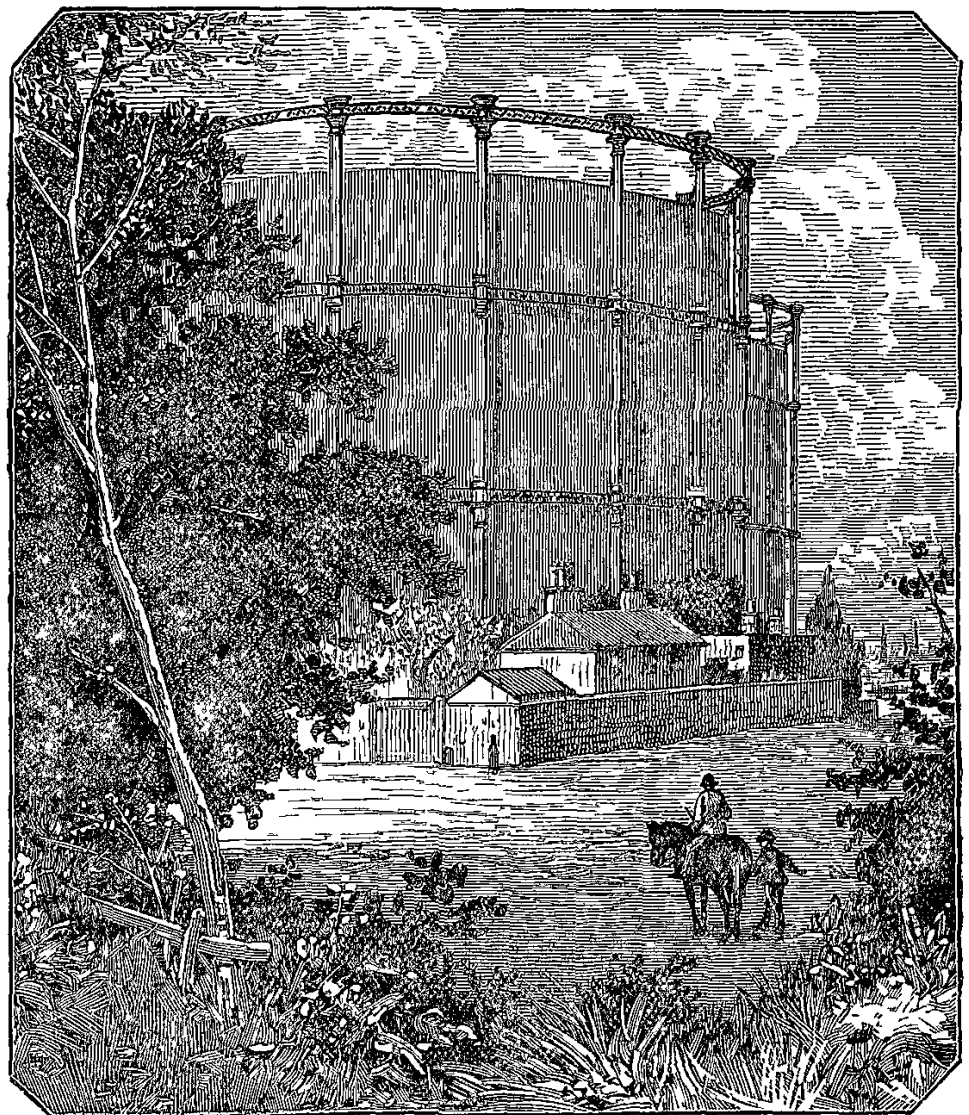
Our picture shews one of the gasometers with which we all are familiar. These are used to store the gas after it is made. The bottom portion is filled with water through which the gas is passed into the upper part, and as more and more gas enters from the gasworks the top of the gas-holder is gradually

raised to make more room inside. No gas, however, can escape, because the upper part is never raised quite out of the water. Then as the gas is used up, the gas-holder falls again, so that air can never get in to take the place left by the gas.

I need not say much as to coke, for it is well known that it is what is left of the coal after the gas has been taken out of it, and is used as a cheap fuel. It gives out a fierce heat when burnt with a strong draught, but it makes a dull fire without any flame.

Now what shall I say about tar, the black stuff that is used for putting on boats and wooden palings. This is a really wonderful substance from the many things that can be extracted from it.

At one time much was thrown away as



GASOMETER.

waste which is now used from which to extract valuable products. Not only are paraffin oil and machine oils extracted, but such unlikely things as ammonia, sulphur, carbolic acid, the beautiful aniline colours, and ratafia which is used for flavouring our cakes and custards.

All these things are found stored up in a lump of coal, and have been there for ages waiting for man to find out that they were there and also how to get them out. We learn from this the wisdom and goodness of God, that before ever He brought man on this earth to dwell here He made provision for all his needs, and our hearts should turn to Him in thanksgiving and praise that thus He should shew forth His power and wisdom, and give us to enjoy the temporal mercies which are His handiwork.

PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

I AM always glad to say something to help, warn and guide you to walk in the fear of the Lord; I have taken the motto this time about being lifted up, that is, a proud heart, which is very hateful in the sight of God.

A little girl, one Sunday morning, was going with her father and sister to school. She was proud of being able to run faster than her elder sister, and would not take hold of her father's hand; presently, however, she stumbled and fell; this made her a little more humble. Afterwards she was glad to take her father's hand.

I am thinking that there are many older than this little girl who think they can do without the advice of their parents and teachers. But they make a sad mistake if they think they can do all things without the help of those who know better than themselves. Dear young friends, this is how so many fall by the way, because they forget God and His great love. They forget to pray to Him to direct their steps, hence they fall into many temptations and their lives are made very sad because they have no heavenly Father to guide them and give them His protecting care. Jesus is our kind Shepherd, He will lead you safely in this world and bring you to heaven.

T. H.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XVII.

TENT LIFE IN INDIA.

WOULD you care, dear ones, for a long Indian ride, followed by having to spend some days, or perhaps even weeks, under the canvas roof of a tent? "Oh, yes, it would be delightful!" many voices seem to answer, and you are ready to start at once. But we must be careful to choose the right time for our journey, for as you already know the climate of India differs greatly from ours, the year being divided into three instead of four seasons. Travelling during the rainy season would be quite out of the question, as in many places we should find the roads under water, and have to cross streams swollen by the heavy rains into rushing, dangerous mountain torrents. We will not choose the hot, as the heat and glare from the sand would most likely make us ill before the first day's journey was ended. Shall we suppose our journey is going to begin some pleasant morning in the cool, or dry season? Flowers are everywhere, and though we miss the primroses and violets we have been used to see in England, we shall often find ourselves saying, "How lovely!" as we catch sight of some magnificent climbing plant, with its wealth of scarlet or violet blossoms, or notice that the ground over which we are riding is so covered with flowers as to resemble a rich and many coloured carpet.

But I have not told you yet the object of our ride, or even where we are going. We are to spend a little time among the mountain villages in that great district of India called the Punjab, and as no one in India ever thinks of travelling alone, our companions are to be two christian ladies (who have been for some time living among the people and are seeking to tell the girls and women, who would not be allowed to listen to the gospel from the lips of a male teacher, the old, yet ever new story of a Saviour's love), native Bible-women and several servants.

But sometimes the women do not want to hear the gospel. They say, "Our religion was good for our mothers, our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers, why should it not be good enough for us? Christians kill animals, and eat beef and mutton, which we Hindus think is very wrong, and which we never do, so we will not hear what you have to say to us."

Very sadly at such times would the christian worker turn away, often to plead alone with God for wisdom to bring the light of the gospel to the dark hearts of these poor women.

And at last after much prayer a way was opened up. Many who still turned away from christian instruction were sick and suffering, or their children were sick, and if they would not come to hear about the Lord Jesus it was hoped that they might come to get medicine, and in this way learn that sin-sick souls have still greater need of healing than suffering bodies. One of the party with whom we propose to travel is a lady doctor, so we may

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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have to go into some strange places, and perhaps see some sad sights before our journey is ended.

But a great deal has to be done before the journey can begin. The camels and ponies, also a covered chair carried upon poles by coolies or bearers, also the men who will drive and look after the animals must be hired. Everything needed for the journey must be packed in such a way as to take up as little room as possible. Tents, beds, bedding, folding chairs and tables and many other things will be carried on the backs of camels, while two large boxes have to be filled, one with different kinds of medicine, bandages, gospel books and tracts in three or four languages, etc., etc., while the second is reserved for food, saucepans, a few enamelled cups, plates, etc.

But the days of preparation are over at last, and after prayer for guidance and blessing and loving words of farewell to fellow-workers the party is at last ready to start.

The camels, which always kneel to receive their loads, do not seem in any great hurry to obey the word of command that bids them rise, but at last do so with a jerk, that if the loads they carry had not been very securely fastened, would have sent the boxes and all their contents rolling on the ground. They are then fastened together by a rope between the tail of the first camel and the nose of the one following. There are five camels in our caravan all tied together, the first one being led by a camel-driver on foot. Other servants follow, among them being a cook and also a sweeper, that office always being performed by a native of low caste; the water-carrier with his skins or leather bottles bringing up the rear. The camels must go on a little in advance of the party for two reasons, one being that though they are sure and steady travellers they do not get over the ground very quickly; the other, that if they reach the spot where it has been decided to pass the night, the servants can put up the tents, dig fireplaces and prepare food at once, as every one is sure to be tired and thirsty after a very long ride.

The elder of the Bible-women is carried in a doulie on men's shoulders; the younger sits astride (in native fashion) on a thin and most unhappy looking pony, which is dragged along by its owner, a man with a hard face and very dirty clothes; while the ladies, who prefer pony to camel riding, mount their ponies and the procession sets off.

It was a long day's ride, but the camping ground was reached at last, and it was pleasant to see the white tents peeping out among the green of the trees by which they were surrounded. The stakes to which the ponies were to be tied for the night were being driven into the ground, and one or two servants were busy digging fireplaces. Shall we go near enough to see how these out-of-door fireplaces are built? A hole dug in the ground; if a spade or trowel is not to hand it may be scooped out with a stick, or even with the hands. Three clods of earth from the nearest ploughed field are all that is needed to form what is considered a very good fireplace. A few sticks and a match are all that will be needed to cook the evening meal.

News of the coming of strangers has already reached the village, which is not far off, and a number of boys and little girls, with a few men, come over to the camp to look and wonder, but it is the women who are wanted, and they must be sought in their own homes. It is too late, however, to begin visiting, as the sun is getting low, and sunset in India is quickly followed by dark.

Dinner and a short rest are very welcome, then the ladies, Bible-women and servants meet for a short scripture-reading and prayer, any of the villagers who would like to remain being told they are quite welcome to do so.

As very few of the party can read there are no hymn-books, by far the best way having been found to sing one verse over and over again till it is learnt by all. Perhaps some one asks to have its meaning explained, and this opens up the way for speaking of the Lord Jesus and His death for sinners. And sometimes tears are seen finding their way down the yellow face of some one in the little group of listeners, while the whisper, "How wonderful! how JESUS must have loved us, or He would not have been willing to die for us!" is heard, and tells that the story is finding its way to some heart.

Then the Bible is produced and a few verses read. "Do you know why we come here?" says the elder of the Bible-women, "listen, and I will tell you; we have read in that book that the Lord Jesus Christ who died upon the cross is not dead now. No, He is alive again. God raised Him from the dead, and He is now in heaven. But before He ascended to heaven, He bade those who loved Him go into all the world and tell every one who would listen about Him and His love. That book you see is not like the books of the Hindus, in which so many of our people believe. They are the words of men, and some men did not always speak truly, but the Bible is the word of God, and God always says what we should believe, for it is quite true."

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR PRIMROSE AND VIOLET GATHERERS,—

It seems hardly possible that it can be a whole year since the little band of Helpers who send flowers, not only in the early spring but nearly all through the year, had their own special letter, and yet the months have gone by, and I know they will be glad not only to receive a well-earned word of loving thanks, but to hear something of those who have been cheered by the beautiful, even though quickly-fading blossoms.

"They make me think of the time when I was quite a little girl, living in the country, and used to gather just such flowers," said one busy mother, as she smiled, such a sweet, tender smile, when some early primroses were given to her, and then her face had a far-away look in it, and though she did not speak again for a few seconds I know her thoughts had gone back to the country cottage, with its pleasant, old-fashioned garden in which so much of her childhood had been spent; tears filled

her eyes, for other memories were recalled by the sight and smell of the white and blue violets, of the home circle, of happy holiday rambles with brothers and playfellows to the woods in which the sweet blossoms grew. But some of that merry group who had made the woods ring with their laughter had died, and others, grown like herself to womanhood, or manhood, were fighting the battle of life in busy cities.

But the flowers were not all, for upon the tiny card some words were written. They were Bible words, and as Mrs. E—, who is a Christian, read, the sadness that had lingered for a moment gave place to the light of hope, and faith seemed almost sight as she repeated, "They shall see his face." (Rev. xxii. 4.)

I should like in passing to acknowledge with very real and warm thanks the gifts from friends at Dover, Swanage and Clapton, of small parcels of motto texts, with string attached, making it easy to tie one on to each bunch of flowers. Some are more suitable for Christians than the unconverted, but there was a good supply of gospel verses, and we may always ask the blessing of the Lord on seeking to pass on His own precious, life-giving word. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." (Psa. cxix. 130.)

C. J. L. would be grateful if the friends who so kindly send flowers, &c., would notice and remember the change in her address, re-addressed letters being delivered free, but the same rule does not apply to parcels, double postage having to be paid for those wrongly directed. A new neighbourhood does not mean giving up the old happy ministry of taking the silent messengers with which the kindness of many known and unknown friends has kept me fairly well supplied; it has, however, brought a larger circle within reach, for every one has a welcome for the spring flowers, and we know, do we not, "My word shall not return unto me void," is the word of our faithful God?

Perhaps one reason why we love the early blossoms so well is that, coming as they do just *after the earth awakes from its winter sleep*, they remind us of our resurrection hope, "Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

H. F. and H. S. are thanked for a parcel arriving too late to be acknowledged in last month's *Gospel Stories*, containing thirteen pairs of knitted cuffs. Among the delighted receivers were two small watercress-sellers, a boy and girl. The friends who took such loving trouble would, I think, have felt themselves well repaid if they could have seen the pleasure of these children, for they are only children, the little girl being seven years of age and the boy, who is her brother, not more than eleven or twelve; it must in bad weather often be weary work to travel from door to door, and while the children in our own homes are lovingly cared for, shall we not rejoice in the opportunity of doing something, even if it is only a very little, for the neglected little ones of the streets?

So many boxes of flowers have been received without name or address of sender, and in some cases it was not possible to read the post-mark, so

I can only thank by name just a few of my young friends.

A box of violets, neatly tied into small bunches and sent, as the slip of paper enclosed said, "For the sick, aged and poor children," from two brothers at Ardens Grafton.

Alice M., Lymington, is thanked for one of the loveliest boxes of primroses and other flowers that has been received this season. Her flowers seemed to have a special mission, not only finding their way into a few sick-rooms, but going to brighten the homes of several of the always busy people who seldom get out, and so miss seeing the beauty of the spring, but are quite able to enjoy a little bit of it when it is taken to them.

Flowers from Beenham and Beenham Green, under Reading, are acknowledged with thanks, but no name or initials of senders were given. Violets, though very sweet, fade quickly, and do not as a rule arrive in such good condition or last so long as other flowers. It is a great help when the flowers intended for the sick and aged are tied into bunches, as not only is time and trouble saved, but the flowers are fresher when unpacked than those that are put loosely into a box.

YOUNG HELPERS' PRIZE LIST.

So few articles have been sent in for competition under the different heads for which prizes were offered that the list of WINNERS will not be a long one.

There is no room for discouragement in this, as it is pleasant to notice how much loving work has been done; may we not hope and believe that love to Christ has really been the spring and motive power of it, as it certainly has not been the hope of gaining a PRIZE?

Hardly any Scrap and Text Albums were sent for competition, and the few received under this head were not quite so good as those sent last year.

TWO PRIZES for useful needlework have been awarded, one to

NORA U—, "Hestercombe," Swanage, and the other to

ETHEL C—, Shrubbs Hill, Sunningdale, Berks. Two for doll-dressing, to

THE MISSES C—, "Rydal Cottage," Hastings Road, Ealing.

Two for home-made toys, one to M— U—, "Hestercombe," Swanage, for a toy made to represent a monkey in full court dress; the other to

CLEMENT J—, "Batts Corner," near Farnham, Surrey, for waggons made from small tin boxes, neatly mounted upon wheels. C— J— will be glad to know that his workmanship has given untold pleasure to some small boys, one of whom was very sick at the time he received his wagon.

Answers to Young Gleaners' Questions, when a set of three months' questions has been completed, should be addressed to C. J. L., and may be sent either to the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E. C., or direct to her at 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex. Flowers for the sick and aged and all parcels must be sent to the latter address.



THE TELEPHONE.

COME, dear boys and girls, and let us have a chat about the telephone. First of all, who can tell me what a telephone is?

"I think I hear a young voice saying, 'It is an instrument by which people can speak to one another, though they may be a long way from each other.'

"Yes, that is right. Is not that wonderful? But I now want to tell you of a very wonderful telephone, and about the One who speaks through it, for He has a great number of messages for us, so loving they are, too. The One who speaks through it lives a great many miles away, but still we can hear Him speaking to us through this great telephone.

"First, dear boys and girls, tell me who this great Speaker is? Now, Mary, what do you say?"

"God."

"Ah! quite right. John can tell us what this great telephone is."

"The Prayer Book."

"Oh, no; that could not be, for God does not speak to us through the Prayer Book. But, Arthur, let us hear what you say."

"The Bible."

"Ah! that is it. Now do you not see, dear boys and girls, that God has got a great telephone, through which He is speak-

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ing to us to-day, and it is the Bible. Tell me, Mary, something He tells us through the Bible."

"He tells us to 'repent and be converted.'"

"Yes, He does. Now I wonder how many of my young readers have done that? Remember that 'happiness lies in obedience,' so if we want to be happy we must do what God tells us. What does He say?"

"'Repent and be converted.'"

"Well now, can you come to Him and tell Him you are sorry for what you have done? and then what does God say further? Come, Arthur, let us hear what you say."

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

"Very good. So, first of all, if we want to be happy, we must obey God's voice, through His telephone, the Bible, that is, we must REPENT and then believe on the Lord Jesus. Then what else does God tell us? Now, John, what does He say?"

"'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

"Ah, how beautiful that is! First of all we 'repent'; secondly, we 'believe'; thirdly, we are told that Jesus' blood 'cleanseth from all sin.'"


"Then, dear young reader, listen to the voice of God speaking to you through His great telephone, come to Him now, before it is too late, for soon He will cease speaking to us; but come now and He will receive

you, for Jesus said : 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.'

"If I come to Jesus He will make me glad,
He will give me pleasure when my heart is sad ;
If I come to Jesus happy shall I be,
He is gently calling little ones like me."

E. W. L.

SELF-DENYING LOVE.

OVE is a wonderful reality! Though but a little word of four letters, how great the meaning of it. I am sure we all like to hear about love, so I am going to tell you a story of how a kind gentleman wished to suffer instead of his friend.

It was during the life of Sir David Baird, who at the time of which I write was a young officer in the British army, and was taken prisoner, with many others, by their enemy, Tippoo Sahib.

They were thrown into a dungeon, and you can scarcely imagine the miseries they had to endure!

Think of being shut up day after day in a horrible dungeon! And in addition to this, many of them had been wounded beforehand, and were in great pain.

One day the prison doors were flung open, and an official entered with several natives, who were carrying heavy sets of fetters. How horrified the poor men must have felt as they heard the command that a pair of fetters were to be fastened to the limbs of each prisoner! Ah! they knew well that though their pain had been great, it would now be much greater.

A grey-haired British officer then stepped forward; he was scarred with many a wound himself, but he was not thinking of that. Pointing to Baird, he said, "That young officer has been so badly wounded in the leg, that to put a fetter on it would cause his certain death!" Then he pleaded earnestly that mercy might be shewn him, but the only reply was to the effect that there were just as many pairs of fetters as there were prisoners, and that whatever happened they *must all be worn!*

"Then let me wear two," pleaded the grey-haired officer.

I cannot tell you whether the request was granted, but it seems most likely that it was,

as the old officer died in the prison, while Baird lived to enter as a proud victor the very city which had been the scene of his sufferings.


Is it not beautiful to see what self-forgetfulness *love* will prompt? Yes, some have gone so far as to sacrifice their lives for others, and this is *great love*. The Lord Jesus said, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.)

No human love could be a true picture of the love of Jesus, but it calls to our minds the words, "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, *Christ died for us.*" (Rom. v. 7, 8.)

"Jesus loves—He loveth sinners,
Loveth more than tongue can say;
Prove Him now, accept His mercy,
Turn not from such love away."

L. C. B.

DOT'S CONVERSION.

OW often the simple testimony of a young convert has been the instrument used of God in bringing many to the feet of Jesus! I should like to tell the young readers of this magazine of the way in which a little girl of my acquaintance was brought to know Jesus as her Saviour and to rest on His finished work.

Dot (for that is her name) had godly parents, who prayed that their little one might know Jesus early, nor were their prayers in vain.

At a very early age Dot felt that she was a sinner, and knew that unless she came to the sinner's Saviour she would be eternally lost. Oh, how the thought troubled her! to think that if the Lord were to come her dear mother and father would be caught up to meet their Lord in the air and she left behind; she could not sleep at night, and her thoughts troubled her by day.

Dot was at this time attending gospel addresses for the young, held each Sunday afternoon, and it was on such an occasion that the preacher, noticing how attentive she was, determined at the close of the address

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to speak to her and see what impression it had made upon her. He spoke of the love of God in giving His dear Son to die for us, the Just for the unjust; of how He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might be rich. He also spoke of the Lord's willingness to save and His power to keep.

The more Dot heard of His wondrous love, the more earnestly did she long to become a Christian. At last the meeting came to a close. Dot looked far from being happy. The dear servant of God went up and asked her if she belonged to Jesus. For a few moments she did not answer, but presently told him that she did not yet belong to Jesus. The preacher was sorry to hear this, and asked Dot if she ever prayed.

"Oh, yes," said Dot, "I pray every night."

"What do you pray for?" asked the preacher.

"I pray that Jesus will make me good."

"Well," said he, "will you promise to pray a little prayer that I will teach you? Do not pray to be made good, but ask the Lord to shew you yourself as you are in His sight—pray, 'O Lord, shew me myself.'"

Dot thought this a very strange thing to ask God, but it was explained that before we can be saved we must really see ourselves as God sees us, and feel our need of forgiveness.

It was not long before Dot's prayer was answered; but do you think Dot felt any better? No; she had found out what a sinner she really was, and even wondered if God would forgive one so guilty.

It is when we are in this state, dear reader, that the Lord comes to us, as He came to Dot. Oh, how patient He is to wait outside the door of our proud hearts so long!

Dot saw the preacher again, and told him how miserable the prayer had made her.

"Then," said he, "you really need forgiveness?"

"Oh, yes!" said Dot, with tears in her eyes, "if only God will forgive me, I will always try to please Him. Do you think He will?"

"Yes, Dot, I know He will," said the preacher. "Do not try in your own strength,

but go to Jesus just as you are and say, 'O Lord, shew me Thyself.'"

This prayer, too, was answered, to her own joy and the joy of all around. The Lord revealed Himself to Dot in a wonderful way, nor did she forget to thank first her Lord and then the dear servant of God whom He had used in bringing her to Himself.

Dot is now a bright young Christian, taking all her joys and sorrows to the One who is always willing to aid us, asking His guidance in all things, and above all seeking to bring others to the One who loved her and gave Himself for her.

R. D.

FIRST THINGS FIRST.

PUTTING the cart before the horse" is a very common saying in this part of the country, when we speak of putting first what ought to be last. Now this is often done by young people when speaking of the way of salvation.

A short time ago I met a dear lad in a country lane to whom I gave a gospel tract, asking, "Do you expect to go to heaven, my lad?"

"Yes sir," was his quick response.

"Why should God take you there?" He thought for a moment and then answered,

"Because I'm good, sir! I try and do all that's right, and I mean to live a good life."

"I am very glad to hear it, my lad. But do you think trying to live a good life will take you to heaven?"

"I hope it will, sir!"

"Answer me one more question, Are you always good?"

"No, no, I am not," and he dropped his head at the thought of his shortcomings.

"Yours then will not always be the brightest prospects?"

"I don't, I don't like to think of it."

"So you are not sure of getting there after all?"

"No, sir."

Just at that moment a group of merry children came romping along the lane, and at the sight of my bundle of tracts which I held up, they waited to receive one.

Turning to them I said, "Look here, children, this dear lad wants to go to heaven, but he does not know the way, perhaps you can tell him the way." They were all attention now, and offered the following ways :

"You must be good. He must keep the commandments of Jesus Christ. Be truthful, honest, always doing that which is right. Be kind, gentle and loving. He must love God. He must love Jesus. Do what his father and

right place, and what each child of God ought to do, not to be made a child of God, but because you are a child of God. For instance, you are not always on your best behaviour at home to be your parents' child, you were born in this relationship, but because you are their child they expect (and rightly so) you to be always dutiful and obedient.

The first great thing to know is, your title



A GROUP OF MERRY CHILDREN.

mother tells him. Be dutiful in all things."

To all these I could only shake my head, and say, "No, no, no." Until last of all a bright little girl put up her hand and said, "Please, sir, he must believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, for He died for him." "Yes, that is the way, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" (Acts xvi.) All the other things you have to tell him are very good indeed, when they are put in their

to heaven, what the Lord Jesus Christ has done when He was on Calvary's cross suffering for sins, the Just for the unjust, to bring us to God. It was there His precious blood that cleanses from all sin was shed and by it we are redeemed to God, made meet for His holy presence. This, dear children, is where we stood, putting first things first, then the other good things we ought to do follow.

J. L.



CROSSING THE JORDAN.

What mean ye by these Stones?

WHEN you look at the picture of the twelve men picking up big stones out of the bed of the river, let it remind you how that God always thinks of the children.

Perhaps you will ask, What have these stones to do with the children?

Why, when the children in years to come should see the heap of stones they would be sure to ask what they were for and where they came from, then their parents were to tell them that they were taken out of the Jordan, and that they were to remind them of the time when Israel walked over as on dry land. God did not want that wonderful event ever to be forgotten. The Lord ever thinks of the children, and shews how He loves them too.

God did not love His people because of what He could get from them in heavy labour and service, or else He would not have troubled about the children; but He loved them because He is love, and that made Him think of the children too.

God still loves us, and He has given us something better than a heap of stones to tell us of His love, for we have the Bible itself.

BIBLE ENIGMAS, &c.**THE VALUE OF GOD'S WORD.**

SUPPLY missing letters where dots are placed, and at the end of each passage the number of the verse in which it occurs.

1. I . n . t m . w . r . l . k . a . a f . r . ?
(Jer. xxiii.)
2. M . w . r . s s . a . l . n . t p . s .
. w . y (Matt. xxiv.)
3. T . y . o . d w . s u . t . m . t . e
j . y . (Jer. xv.)
4. A w . s . m . n w . i . h b . i . t h . s
h . u . e . (Matt. vii.)
5. M . r . t . b . d . s . r . d a . e t . e
t . a . g . l . (Psa. xix.)
6. I . s . a . l n . t r . t . r . u . t . m .
v . i . (Isa. lv.)
7. D . s . r . t . e . i . c . r . m . l . o .
t . e w . r . , t . a . (1 Pet. ii.)
8. l . s . r . p . u . e . s g . v . n . b .
. n . p . r . t . o . . f . o d . (2 Tim. iv.)

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.**CHAPTER XVIII.****AMONG SICK, LAME AND BLIND.**

THE first night spent under the roof of a tent in India is an altogether new and often not very pleasant experience. Numbers of ownerless dogs make their presence known by their loud, noisy barking, while every now and then one bolder than the rest will, after smelling round the tent-pegs for some time, find a chink through which he contrives to push first his head, and after repeated efforts, his whole body into the tent. The sleepy watchmen have to be aroused, and with loud shouting and brandishing of sticks drive out the intruder. At a distance are heard the cries of a pack of jackals.

Every one is astir early, for a long day's work is before our friends, and they will be glad to get a quiet time for reading and prayer before going out to begin village work.

Each taking a Bible-woman, the ladies mount their ponies and ride off, each in a different direction, for the women and girls they so long to reach will be found either in their huts or busy with field work. The tents are left in charge of the cook and sweeper. The ladies are hardly out of sight when the former—who hopes the "Sahibs," as he calls them, will not return till nearly dark—settles down for a long sleep in the sunshine, and the sweeper goes off to the village to buy fuel and other things needed in tent-life. He might, if he chose to do so, return in a couple of hours, but, as natives never hurry themselves, he will most likely be gone all day.

The village is reached at last; quite a long procession of small boys, almost without clothing, and a few little girls carrying babies, not in their arms but on their hips, have gathered to stare at and follow, though at a safe distance, the "white lady," who is making her way to the house of the head-man; but his wife, surrounded by her daughters-in-law and servants, is busy cooking, and says, not very politely, that she cannot stop to listen to reading, she has no time to spare, and no heart for God's message of salvation either, so with a silent prayer the ponies are again mounted and the Christians move onward, for at a distance of about a mile another head-man is living.

A very different reception awaits the party at his house. He is an elderly man with silver hair and a pleasant face.

Leaving his shoes at some distance, which is a mark of respect to the white lady, he gives her a kindly welcome, and calling his wife, bids her attend and offer refreshments to the visitors, after which he retires. The lady of the house is very hospitable, and offers her guests a sweet drink, but, as she has been seen stirring it with her fingers, the English lady, knowing that to refuse would give offence to her hostess, contrives to taste it, and then asks leave to pass the remainder on to her Bible-woman, who must, she says, be hot and thirsty too.

Many women come in from neighbouring houses,

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and soon not only the room but the court-yard is filled. Many questions are asked of the strangers, and at first there is a good deal of talking, but at last they are induced to listen quietly for a few moments while a hymn is sung and some Bible verses read and explained.

Other houses are visited, till the lengthening shadows remind our friends that they must return to the tents and see the patients, who are sure to be waiting for medicine, ointment, &c.

What a crowd has assembled! all seem to be talking at once. Every one wants to be first attended to, and there is a good deal of crowding and pushing each other. Some who come are really very ill, while others only think themselves so, and there are a good many who only come to see what is going on; all, however, ask for medicine.

"Where is your bottle?" asks the lady doctor of one woman.

"I have no bottle, you will give me one?"

"No, I do not carry empty bottles with me; see how much medicine I have to bring, the camels were well loaded, where could I pack empty bottles?"

"It is all true what you say, Sahib," replies the woman thoughtfully; "but I know not what I shall do, or how to get a bottle. Here, Raj De, run to the village, it is near, and bring me a jar or anything you can find, as I wish very much to have medicine."

Leaves and pieces of broken pottery have to be sought to enable some of the patients to carry home the ointment with which their cuts and wounds are to be dressed. Many have to go away disappointed because there is nothing to put their medicine in. It has been slow and sometimes difficult, but not discouraging, work, for sometimes among the hum of many voices a woman has said, "Tell me of your Jesus, He who was always so good to every one; He said kind things even to women."

Early the next morning a great deal of work, in the way of striking and packing the tents, loading the camels, and many other things, must be done, for other villages are to be visited, and the heat in the middle of the day is so great that it is not easy or pleasant to travel, though the mornings and evenings are chilly.

A great number of men and boys gather round and look on, though they do not offer to help; women of the poorer class come also, they have brought their bottles this time and hope to get medicine; but they have missed their opportunity and are too late, so they have to go away disappointed on being told that all the medicines are packed, and the boxes in which they are carried strapped on to the backs of the camels.

There are some sad sights, one being that of a woman whose two-year-old child is blind. The poor mother begs very hard for medicine that will "open its eyes," and finds it very hard to believe that nothing can be done to help her.

Then an old woman asks for medicine that will enable her to throw away her stick and make her young and strong again. Her trouble of old age is

one for which there is no cure, and she, too, has to go away.

A few hours of steady, though by no means swift, riding, and the next village is reached. It has such a strange name, "Tarn Taran," which in the Hindu language means "salvation," but it is not salvation through the precious blood of Christ. An idol temple stands near a sacred pool, about which the priests tell a strange story. They say that many years ago a girl was born in that village who was hated by her parents (no uncommon state of things in India). They forced her to marry a leper, and after marriage they wandered about the country begging. One day they returned to her native village, where the leper was left by his wife to rest by the side of a pond while she went to beg rice. While waiting for her return, he noticed a crow fly down from the tree on which it had been perching and bathe itself in the waters. To his surprise it came out white! He made up his mind to try if healing for his poor diseased body could not be found in the same way, so with great labour he dragged himself down to the edge of the water and stepped in. When his wife returned, her poor leprous husband was nowhere to be found, but when he called to her she knew his voice. He had been made quite well by the healing waters of the pool. So a temple was built, and many hundreds of people came every year, some of them from great distances, hoping to be cured of their ailments.

We do not believe the story, do we? But are you not glad that we know the only way in which our souls can be made pure and cleansed from every stain of sin through simply trusting in Christ?

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—

"A word to the wise is sufficient," at least, so says the proverb, and I must bear in mind, while writing my usual monthly letters, a suggestion made by our kind Editor and Publisher, that sometimes during the last few months it had been difficult to get "Correspondence Corner" into the page of *Gospel Stories*, which is really all the space that can be spared for it, while a pile of unanswered letters reminds me that my correspondents must for once at least be content with replies that may be a little disappointing to those who hoped for good long letters.

Emma W., Maidstone. Thank you, dear, for the box of wild flowers and very kind note addressed to our sick friends. You will be glad to hear that the blossoms arrived in good condition, looking very little the worse for their journey. There is no need to go far to find people who are sick, or sad, who are quite ready to be cheered and helped by a little kindly, wisely-directed sympathy. Some of your flowers went "to brighten a sick man's room," others made the weary, careworn face of a busy mother grow brighter with a pleasant smile, as she recalled the green fields and country lanes in which as a girl she had been used to play and gather flowers. It will help us all to remember that

though our flowers may not be worth much, yet if they are gathered and sent from love to Christ, His grace may say of the one who gathered and gave, "She hath done what she could."

Ernest W., Radstock. C. J. L. is always glad when one of her boy friends not only stops to think of the poor and suffering, but gives himself time to allow the thought to find expression in a deed, and sends the flowers he has gathered, or the toy or scrap-album he has made. We are all such busy people, with so many lessons to learn, and please do not think we stop learning when school-books are laid aside, that sometimes we forget, do we not, to be kind and helpful to others? Love to Christ and a real desire to please our absent Lord should be the spring of our everyday life and work. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

Ernest C., Coleford, Gloucestershire. Another boy friend, who will be glad to get a line of real thanks for his gift. As he is only ten years of age, he hardly needs a reminder that he is still a school-boy. Are you "shining for Jesus," dear little friend? Are you seeking day by day for grace to be diligent and faithful at lessons? Do the other boys know that you are on the Lord's side? Do not be afraid to confess Christ in the playground. "He sees and knows it, if our light be dim."

Some sweet flowers came with a tiny slip of paper enclosed, on which was written, "For some sick children, from a little girl at Boscombe." There was no name, no address, but it was sweet to remember that both were known to the loving Saviour, the Friend of little children.

Aileen R., Brentwood. Many thanks, dear Aileen, for two boxes of flowers, and a very pretty and neatly arranged text and scrap album. It is pleasant to notice how much loving trouble has been taken to make the best possible use of what you had in the way of scraps, pictures, &c. We all sometimes wish very much for the opportunity of doing some great or noble thing, but while waiting for it are apt to miss the little things that may do so much to make others happy. If we belong to Christ, we are sure to desire to serve Him. We may not be called to attempt doing things that will be noticed, or talked about, but a still deeper and holier joy may be ours

"To serve Him in the little things
No other eye can see,
Of which His love will one day say,
'Ye did it unto me.'"

A box of lovely wallflowers, &c., neatly tied into bunches, from J. N., Cheltenham. Their sweet scent as well as rich tints of colour have been greatly enjoyed by the sick among whom they were distributed soon after their arrival. Will J. N. accept a word of personal thanks for the loving thoughtfulness that tied up the flowers, instead of sending them loose, as is not unfrequently done. Perhaps it is the busy people who know best how to value the kindness of those who, by taking a little extra trouble, save the time of others. Tied-up flowers as a rule arrive in much better condition and seem to suffer less from the shaking of the train than when not tied, and while writing about

cut flowers I may pass on some useful directions as to their care kindly sent in a box, filled with bunches of cowslips, from Miss D., Dover.

"Flowers sent through the post often look crushed and faded on their arrival, but may be restored by a very simple process. Put them into a large basin of water, cover closely with a towel, so as to exclude light. Leave them for six or eight hours, when they will be found looking almost as fresh as when first gathered."

Clem. and Grace (no address) are thanked for box of flowers; also a friend who kindly sent a parcel containing two infant's pinafores; they have been passed on to a busy mother with the text, "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of." Perhaps her work seemed easier, and her heart lighter all through the remaining hours of at least that day.

Grace J., Batts Corner, near Farnham. Your letter was a very welcome one. Accept grateful thanks for the sympathy so kindly expressed, as well as for the flowers. They have been shared with several sick and lonely ones. I can and do unite with you in thanksgiving for the good news about your brother and yourself.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

(1.) The godly servant of a wicked king hid and fed a number of prophets during a time in which their lives were in danger. Give the names of the then reigning king and queen, also those of the servant and prophet by whom the king was reproved for his wickedness.

(2.) Name two brooks memorable in the history of the prophet named in your answer to question 1, one as a place where he was cared for by God, and the other as the scene of a stern and solemn judgment.

(3.) Give three verses of scripture in which we read of a bottle, or bottles, of water.

(4.) Though, as we know, the bottles used in the lands of the Bible were generally the skins of animals, on one occasion a prophet was sent to the house of a potter to procure "an earthen bottle." Give the reference.

(5.) On what occasion was "a man, bearing a pitcher of water" to act as guide to the disciples of the Lord?

(6.) On what occasion did the Lord Himself become the guide of a blind man?

Post answers, as far as possible, not later than the 24th of each month, after the answers to three months' questions have been completed. Direct as told on the last page of *Gospel Stories*.

Answers to Gleaners' Questions and Letters for C. J. L. may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.

Flowers for the sick and aged and all parcels should be sent direct to the latter address.



WEAPONS AND HOW TO USE THEM.

NOW I am not going to teach you to be soldiers, unless it be to write a word to those who are "soldiers of Jesus." We have a very active enemy, who is always studying our actions to find out the best way to defeat us. I need hardly tell you his name, it is so well known.

SATAN

GOES ABOUT SEEKING WHOM HE MAY DEVOUR.

But we are told to resist him (James iv. 7), and there are two weapons for our use which can never fail us. Jesus, if you remember, had a battle with this enemy in the wilderness. Three times Satan made an attack, only to be repulsed; the weapon that Jesus used so successfully was

THE WORD OF GOD.

You cannot meet him in your own wisdom, but the scriptures will make you invincible.

The other weapon Jesus also used when Satan tried to turn Him from the path of God's will, that conflict took place in Gethsemane's garden. I am sure you know what that was. Yes, it was

PRAYER.

Whenever you are tempted to do wrong, "pray," Satan will then be vanquished.

God loves to hear us "pray," and I could tell you of many answers to prayer. I
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remember hearing a story about little Prince Victor. Once when his father was very ill and it was thought he would die the prince, then a little fellow, said to the late Queen Victoria, "Grandmamma, father will not die, I have been to God and He says he shall not." You can always be sure of God listening. He is never too busy even to listen to a little child.

T. H.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

BIBLE EXERCISE.

1. Supply the word and parts of words left out in the following verses, all of which will be found in the Book of Proverbs:—

(a) "Be not — in — — e—s, — — Lord d—t from —."

(b) "— is the — that —eth — and the — that g—th —."

(c) "She is — — than —, and all things — — — are not to be — to her."

(d) "K—p — — with — —ence, for out — — — i—s — life."

(e) "The paper — by the — by the — of the — and every — — by the — shall — be — — and be — —."

(f) "The — of the — is as — — the — of the — is — —." "The — of the — f—d — but — — for — of —."

Write the verses in full, do not merely name chapter and verse. Address as directed on last page of Magazine.

CRUMBS.

THE white snow had cushioned a poor city street,

Till noiseless were even the noisiest feet,
And nothing but snow had the sparrows to eat.

Yet patiently still an old man was trying
To sell a few toys that no one was buying,
While all the day round him the sparrows were flying

To pick up the crumbs where he'd broken them
some
Of the crusts he had begged—this poor hungry one,
Who to hungrier creatures refused not a crumb.

Then I bless'd the sweet thought that there's
never a one
So poor or so weak that he has not a crumb
Of comfort to spare for a needier one ;

And that he who has given though only a crumb
To God's poorest child, has but lent it to One
Who payeth again when this short life is done.

GOD CARES.

IT was Saturday evening ; the sick father,
who had been long ailing, was in bed.
The mother had her little ones gathered
round her, having just given them their
evening meal, dividing amongst them in
scanty portions the last piece of bread she
had in the house—the cupboard was empty
and she had no money to buy more.

"What shall we do for food to-morrow,
mother?" asked the eldest boy.

"I do not know, honey," replied the
mother, "you had better come and pray
now and go to bed." But if that sorely-trying
mother did not know *how* she would get
food for her children on the morrow, she
did know the One who was able and willing
to supply her need, and that all her want
and her cares were fully known by Him.

Presently they were all startled by the
opening of the front door and the sound of
a great bang in the passage. At first they
were almost too frightened to move, then
the eldest boy got a light and went to see
what was the matter.

"Oh, mother, look here!" he exclaimed,
and the mother following her boy saw on the
floor of the passage a large loaf of bread.
Here was food for her husband and children,

and how she thanked God for His tender
care. *Who* threw in that loaf she never
really knew, and it mattered not, for the
God who commanded the ravens to feed
His prophet Elijah by the brook Cherith
had surely cared for her in her great need.

Does not this little incident shew us, dear
children, what a God is ours? And this is
a very small matter compared with that
great gift the blessed God has given, even
His own beloved Son, who went down into
death, even the death of the cross, whom
God raised from among the dead and has
seated at His own right hand in glory.
And the desire of the heart of God is to
make Himself known by the glad tidings
concerning His Son, not only to grown-up
people, but also to children, so that they
may be able to trust in Him as a Saviour
God and as One who cares for them in every
detail of daily life, for nothing is too small
for His care nor too great for His power.

M. H. L.

ENIGMA.

1. On this, read back, he play'd a strain,
2. What rich fool takes, but what's his gain.
3. Will not this river, the leprosy cure,
4. A word the Lord Jesus used o'er and o'er,
Sick, sinful and sorrowing ones to restore.
5. Read backward, 'twas on this He died,
Behind which man his shame did hide.
Initials, what Jesus—not the world—
can give,
Finals, where His word may be hid
whilst we live.

All answers should be addressed to P. R.,
at 20, Paternoster Square, London.

ONE WHO LOVES THE CHILDREN.

JESUS CHRIST—who loves the children,
And would have them happy be,
So that they might have salvation,
Came and suffered on the tree.

Would you like to know this Saviour,
Who for little ones could die?
When on earth He called them to Him,
Now He calls from heaven on high.

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HAPPY ARTHUR.

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

I WOULD like to tell you of a dear lad I once knew well, but who is now with the Lord Jesus in heaven. His name was Arthur —, and he lived at P—, a large seaport town. He was an only son. At the time of which I desire to speak he was suffering in one of our large hospitals from a dreadful disease called cancer.

I might, dear boys, as a warning to some, say that this was the effect of a blow received from another lad, who was known as a tyrant in the same school. His mother, who was a Christian, came to me and told me the grief of her heart.

She said, "You know my Arthur (for he is in the Sunday school), he is in the hospital, and having a cancer on his arm, the doctor says the only hope of sparing his life is to take off the arm. They are awaiting my decision, to perform the operation. But," she added, "how can I consent to have it done? my boy is unsaved, and if he were to die under the operation——" and here she paused. "Will you kindly see him and speak to him of his soul's salvation?"

"Certainly I will;" I replied, "what age is he?"

"Thirteen years," said his mother.

So on the following Lord's day afternoon I accompanied his mother to the hospital.

We found Arthur ready to receive us. I began by speaking first about his body, and the possibility of soon having his arm off, to which he gave but little heed, and when I spoke of the destiny of his never-dying soul, and of his having to meet God, and of all his sins which must be put away from the eye of a holy, sin-hating God, if he was to dwell in His presence for ever, he treated it with indifference. So much so, that his dear mother and I both left that afternoon with very heavy hearts.

Ere leaving I felt constrained to read him a verse from Revelation xxii. I made scarcely any remarks, but silently prayed that God would in His sovereign mercy use it in blessing to his soul. We knew nothing more till the following Thursday.

During this time many prayers were being offered for dear Arthur, and as his mother entered the ward that day she saw her happy-faced boy looking with expectant eye for her arrival.

"Mother," he said, "I am so glad you have come, it seems such a long time since I saw you, and I have such good news to tell you. I can now say to Jesus, 'Come.'"

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, adding, "Now tell me all about it."

He began, "After you had left on Lord's day I felt so miserable. I could only think of that verse, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' My misery increased, I could not rest, so at last I searched my box to find a Bible, but no Bible was to be found. Seeing a nurse coming down the ward, I ventured to ask her if she could oblige me with a Bible. This she did immediately. But the next thing I found was I had forgotten where the verse was to be found. I hesitated, then asked God to help me find the verse. Upon opening the Bible, my eyes fell on the very verse I was looking for. I then put my fingers on the verse, and, falling on my knees, asked God to bless the verse to me and help me to say to Jesus—'Come.'"

"Every eye in the ward was on me, but it was at that moment that my sins all came before me, and I thanked God for the first time for providing such a Saviour as Jesus that they might be all put away. I rose from my knees, oh, so happy."

What a joy to father and mother that was! What a joy to all the Christians who had prayed! God's joy was their joy, blessed be His name. Have you, my dear young friend, shared, as did dear Arthur, in the Father's joy of which we read in Luke xv.? Have you given joy to the heart of Jesus, who loved you so much as to die for you?

Now that Arthur was converted and knew Jesus as his own Saviour, his parents left all with him. When asked if he would like to have his arm off that his life down here might be spared, he said, "Give me time to think over it, and then I will tell you."

A few days after, he told his parents, "Now I am ready to go, I have no desire to



"AH! THEY WERE EARLY AT THE SEPULCHRE"

stay here. If I have my arm off, I might be a burden to you, and that would grieve me; but let the disease take its course, and the Lord whom I love will take me to Himself in His own time."

He left the hospital, and, dear children, I can testify of his simple faith in Christ, and all who knew him marvelled at his growth in the knowledge of God. He was indeed a light for God down here. He used to say to his parents, "Come, get your Bibles, and let us read God's word," and when this was done he would say, "Now we

must thank Him," and on their knees Arthur would lift up his heart in simple prayer to God.

Thus you see he became a living witness to the wondrous grace of God that had brought him from darkness to light, and what glory it brought to Him who lay down His life that poor sinners might live! His time on earth was but short. From the time he received the blow on his arm till he was taken it was but nine short months. But he was taken from a scene of sorrow, of pain and of death, to be in the presence of the blessed Lord Jesus, which is "far better."

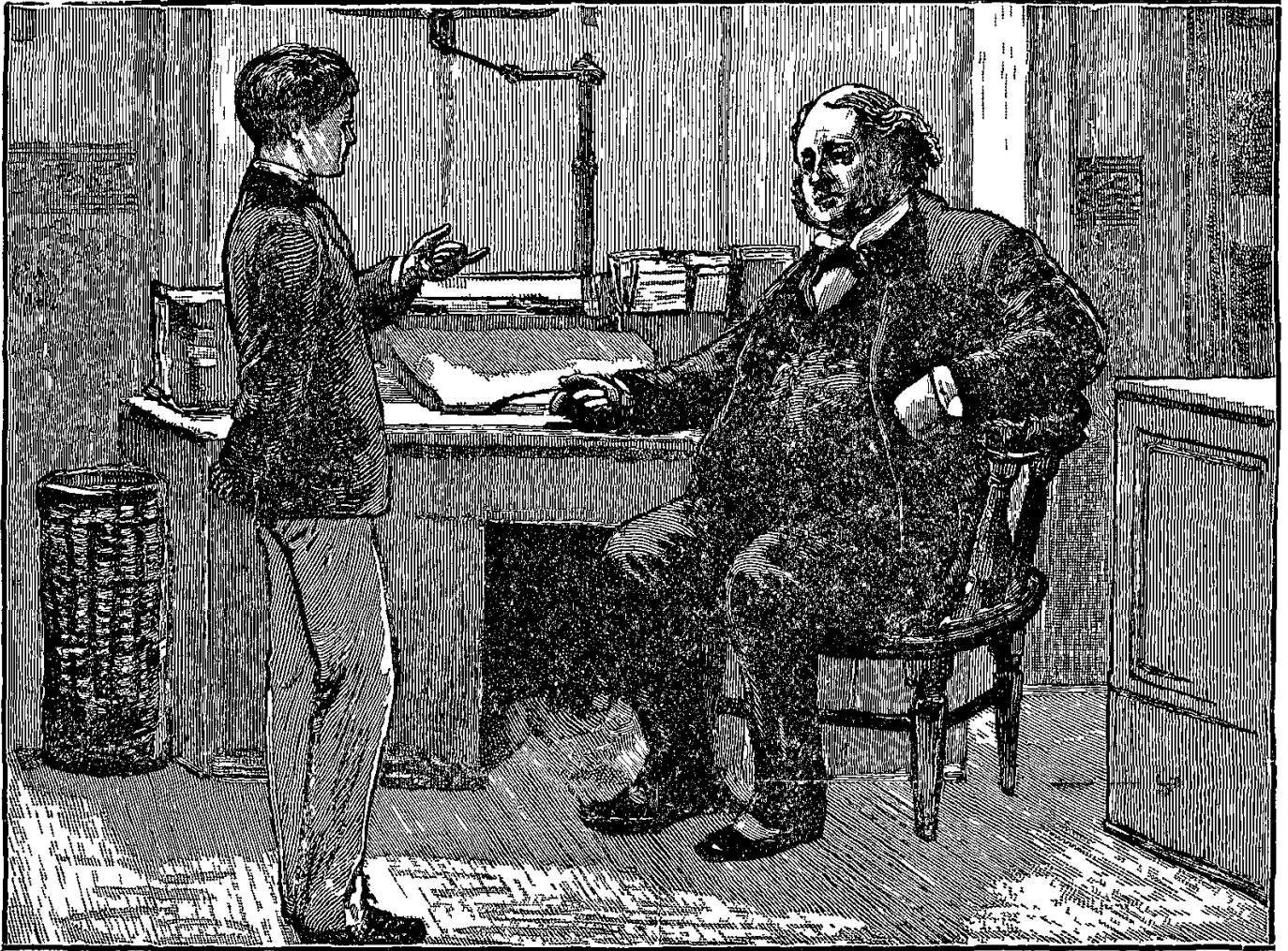
I was privileged to spend one night with him ere he passed away. This happened to be his last night on earth, but, dear children, I shall never forget it. His poor drawn face only too plainly spoke of the intense pain of body under which he was suffering. But amidst it all, his joy in the Lord was great. It drew from our hearts a note of praise to Him who suffered so much, and tasted death itself that

we might share His victory and triumph in His love. He would doze for a few moments, then suddenly exclaim, "Ah! they were early at the sepulchre, but they were not early enough, for Jesus was gone."

Early on Lord's day morning his happy spirit took its flight to that scene where sorrow is unknown.

Now may the Lord use this narrative in blessing to many young hearts, that eternal glory may redound to His great and holy name.

H. S.



"MOTHER PRAYED ABOUT IT, SIR."

"A BOY WANTED."

A GENTLEMAN once said, "One of the oldest notices in London is to be found in the shop windows every day; it is always there, for the want cannot be supplied."

"What is the want?" asked a friend.

"'A boy wanted,' was the reply; 'but there are no boys now.'"

"Oh, come, that is hard on the boys; just take my advice, come to my place to-morrow. I have advertised for a boy, and they will come in swarms. You shall be umpire," said the friend.

On the morrow Mr. — seated himself at his table and awaited arrivals. His friend, who prided himself on his discernment of character and who judged a boy by the way he opened the door, held his hat, and

other little things, was posted behind a screen where he could see but not be seen.

The first boy came in and in reply to the question, "Not afraid of work, are you?" answered, "Afraid of work! not I—you just try me!"

"No, thank you," said the voice behind the screen.

Number two could not look you in the face; he had had three places in two months!

"What was the cause of your leaving?"

"Oh, the gov'nors did not suit me—not liberty enough."

"Well, you are free now, go and enjoy your liberty," said the voice.

Number three would do anything, "I've only one fault, sir, I does too much."

Again the voice spoke, "One fault is not enough, you can go."

Presently the door opened fully yet respectfully. An honest-faced boy entered. His answers were just yes and no at first, but when at last the merchant told him the wage that would be given, he said, "That is a shilling more than I have been getting. My mother will be very glad of it, sir; we are very poor, so mother has to work hard until I can keep her."

"When can you begin?"

"At once, sir, I have brought my few things with me."

The merchant laughed, "That was rather premature, was it not?"

"Mother and me had it out before I came, and she very seldom goes far out, sir," said the boy.

"'Had it out,' what do you mean, boy?"


"Mother just prayed about it, sir—mother loves praying."

"Well, the son of a praying mother ought to be some good, so I will take your address and that of your late employer."

The references were found satisfactory. John entered the merchant's employ to do what he was bidden, and he did not leave the office until all under him did as he bade them, for he finally became a partner and a successful christian merchant; he would say, "Ah! it was my christian mother that did it; when a christian mother makes a praying son things must go well."

He was right; there is a saying, "Nothing succeeds like success;" but to the Christian nothing succeeds like prayer, for it is the telephone between God and the soul and can remove mountains. Remember, boys, there is always "a boy wanted"—be that boy, so honest, truthful, unselfish, reliable, such an enemy to meanness and champion for the right, that *you will* always be wanted. Set the Lord always before you; with Him at your right hand you will not be moved.

WAIT NO LONGER.

OTHER," a little child once said, "Mother, how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be before you can love me, darling?"

"Why, mother, I love you now," and she kissed her mother, "I always have and always shall."

"And how old shall you have to be before you trust yourself to me and my care?" said her mother.

"I always did and I always shall," said the little girl, "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap and put her arms round her neck.

The mother asked again, "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the little one, half guessing what she meant, said, "I can now without growing any older."

Then the mother said, "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to trust the One who said, 'Let the little ones come unto me.' Do you not want to come now?"

"Yes!" said the little one.

They both knelt down and in her prayer the mother gave her little girl to Jesus.

O. M.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

A strange thing happened in London not many weeks ago, so strange that I could not help saying to the friend who told me about it, "I should like to tell it over again to the readers of *Gospel Stories*," for I think that with the blessing of the Lord it might perhaps be used in helping some dear boy or girl to see how very personal the appeals of the gospel are, or to put it in other words, that salvation is a matter that concerns each one, for him or herself.

Some men, who were employed in digging at Kensington, while busy at their work came upon a quantity of what they thought were brass medals, dirty and discoloured by age and damp. After looking at, and passing them from one to another, they agreed that perhaps they were not even brass and were of no value at all, so began throwing them at each other. Some fell in the road and were never seen again, others were picked up by the passers-by. Work for the day was over when one of the workmen thought that perhaps after all they had been a little too hasty in making up their minds that their find was of no value, so took some of the supposed medals to a jeweller, who after cleaning one and applying the usual tests told the astonished workman that they were golden guineas, of a coinage now greatly valued because so rarely to be met with, and each one was worth about twenty-five shillings.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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We can picture to ourselves, can we not? how eagerly the scattered coins were sought for and how many persons wished to put in a claim for them, so many that the matter had to be taken before a magistrate for his decision as to whom the guineas really belonged.

They would not have been scattered broadcast, would they, had the finders known their real value?

But treasures of far greater worth have been offered for the acceptance of all who read what I am now writing. The story of a Saviour's love, of the full and free salvation offered to all who by faith in Christ Jesus accept it as the free gift of God, has been heard by *you*, dear unsaved boy or girl, so many times that you listen to it as an oft-told tale. Perhaps to you it is hardly even a lovely song and it does not interest you very much. Yet it concerns **YOU**. If you could only know for one short hour the joy and blessedness of having the Lord Jesus as your Saviour and Friend you would never be content to go on with your lessons and your play as you are doing now. But you cannot, will not know the Lord Jesus as your Friend until you have learnt what it is to trust Him as your Saviour. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." (Isa. i. 18.)

A lovely scrap-book has been received from the pupils of Guelph College, Clifton. The dear young friends who took so much loving trouble to arrange the scraps and pictures so neatly will be glad to hear that their gift has proved a most acceptable one, coming as it did just when C. J. L. was wanting a new scrap-album very badly. It has already given pleasure to quite a dozen children and its work is only just beginning. May the blessing of the Lord rest upon the teachers and scholars who have worked together that some sick and poor children might be made happy if only for a little while by the very pretty text and other cards they have collected or given. The long summer holidays are drawing near; each and all of our young friends will, we hope, spend very happy ones, and those who live in the country, where flowers bloom so brightly and smell so sweetly, will not, we hope, forget to send a few now and then to cheer and gladden the sick and lonely ones.

Flowers. That so few have been received during the past month is owing partly, no doubt, to its being the season between the blooms. The spring flowers are over and the roses are hardly out yet, though a lovely box received last week seemed like a delicious promise that there were more to follow. The roses had before sending been neatly tied into small bunches. A motto text-card was added to each and the box was soon empty, for the flowers had gone, some to sick rooms, others to the busy people who very seldom get out to see flowers or trees. I wish the sender could have heard the exclamations of delight with which they were received, such as, "Oh, how lovely!" "The very first roses I have seen this year," and the text was read sometimes with

tear-filled eyes. And we can always count upon the Lord to bless His own written word, can we not?

Boxes containing cut flowers have also been received from Chrissie McL., "Ivy Cottage," St. Boswells, and E. B. C., Sunningdale.

Answers to Gleaners' Questions should be posted only when three months' questions have been answered. Address to C. J. L. either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or direct to her at 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex. Flowers for the sick and all parcels should be sent to the latter address.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XIX.

MORE ABOUT PANAHPUR.

IT is a long time since we took a peep at Rhoda and her large family of famine orphans, so even if for a moment we feel ourselves almost strangers at Panahpur, the little christian colony who have found it to be what its name in the district means, "a place of refuge," have always a loving welcome for English friends, and we shall soon be made to feel quite at home in their midst.

It is only a few months since our old friend Colonel J., accompanied by his wife and daughter, and one English friend, a long-trying and faithful labourer in the work of carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the millions of India, paid a visit to Panahpur, and as he knew that many at home who could not go to India would be glad to hear of Rhoda and the children under her care, he has been kind enough to write down much that he saw and heard during his visit, and it is from his very interesting letters that I shall have occasion to borrow largely for the details of this and the following chapter.

A good time of the year had been chosen for travelling, and though it was only the first week in February, many flowers, which in England only grow well in hot-houses, were in full bloom, and though the mornings and evenings were still chilly, the heat at noon was so great that a rest in the shade, if any could be found, was pleasant.

The journey, part of the distance by train, was easy, but when the last station was reached, and our friends had to leave the carriages, more than forty miles over rough roads, or sometimes no roads at all, still lay between them and the place they wished so much to reach. For the first twenty-five miles bullock carts could be hired, but at a point about eighteen miles from Panahpur the road was so bad that even the steady and sure-footed oxen could go no further; but news of the coming of those every one was anxious to see and welcome had reached Panahpur, and Musa Shah and nearly all the elder boys met them, bringing three ponies. The ladies were carried in doolies, a kind of long covered litter, borne by bamboo poles upon the shoulders of coolies, as the natives who get their

living by carrying loads are called. Col. J—— and Musa Shah each mounted a pony; the rest of the party walked, the third pony and the boys carrying the baggage.

Five years had passed since Col. J—— and Musa Shah had seen each other, and we may be sure the meeting was for both a very happy one. So much with regard to the way in which the Lord had cared for and watched over "HIS OWN" in Muili (the village near) and Panahpur had to be told and heard, that perhaps the ride did not seem so long as it really was. Sometimes the path lay through sand so deep that it was far from easy or pleasant to walk, and sometimes across rough and uneven roads. The last three miles of the journey lay along the bed of a mountain torrent, which during the rainy season often becomes a rushing river, which must be forded in several places. Who was coming to meet the travellers? Rhoda and the orphans, who clustered lovingly round her. She had given them a mother's care, and some at least had learnt to love her dearly in return. The girls had grown tall, and many of those whom Col. J—— had known as children had improved so greatly that it was difficult to realise that the pleasant-faced, neatly-dressed young women who gave such willing help to Rhoda in the daily work and care of the younger children had only a short time before been brought to Panahpur in the half-starved, neglected condition that in nearly every case falls to the lot of famine orphans. Though some who never before had seen English ladies were a little shy, still the welcome given to the friends who had come to live among them for a short time was a warm and joyous one.

Shall we imagine ourselves spending a day at Panahpur? Everybody gets up early in India, so soon after sunrise the whole family assemble for morning prayers, which in fine weather are always held out of doors. The children love singing, and know many hymns by heart. A passage of scripture follows the hymn, and the boys and girls are questioned to see how far they have understood what has been read. The children of India are much like those of England, and in both countries those who do not pay attention are seldom able to answer correctly. A few of the children, who perhaps had suffered more than the others during the famine, learn very slowly; their minds appear to have been weakened by the long time they were without proper food and care, so the need of much loving patience and constant prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit on the part of those who teach them is very great. After prayer they disperse, not for breakfast, as, though most if not all have saved something from the evening meal of the day before, the first regular meal of the day will not be taken till several hours later. It is the custom of the country, so no one can complain or think themselves badly treated by having to wait so long, but all go off cheerfully to work. Some of the oldest boys were shewn by Col. J—— how to change the direction of a drain, and by so doing improve and enlarge one of their best fields, two others working as carpenter and stonemason,

while quite a large party started to the forest to gather firewood. The care of the ponies was the work of another good-sized boy, who also made frequent journeys to a village about five miles distant to buy things needed for household use. Looking after the cattle, milking cows, &c., made the morning quite a busy time for two or three more boys, while those who were too young for farm or field work made themselves useful by sweeping the yard or compound, going to the wood-shed for supplies of wood for cooking, and in many other ways. But I must stop, or you will think that the boys of Panahpur do all the work. The girls are just as busy. Nearly all who are old enough to do fancy-work have been taught by Rhoda to embroider, also "phulkria-work," in which she is very clever; the latter is done by cutting out small pieces of silk and forming them into pretty and fanciful designs, which are sewn on to cloth, and in this way table-covers, mantel-borders, sofa-cushions and other things are made. Some of the girls work very nicely, and so far, most of their work has been bought by friends in England, they are in this way able to earn something towards their own support.

The morning passes quickly, and all come together for the mid-day meal, after which school is held, and for about two hours all are busy with reading and writing lessons. School over, there is generally something needing to be done. The cattle have again to be looked after, while the girls help in cooking rice and getting corn ready for grinding. They do not grind by hand at Panahpur, as this part of the work, which so often falls to the share of the women in India, is done in a small mill worked by bullocks.

At sunset the boys come in and all assemble in the little meeting-room for evening prayers. The work of the day is over, and the quiet time is enjoyed by most if not all who are present. A short Bible-reading is held, the boys and girls being encouraged to ask questions about anything in the portion of scripture read they could not quite understand. A little prayer-meeting follows, and some of the prayers offered are very simple and touching.

The younger children then say good-night, and are soon asleep, but most of the older ones, who have been too busy during the day to see much of the English friends, whose coming among them has been such a delight, ask for leave, which they know will not be refused, to stay with them for a little while; so the hut in which the party take dinner is seldom empty till night has closed in. Then Musa Shah, Rhoda and one or two native Christians join their friends, and an hour or more is spent in prayer and happy, helpful fellowship. Every one is surprised to find how late it is, but the best possible use must be made of the visit of friends who come so seldom and can only stay so short a time.

C. J. L.





GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

LITTLE FOES.

"BY-AND-BY" is a dangerous guide
Who leads to the town of "*Never*."
"*Don't Care*" and "*I'll Alter*" are foes
You'd better keep clear of for ever.

"I Can't" is a sad little coward
Who never will make a man ;
You must seek, if you want to resist him,
The help of his master, "*I Can*."

"I Forgot" will bring you some trouble.
"*I Shan't*" is a bad word indeed.
"*It's no use if I try*," you may grumble,
Keep trying until you succeed.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

1. "I know that the LORD hath given you the land." Where are the words to be found? By whom were they used, and to whom were they addressed?

2. On what occasion were the words, "I know thy pride, and the naughtiness of thine heart," addressed by an elder to a younger brother?

3. Write out the three verses, all to be found in the Psalms, of which portions are given. (a) "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous." (b) "Thou hast known my soul in adversities." (c) "Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising."

4. In which of the letters of the Apostle Paul are we told that "the world by wisdom knew not God"?

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5. For what people did the same apostle pray that they might "know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge"?

6. Find without the help of a concordance the words, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

Address replies as directed on last page of Magazine.

SHE NEVER TASTED A PIE.

A FRIEND of mine one day passing a pie-shop went in to have one of the rich morsels. While eating it he saw a ragged little girl, sockless and shoeless, looking in and watching him very intently.

Perhaps it was rude of her to watch my friend enjoying his pie; but she could not help it, and, as he was a kind Christian, he called her in and asked her why she looked at him so earnestly.

"Please, sir, I felt I should like a pie, for father and mother drink, and I never had a pie in my life."

A DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

Poor little mite! Drink had deprived her of clothes, and comforts, and food, so that she never had a pie in her life. Too many are like her.

She had seen the pies, smelled the pies, but never tasted one. Are you

A DAINTY CHILD?

always ready to grumble at nice food? Think of this poor girl, who never had a pie in her life.

There seemed very little chance of her getting a pie, for she was

A DESTITUTE CHILD.

She had no money, so it was no use looking at the pies; yet she could not help watching the gentleman eating what appeared so nice. She would like a pie! Thus she became

A DESIRING CHILD.

"Which would you like," asked my friend, "a twopenny pie, or a penny one?"

"If you please, sir, I'd like two penny ones, for I've got a sister, and we's twins, and she's never tasted a pie."

Was not that an unselfish speech, proving her

A DISINTERESTED CHILD.

She thought of others, and did not ask for a large one all to herself. Nothing is so ugly as greediness. It spoils the looks of the most beautiful girl or boy.

Do you think she got her pies? Yes, my friend told the shopkeeper to give her two, and she went off

A DELIGHTED CHILD.

Why do you think I have told you this incident? That you may think of others? Yes, but for a higher reason. Have you ever in your life tasted the blessing of salvation? You cannot buy it, for you are destitute; but you can desire it, when you see how others enjoy it, and Jesus will give it you.

W. L.

WALKING IN THE RIGHT PATH.

"But the path of the just is as the shining light."
(Prov. iv. 18)

A GODLY person said one day to a little boy, who was leaving school to take a situation,—“Now, my boy, recollect you are going to launch your craft on a dangerous ocean.”

“Yes, I know it,” said the boy, and taking a Bible out of his pocket, and holding it up, he added, “but you see I have got a safe compass to steer by.”

Solomon was a very wise man and he gives us a good portrait of the good—of those who

walk in the narrow way—the right path. Let us remember that every one is exerting an influence either for good or bad.

Those who love the Lord Jesus Christ are the friends and followers of Jesus and who are truly blessed more and more unto the perfect day.

Dear young friends, remember that those who love Jesus are to let their light shine before others. This is what Jesus wants us to do, to tell others about the wonderful love of Jesus for sinners.

Look at some of the scripture lights, Joseph, Daniel, Samuel and others. Then in the New Testament Timothy and the disciples of Jesus. Then there is in more recent times Latimer, Huss, Lambert, Ridley, Knox. What great lights these were.

What made them such great lights? The reason is that they loved the Lord Jesus, come what may.

Now I want you to begin if you have not done so and give your heart to Jesus. He is able to forgive all your sins. (Psa. xxv. 18.) He is able, He is ready. “The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.” (Mark ii. 10.)

“No sin so great, so bad, but He
Will wash away the stain,
How good He is to so forgive
The sin that gives Him pain.”

T. H.

“HAPPY EVER SINCE.”

THE corridor was crowded, where generous people gave

Free soup unto the needy, to meet dread hunger's crave.

Amongst the many poor ones that came for fragrant food,

A little boy named Charlie, in patience, meekly stood.

Dear Charlie was a Christian, who, at a Ragged School,

Had learnt about the Saviour, and of His love was full.

Close to his side came Tommy, a pale and weakly lad,

Whose face was wet with weeping, and looked forlorn and sad.

And Charlie sought to soothe him, said, “Tell me why you cry?”

“My mother has just kicked me,” was Tommy's sad reply.

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Then, touched with pity, Charlie put his arm round Tommy's neck,
And with these words so gentle, he tried the tears to check ;

"I know Someone who loves you ; Someone so great and wise."

"Who can it be ?" asked Tommy, with wonder in his eyes.

"It is the dear Lord Jesus ; and oh, He loves you so,
He even died to save you, that you to heaven might go !"

This was good news to Tommy, and soon he dried his tears,
The thought that Jesus loved him had calmed his woe and fears.

And at the next School-meeting, how gladly Charlie led

His new companion forward, and to the teacher said,

"Here's one that trusts in Jesus." The teacher's face so bright

Beamed on the young new comer, and asked him, "Is that right ?"

"Yes, sir, I'm trusting Jesus," he said, without a wince,

"And since I heard He loved me, I've been *happy ever since.*"

L. O. L.

CAROLINE'S STORY.

I WANT to tell you, dear children, the way that God was pleased to use a little girl in blessing to her parents. It is a story of long ago, as it happened when the late Queen Victoria was quite young, so if you know anything of English history you will be able to find out about the time.

Caroline was the only child of her parents, who loved her very much, and took great pains to train her rightly so far as they knew ; but there was a great blank between their own hearts and God, therefore they could not tell her what they did not know for themselves. Perhaps beneath their neglect of God there may have been some desire for their child to hear about Him, and for this reason they allowed her to go to a class held by a christian woman.

Caroline thought a good deal about her teacher and gave great attention to her words. One day the teacher gave her a small book and made her promise to read it to her mother. This was no difficult task, for the

mother loved to hear her little daughter read to her. She sat and listened—to what? The glad tidings about God's Son, whom He had raised from the dead—of an offer to all who would come as poor, empty sinners to accept forgiveness through what He had done upon the cross.

But she also heard that God had appointed a day wherein He would judge the world in righteousness through the very same One whom He now presented as Saviour.

I cannot tell you all that was written in that small book, but God spoke to that dear mother through it, yet it did not speak peace to her soul. No, it gave her very great trouble, for she felt what a great distance she was from God, how she scarcely thought of Him and how she could not possibly meet Him.

She did not tell her little girl about all her fears which were brought about at that time, for she would not have understood her ; neither did she tell her husband, but kept her grief concealed for two long years. But her burden became almost intolerable.

She was not accustomed to read the Bible, nor pray, nor go to any place where the gospel was preached. But God was watching her ; how glad He was to read her heart and to hear it saying, "I have sinned !"

One Sunday morning she awoke quite early with a great desire to go to an early prayer-meeting held by a few simple people near to her home. Strange she had never thought of this before.

She arose very quietly, so as not to disturb her husband and child, and was quickly at the door of the schoolroom where the meeting had commenced.

It was unusual to sing at the early hour of seven, but that morning was an exception and the hymn beginning with—"Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched," had been started, and the lines fell upon the ear of the needy woman,

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

It was just what suited her and gladly she took in the meaning of the words. She fell on her knees with bowed heart to thank God

for such a Saviour, then went home to tell her husband and child of what God had done for her soul. It was not very long afterwards that the husband also became aroused as to his neglect of God, and though for a long while he said he saw men but as trees, walking (Mark viii. 24), meaning that he had a very dim idea of what God had done through the Lord Jesus Christ, he at length found peace and joy in the living Saviour and knew something of the love of God through the Holy Spirit making it known in his heart.

And their only child, did she not share in the family rejoicing? She did, and is living to this day to speak of God's great grace to them. What little things God can use, cannot He? It did not seem much to read a small book out loud to a dear mother, and yet God owned it and widened the blessing, which has been going on ever since.

But I must tell you of Caroline meeting with the late Queen in Kensington Gardens, then Princess Victoria and about her own age.

I have thought that there was a quiet manner, different to most girls, about her, for the simple reason she trusted the living One, and this may have been why the princess was attracted to her as she spoke to her while walking with her attendant in the gardens. "You are a nice tall girl," said the princess, "and I like you, and I will play with you." So they met, and walked and played together many times.

You will like to hear just one incident of

those early days of the kindness of the princess.

She and Caroline had met and the princess was showing her a doll she had spent all her pocket-money upon. A poor man came up who said he had not eaten anything that day.

The princess was in great perplexity as to how she could help him, having spent all her money, when suddenly she thought upon a plan. So bidding the man wait until she

returned and taking Caroline with her, they went to the shop where she bought the doll. The princess requested the shop-keeper to take care of the doll until she should call for it, and return her the money, as she wished for it for a purpose. This was granted her, and she returned with haste to the man, giving him the price of the doll, saying how sorry she was to hear he had no food to eat.

Now, dear children, though I tell you this true incident, I hope you do not think that

any generous act or any work of kindness could find favour with God apart from faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and love to Him. Think over the lines that so touched the heart of Caroline's mother when she had found out her inability to fit herself for a holy God,

"Not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call."

And I will also add the last lines of the same hymn:—

"None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good"

E. E. S.



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG

61



A TRUE NEIGHBOUR.

A TRUE NEIGHBOUR.

IF you will look at the two men in our picture you will notice a great difference between them. One is a rich man, as you can plainly see by his clothing, while the other is a poor working man tilling the ground.

But what is the rich man saying to him, as he holds an eastern book in his hand, made in the form of a scroll?

He has sought him out to tell him some good tidings. It appears that the poor man was once better off, with land and servants of his own, but debt and misfortune had come upon him till he was obliged to serve others himself, in order to try and pay his many debts.

What, then, is his surprise when one day he is stopped in his work by this rich stranger telling him that all his debts are now paid, for he himself had paid them and can shew all the receipts for the same.

What will he do, think you, when he hears such good news?

Well, it all depends if he believes what he hears. If he thinks that it is too good to be true, if he doubts the words that have fallen upon his ears, he may turn aside and go on with his work, sadder than he was before because he has been again reminded of his hopeless poverty.

But suppose he gladly believes what he is told, what then?

He will most likely throw down his tool and hasten to tell all his friends what has happened, after having warmly thanked his friend for first paying his debts and then coming to tell him about it.

You see therefore, dear children, that his joy or his sorrow will just depend on whether he believes the message. The fact of his debts having been paid cannot be altered now, and yet if he refuses to believe it no joy or comfort will be his, but only continued sorrow.

Now is it not something like this with all of us? Our sins are like debts against a holy God, which we cannot meet or atone for; but then Christ has died for us, to put them all away. Well now, what a difference it will make with us whether we believe it or

not. One dear child may gladly receive the good news of Jesus having suffered for her and put away her sins, and at once she is filled with joy, while another hears the same message, but for one reason or another does not really believe it. No joy will be hers, no sense of relief from the burden of sins.

ENIGMA.

1. Sad they should seek for this in Paul,
2. 'Midst prayers, her faith exceed theirs, all
3. Strange this, twice in 28th chapter look,
4. Prophet whose name is given to that book.
5. What for the soul could better keeping be
6. Wish this to list to every entreaty

Ope'd to his God—and, still to you and me.
Initials what to God, from all, to all is due.
Finals how God to believers now is known.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XX.

EXAMINATION DAY AT PANAHPUR.

AS I am writing this for the boys and girls who know quite well what an event in school life the yearly, or half-yearly examination is, they will hardly need to be told that the children of Panahpur are hardly less interested in the visit of the Government Inspector than those of England, and as the visit took place while our friends were staying as the guests of Musa Shah and Rhoda in the little colony, we shall be able to hear more about it than otherwise we might have done.

Though schools for the famine orphans, of whose sufferings you have heard so much, have been opened in several places in India, it has been found that a great number of the rescued children, sometimes nearly half, die soon after their admission. This is not the result of any want of care on the part of those who have the charge of them, but is in most cases due to the starved, exhausted condition in which they were found. In many cases their sufferings from hunger and neglect have been so severe that their poor, wasted bodies were almost covered with sores, which gave great trouble, and often refused to heal.

The number of deaths at Panahpur, however, has been very small indeed. May we not believe that this has been a marked answer to prayer, as among those who hated and wished to injure the Christians, those were to be found who would have been quite ready to say that, had there been many deaths among the children, they had been received in order that they might be poisoned, or killed in some other way.

The Inspector, who was sent by the Indian Government to examine and report upon the children, was not a Christian, but a Hindu, one who still worships some out of the many false gods

of India, so it will be interesting to have the testimony of a heathen as to the value of the work done at Panahpur.

The examination must have lasted for quite a long time, as it took in quite a number of subjects. First of all both boys and girls were examined as to the progress made during the year in reading, writing and some other things required by the Government rules, all but one of the scholars passing the tests we'll. He then went out to inspect the farm and field work done by the boys, and asked to be shewn the sewing and silk embroidery of the girls.

When all was over the Inspector, who appeared to have been much pleased with all he saw and heard, said, "These children have been saved not only from death by starvation, but from the wicked things they would have seen and heard in their own homes. Here they are taught what is pure and holy."

I almost seem to hear some one asking, "Are these rescued children Christians? Do all or any of them love the Lord Jesus?" While we must not forget that the state of each soul is known to God, and to Him only, there is abundant reason for encouragement, and much to call forth praise alike from those who labour at, and those who pray for, Panahpur.

The morning and evening gatherings for prayer and Bible-reading seem to be really enjoyed by the elder boys and girls, who often ask questions that shew they are thinking of and really wish to understand what they hear. The boys sometimes hold little prayer-meetings among themselves out in the forest, without being told or even asked to do so. The girls also have been found by Rhoda, in little groups, praying. The little company who meet to remember the Lord's death in the breaking of bread seem to be going on happily, and to understand what they are doing. Are you not glad, dear ones, to know that amid all the darkness of heathen, idol-worshipping India, a little company have been gathered out to the name of the Lord? They are poor and weak in outward things, but what a joy it is to think of them as belonging to Christ, and so content to be for His sake unknown and despised.

Day by day they are proving how real and blessed the shepherd care of the Lord is, though please do not think that I mean that His way of proving His love to "His own" is always by shielding them from sorrow, or by making things here smooth and pleasant for them. His love is wise as well as tender, and so must always take the very BEST way for each on whom it rests, and He knows that dark and trying times are those in which He Himself will be more really known and trusted.

But in many cases the heathen, who live near Panahpur, are beginning to see and own how truly the God of the Christians cares for and watches over them.

For many weeks past, in a village only about three miles from Panahpur, the plague has been raging with great fury, and numbers have died, but up to the day Col. J—— left there had not been a

single case, and as the terrible disease was at its worst in that part inhabited by the Brahmins, who have shewn themselves very unfriendly towards the Christians, and have done all they can to injure and drive them away, the people own the hand of God in this, and many seem to be impressed by it, and say, "Ah! we see those who try to hurt the Christians suffer for it, not from them, but from the great God they serve, who is able to protect His own."

The cost of living at Panahpur is much less than in England, as the expense to the colony of each famine orphan for food, clothes, books, &c., is only about £2 4s. for a whole year; we must remember not only that the way in which the Indians live is very plain and simple, but that most of the corn needed for bread is grown and ground on the spot; the care of the flour mill, whereas you learnt in the last chapter the grinding is done by bullocks, is a very useful and important work, and I expect the boys who are employed in it feel themselves, as indeed they are, very valuable members of the little colony. Many of the elder girls are able to earn their own food and clothes by the money received when their work is sold to friends in England. They also pick and clean the raw cotton, and learn to spin and weave small articles.

As nearly all the days were wet ones during the time Mrs. and Miss J—— were with their Indian friends, they were not able to visit as many of the women who lived in the villages around as they had hoped to do, but it was a cheer to know that in all the gospel had been preached and to hear from Musa Shah and Rhoda of many, both men and women, who have given up the worship of idols, and pray only to the true God, though they have not yet had the courage and faith openly to confess the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism. They know it would mean suffering and in many cases they would be driven from their homes and friends. A Hindu who becomes a Christian has to give up everything he holds dear. We can pray for the timid, doubting ones, that they may be led on, that the Lord may make Himself such "a living, bright reality" to their souls that they may be content to leave all and follow Him. But before we judge hardly of them, might it not be well to ask ourselves, Does it cost us anything to follow Christ? Are we giving up anything for His sake, or are we seeking the praise and friendship of the world? If we want to know what God in His written word says of the world, we have only to open our Bibles and read such solemn words as "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." (1 John ii. 15.) "Know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God." (James iv. 4)

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

As I write on this pleasant July afternoon, the sunshine and the breezes seem almost to

whisper, "Why do you not come and take a walk, it is just lovely out of doors to-day?" But I answer, "No, not yet," in a somewhat decided manner, for were I to indulge in a ramble my monthly letter to the readers of *Gospel Stories* might be late in going to post, and that would mean needless trouble and hurry to our kind Editor in getting it ready for press, and it is our privilege to think of others and as far as possible to avoid giving unnecessary trouble, and my walk will be just as pleasant when the shadows begin to lengthen, for the scent of roses and carnations reminds me that some flowers, received only a few minutes ago, and kindly sent by friends at Co'eford, Gloucestershire, must fulfil their mission by being taken to some sick, lonely and very busy people C. J. L. knows quite well.

For more than three years the blind have shared as often as has been possible in your gifts of flowers; to none, perhaps, have they given greater pleasure, and by none, I am quite free to add, have they been more gratefully received.

I almost seem to hear some one saying, "I really do not know what you mean. I cannot understand how people who cannot see flowers can care very much for them." Perhaps not, dear one, but a moment's thought will remind you that though our sightless friends cannot enjoy as we do their beauty of colour, they like to be told the varied tints of the flowers they take so gratefully and handle with a loving, almost a reverent, touch; their perfume is a never-failing source of delight.

Shall I introduce you to a few of my sightless friends? For when you have heard their stories your hearts will, I believe, be drawn out in kindly interest, and, is it too much to hope? earnest prayer for blessing upon the gospel books and text cards in Braille, or dotted type, sent to them month by month; for we who through grace know something of the love of God in the gift of His Son, desire that these dear, afflicted ones may be "partakers of like precious faith."

MY BEACH FIND.

I always call Bessie D—— my beach find, for it was while spending a summer holiday at one of the prettiest of south-coast watering-places that I first made her acquaintance. It was a bright September morning when, coming along the sea-front, I noticed a middle-aged woman, somewhat poorly dressed, whose face told as plainly as words could have done that her life had been a hard and perhaps a sorrowful one.

A few minutes later we were sitting side by side, and as the gospel booklet I offered was accepted, we were soon talking quite freely to each other. My companion had, as I soon learned, known much of sorrow. Again and again the grave or the sea had closed over those she loved best, and as she was herself unsaved, a stranger to the love of Christ, she knew nothing of the comfort with which God comforts His tried ones.

"Mine," she said, "has been a hard life, but I am not going to complain. God has been very good to me. I am not so badly off as many. I have a niece, living not half a mile from here,

who is blind and deaf too. Poor thing! I do say she is to be pitied."

"Can she read with her fingers?" I asked, aroused to fresh interest.

"Well, yes, she can, for I have heard her," replied Mrs. H—— slowly; but added, "I do not see how it can be reading for them that cannot tell a letter in a printed book."

"Does she write with a board and a brass ruler?" was my next question.

"She calls it writing, but, poor thing, there is not a letter to be seen, nothing but pricks no larger than the head of a pin all over the paper."

I had heard enough to assure me that Bessie had been taught to read and write Braille, and her address being given, I went the same evening to find her out. Blind from birth, she had lost her hearing before school-days were ended; but here was neither a useless nor a joyless life. Shut out by her double affliction from much that other girls enjoy, it may have been her great longing for affection and sympathy that was used by the Lord in attracting her heart to Himself; but, though I am not able to tell you exactly when or how Bessie came to Jesus, she had come, and was rejoicing in the knowledge of Him as her own trusted Saviour. Delighted to have a visitor who could "talk on her hand," and so did not need an interpreter, we were soon enjoying happy fellowship, speaking in her silent language of the One of whom each could say, "Who loved me, and gave himself for me."

She had been taught to knit nicely while at school, and was always much pleased to receive orders for lace, bedroom slippers and many other useful and pretty things. But her greatest pleasure was to employ her spare moments in correspondence with those afflicted like herself. Her circle of such friends seemed quite a large one; some had been school-fellows, others had in later years been added to their number; some were, like herself, decided Christians; with such it was easy to see strong links of affection had been formed, while of others she said, "They are not yet saved, but I pray for them, and as long as they are glad to get my letters I shall have an opportunity of writing out Bible texts and hymns, telling of the love of God to sinners, for them."

Bessie is still living, and in her humble, quiet way helping to tell the story of the "glad tidings." May not we, who have larger opportunities, be encouraged by her example to go on, remembering that "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters"?

Flowers for the sick and aged have been received from Wilfred and Bertie T., Coleford, Gloucestershire, also from Friends at Leighton, Hunts., and Mrs. D. G., Eccleshill, Staffordshire.

Answers to Gleaners' Questions and letters for C. J. L. may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.

Flowers for the sick and aged and all parcels should be sent direct to the latter address.



NAT, ONE OF THE LORD'S JEWELS.

CHAPTER I.

THE JEWEL FOUND.

IF you had been living a few years ago in a town in the North of Ireland, you might often have seen an odd-looking little man toddling along like a baby just learning to walk. He was not a dwarf, but he was as small as he well could be, though quite straight and well-proportioned. A short pair of legs supported a short body, surmounted by a short face with a short, brown beard, happy-looking grey eyes, and a rather foolish smile, which gave the impression of some weakness of mind. A shabby suit, a hat tilted on one side, and a stick half as big as himself, completed his outward man.

But this poor little casket contained one of the Lord's precious jewels, of whom He has said, "they shall be mine in that day . . . when I make up my jewels." (Mal. iii. 17.)

Nathaniel M., or Nat, as he was always called, was the child of poor but decent parents. When a child he was "a good scholar," and bright like other boys, and when he grew up he became a mill-worker and married.

After some years, however, his spine became injured through carrying heavy sacks in
9-1905.

the mill, which was not suitable work for such a small man, and two strokes of paralysis left him, at a little over forty years of age, enfeebled in mind and so frail in body as to be unable to bear the weight of a top-coat in winter. His wife was a sickly woman, and he had two children.

Saddest of all, Nat, like the piece of silver of which we read in Luke xv., was lost. He did not know Jesus as the Friend and Saviour of poor helpless sinners like himself. But, though Nat was as yet a stranger to Jesus, Jesus had His eye of love upon him, and just about this time He sent one of His servants to Nat's little home.

This was a lady who spent much time in visiting the poor, and in homely language speaking to them of the Saviour.

"Will you have a little book?" she would say, "I got my soul saved through reading books, and God's plan of salvation is very simple, He says you have to believe on Jesus, and you will be saved."

And then she would invite her hearer to read in Romans iii. what God has said of *all* men alike, that "there is no difference: for *all* have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." (Ver. 23.) And then in John iii. to find salvation for *all*, because everlasting life is for him who believes in the Son of God. That is, believes that He was punished on the cross for the sins of *every one* who trusts him. (Ver. 16.)

These simple words reached the heart of poor Nat. He owned himself a lost, helpless sinner, and accepted the work of Jesus as the atonement for all his sins; he saw Jesus punished in his place, doing *all* for him who could do *nothing* for himself, and believing he rejoiced with joy unspeakable.

The Lord had found him, and henceforth Nat was to be numbered among His jewels.

Happy change for Nat, God was now his Father, Jesus his Saviour, and his poor, weak body was the temple of the Holy Ghost. In temporal things, too, he tasted the care of his Father. His new friend obtained for his wife the position of caretaker in a large house, by which means a comfortable home was secured for him for the remainder of his life.

His wife was also about this time brought to know the Lord, and though never a bright Christian, held on quietly for many years, and died, after her husband, in full assurance of a blessed awakening in glory.

"I am not told to labour
To put away my sin;
So foolish, weak and helpless,
I never could begin.
But, blessed truth, I know it,
Though ruined by the fall,
Christ for my soul has suffered—
Yes, Christ has done it all."

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

QUESTIONS ON THE PSALMS.—No. 1.

1. Quote a passage from Proverbs iv., the teaching of which with regard to the way of wicked men is much the same as that found in Psalm i. 1.
2. Find a verse in the Book of Job which answers to Psalm i. 6.
3. Give a quotation from one of the psalms, also to be found in Paul's letter to the Hebrews, which proves that the Lord Jesus found His delight in doing the will of God.
4. In which of the psalms does David call the Lord his "Shepherd," and in which "Shepherd of Israel."
5. We are told in Psalm iii. 8 that "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord." On what occasion did Jonah say, "Salvation is of the Lord"?

6. Choose and print, or write neatly upon a small card, any verse from the Psalms. The cards will be either tied on to bunches of flowers or committed to memory by some little girls who attend a Bible class.

Send your papers when the set of THREE MONTHS' questions on the Psalms have been answered as directed on the last page of Magazine.

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

A POEM FOR THE YOUNG.

THE lion is the king of beasts,
So savage, too, for prey,
Triumphant revels in his feasts—
Who dares to say him nay?
Yet, can he his fierce spirit curb,
Of animals the most superb?

The tiger in the thick grass creeps,
And pounces on the deer,
No flesh withstands his mighty leaps,
But quivering droops for fear.
Though great his might, yet could he spare
His foe or give up blood, his fare?

In reedy marshes proud doth stalk
Rhinoceros, thick in hide.
Who durst this mighty foe to baulk
Or would unmoved abide?
But vicious he and foams with rage,
War pitiless he too must wage.

*Leviathan, monarch of the seas,
Can battle with the waves;
Before his neesings who but flees,
Or who his anger braves?
But can his strength do ought but harm,
Or could he fierce tornadoes calm?

O'er them reigns man with skilful hands,
By him vast cities rise,
He steam and air and winds commands,
Nought tried unfinished lies;
But fights he 'gainst the will of God,
Though fades and dies like trampled sod.

Ah! lust and murder rampant rave,
And misery and shame
Entice him, rightly he's your slave:
Call freedom but a name.
Ah! sadly see sin's havoc made
And millions by its pleasures trade.

There was a meek One (now above),
Men spat on Him and smote
And killed, unchanged remained His love,
Revenge from Him remote.
Much did He love lost, wretched man,
Love flowed too deep for fathom's span.

* See Job xli. 18.

GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

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A mother's love for one small lad
Gave fishes and bread cakes ;
That lowly One to buy them bade,
For hungry thousands' sakes.
Whilst they sit down in companies,
To heaven the meek One raised His eyes.

And so the hungry thousands fed
On that wee laddie's store ;
The lowly One had blessing said,
And could feed thousands more.
Though lowly, still He was God's Son,
Could speak and all at once is done.

Oh, would you be that little lad ?
Draw nigh and Jesus hear.
To bless young children He was glad,
But come they must be near.
He, too, will take your little all,
When willingly you give,
For from your lips may blessings all,
And through you thousands live.

A. G. N.

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT !

 ANY dear readers will no doubt be going away for a holiday about this time. May we ask all who do, to take note of anything they may see that will serve to illustrate the love and power of God.

For instance, a lifeboat launched, a bather saved from drowning, and other stirring events, are often seen.

Then in the fields, the lovely flowers may have a voice for us, and also the birds and insects.

Read Psalm cvii. 43 and Matthew vi. 28, which will explain what I mean.


ENIGMAS, &c.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

1. — shall . . from fear . . (Chaps. i., ii.)
2. — pleasantness — peace. (Chaps. ii., iii.)
3. — of . just — shineth — perfect. (Chaps. iii., iv.)
4. — blessed : but the — wicked shall. (Chap. x.)
5. — little — fear of . . than — trouble. (Chap. xv.)
6. — loveth . . be a . . : he —. (Chap. xxi.)
7. — maketh — hath great. (Chap. xii.)

Each dot stands for one word : a dash for several words. Write out the verses in full.

BLIND LEADERS.

 HE disciples once came to Jesus when He was here upon earth and told Him that the Pharisees were offended at some of the things which He had said. This gave the Lord the opportunity of saying what He thought of them. He said, "Let them alone : they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." (Matt. xv. 14.)


The meaning of this was that the scribes and Pharisees took the ground of being guides to the people, and yet they were ignorant of the very things in which they sought to guide others.

If we were to see a blind man trying to lead another blind man, what do you think would follow ? Why, they would sure to get into danger of one kind or another. Either be run over by a cart or fall into some hole or ditch.

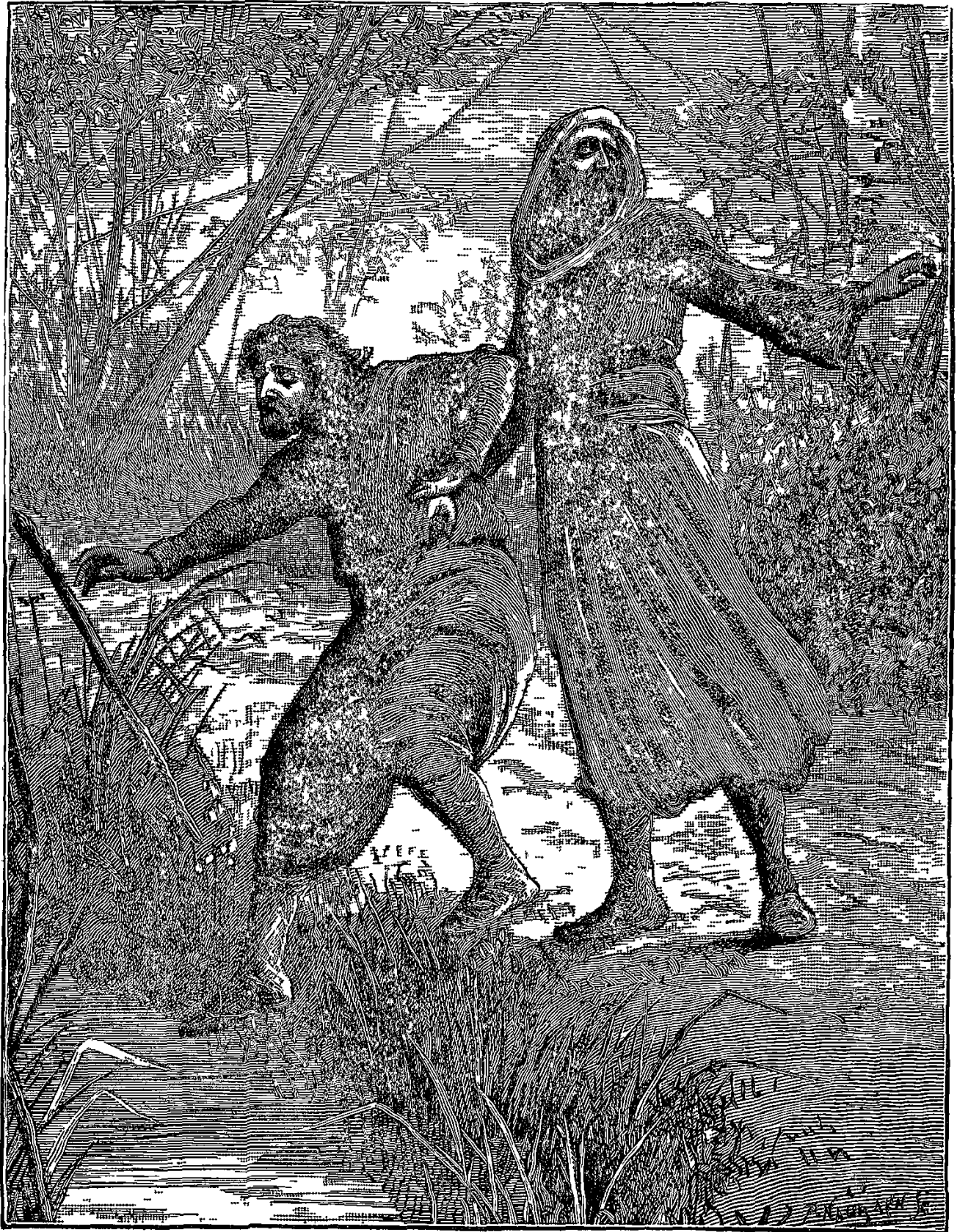
I have often seen blind men ask passers-by to lead them across a busy street, but they would never think of asking any one who was as blind as themselves. Yet in the matter of learning the way of salvation how often do we find those seeking to teach who know not the way of salvation themselves. The scribes and Pharisees were like that. They taught for doctrines the commandment of men, so the Lord warned His disciples to beware of them, for they were like wolves in sheep's clothing. Jesus said, "I am the way and the truth and the life."

RONALD AND THE FOXHUNTERS.

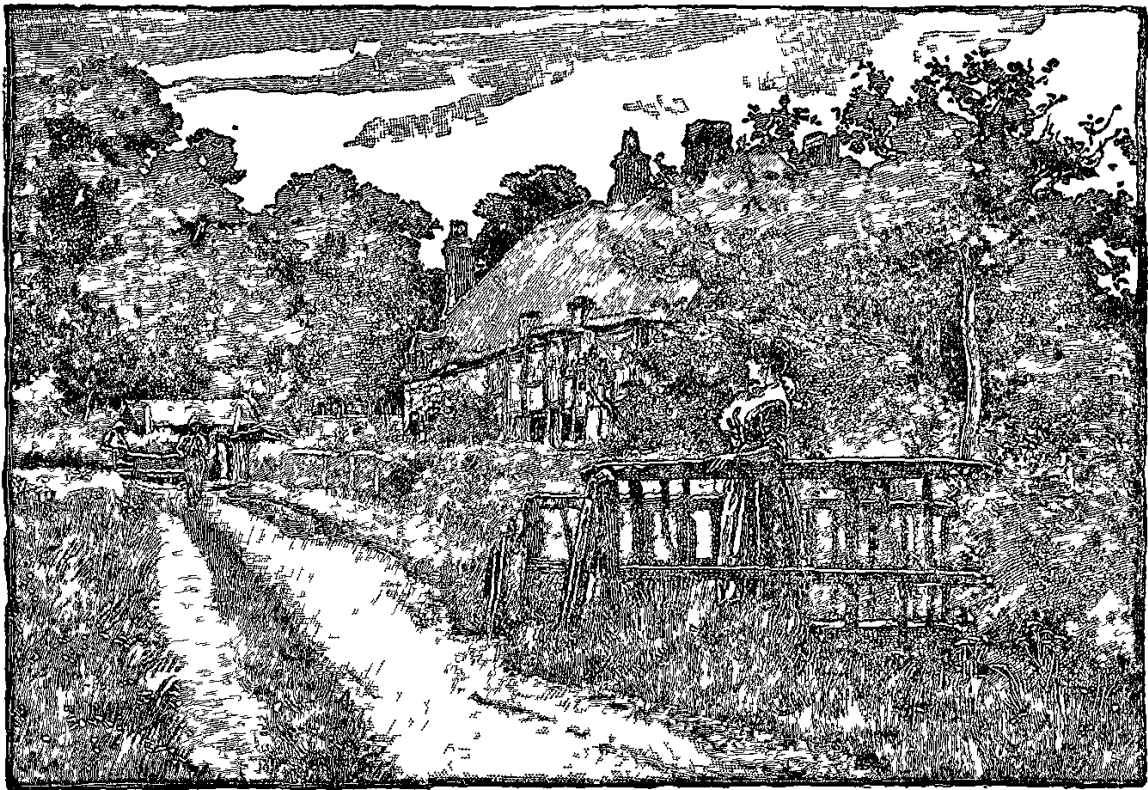
A STORY FOR BOYS.

 RONALD S—, although only a boy of some eight years, was very fond of following the foxhunters, and I wonder how many of the boys who read this little story are not like him in this respect ? To see them in the winter time galloping over the hills and fields with their bright red coats and fine horses is, I am sure, a sight which most boys love to look upon—little Ronald was one of them.

He lived in a quiet village down in one of the prettiest parts of Surrey, far away from the noise and bustle of busy London, in a comfortable cottage home with his mother ;



TWO BLIND MEN.



RONALD'S MOTHER WAS GETTING VERY ANXIOUS

but one Saturday the foxhunters came that way, and Ronald, being home from school, attracted no doubt by the splendid horses and dogs, thought to himself, "I shall go a little way with them."

So off he went—sometimes running behind them on the road, now crossing a field, and scrambling through a hedge on the other side of it—on, on he went, never thinking how he would get home again, and every step he took making the distance between him and his mother all the greater.

At last, when Ronald was some five miles from home, the evening shadows began to fall, darkness would soon cover the beautiful landscape, and the hunters begin to go home. Ronald thought about going home too, and it was only then that the real truth dawned upon him: "I am a long way from home, and do not know how to get there," he reflected. In fact, little Ronald was *lost*.

Poor Robbie! there he was, many miles from home, all alone, with darkness closing in on every side, and lost. Now what can we learn by this?

I think the foxhunters serve as a simple picture of how Satan leads little boys—and girls, too—on and on, getting further and further away from God, and using every possible effort to keep them away from what is really *home*, that beautiful place that God has prepared for all who love Jesus. Now, dear reader, if you have not yet turned to Jesus, God says you are in just the same dangerous position as this little boy—*you are lost*. But there is One who is seeking you, as we shall see a little later.

At home Ronald's mother was getting very anxious about her boy. She waited a long time and still no Ronald came, so at last she arranged with some neighbours to go and search the surrounding country for him. It was quite dark, but off they went, one this way and one that, trying to find poor lost Ronald; on they went in their search, making every inquiry, but all to no purpose—the search was fruitless, so they returned home again to rest for the night.

On the following Sunday Ronald's mother had a telegram from a police station near where little Ronald had been found wander-

ing about on the previous night—telling her that he was quite safe, and that they would soon bring him home to her again. And it was not long before he was safe home again and in his mother's arms, just as happy as ever.

Dear young reader, there is a Friend seeking *you*. In Luke xix. 10 we read: "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Yes; Jesus seeks *you*. In love for *you* He came out from heaven, walked through this world in humble grace and died on Calvary's cross. Did you ever think that Jesus suffered this for *you*? It was, dear reader, because He loved you that He died for you, and now He wants you simply to believe it.

Think how happy little Ronald must have been to thus find himself safe in his mother's cottage again! Ah! Jesus wants to make *you* happy, and if you will only come to Him just as you are He *will*.

Think, too, of his mother's joy as she clasps him to her once more, so glad to have her dear child home with her again!

That makes me think of the joy it gives to the heart of God when any little child turns to Jesus, for not only *can* God save boys and girls because of what Jesus has accomplished in death, but it *delights His heart* to save the youngest child or oldest man. In Luke xv. it says, "there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one sinner* that repenteth."

So you see Ronald, until he was found, is just a little picture of every boy who reads this story who has not yet turned to Jesus, and when we see him at home again, comfortably seated by his mother's fireside and perfectly happy, it gives us a simple illustration of one who has come to Jesus.

Now which of these applies to you, dear reader? If you have not come yet, let me ask you to come *now*. Jesus waits with outstretched arms to receive you. It is so simple just to trust Him, to tell Him how you feel the burden of sin, and when this takes place you will soon know the joy of sins forgiven. Come now, for Jesus says, "him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

D. P. J.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XXI.

IDOLS AND THEIR FEAST-DAYS.

I DO not think that much remains to be told about Rhoda and the children, so many of whom are, as we already know, "famine orphans," but if we turn for a little while from the little band of Christians at Panahpur to the almost countless millions of heathen India, we shall perhaps understand a little better something of the darkness and cruelty among which our rescued little ones, had they remained in their own homes, must have grown up.

There are so many gods and goddesses worshipped in India, that it will not surprise you to hear that there are a great number of feasts, as nearly every idol, or at least all the principal ones, has his or her supposed birthday kept, on which crowds of pilgrims visit the temple, each one bringing a present; you may be sure that the priests of each idol-shrine do all in their power to encourage the people to come, laden with offerings, and often frighten them with strange, wild stories of dreadful things that may happen to them on their homeward way if the god or goddess does not consider the present they have brought large or handsome enough. Sometimes they are told that all the tigers in a dark wood through which they must pass belong to the idol, and are employed by it to tear and devour pilgrims with whose offerings it was not satisfied. The poor deceived people, who stand in constant dread of the anger of the helpless idols they have been taught to fear, will often almost starve themselves and their families so as to bring more costly presents.

You will, I hope, remember having read in one of the earlier chapters of my story that when a Hindu little girl is six or seven years old she begins to do "*pujah*," that is, to say prayers and make offerings of flowers and fruit to the idol her father and mother wish her to serve. But the same word has another and quite a different meaning. It is also used when an Hindu wishes to speak of the festival or feast-day of any of his gods.

Shall we begin with what is perhaps the greatest day of all the Hindu year, "The Durjah Pujah"? She is a very dreadful goddess, so fierce and fond of fighting that all the other gods and goddesses are said to be afraid of her, and to take great care to keep her in a good temper, as if they offend her she is very likely to give them a beating. Her image has three eyes and ten arms, so you must judge for yourselves whether she is nice-looking or not. Her worshippers, who may be counted by thousands, are to be found all over India, but by far the greater number are in Bengal. Her "*pujah*" is kept in most places in October, but some prefer keeping it in April. About three weeks before the real feast-day a great deal of time is spent and trouble taken in getting ready for it, and some of the preparations

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are so curious that I must try to tell you a little about them. For quite a fortnight all the men who live near the great river Ganges go every day along its low, sloping banks until they are able to stand in the water, and then they sow seeds into the bed of the river. This is supposed to be giving presents to their dead fathers and grand-fathers for fourteen generations back. No women are present, and if they were they would not be allowed to take part in the ceremony. On the last of the fourteen days the offerings are no longer seeds, but large quantities of rice, fruit, sweets and clothes are brought; these, too, are supposed to be for the spirits of the dead, but they are given to the priests instead of being thrown into the river. The day before the real "pujah" begins, a large new idol is made, and the goddess is invited to enter it and reside in the temple in the midst of her worshippers during the "pujah," which is intended to do her honour. All through the day the temple is crowded by women who visit the idol for the purpose of telling their troubles and asking the help and advice of the senseless clay image. None must enter with empty hands, and the rich often bring valuable presents, while the poor offer fowls, kids or rice. The Brahmins, who are the priests of Durjah, carry off all the best of her presents, the commoner ones being divided among the men who make and paint the idol.

On the second day of the "pujah" more presents are brought, and the priests tell the people that the goddess will come down from the mountains, enter the idol and look at the presents that have been brought her. Early in the afternoon all the men leave the temple, which is soon filled by women, who take off their veils and holding a piece of resin in each hand sit on the floor in front of the idol for half an hour, asking her to bless their sons; those who have no sons often cry a great deal and pray that they may have sons, promising to bring larger and more handsome presents if their prayers are answered. Some of these poor women pierce holes in their arms and other parts of their bodies and offer the blood to Durjah.

This sad, meaningless ceremony over, they go to visit and worship some Brahmin ladies, the wives and daughters of the priests, in the hope that by so doing they will escape being widows. Do you not think the darkness must indeed be great when the women of India are taught to worship sinful women like themselves and to believe that one woman has power to prevent another woman's husband from dying?

On the third day of the "pujah" the people are told that Durjah is going to leave them and return to her home among the mountains, so they must bring more presents and do all they possibly can to please her, as, if she goes away without leaving her blessing, some terrible misfortune will happen to them or their families. But she will not, they say, leave it unless asked by the priests to do so, and they will not ask her until as much money as they choose to ask has been given to them. Many Hindu youths, the sons of native gentlemen, attend

good schools, some being even sent to England for education. Not a few of these are beginning to see how foolish and useless all this idol worship is; while we are thankful for this, we must not forget to pray that they may not be content with giving up the worship of Durjah, but may be led on to a saving knowledge of Christ.

On the fourth day, Durjah being supposed to have gone back to the mountains, her image being no longer needed is thrown into the river or some large pond. All the flowers that have been brought during the "pujah" are likewise thrown in, but as everybody wants a keepsake, even if it is only a withered leaf, there is often a good deal of scrambling and pushing each other into the river to get some. A dead flower will be wrapped in costly silk by the man or woman who succeeds in getting it, carried home with great care and kept through the year as if it were some very precious thing.

The women are very sorry when the feast is over and often cry a good deal. Their homes are, as you know, very dull and cheerless, and as during the time the "pujah" lasts they have been allowed a little more liberty than usual, we can understand their regret.

It is said that in Bengal alone ten million pounds are spent every year on this one festival. We cannot help thinking how many Bibles might be bought with even a small portion of this worse than wasted money. And it is only a knowledge of the God of the Bible that can carry healing and blessing to the millions of heathen India.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

Ethel C—, Sunningdale. A letter from you, which will I hope be replied to by post before *Gospel Stories* for September can go to press, has been upon my desk for some days past, so our talk upon paper will not need to be a long one, but I want you to know how much real pleasure the box of flowers you so kindly sent has given, not only to the sick and lonely people for whom they were intended, but also to two busy mothers, whose time is so fully taken up with household cares and duties that if they are to see the flowers at all they must be taken to them by some friend, and for such the sweet-scented though quickly-fading blossoms have a very special message. Perhaps it is, "He careth for you," or, "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

"The scent of the flowers seemed to do me good," said one weary-looking mother, "and the verse of scripture I found written on the card was a word of cheer that helped me all through the day."

I may say in passing that as my stock of motto texts ready for tying on to bunches is getting somewhat low, it would be happy and useful work if some of our "Gleaners" would select verses of

hymns and texts, and after writing or printing them very neatly on cards attach a short length of wool or silk to each, thread is apt to cut the flower stems. Some very pretty cards cut into the shape of an ivy leaf were sent last year. Do I want gospel texts or words of counsel and encouragement for believers? some of my young friends will ask. Both are useful, and both will be gratefully received.

"For some sick children, from a little girl at Boscombe," were the words written upon a slip of paper found in a box of heather received a fortnight ago. There was no name of sender, so to copy the above line was the only way in which I can let my little friend know that her box, though addressed wrongly and so costing double postage, was received. I wonder if her name is Florrie, or Louie, or Marjorie? But I must stop guessing, for perhaps after all I should not guess rightly; and there is one question, far more important, is she one of the lambs of the Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus, who gave His life not only for the grown-up people but for the little children, because He loves them so much and wants them to be sheltered, safe and happy?

Boxes containing cut flowers have also been received from friends at Mullingar and West Ferry.

Phoebe and Nellie O——, Farrington Gurney, near Bristol, will be glad to know that their gift of flowers for the sick did not suffer for their long railway journey, but came looking as fresh and bright as when first gathered. It is a real joy to me to find that quite a nice number of the girls and boys who write to me are beginning to think of others, and are willing not only to give up some of their time, but to spend part of their pocket-money in paying the postage of flowers often grown in their own gardens or kindly given by their friends, in the hope that some sick or weary ones will be cheered by their gift. A hope that is seldom if ever disappointed, for if we do even little things from love to Christ and a real desire to serve and please Him it is really wonderful to see how much His grace can make of our little, just as if He loved to remind us that He is the *same* Saviour still as when of old He took the "five barley loaves and two small fishes" into His hands and blessed them, and in blessing them made them enough to meet the need and satisfy the hunger of a great company of people.

"A Reader of *Gospel Stories*," Wallingford, Oxon., is asked to accept thanks not only for the flowers but for the kind wishes with which they were accompanied. May the writer pass on a sweet Bible message, which proved such a cheer in a moment of discouragement, that she loves to share with others the joy it brought to her own soul?

It was a very simple new year gift from a member of her Bible class, a piece of perforated cardboard on which a text, or part of one, had been worked in coloured silks, "Know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." (1 Cor. xv. 58.) It was enough. The sadness and the fears melted away like morning mists before the sunshine and

the drooping, trembling hands seemed to grow strong again.

Bertha Ada G——, "Hermitage Farm," near Maidstone, Kent. It seems quite a long time since I wrote to you, dear, and though you failed in finding an answer to one of the questions I feel sure it was because you did not understand it; it may not have been very clearly put. Your work on the whole is so nicely and thoughtfully done that I feel sure a word of encouragement will not be unwelcome. Your gleanings in Bible fields has, I believe, been good for you, as it has for many of our dear girls and boys, for it has opened up new paths of scripture study, but we shall do well to remember that we are not searching our Bibles merely to gain knowledge but for real soul-growth, and we might know the whole Bible from cover to cover and yet miss *that*. But the Holy Spirit is willing to be our teacher, our guide into all truth. It is good for all of us to make a prayer of David's our very own. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." (Psa. cxix. 18.)

Phyllis Mary G—— (same address). Just a little word of cheer, for your papers are, for a girl who is only eleven years of age, very neatly done. I expect your holidays have begun, and they will, I hope, be very happy ones. Do not forget, dear, that having a little more free time than usual is an opportunity for doing something to help and encourage others. I cannot tell you just what you will have given you to do, but sick and lonely people are to be found everywhere, and perhaps you have some sick or poor neighbour who cannot go out very often, who might be gladdened by so small a gift as a few flowers, or some one with failing sight who would like to have a chapter or a hymn read when you have half an hour to spare. If we belong to Christ and His grace has made us willing to go His errands and take His messages He is sure to find us some little bit of work suited to our age and strength.

Fanny A——, Mere End, near Kenilworth. This is not the first time by many that I have written to you. Your papers have been sent so regularly and for so long a time that I have learnt to think of you as a faithful friend, and our Bibles will not be laid aside with the books that were the favourites of our childhood. The word of God is so different from the writings of men; it is

"The staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth."

Answers to Gleaners' Questions, which should not be sent till those for September, October and November have been answered, may be addressed to C. J. L. either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.

Flowers for the sick and aged and all parcels should be sent direct to the latter address. Owing to a change in the time of going to press letters which are to be answered in *Gospel Stories* should be posted not later than the 20th of each month.



NAT, ONE OF THE LORD'S JEWELS.

CHAPTER II.

THE JEWEL SHINING.

NOW began a new chapter in Nat's life. Henceforward he was to put into practice the words of the hymn,

"We must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Nat's corner was a very small one, but he shone in it very brightly. He had been a great smoker, but shortly after his conversion, when his wife brought in some groceries one day, he surprised her by saying, "You need not have minded the tobacco," and from that time he gave up the pipe.

His mental weakness had caused him to forget almost all his schooling, but now he set himself to recover his reading with such good effect that he was soon able to make constant use of the Bible and hymn-book.

One of his favourite hymns was

"O Christ! what burdens bowed Thy head,
My load was laid on Thee."

Nat had now many christian friends, to whom his quaint ways and patient cheerfulness greatly endeared him. For Nat was above all things a *happy* Christian. Weak himself, the joy of the Lord was his strength,

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a smile was ever on his face, and oh, how readily would he respond to any one who spoke of the Lord. Of his weakness he rarely made any complaint, though often almost overcome after some slight exertion. Perhaps part of the secret of Nat's happiness was that he was not looking in himself for any fountain of strength or wisdom.

God's strength was magnified in his weakness, Jesus Christ was made unto him wisdom, and he was content to have it so—happy Nat!

Another part of his secret was, that he lived as a man that waited for his Lord. Christ's return was his daily hope, and he continually prayed to be "kept," as he expressed it, "in a true waiting attitude" for His coming.

Then again, how many of us, were we as feeble as Nat, unable to walk a short distance without staggering, and never knowing what it was to be really strong or well, would lie down and say, "Well, surely, the Lord cannot expect *me* to *do* anything for Him; I shall be very good indeed if I bear patiently what He has laid upon me."

Not so Nat. He never moaned over his weakness and inability to serve, he just *did* what his hand found to do for his Master. He was ever ready to speak a word in season, standing up for the truth against persons much more naturally intelligent than himself, or pointing sinners to the Saviour.

One day his wife, going to the pump, heard two neighbours talking about a stranger who had come to their street in a dying state and very anxious about his soul. She slipped away and told Nat, who took apparently no notice. But presently she saw him take his stick and go out, and a short time after it was found that he had gone straight to the dying man and told him so clearly and simply of Jesus and the work by which He put away sin, and died in our room and place that we might know our sins *all* gone from God's sight for ever, that by God's blessing the troubled soul soon found peace in Jesus.

After Nat had walked with his dear Lord some twelve years or so his health became much worse, and at last his mind gave way suddenly, to such an extent that his family could not manage or control him, and the doctor ordered his removal to the asylum.

His wife begged a christian gentleman who knew and loved Nat to go with her son on the sad errand, which involved a drive of thirty-six miles in a covered vehicle.

When they arrived at the asylum his friend, in explaining the case to the doctor, remarked, "He has been a good, religious man."

Presently the doctor began to talk to Nat, who told him that he lay awake all night "talking to the Lord."

"Does He talk to you?" said the doctor.

"No," he replied shrewdly, "but He answers my prayers many a time."

Then said the doctor, "They tell me you are a good sort of man."

"Indeed I am not," answered Nat indignantly; "*I was the worst of sinners, but Jesus died for me,*" adding, "Are you saved, doctor?"

Happy Nat! home, friends, intellect itself, all gone, he still had Jesus! How many who have all the world can give, might gladly change places with that poor lunatic, who knew that though he was the worst of sinners Jesus had died *for him*. Three weeks later Nat exchanged his earthly life of pain and suffering for the "fulness of joy" in the presence of his much-loved Lord.

H. E. M.

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

QUESTIONS ON THE PSALMS.—No. 2.

1. From what psalms are quotations to be found in the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews?

2. In which of the psalms are we exhorted to "Serve the Lord with fear," and where are the words, "Serve the Lord with gladness," to be found?

3. In which of the psalms does David speak of gladness in the Lord being greater than the joy of those whose earthly riches have increased?

4. On what occasion did the Lord refer to words found in Psalm viii., "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength"?

5. Where are the words, "When I consider the heavens"? Find also the words, "He telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names."

6. Quote a passage from the Revelation in which the Lord Jesus speaks of Himself as "the bright and morning star."

Gleaners' Papers and letters for C. J. L. may be sent either to the Office of *Gospel Stories* or to the address given on the last page of Magazine. Please do not post answers till a set of THREE MONTHS' questions has been completed.

"Two Sinners, Eight Years Old."

"THE wordless book," which is referred to by two children, whose letters have now been printed below, is well known to many. For those, however, who have never seen it, I give a few words of description.

The wordless book, then, is a book of four pages, the first of which is coloured *black*, the second *red*, the third *white*, while the last is *golden*.

The *black* page speaks to us of our sins. It shows us what we are in the sight of God—lost and guilty, needing forgiveness and salvation. (Rom. iii. 23.)

The *red* page tells of the precious blood of Christ which cleanses from all sin, and makes the foulest sinner fit for the presence of God. (1 John i. 7.)

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The *white* page declares that the sinner who is washed in the precious blood of Christ is made whiter than snow; that he is righteous and fit for the inheritance with Christ. (Col. i. 12.)

The *golden* page speaks of the glory of God; of the bright, blessed home above, to which all who are on the white page are going. (Rom. v. 1, 2.)

Now for the letters referred to. The first is from a little boy. It runs as follows:

"DEAR MR. F——, —I am going to write to you to tell you I am in the black page and cannot get out of it . . . I cannot get out of the black page. I am not able to get out of it although I have tried very hard to get out of it. M—— is in the white page, and F—— is in the black page too and cannot get out of it. He tried very hard, and cannot get out of it . . . We are trying very hard, and cannot get out of the black page. Freddy and I are trying very hard to be good, and cannot be good. We strive very hard and cannot get in the white page.

J—— S——."

Here was a boy eight years old who felt his need as a sinner, and tried very hard to save himself, but did not succeed. It was evidently a sore sorrow to him that he could not make himself fit for God. Do you notice that he never once speaks of Christ? His eye is upon himself only, and he learns that he is without strength.

Thousands far older than our little friend are like him, trying hard to improve themselves, and to make themselves fit for God and glory. All such efforts must fail, for "By grace are ye saved through faith . . . *not of works*, lest any man should boast." (Eph. ii. 8, 9.)

If we could win forgiveness, or obtain heaven by our labour, then Christ need not have suffered.

Now for the other letter. This was also written by a child eight years of age; by a little girl whose heart had been opened by the Lord, and who, having learned her deep need, had learned too His deeper grace. It was put into my hand by the child herself, during a series of meetings for the young.

"MR. F——, —Before I came to your meeting I was on the black page. I am glad

I came to your meeting, as I am on the white page. I am saved by Jesus' precious blood. I know that Jesus died for me. I am glad to say I shall meet you up in that glorious home above. It is only a short letter. 'With His stripes' I am 'healed.

From H. J."

Do you not notice a contrast in this to the former note? Here there is no reference to her own efforts or endeavours. All these had been given up as vain and useless, and the child had looked to Christ, and found in Him her Saviour. Three times over in her few lines of writing she refers to Him whom now she loved.

"I am saved by Jesus' precious blood;"

"I know that Jesus died for me."

"With His 'stripes' I am 'healed.'"

Thus it is that the Spirit teaches, turning the eye to the risen Saviour now in the glory, and giving the soul to rest upon Him and His finished work alone.

My reader, are you struggling for salvation by your own labours? All such struggles will be without avail.

Here is a short rhyme which you can easily learn by heart:

BLACK for SIN as black as Coal.

RED—Christ's BLOOD, that makes us whole.

WHITE the ROBE—as white as Snow.

GOLD for GLORY—Will you go?

The little girl named can alter the words "*will you*" into "*I will*." Put your trust in Jesus, and you will be able to do the same. Then thank Him for having died for you, and seek to live for and speak of Him.

One sometimes meets with a person, and even a child, wearing a ribbon on the dress for all to look at. If asked the reason, the reply will be something like this, "I am in favour of or for some one or something"; whilst a different colour on another one's dress means he is *for* another person or something else.

Since Jesus died for us sinners, and endured the cross and despised the shame, should a lad who knows Jesus loved him and put away his sins be ashamed of Him? Who ever did such good as He, winning the victory over Satan and opening the door of heaven for us?



HIS DAUGHTER WAS STAYING IN THE VILLAGE.

VILLAGE SCENES.

IT was early Summer and a great General was coming home from a far off country where he had won many victories; his daughter was staying in the village, and as she was a friend of Louie's mother, the children were to have a special share in all that took place.

Great preparations were to be made, for the whole village meant to do honour to Lord G—. Lessons for several days were set aside, and the children spent nearly the whole of the bright summer day in the garden, gathering and sorting flowers, with which garlands and ornaments were to be made.

You may think that this was very pleasant work, and so it was, but like many things of earth the preparation and expectation was almost the best part of the whole, and it proved to be so for Louie, as you shall hear.

At last the long looked for day arrived, and early in the morning the children all stood in a long row at the bottom of the green slope which fronted the house, and saw Lord G— arrive with his friend and children. They watched the horses taken out of the carriage that it might be drawn along by a number of men to do honour to the brave General.

Some hours later in the day they all started on a boating expedition which was to fill up the afternoon of this eventful day.

Now the people of the village could decide most things, such as how to adorn the village and where to put the flowers and so on, but there was one thing over which they had no control and that was the weather, and so it happened that although the morning was fine and the afternoon bright, yet the boating affair was not a success for a

storm of wind suddenly arose while they were out at sea, and the boat began to toss about in a very unpleasant manner.

Louie was exceedingly alarmed, for you know she was not yet a christian girl.

The boatmen did not seem to be disturbed by the great waves, nor did the others, but Louie thought perhaps that was because they had not the same cause for fear that she had. A guilty conscience and sins unforgiven form a very heavy burden on a rough sea.

At last they reached home in safety, much to Louie's relief. Since then she has learned to know the Lord Jesus as her Saviour and knows that her sins are forgiven, but she cannot forget that terrible day on the sea.

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THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

HAVING heard that there was a wonderful work of God going on in the fishing village of B—— I went to visit some of the families there. After visiting for about an hour I saw a middle-aged fisherman mending his nets.

I thought he looked very unhappy, so I said to him, "The Lord is making many

people happy in your village, have you any share in the joy?"

He answered me very roughly, "I never saw such a time, but I'm not going to join them, I assure you." I then left him with this remark, "I will pray for you and I believe that God will save your soul."

A fortnight later I was there again and met this same fisherman, but he looked so altered, I felt sure some change had taken place with him, so I asked him to tell me how it was.

He said, "The very day that you spoke to me in the square, my wife said, 'I am going to that prayer meeting to-night. Mother has been so changed and sister too, and I would like to see what they do at the meeting.'

"I felt much annoyed, but only said, 'Well, wife, if you go you are very foolish.'

"When my wife had gone to the meeting I became very miserable. I could not stay in the house but wandered out and got to the back of the meeting house. I tried to hear what was going on, and felt afraid somehow my wife would get changed.

"While standing listening I began to think, 'There is reality in those people.' I could not stay longer and got back home and went to bed.

"My wife returned about ten o'clock, she came to the side of the bed and said, 'Are you sleeping, Sandy? I must tell you that I am saved.' Then she fell on her knees and praised God for saving her and prayed for me.

"Just then I thought I saw the Saviour on the cross and I said, 'Oh! Jean, I see the Saviour and His wounds that bled for me.' That night I trusted Him as my Saviour and that is the end of my story."



"MY WIFE SAID, 'I AM GOING TO THE MEETING.'"

ENIGMA.

1. What the Preacher several times says of things under the sun. (Eccles.)
2. A man whom God told to leave the land of idolatry. (Gen.)
3. What Peter calls believers whilst on earth.
4. What Paul called the Philippians' gift to himself.
5. The name of the place he had lived in.
6. What is true of Christ when what is seen goes. (Heb. i.)

The first letters put together in right order give us what James says of natural life.

A LITTLE HERO.

JACK was only a tiny little fellow ten years old, but on a certain morning he felt he would do anything if he could only see his father well again. The doctor looked very grave when he told his mother he would never get well unless he had plenty of nourishing food, and the poor woman had no money left to buy anything.

Jack wandered away very sad, but had not gone far when he saw a crowd of men standing round a large, deep hole they had been boring for water. By some means the tools had been left at the bottom where the hole was very narrow.

Jack heard one of them say, "Only a very thin boy could get down far enough to reach them, but I would give any one five pounds to do it." Jack looked down and trembled, it would buy a lot of good things for father, but suppose he could not get up again! Still God could protect him, so at last he offered to go.

Down, down he went into total darkness, and so narrow was the hole that he feared at times he would stick fast; sometimes he felt he must die, but then he remembered his poor father, and that gave him fresh courage. At last he reached the tools and the brave little hero was drawn safely up again.

He was soon hurrying home again, and joyfully put the five pounds into his mother's hands; she poor woman was of course very shocked when she heard what he had risked to get it.

The world is every now and again startled

at some story of bravery, but is little touched by the wonderful story of unparalleled love of which God has told us in His word.

Think of the wonderful act that Jesus did. Love, love to you led Him to leave heaven and go through the terrible suffering of Calvary that you might be saved from the direful consequences of your sins.

Have you ever thanked Him? If not, do so to-day!

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FAITHFUL AYAH.

MANY English gentlemen with their wives and sometimes, but not always, their children live in India. Some of these are in various ways connected with the Civil Service; others are officers in the army. One thing in their houses, or bungalows, always seems very strange to those who visit India for the first time, that there are so few female servants, though a great number of men are employed in various ways about the dwelling and its compound, as the open space in which it stands is called. All the cooking is done by men, mostly in the open air, over fireplaces cleverly built of a few flat stones, while others carry off the clothes and household linen to be washed in the river. A few native women are, however, employed in the care of young children, the older ones being frequently sent to England, as their parents are anxious that they should grow up strong and healthy, and the climate of India being during some part of each year so exceedingly hot, that the children droop and seem languid and far from well. These Indian nurses are called ayahs, and often become much attached to the little ones committed to their care.

A very sad and sorrowful page of history was being written at the time when the events with which my story has to tell happened. Many of the fathers and mothers of to-day were boys and girls at the time of the Indian Mutiny, but they have not forgotten, cannot forget, during the time through which it lasted, the thrill of horror that seemed to run through England as every mail brought fresh accounts of wrong and suffering inflicted on our countrymen and women.

A great number of native soldiers, called sepoys, had been formed into regiments, and were serving under the Government. These it was supposed took offence at being compelled before loading guns to bite their cartridges; this they said was contrary to the Hindu religion. Leaders ready to fan the spirit of discontent and rebellion were not far to seek, and in a very short time thousands of sepoys had bound themselves together not only to revolt against British rule, but to murder not only their own officers, but every white person who came in their way.

A lady, whom we will call Mrs. Ray, sat in the

breakfast-room of a prettily furnished bungalow, while Dorothy, her only child, a lovely infant of about a year old, attended by her faithful ayah, Gunga, played upon a rug near her mother's side.

Mrs. Ray looked ill and weary. Perhaps she was drooping for the mountain breezes of her early home in the Highlands of Scotland, but however that might be, the four years of her residence in India had robbed her cheeks of every trace of colour, and rendered her steps slow and languid ones. The anxious look her face bore was not caused by any thought as to her own health; she was listening for the step of her husband, an officer in the British army, whose duties had called him to the parade-ground at an early hour. Very gladly would Major Ray have kept from his delicate, gentle wife that the state of things in the country was growing worse daily. Property, and even life were no longer safe. He had hidden it from her till concealment was no longer possible, but now she knew the worst.

But it was not for herself she feared. Her heart was resting in the love of God, told out in the gift of His Son. She could say, "I am the Lord's;" it had long been the language of her heart, as well as the glad confession of her lips. It was of her husband, still unsaved, unsheltered by the precious blood of Christ, that she was thinking, and perhaps too of her helpless little one, who might so soon be deprived of a mother's care.

Gunga watched the face of her mistress with a look hardly less anxious than her own, but was silent, though her lips moved sometimes as if in prayer. Her gentle mistress had been in God's hand the means of leading her from "the lords many and gods many" of the Hindu religion to living faith in a living Saviour, and though Gunga never forgot that she was a servant, a very real affection had grown up between the two who, though differing so greatly in many things, were yet one in Christ.

A few moments later Major Ray entered the room, and making a sign to Gunga to withdraw, seated himself near his wife. One glance at his sad, anxious face and she knew that her fears had not been groundless. "You have bad news, Walter," she said gently. "Yes, Bertha, the outlook is very stormy, worse even than I expected. My own men, who always seemed so happy and contented, have joined the rebels, and orders have been issued this morning, that not a moment is to be lost in sending under a strong escort all the ladies and children to the shelter of the garrison, though you will hardly be surprised to hear that it is already overcrowded. Call Gunga, and begin your preparations at once." "You will go too, Walter, will you not?" "No, Bertha, it is impossible. My duties are here, and I must not forsake them, but *you must go*. Your presence here would only add to my anxieties, and perhaps my dangers. I must leave you now, but hope to return with bearers in half an hour."

With the help of Gunga Mrs. Ray began hastily putting a few things together, but they stopped suddenly, for the house was surrounded by a band

of sepoys. There was not a moment to lose. For herself, Bertha Ray felt all attempt at flight was useless, but her child might be saved. Pressing one long, last kiss upon the face of little Dorothy, she placed her in the arms of the faithful Gunga, saying, "Save baby if you can, Gunga, I trust her to God and to you," and pointing to a side door, began with a strength that surprised herself to push some heavy articles of furniture against the door, in the hope of giving Gunga a better chance of escape.

Gunga needed no second bidding; unobserved she gained the shelter of a small plantation; the frail barricade quickly gave way, a blow from the musket of a sepoy and Bertha Ray was numbered among the victims of the mutiny.

When Major Ray returned an hour later, it was to find his home a smoking heap of ruins, and he was unable to gain any tidings of his wife and child. Gunga hid in the plantation for a time, long enough to learn from the words of a group of sepoys who passed within a few yards of the place of her concealment that to attempt to make her way to the garrison would be certain death to both herself and her charge, as the road was lined with bands of sepoys. With a prayer for protection and guidance, she resolved to make her way to her native village, but even there she dared not be seen with a white child in her care. There seemed only one way to guard the life for which she would so gladly have given her own; turning as soon as she dared into the forest, she began to look for some berries, the juice of which is used as a dye by the women of India, and stained the fair skin of the infant, not forgetting to rub a liberal supply on to her light curly hair; she also took off her English clothing, wrapping her, after the fashion of Indian babies, in her own brightly coloured scarf. She then set out on a walk of many miles, begging food for herself and the child of some native women she saw at work in a mango grove.

There were many dangers on the way, more than one narrow escape, but at length through the guiding of the Lord the mountain village where Gunga's relations lived was reached. They gave Gunga a cordial welcome, and without asking questions seemed to take for granted that the child for whom she cared so tenderly was her own. There for the present we must leave Gunga and her charge.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS,

It seems a long time since I told you anything about the dear blind children in whom so many of you have expressed your loving interest. I hardly know where my story ought to begin, so perhaps had better make a start by telling you of books that are printed, not like those we are in the habit of reading, with type, that when inked and passed between the rollers of a steam printing-press comes out a sheet of printed matter; but as printed books for the blind are not intended to be read with the eyes, but by the tips

of the fingers, printed letters would not be of the slightest use; their places are taken by small raised dots, formed by applying sufficient pressure to force the heads of brass pins, which have been so arranged as to form the letters and word-signs used in Braille-writing, in such a way as to leave their impression upon sheets of stout paper.

Now you will, I hope, be able to understand something of the way in which "Opening Leaves, a Gospel Paper for the Young," is printed. First aim, that of seeking to win the children for Christ, being much the same as your own *Gospel Stories*; the number of printed pages in "Opening Leaves" is about the same as *Gospel Stories*, though of course there are no pictures. I almost seem to hear some one saying, "Then the blind children get more true stories than their seeing friends." No, they do not, for as Braille-type letters take up much more room than printed ones, the number of words on each page is smaller.

Many of the readers of "Opening Leaves" have one complaint to make of their own monthly magazine, that it is too short. They would be glad if it were double the present size; but as that cannot be, at least not at present, we are glad and thankful to be allowed to go on doing the little we can, and remembering that "Little is much, if God be in it," go send gospel messages, counting upon our ever gracious Lord so to use them as to attract young hearts to Himself, who is the way, the truth and the life.

The holiday month is over now, and all or nearly all of our young friends are at school again. School life is as busy for blind boys and girls as for the bright-eyed readers of our little paper, but truth compels me to say that many of them are splendid correspondents.

A few extracts from the letters they write will, I think, be read with interest. *Jessie E. gives us a peep at school life at L—*. She writes, "Thank you so much for writing to me. It is always a great treat to me to receive a nice long letter. You will be glad to know that 'Opening Leaves' is always a welcome visitor. It is such a dear little book. I enjoy reading it for myself, and lend it to several of my school-fellows, so you see that though we have only one copy, it has a great deal of work to do. We should all be sorry if it was not sent every month.

"I told you I was afraid I should not be able to learn the verses of scripture as you asked me to do, for, as we have only half an hour allowed to dress, open our beds, dust our rooms and leave everything in order, you may be sure there is not much time to spare; but I am so glad you have thought of a way in which I shall, I hope, be able to commit to memory *one* verse at least every week. Yes, I will do as you ask, read the verse just before the bell for going downstairs rings, and I shall, I think, be able to repeat it quite correctly by the end of the week.

"I think it must be a help to everybody to learn verses of scripture, but perhaps most of all to the blind, for though we have a whole Bible in the school library, and I have three of the gospels and

the Acts of the Apostles of my very own (do you not think I am quite rich?), very few if any of us on leaving school will have more than a small portion of the scriptures, so if we can learn a number of verses and some whole chapters, they will always be our very own."

Here is a letter from Georgiana N., who is one of our deaf-blind readers. "It is," she writes, "a long time since I wrote to you, and perhaps I should not have done so to-day only I am hoping that as soon as you can spare a little time you will be kind enough to write to me. You do not know what a comfort it is to a girl who can neither see nor hear to get a nice kind letter. Sometimes the time would seem so long if it were not for the books you and other kind friends send me. I do love reading and am so glad I have been taught to read; I ought to be very thankful to God, who has been so good to me, for I know that there are many who are much worse off than myself."

I might go on copying portions of Braille letters for some time longer, but I want to share with the dear young helpers, who during the last four or five years have done so much loving and really useful work, a plan—it can hardly be called a secret—that will, I feel sure, not only arouse their sympathies, but supply pleasant occupation for winter evenings or holiday afternoons.

Shortening days and falling leaves again remind us that the time for giving as well as receiving new year gifts may not be far distant. Shall we work for the blind children this time? It would be a change, and it would be difficult to find more grateful or delighted recipients.

Yes, you are quite ready to help, but you really do not know what to send. Perhaps your old friend C. J. L. may be able to suggest a few things that would be at once useful and acceptable, and it will not be difficult to add to the very short list she intends to give.

Work-bags, pincushions and needle-books (the latter would be of greater use if supplied with a few calyx-eyed needles) would be much valued by the elder girls. Small bottles of scent or cakes of perfumed soap also give untold pleasure. The writer knows one girl, who, finding a cake of soap in her new year parcel, considered it much too good to use in the way for which it was intended, but carried it in her pocket, now and then indulging her special friends with a smell. A lavender bag would have been much nicer, would it not?

Toys (either old or new), wooden bricks for building, dolls, Swiss figures of animals, and many other things, will give great delight to the smaller girls and boys; while those to spare, should there be any, will be sent to the seeing children of blind parents. It would be hard to say which of the two, a blind father or his five-year-old Daisy, got most pleasure out of a parcel of toys and picture-books sent to the little one last year. But I must stop writing. May the blessing of the Lord be with givers and receivers.

Please do not send parcels to the Office of *Gospel Stories*, they should be forwarded direct to C. J. L., 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex.



A BOY AMONG THE REAPERS.

YOU know, my dear children, that long ago in the world's history God chose a nation to teach them about Himself and how to love and serve Him. This nation was called the people of Israel, because they were descended from Israel or Jacob. But the people of Israel were not satisfied to take their laws only from God, to be ruled by Him, they wanted a king like other nations.

God granted their wish, although it was an ungrateful and foolish one, for He saw they would only learn wisdom by being allowed to have their own way and suffering for it, just as children now sometimes think they know better than their parents and disobey them.

So for many years the people of Israel had kings. Some of the kings were good and helped their subjects to do right, and others were wicked and set a very bad example and even worshipped idols.

But God did not give them up in despair; although He punished them for their sins He always loved them, and sent messages and help to them through His servants the prophets. There were many of these prophets from time to time, and besides preaching to the people they were often given the power to foretell what was going to happen

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and to work miracles, shewing that God had sent them and that they were His servants.

One of them was named Elisha, and the account of his life that we have is very interesting. He performed miracles, that is, God did wonderful things through him by telling him what to do.

On one occasion he raised to life a little child who had died.

He travelled about a good deal, going through the land to teach and deliver his messages, and at one time he frequently went to a place named Shunem, where a great woman lived. Elisha was equally at home with kings and peasants, rich and poor. Confidence in God gives us confidence with men.

This woman was one of those people who know it is an honour to entertain or help any of God's servants, and she always invited Elisha to rest on his journey and be refreshed at her home before he went further. People in the East where she lived are generally very hospitable. Elisha was very glad to accept her invitation, for no doubt he was often very tired. But there must have been something in his face and manner which was very attractive, for the lady saw as she watched him that not only was he a great prophet, but a truly good man. He did not look sour or angry or proud, as though he thought himself somebody great and better than every one else, although he

felt sad and weary because of the people's sins and that they would not listen to him. Goodness is better than greatness, and there is no true greatness without goodness.

The lady was glad to have the man of God in her house, and longed to know him better and if possible to help him more, so an idea came to her and she resolved to talk to her husband about it. He may have been away a good deal at distant parts of his land looking after his servants and helping with the harvest, but he was a kind husband and was quite willing to do anything to help the prophet. So they decided to build another room to their house, where Elisha could stay as long as he pleased and be quiet from noise and interruption, and the next time Elisha came to Shunem he found this quiet resting-place ready for him.

He was very touched at this proof of the lady's care, for he had no home, and he knew it was done to God as well as for himself.

Now God never forgets anything done for Him or for one of His servants, and has promised that even a cup of cold water given through love of Him shall be remembered and rewarded, hereafter, if not here, though His approval and smile are reward enough now to make us happy. In this case, however, He rewarded her at once. Elisha asked the lady if he could do anything for her. He had just helped the king very much, and any request from Elisha would have been readily granted.

Now some people are never happy—the more they have the more they want, and if they were asked such a question by such a powerful friend would at once wish for a good many things—land or money or a better house or jewellery, or even a position at court. And what boy or girl would not be ready with an answer, a new bat or bicycle?

But this lady was very contented with what she had and with her position. She had a loving husband and kind friends, and knew what true happiness was. There was one thing she longed for, only one, and that seemed beyond Elisha's power to give. But she had still to learn that nothing that con-

cerns us is too big or too small to ask of God. Perhaps she had prayed before and had given up because it seemed of no use. But now the answer was coming. Elisha found out she wanted a child. It was very quiet and lonely when her husband was away. How much she longed for a little child to be all her own!

Elisha asked God about it, and her wish was granted. A little boy was given to her! It seemed too good to be true! The mother thought no one could be so happy as she was. The baby made such sunshine in the house, and grew up to be the sweetest companion to his mother whom he passionately loved.

But suddenly this joy came to an end without any warning. The little fellow went one day to see his father in the cornfield with the reapers. Perhaps it was further off than he had been before alone, and he was tired, as the sun was very hot, for he suddenly felt a sharp pain in his head as though the sun had struck him, and he cried out to his father, "My head, my head"! His father immediately told one of the men to carry him home, thinking it was only a bad headache.

But the little boy rapidly became worse, in spite of all his poor mother could do, and soon became unconscious, and then in a few hours died in her arms! The little body that was so active and light, and just now had been convulsed with pain, was quite quiet, the laughing mouth that had so often kissed her was shut, and the light had gone out of the blue eyes. Stunned with the suddenness of the blow, his mother yet felt its reality as she gazed upon him!

Alone with her despair she suddenly thought of the prophet. She could not tell how he could help her, but had he not wonderfully found out her wish and supplied it? She would go and tell him!

(To be continued.)

YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

QUESTIONS ON THE PSALMS.—No. 3.

1. Quote a verse from Psalm v. which shews plainly that David was in the habit of speaking to God in prayer before beginning

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the duties or meeting the troubles of the day.

2. Mention a verse, found in Psalm viii., part of which was quoted by the Lord in reply to those who found fault with the children who praised Him on His entry into Jerusalem.

3. Refer to another verse in the same psalm from which the Apostle Paul quoted when writing to the Hebrews.

4. Where are the words, "Thy gentleness hath made me great"?

5. Psalm cxix. has been called "The Bible Psalm." Look through it and notice by how many different names the word of God is mentioned in it. Give *one* example of each.

6. Select and write out neatly *two* verses from "The Bible Psalm."

The above Questions complete another set of *three* months' Questions on the Psalms. Please do not forget that by fastening your sheets together at the left hand corner time and trouble will be saved. Post when possible by the 25th of the month. Address as directed on the last page of Magazine. There will be no Questions given in the December number of *Gospel Stories*, as C. J. L. hopes ALL her "Gleaners" will be "Helpers" and employ part at least of their spare time in working for some poor or blind child.

THE SAVIOUR'S LOVE.

JESUS from the glory came
Ever blessed be His name!
Came to die for sinful men,
Then went back to heaven again.

What a mercy 'tis to know
Jesus loveth sinners so;
What a mercy 'tis to prove
Young in years the Saviour's love.

OUT AT SEA.

BOATS have all kinds of curious names, and the one in our picture is called, as you will see, "The Jolly Sandboy." Well, this boat was lying on the sands one bright summer's day when it was taken possession of by Cyril and his sister Milly.

There were also three others with them, that is to say, "Spot," a small but affectionate dog, and Milly's two dolls.

Cyril stood up in the centre of the boat and pretended he was captain, while Milly looked after her dolls as if they were her children.

An hour thus quickly passed away, and as the tide was coming in the "Jolly Sandboy" was soon floated. The children thought this was fine fun, it was like going for a row on the sea itself, so almost before they knew it, the shore was getting further and further away till they were quite out at sea.

Cyril was now really frightened at their helpless condition, all alone as they were in the boat without any oars on the open sea. The waves, too, were rising, and as the afternoon drew to a close it was getting quite chilly.

What could they do, think you? Call for help? Yes, but their voices could not be heard very far away, and there was no other boat near them.

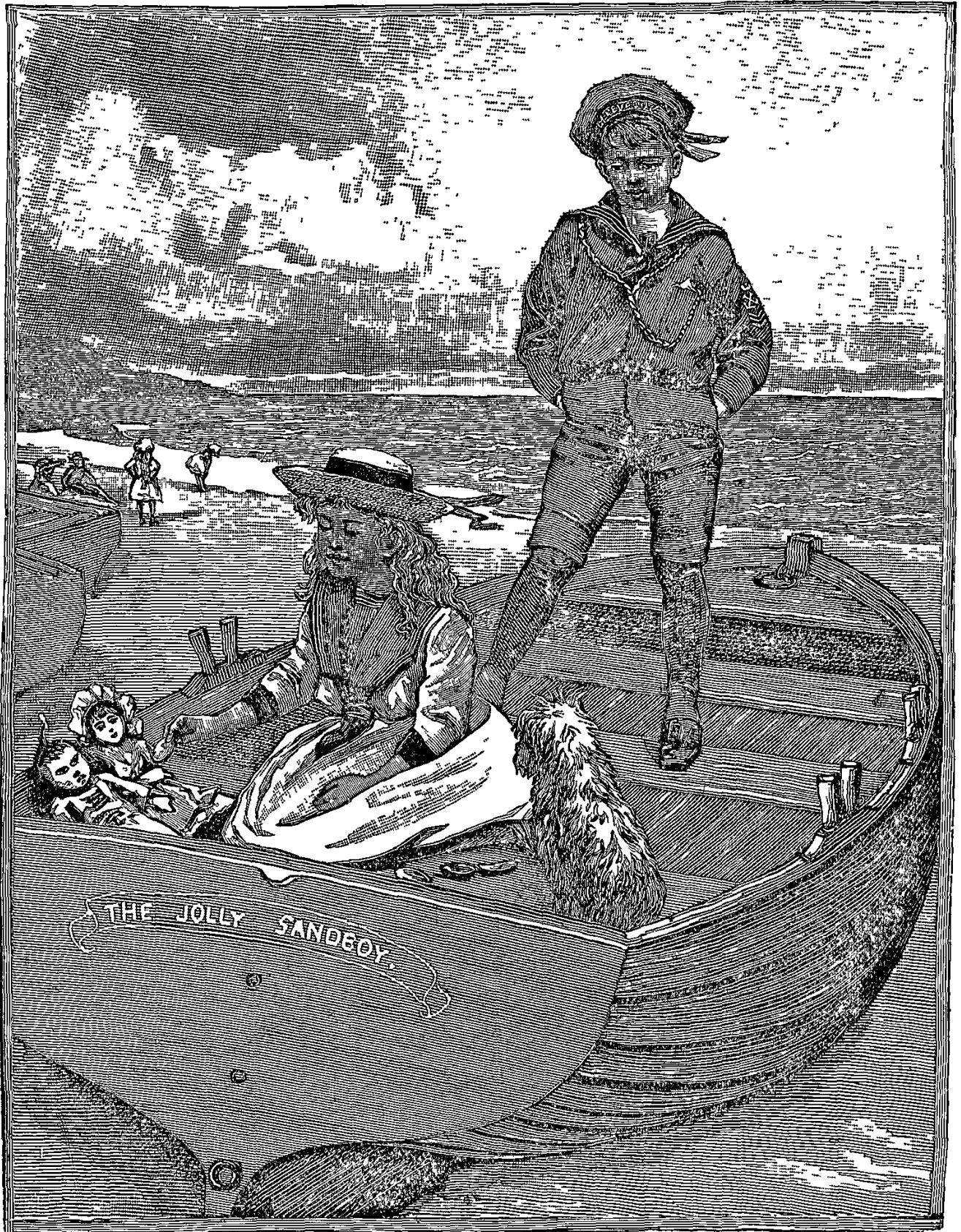
Milly was ready to cry, but Cyril did the very best thing that he could do, he knelt down in the boat and prayed to God to help them, and after some time that prayer was answered, for a sailing vessel on the way to Holland came near enough to hear their cry.

The captain was a rough seaman, but kind at heart. He was surprised to see a boy and a girl so far from shore alone in a small boat, and knew at once that something had gone wrong, so he sailed quite close to the "Jolly Sandboy."

The sailors then with a boat hook held the boat close, while others got into it and took them all out, Cyril, Milly, Spot and the dolls.

It was much better to be on the sailing boat among friendly sailors, yet even now there was much to make them very sad, for every moment they were being taken further and further away from their own homes, and their parents must be very anxious as to what had become of them.

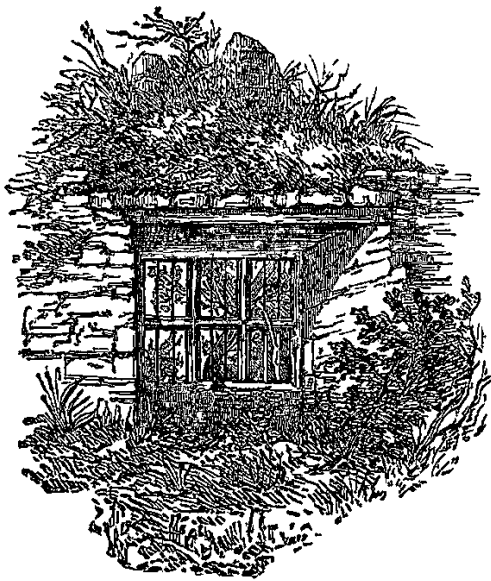
When they arrived in the Dutch harbour the captain took them to a gentleman whom he knew to be a kind christian man. He gladly took charge of them till their friends could be written to, but what then took place I must tell you next month.



THE BOAT THAT DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

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“FATHER, I DO TRUST JESUS.”

I THOUGHT that the dear boys and girls who read *Gospel Stories* would like to hear about a little boy whose name was Freddy T—. He lived in the large town of S—. in the South of England.

It happened that his father went into his bedroom one evening, but thinking he was asleep did not speak to him, when the little fellow sat up in bed and said,

“Father, I do trust Jesus.”

Truly this was good news. He was young, little more than six years of age, but not too young to have learned that he was a lost sinner and that he needed a Saviour.

Many were the questions he asked his parents about the Lord Jesus, and his confession proved that he knew Him for he “trusted Him.” He loved to get his little Testament and spell out the verses that told about Him.

Only a few months ago he was running about, bright, happy and well. No one thought that his days on earth were numbered, but so it was. An abscess formed in the head and penetrated the brain. He sank into unconsciousness from which he never recovered. In a few short days he was with Jesus, the One whom he had “trusted.”

The last Sunday he was downstairs, not being well enough to go to Sunday-school, he stayed at home with his mother. She read to him a little verse which says,

“I am happy, I can say,
Jesus washed my sins away,
I will praise Him every day,
For all His love to me.”

He said, “That is nice, I will learn it.” He did so, and sang over several hymns which he knew.

I wonder if the dear child who is reading this can truthfully say that little verse? If not, do not rest until you can. If you were suddenly laid aside as dear Freddy was, you would be too ill to think.

Just before he became unconscious he asked his mother to give him his Testament and a book entitled, “The Good Shepherd” (of which he was very fond). He just took them and opened them, but closed and laid them down again—he was too ill to read.

When it was known that he could not recover, it was joy and comfort to his parents’



hearts that he had "trusted in Jesus" and had confessed His blessed name.

On one occasion he said to his mother, "I know what 'trusting in Jesus' means. I know that He died for me. He is the Good Shepherd, and I am one of His lambs."

Could you say that?

This is a very important matter, and *now* is the time to settle it.

Perhaps you are well and strong, and think that death is not near, -but you may be called, as this little boy was, and oh, if you are not ready, think what an awful eternity awaits you.

I have told you about him with the earnest desire that if you have not thought about the future you may do so now. Do not put it off, or it may be too late. *Now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation. God *so* loves you, He has given Jesus, His beloved Son, to die for you. He has *borne* the judgment that was yours. Cannot you trust Him?

Come to Him, then, just as you are. He has said, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." He loves little children. He came to seek and to save that which was lost. You cannot save yourself, but He is just waiting to save you.

Trust Him, then, as dear little Freddy did. Then, if you are taken as he was, it will be a bright change for you as it is for him. He is safe now in the arms of the Good Shepherd. If you are left down here then you can live for Him and tell others about Him.

A. S. T.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRESH DANGERS.

IT was one thing for the faithful Gunga to desire to find for a time at least among her own people a refuge for herself and the helpless infant that had been committed to her care, but quite another to find a way of carrying out her purpose. Many miles lay between her native village and the part of the country in which she had sought and obtained employment as ayah, or nurse, to the child of the murdered lady she had learnt to love so well, and with good reason, for in the daily life of her mistress she had first seen the beauty of christian living, and from her lips she had learnt the only way of salvation.

Part of the road lay through the jungle, and she shuddered as she thought of tigers and other wild animals she might meet. But there were other dangers still more to be feared. She must pass through several villages where she must beg milk for the infant, as well as food for herself, for the journey would take some days. All the people who lived in these villages had, she knew only too well, joined the mutiny. Maddened as they were with rage and evil passions, for her to be seen seeking to protect a white child would, she felt certain, mean instant death to both. We do not know what passed between God and her soul in that time of peril, but we cannot doubt that she committed her way unto the Lord, seeking His care and guidance. The disguise she had adopted of staining the fair skin and golden curls of baby Bertha with the juices of nuts and berries and carrying her as the Indian women generally carry their children proved a complete success, and as no one but the faithful nurse understood the half-formed words of her baby prattle, after many dangers and some narrow escapes she reached her native village in safety.

Few questions were asked, as the rising of native sepoys against British rule formed the one absorbing subject of interest and conversation. Gunga took her full share of outdoor work with the women and girls of the village, and in this way was able to provide for her own support and that of the child, of whom she took the most tender care. Dearly as she loved the little one, it would, she felt, be wrong to bring her up as an Indian girl. She must, she felt, remain quietly where she had found shelter till the excitement of the mutiny had died away, and then she must restore the child to her mother's friends.

Two years passed, and one bright morning, when the soft beauty of an Indian spring called forth such countless flowers that the ground seemed a soft carpet of varied pattern and rich colouring, Gunga and her charge were nowhere to be found.

The opportunity for which she had so long waited had come at last. A long journey lay before her, her object being to reach Calcutta, where she hoped to find an English gentleman who belonged to a well-known firm of shipowners, and had been a friend of her late master's.

I should make my story far too long were I to even try to tell you all the events of that journey, but after many weary days of travel, mountain villages and tracts of jungle lay behind, and Gunga, carrying her precious burden, entered the large and populous city.

She had no great difficulty in finding the gentleman she sought, who, after listening to her story and assuring himself that the child for whom her faithful ayah pleaded so earnestly was that of Major Ray, who was still believed to have perished in the mutiny, he offered, if she were willing to take Bertha to her mother's relations in Scotland, to give a free passage to both.

Very gladly Gunga accepted the offer so kindly made. Was it not what she had longed for, to take her dear little missey to those who would love

her, and teach her many things, just the things her own mother would have wished her to know? And through the long voyage she was not, as she had feared he might, be parted from her, but was herself to have the joy of giving her into the arms of the grandmother and aunts who had loved her mother so well, and of whom she had so often heard her dead mistress speak. Was such joy for her, a poor Indian ayah? It seemed too good to be true!

A few weeks later and they were on board a fine steamship, bound for an English port. But Gunga's work, though she knew it not, was nearly done. Other hands than hers were to give the child she had saved so nobly and nursed so tenderly into the care of her relations.

The first part of the voyage was pleasant and prosperous. All on board were in high spirits. In a few days at most they hoped to stand on English soil, and meet friends from whom they had been parted for years, when a terrible storm arose. For many hours the winds and waves raged with the utmost fury, and though her captain did all that skill could do to save his ship, his efforts proved fruitless; driven out of her course, she struck upon a reef of dangerous rocks, and gave such unmistakable signs of being about to break up, he saw that only one thing remained to be done to save if possible the lives of his passengers and crew, and ordered the ship's boats to be lowered. They were found far too small to take all who needed to be rescued. The first boat was quickly filled with ladies and children, and placed in charge of an officer; as the second took its place Gunga pressed forward with Bertha in her arms. How she longed to get into the boat, but again it was quickly filled and she saw that for her there was no hope of being taken on board. She would make one last effort to save the child. Placing her in the arms of a lady, who already knew her story, and had been touched by her devotion to her charge, she hastily gave the name of the town in which her grandparents lived, pressed one long, trembling kiss upon the lips of the unconscious child, and quietly remained upon the sinking ship. After some hours of tossing upon the wild waste of waters the boats were seen and their crews taken on board a passing ship, all, after some delay, being safely landed at Southampton. The lady to whose care Gunga had entrusted the child she twice saved, lost no time in taking her to her grandparents. Very tenderly they welcomed the little one, nor did they listen unmoved to the story she had to tell of how first in the mutiny, and again in the shipwreck, Gunga's thought and care had been, not her own safety, but that of her nursling. As Bertha grew to girlhood and womanhood she was taught to love the name and memory of the faithful, though humble friend of her childhood.

Major Ray, whose name had appeared in the long list of killed, was not really dead; he had been severely wounded and left for dead by a band of sepoys; on recovering consciousness he crawled to the hut of a christian coolie, who remained faithful to the British cause. There he lay for many days

in a high fever; when the crisis had passed, the fever left him as weak and helpless as a little child; but those days of slow and tedious recovery were rich in blessing, for in them the seeking Saviour and the long-sought sinner met, and if there was joy in heaven, there was also joy on earth, for peace and praise filled his heart; the old bitterness and longing to revenge himself upon those who had robbed him of his best earthly treasures had given place to a spirit of forgiveness and tender, Christ-like pity.

We may form some idea of his joy when a few months later, returning home on furlough, he found his much-loved child safe and happy in the care of her grandparents.

Twenty years later and Bertha Ray sailed for India. She had early given herself to the Lord, and by a course of special training had fitted herself for medical mission work among the women and children of India.

When she sought her father's consent to her going he felt he could not withhold it, gladly as he would have kept her with him to be the comfort of his declining years, the light and joy of his English home, for had not her life been twice saved by one of India's daughters?

The true story you have just read, though greatly abridged, has been gleaned from the pages of a missionary record, now no longer in print, and will, it is hoped, be new to the readers of *Gospel Stories*.

C. J. L.

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

Only three boxes of cut flowers were received during August, and there are not so many letters as usual to be answered, owing most likely to many whose letters and papers are hardly ever missing being away for country or seaside holidays, and we all know how little time holiday-makers get for writing; it is so pleasant out-of-doors. It is so restful to wander through shady lanes, or linger with a favourite book in some quiet spot. It is not long since one of my boy Gleaners told me, in confidence, of course, that though he had spent a fortnight at a pleasant watering-place, the two weeks of his stay did not seem any longer than one of home and school life. Please do not think of him as a lazy boy, or I shall be almost sorry I have told you his secret, for it is quite right to enjoy a holiday; one that has been fairly earned by hard work often seems the best and most restful of all; and for those of our number who belong to Christ, who know Him as their own Lord and Master, there are pleasures which others are sure to miss. How often such words as those of David, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord" (Psa. cxlv. 10), have been the keynote of a very sweet and joyous praise-song, as we have stooped to gather a wayside flower, or seen in the care of God for all, even the weakest and lowest of His creatures, fresh proofs not only of His greatness, but His goodness.

But there is another way of enjoying one's holiday I should like to say a little about. Thinking of and trying to make others happy. A letter lies before me as I write, very neatly written, though only a lead pencil has been used. It comes from one of the Lord's hidden ones; I might have written, one of His prisoners, as for upwards of eight years Alice (as I will call her, for she might not wish me to give her real name) has not known the pleasure of going beyond the small room in which her life has to be lived. Very often for weeks or even months together she is unable even to sit up.

Still her letters are never sad or complaining ones. The love of God has been shed abroad in her heart, and "the peace of Christ" is keeping her restful and happy in the midst of much bodily suffering and sometimes trying circumstances.

In the early spring of the year Alice wrote, "Mother has just come in from our little garden, and says it is looking so beautiful now that the red and white daisies and sweet-scented wallflowers are in bloom. She has brought in a few for me, which I enjoy very much, though it seems a long time since I saw any growing, for though you will be glad to know that my little bed has been moved since I last wrote to you, and I am ever so much nearer the window, I cannot see much of the garden, but more of the sky, and the waving branches of some tall trees at no very great distance, and I love to lie and look at them when I am too ill to work or write, and I have not been able to do much of either lately.

"But I must tell you how very good the Lord is to me. His love is very precious, and He sends me so many pleasant things. Not very long ago I had a book sent me by dear ——. I love reading, and I do not often get a new book, so you may judge what a pleasure it was to me, and the day it came my head was so much better than usual, that I was able to read it nearly half through. Sometimes I get a dear, kind letter from Miss W—— and I cannot tell you half the good it does me. Her letters and the beautiful verses I so often find in them always help me to think more of Christ, and when I remember how He suffered for me, and how much He still loves, though my love to Him is so cold that sometimes I have been almost tempted to think that I do not love Him at all, my pain seems easier to bear.

"I must not forget that quite lately I have had three or four picture post-cards, sent I believe by some of your girls. How I wish I could thank them. They will never know how much I enjoy looking at them; I do get a little tired now and then having nothing but the four walls of my room to look at. But I feel sure the dear Lord will bless and reward them."

Quite a long extract from Alice's letter. Perhaps you have guessed my reason for copying it for you. Alice is just one of the many sick and lonely people who are to be found almost everywhere. Cannot we take or send them some sweet message of sympathy, some word of cheer?

Girls and boys who love the Lord Jesus Christ are often His chosen messengers. Some time ago

a poor woman lost her leg through a railway accident, and as she thought of the years of helpless suffering that might still be hers, she fretted so sadly that the neighbours said, "Poor Mrs. Giles! It was bad enough to lose her leg, but if she keeps on fretting as she does she is very likely to lose her reason too." At first they did all they could to cheer and comfort her, but she turned so coldly from their words of sympathy and offers of help, saying that they only made her feel worse, that at last they gave up going, and told each other it was best to leave her alone.

But happily for poor Mrs. Giles one of the Lord's servants who lived quite near did not agree with them. He knew the love of Christ could bring comfort into that shadowed life, could turn her mourning into joy, and give her "the garment of praise" in exchange for "the spirit of heaviness." But though Mr. F—— prayed much for her, and had been to see her several times, there seemed no response to the Bible words he read or repeated. One day the thought came to him to take his little girl, Mabel, with him. He did so and asked her to sing one of her hymns to the invalid. She did so, and little by little the sad look poor Mrs. Giles' face always wore gave place to one of interest.

"Which hymn do you like best?" asked Mabel.

"The one about the 'green hill far away,'" replied Mrs. Giles, "would you mind singing it for me again?" And as Mabel sang the Holy Spirit was doing His own blessed work in the soul of the poor sufferer.

All through the night that followed she kept saying over, almost in a whisper,

"We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He bled and suffered there."

A few days later Mr. F—— got a note, asking him to call upon Mrs. Giles as soon as possible. He went, and found her greatly changed. She said, "I have been very selfish, thinking only of my own pain, and forgetting the far greater pains my Saviour bore for me. *He died for me*; but I never thanked Him till after dear little Mabel sang me that hymn, and now I mean through His grace to serve and follow Him."

And she has kept her word. Her hands have been very busy for the Master. Many a warm and useful garment has been made and sent by her to some sick or suffering one. Some of her work has gone to far-off India, where a lady worker for Christ has been so glad to get the pretty print overalls she has made, and the dolls she has dressed, as prizes for the girls—little Hindu girls, you know—who attend her school.

Flowers and motto text-cards have been received from Grace H., J. N., A reader of *Gospel Stories*. Cards and booklets from Miss D., Dover.

Replies to questions and letters for C. J. L. may be addressed to her either at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or at 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex. All parcels should be sent to the latter address.



GOSPEL STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.

A BOY AMONG THE REAPERS.

(Continued.)

THERE was no time to be lost; at once her self-possession returned and all her faculties were alive. She laid the little body down in Elisha's room on his bed, the most sacred spot in the house. Then, not sending word to her husband of their loss, for the strange hope dawning within her, and fearing lest he might prevent her going, she simply requests a servant and an ass to ride upon, and sets out on her journey regardless of the heat.

Seeing and fearing nothing on the road, outwardly calm but inwardly in a fever, she at last reached the place where Elisha was. He saw her coming, and fearing lest something was wrong that she should be hurrying to him thus in the middle of a hot summer's day without any apparent reason, he sent his servant Gehazi to meet and ask her if all was well.

She answered, "It is well," for she could not tell this man her sorrow or waste a moment in talk.

So she came to Elisha and fell down at his feet. Gehazi thought she was ill or crazy, and came forward to move her; but Elisha said, "Let her alone; I see she is in great trouble, and God has not told me what it is."

And then the mother's bitter pain broke forth in the cry, half-reproachful, half-

questioning, "Did I desire a son of my lord? did I not say, Do not deceive me?" It was as though she said, I did not ask for a little boy; I thought it was too good to be true. Oh, why did you give him to me only to take him away again? Then the prophet knew that the child must be dead. He at once sent Gehazi to Shunem to lay his staff on the boy's face.

This was, perhaps, that he might be alone with the lady, for Gehazi had no sympathy with either sorrow or goodness, and was afterwards dismissed from the prophet's service for his bad conduct and telling lies. Living with good people will not make us good if we do not wish to be.

Perhaps, too, Gehazi thought that the staff Elisha carried helped him to work miracles, like Moses' rod with which he struck the rock and water flowed out; but he was to learn that it is prayer and faith alone that have power with God, and He cannot use an unrighteous man.

The lady would not leave Elisha, so they followed, and before reaching the house met Gehazi returning, looking perplexed and disappointed, for he had done as his master said, and yet nothing had happened! "The child is not awaked." Elisha went into his room and shut the door. He then prayed to God, asking Him, if it were His will, that the little boy might be made alive again to be a comfort to his mother. Then he lay

upon the child, that his breath and the warmth of his body might pass into the cold one. This he did twice, and the child waxed warm, and sneezed seven times, and then opened his eyes. He was alive and well! So in the same room where prayer had obtained him from God he was given back through prayer the second time!

Dear children, let us carry all our wants to God, for He always hears us, and if we love and serve Him, He will give us all we need and care for us better than any one else can, for He knows what is good for us, and He is almighty.

Elisha at once called the poor mother, who doubtless was praying, too, and waiting very anxiously. Although scarcely surprised to see her boy springing into her arms, for she had such faith in Elisha's prayers and meditation, her feelings of joy and thankfulness were too intense for words. She bowed down to the ground at his feet in speechless awe and gratitude, as she had so short a time ago in her woe, and then with a face radiant with happiness she took up her boy and went out.

No words could tell how she felt, but Elisha understood and rejoiced in her joy and that of the entire household. What praise and thanksgiving would ascend to God for so graciously hearing prayer! With what reverence and love would the whole family listen henceforth to the teaching of the man of God who had brought such blessing to the house! And what loving care would surround the little lad! The life thus preserved would be trained for God's service, and though we do not read anything more of the boy, or even know his name, we may feel sure he grew up to be a good man, to love Elisha's God, and to be a great comfort to his mother.

And we who have been taught by the life of the Lord Jesus Christ far more about God our Father than Elisha could teach the people of Israel, may one day meet the Shunammite lady and her son in heaven!

One word more. Do you know, dear children, that we, too, need to be brought to life. Although our bodies are alive in this world, yet we are dead in God's sight until we are brought into personal touch with the

Lord Jesus. He said, "I am the life," and apart from Him we are not really living. Sin always brings death. But those who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ have eternal life, the gift of God. A greater than Elisha has come to give you life. He came to die that you might live, and the life He gives can never come to an end, as the Shunammite boy's would at last, but will continue for ever with Him in heaven.

PRAISE TO GOD.

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day :
The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the earth with food :
He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how Thy wonders are display'd
Where'er I turn my eye,
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky :

There's not a plant or flower below,
But makes Thy glories known :
And clouds arise and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.

Creatures—as numerous as they be—
Are subject to Thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is present there.

In heaven He shines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath :
'Tis on His earth I stand or move
And 'tis His air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with His eye :
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh ?

HAPPY.

THERE was nothing outwardly to make the dear lad, of whom I want to tell you, happy. He was lying in a large hospital, suffering from a terrible disease.

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Many a long month he lay, and yet in spite of his sufferings he always seemed bright and cheerful. At last the doctor, who could not help noticing his cheery look and patience in suffering, asked, "What makes you so happy, my boy?"

What do you think his answer was? Looking up into the doctor's face he said, "JESUS makes me happy, doctor."

There are lots of things that make people unhappy, and the presence of *sin* is the root of it all; but there is only one thing that can make people truly happy, and this dear lad had found out the secret; in one word it is JESUS.

Do you know Him? If not, *you* are not happy.

The dear lad is now more fully enjoying the SAVIOUR'S love—he is now "absent from the body, present with the Lord."

Oh, my reader, if you are still unsaved, I would earnestly appeal to you to come to JESUS, He only can make you happy.

"Be in time! be in time!
While the voice of Jesus calls you,
Be in time!
If in sin you longer wait,
You may find no open gate
And your cry be—just too late!
Be in time!"

T. H.—v.


YOUNG GLEANERS' COLUMN.

THE number of "Gleaners'" papers sent in has fallen off a good deal during the year just closing. One or two have written saying that they think it is much nicer to send in their papers quarterly than monthly, as it gave more time for Bible searching; others would, perhaps, like better to post monthly. Next year we shall (if the Lord will) start with a new set of questions, dividing our "Gleaners" into senior and junior bands, so, it is hoped, meeting the difficulty that has been expressed by some who think that some of the dear little ones, who used to write so regularly, have been discouraged by finding the questions too hard for them, while older boys and girls who have not left school have, as they say, "so many lessons to do," that *sometimes* they have been unable to complete their papers.

There will be no "Gleaners'" Questions for December, as, perhaps, after a short holiday, we shall all be ready for a fresh start; but though no special prizes will be offered for scrap-books or toys this year, "Young Helpers," and older friends as well, are as badly needed as ever, and every "Gleaner" is invited to join our band and send something, however small, that will give pleasure to a poor child or blind person. There is no need that the gifts should cost much; in many a nursery cupboard there are half-forgotten toys, with which their owners no longer care to play, which would give untold delight to some poor child. Perhaps they want mending. Some of our boy friends would, we are sure, be glad to help in this way. Dolls, new or old, picture-books and other odds and ends are much wanted, and would be thankfully received.

Please address ALL parcels as requested on page 95 of Magazine.

BERTHA'S SERVICE.

" Oh, mother, it is a shame that I should have to mind Thurza this morning! Katie and Edith Burgess are going to walk to the woods, and want me to go with them. This is the last week of our holiday, so I shall not get another chance."

"I am very sorry, Bertha, but I must go up to town. Thurza has a little cold, so do not let her paddle, and please do not let me go away with the remembrance of such a sad-faced little daughter."

"What a wretched day it will be," sighed Bertha. "I cannot help looking miserable. The boys will not mind me, and Thurza is so troublesome. Everything will go wrong, I know."

"Of course it will, dear," answered her mother, "unless you hallow all you find to do, and so turn the day into one of happy service for the dear Master."

"Hallow all I find to do! how could I, do that mother?"

Mrs. Winstead took her daughter's hand, and kneeling beside the couch, said, "Let us do it now, dear."

Bertha knelt reverently beside her mother, for she had lately given her young heart to God.

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"Dear Lord Jesus, teach us how to serve Thee in every little thing we do to-day. However small it may be, let it be done as in Thy sight, for Thy name's sake. Amen."

There was an earnest look in Bertha's eyes as she rose from her knees, and Mrs. Winstead felt satisfied that she could leave the younger children in her care.

* * * * *

"Four o'clock! I had no idea it was so late—what a happy day it has been. We

we went paddling, and Thurza wanted to go, too; but Bertha built her a beautiful model of a house, and made her find all the bits of coloured glass to be windows in it."

"Yes," chimed in Thurza, "and I made men to walk out of my boofful house."

"Bertha gave me a stick of chocolate," cried Reggy with a happy nod of his curly head, "because I made the best model of a cake-shop."

Mother looked smilingly at her little daughter. "You have made them all happy,



WE MUST HURRY HOME NOW CHILDREN.

must hurry home now, children, for mother promised to be home for tea. Let us gather some wild flowers to decorate the table as we go home."

"All right, Bertha!" shouted the boys, as they bounded off after the flowers.

Later on, the children sat with happy faces at the tea-table, telling their mother how they had spent the day.

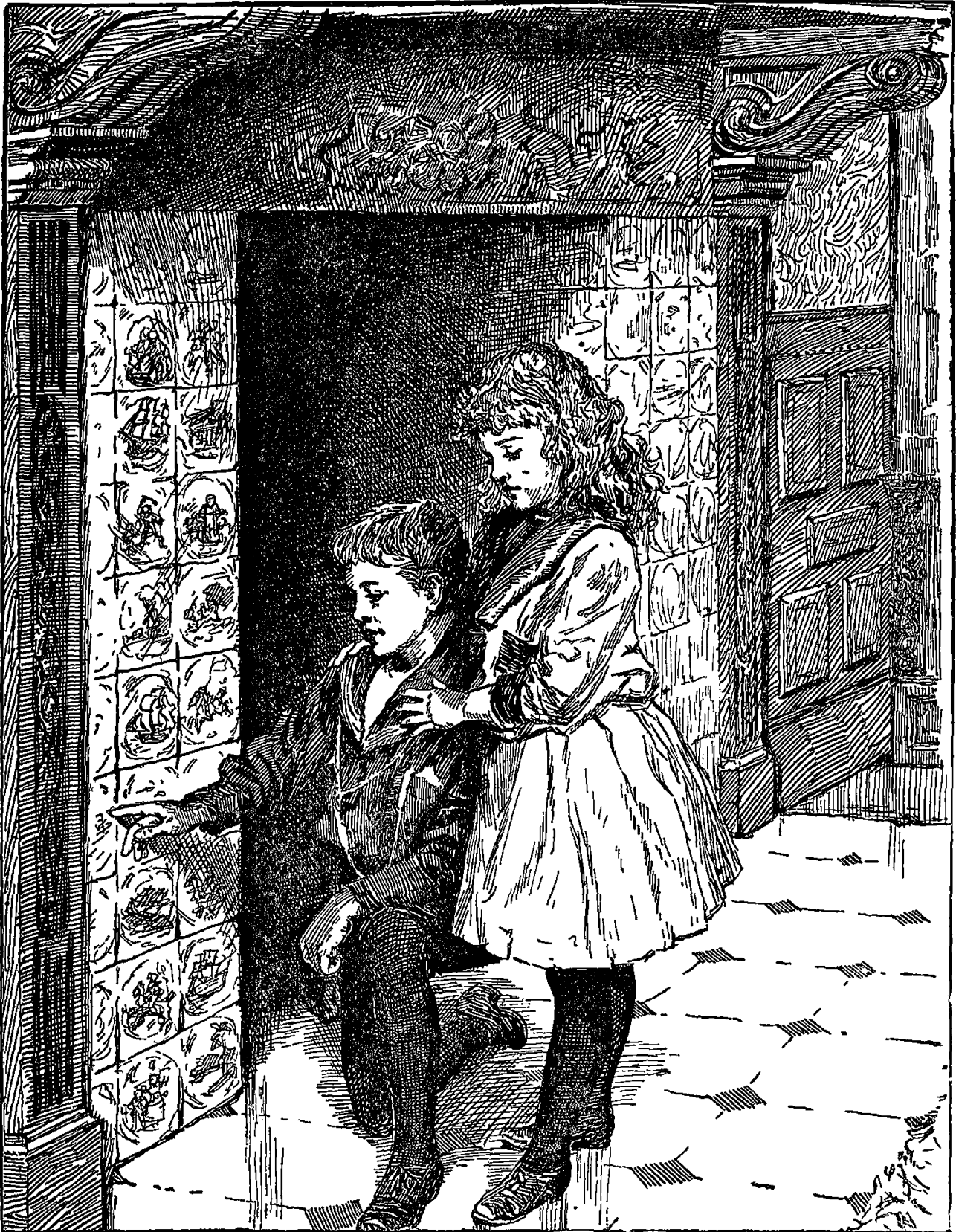
Teddie, the eldest boy, said, "Bertha taught us a new game of making models out of the sand and stones, then we all had to guess what they were. It was fun! Then

Bertha dear, and what has the day been to you?" she asked lovingly.

"Oh, mother, it has been a delightful day!" replied the little girl with a bright look; "I never knew before how happy it would make me to 'hallow all I find.'"

"And you have not only made your brothers and little sister happy, my darling, but you have pleased the dear Lord Jesus, who knows how you cheerfully gave up your own pleasure to serve Him in these little things faithfully done."

J. C.



CYRIL WAS ABLE TO EXPLAIN NEARLY ALL OF THEM.

A VISIT TO HOLLAND.

I TOLD you last month about a boat called the "Jolly Sandboy" that drifted out to sea from the shore on which it was lying. Well, the boy and girl—Cyril and Milly—were kindly treated by the Dutch captain who had rescued them from a watery grave, for had it been a rough sea their little boat would soon have been sunk.

The small sailing vessel in which they now found themselves soon put in to Rotterdam. Here everything looked very strange to the children. The dress of the people, the bright colours and the wooden shoes were objects of great wonder to them, as they followed the captain through the streets of the city till they came to the door of a large house.

The rough sailor did not know at first what to do with the English boy and girl, but he knew of a kind christian man who lived in this big house, and to him he decided to take them.

A few words were enough to explain to their new friend how that they had been saved from the sea, and now they wanted a home for a few days till their friends in England could come and fetch them.

The Dutch gentleman knew a little English, so he was able to learn from Cyril his father's name and address, and then a letter was written and posted to let them know that their dear ones had not been drowned, but were safe and sound in Holland.

Now while they were waiting for a reply to this letter they soon felt at home in their fresh quarters. Cyril loved to roam from room to room in this old-fashioned house. Especially was the dining-room a great attraction, because all round the large fire-place there were Dutch tiles with pictures of Old Testament stories.

Cyril had learned all these stories at his mother's knee when quite little. There were pictures of Joseph and Daniel, Moses and Elisha, and numbers of others, nearly all of which Cyril was able to recognise and tell his sister the story of each.

This so impressed these stories on their memories that I do not think they will ever

forget them. On the whole their stay in this kind Dutchman's house was not at all unpleasant.

At last the letter was received in England, and their father and mother were delighted to know of their safety, and many thanksgivings were returned to God for His goodness in watching over the lost ones.

A few days more and Cyril and Milly had returned home in their father's care, as he had gone to fetch them and to thank the kind stranger who had given them a home for a short time.

JESUS IS CALLING.

By E. E. N.

TUNE—"Bring them in." (S. V. 563.)

JESUS is calling, children hear!
List to His voice so sweet and clear,
"Suffer the children, bid them come":
He will receive each little one.

Refrain—Come to-day, come to-day, come now
to Jesus while you may,
Come to-day, come to-day, children
come and trust in Jesus.

Once on the cruel cross He died,
There for our sins was crucified;
He our great load of sin once bore,
Then rose from death to die no more.

All, all our sins on Him were laid,
In His blest death the price was paid
By which we're saved and brought to God:
Made fit for heaven through Jesu's blood.

Jesus is calling, children hear!
Soon will He rise and close the door;
Now you may enter,—hear His cry,
"Come unto Me," "Why will ye die?"

CORRESPONDENCE CORNER.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,

A box containing everlasting flowers gathered by willing hands and sent at the impulse of loving hearts as a token of sympathy and affection by the children of Meckinburg Sunday School, Western Australia (posted September 30th and received in Leyton on November 7th), has touched me deeply, and the senders will, I am sure, be glad to have a short letter all to themselves in the "C. C." page of *Gospel Stories*.

Many thanks, dear ones; the pretty pink and yellow blossoms did not seem to have suffered at all for their long sea voyage, and arrived in good condition. All, with verses of scripture written upon motto cards, will, I hope, have gone to

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brighten sick-rooms and cheer suffering ones long before you can read what I am writing; the flowers belong to earth and must one day fall to pieces, but the love to Christ that prompts any little service for, or deed of kindness to others, is precious in His sight, and will live on when most of the things and people we read about in our history-books have been forgotten.

I once heard of a little girl, who said, "If I had been living when the Lord Jesus sat by Jacob's well, and He had asked me to give Him a drink, I would have run to get it for Him."

I have given our little friend's words as nearly as I can remember them, because they tell out what most of us have felt when perhaps we first trusted the Lord Jesus as our very own Saviour. The joy of forgiveness was so filling our hearts that we longed to be allowed to do something for the One who had so loved us that He gave His own life for us. But there did not seem any great thing waiting for us to do, and we did not see how many little ones there were in which the Lord was willing to use us as His messengers, if we were willing to be sent.

Even a child can take a message if it is careful to remember exactly what it was told to say. One of the Lord's servants used to say that when he was quite a small boy his mother often trusted him with messages, but before being allowed to start, she always asked him three questions. "Where are you going?" "Who sent you?" and "What are you going to say?" Many years afterwards, when the mother had fallen asleep in Christ, and the son, grown to be a man, was preaching the gospel, his mother's questions often came back to him, and he would say, "I am sent by the Lord Jesus to sinners; my message is to tell them of His love in dying upon the cross for them, and now a living Saviour, in the glory, He asks them to accept, as a free gift, the forgiveness of their sins, and to become 'children of God by faith in Christ Jesus.'"

May we all be happy children of light, then we shall desire to be willing servants, the faithful messengers of our absent but quickly coming Lord. Perhaps I cannot close my letter better than by copying some verses sent to me by a friend not very long ago.

"Whosoever shall give you a cup of water to drink in my name, because ye belong to Christ, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward." (Mark ix. 41.)

"May I be the King's cupbearer
May I be the one to take
A lonely or tired wayfarer
Some water for His dear sake

May I be the eager porter
Of messages from the King?
Of news which is like cold water
From a deep, unfailing spring.

No box of rich alabaster
Have I to bring to the Lord;
But just my love to the Master,
My longing to spread His word.

I think He will not refuse me,
Though worthless my offering be;
O Christ, in Thy service use me;
And bid me to work for Thee!"

Kathleen L., Post Office, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. There have not been many flowers this month, so yours were more than usually welcome. The box containing them arrived only a few hours before a number of girls assemble for their usual weekly Bible-class, and there was a small bunch for each. But this is not quite all; a double interest seems to linger around some of the bunches, as they were sent by the girls who received them to sick friends. We may all share in the joy of giving, even if only very little things, but the joy is deeper and more lasting when our giving is from love to the Master who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." (Acts xx. 35.)

Will A. and E. J., Wall Heath, accept real and warm thanks for parcel containing gifts for blind and poor children, received this morning. The God with whom we have to do loves to encourage (see 2 Cor. i. 3, 4 New Trans.), and it is simply wonderful to find how many bright bits of cheer come along, to find how often friends personally unknown to us are for Christ's sake, and in His name, willing to help in helping the helpless and making warm garments for the needy.

Some of our "Gleaners" have, we think, forgotten to send their last set of papers. It is better to send two sets together than not to send them at all. Papers, letters, &c. for C. J. L. may be addressed to her at the Office of *Gospel Stories*, 20, Paternoster Square, London, E.C., or to 114, Francis Road, Leyton, Essex. All parcels are to be sent to the latter address.

RHODA, AN INDIAN STORY.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BLIND OF INDIA, AND WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR THEM.

OUR talks about Rhoda and her family of famine orphans have been pleasant, and I hope helpful ones, and if reading her story has awakened in the hearts of any, whether young or old, a deeper interest in the children of other lands, it will not have been written in vain; for if we remember that although there are now many native Christians in India the worshippers of false gods may be counted by millions, we long, do we not, that the children who are now taught to make offerings to senseless, helpless idols, "the work of men's hands," should hear of the Lord Jesus and His great love in dying upon the cross for sinners, and that hearing they may learn to love and trust Him as their own precious Saviour. And shall we not sometimes turn the longing into a prayer, that the Lord of the harvest may Himself raise up and send forth labourers into the far-off field of our Indian Empire?

Indian children are not as a rule so lively as English ones. They do not care much for such games as cricket or rounders; perhaps it is too

hot to play much; but they are very fond of sitting in the shade of some tall palm hearing or telling stories. Many of these stories are about the gods and goddesses of their country, which of course are not *true* and are often very foolish. Here is one: Kali is, I think, the most frightful of all the Indian goddesses; in pictures and images she is always represented with her tongue hanging out of her mouth, and also as standing upon the body of a man who has been killed by her. If we were to ask an Hindu the reason, he would most likely reply by saying that a very long time ago Kali was married to a god called Siva. (Please do not forget that the Hindus have "lords many, and gods many.") Kali was very quarrelsome and fond of fighting; one day she had a fight with a great and powerful giant and conquered him. This pleased her so much that she began to dance, and kept on dancing till the earth began to shake. All the other gods thought the world was going to tumble about their ears, and got terribly frightened, and begged Siva to go to his wife and persuade her to stop dancing. So he went, but when he got near her he was so frightened at the number of men she had killed, whose bodies were lying around her, and at the way the earth shook, that he fell down among the dead.

Kali was too busy dancing to notice what had happened, so she trod upon her husband and killed him; but after a time his dead body began to move, and then Kali stooped down to see who he was, and on finding what she had done was so ashamed that she put out her tongue (putting out the tongue is among Hindus an expression of being sorry or ashamed about anything), and this, they say, is the reason why she is always represented as putting out her tongue.

Are not you glad that you are not asked to believe such strange, wild stories about things that we know could never have really happened? But I must stop writing about Hindu gods and goddesses, or I shall not be able to tell you much about the blind of India.

There are a good many blind people in India, and as until quite lately every one seemed to think that trying to teach the blind any kind of work that might be useful to themselves or others a waste of time, they were sadly neglected, and those whose friends were unable or unwilling to give them rice or clothes looked upon begging as the only way in which they could obtain a living. Crowds of Hindu beggars may be seen at any Hindu fair or market, sometimes even going on pilgrimage to one or more of the holy places I told you of in an earlier chapter, in the vain hope of in this way obtaining the pardon of their sins. They throng the doors and courts of idol temples, asking for alms, and they seldom ask in vain, for rich Hindus will often give large sums to beggars, in the expectation that they are laying up a stock of merit that will be reckoned to their account in some future life.

Some christian workers had been deeply touched by the ignorance and misery of the blind, and had longed to help them, but for a long time there

seemed no way. At last a lady who had been engaged in mission work, and had lived long enough in India to master the difficulties of the Urdu language, felt that in a very marked way the Lord was opening a door which He would have her enter. She could not reach and help all the blind people in India, but she was willing to do what she could. She would teach a few blind women and children to read. But though their language had been put into Roman letters, printed books were of no use to the pupils Mrs. Sherrieff hoped to gather, and the Braille, or dotted system, as taught to blind people in England and America, would need many changes before it could be adapted to the difficulties of the language so unlike our own. But hers was a labour of love, and though often feeling very discouraged, she did not falter or give up the task she had so cheerfully undertaken, and at last "Urdu Braille" was ready and the work of teaching the blind really began.

At first the work was very slow and uphill, for though several came to be taught, it took some of them a long time to grasp the idea that it was possible for them to learn anything. They had been so used to being told that they were helpless, stupid, of no use at all in the world, and only a trouble to and burden upon others, that it took some time to make them understand that the friends who told them of the great and holy God, who, though He had created all things, had not spared His own Son, loved and longed to help them. But after a time the kindness and patience of their teachers began to bear fruit, and at last a few of the pupils were able to read in their own language the gospel narratives of the life, death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus.

Many, hearing of what was being done, came from long distances to see for themselves, and as all the mission-workers knew quite a number of blind people, they returned to try if something could not be done for them.

There are not many schools for the blind in India, but we can and do rejoice to know that a beginning has been made, that something is being done. In all, or nearly all, of these schools "Sherrieff-Braille," as it is called, is the system used, and perhaps only those of my readers who are Braille-writers can fully understand how well and carefully the system has been worked out.

There is a home for blind Christians at Raijpur, North India, and, though its beginnings were small, at the present time between seventy and eighty have found, not only a shelter, but a happy home beneath its roof. Braille reading and writing are taught, and many other things as well. A few of the men and boys have a little sight, and are able to help in field and garden work; others cane chairs, make mats and baskets, or weave bamboo into small articles for household use or sale; the women do housework, and as far as possible are taught to make and mend their own clothes, they also learn to spin, weave and knit.

C. J. L.

THE END.