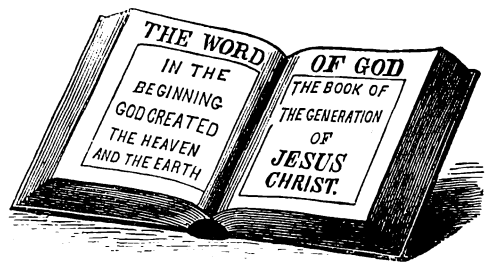
PURE STREAMS

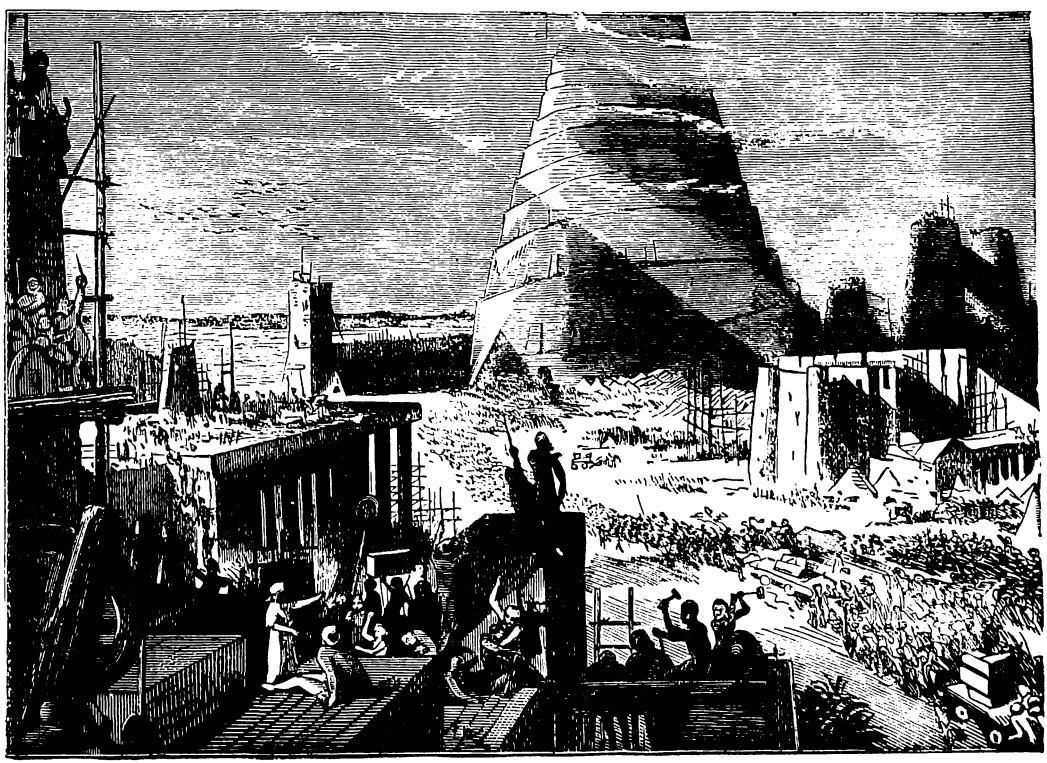
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1875. NO. 1.



The Tower of Babel.

LET us turn to the eleventh chapter of Genesis with this picture before us. Will you read the first nine verses, and then I need not repeat them here. You will notice one thing, at once; that in the first verse, the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech; and at the end, they were unable to

understand each other, and were scattered abroad upon the face of all the earth.

So they were disappointed, altogether. God had told Noah to build an ark, and just how to make it; but He did not tell these men to build. To do it without His word, was wrong. As it was for such an important thing, to keep them from being scattered, why not take God into the matter? As He had made man, He certainly cared for him. Now why did they not? Because they cared nothing for God and believed that God was not kind, as Eve did, when Satan told her that God knew she would be better off if she ate the fruit, but would not let her. It was really distrust and hatred of God, and rebellion.

And then think what they were going to do. Get themselves a name! How busy they seem too, just as men now are very busy, forming things down here, to get themselves a name, and making very high things, too. Now there is but ONE NAME that is worthy before God, and that is JESUS CHRIST. Man's name may seem to do for a while here, but what would the name of a sinner be worth in heaven? And when we think how short the time is here, for the enjoyment of anything, does it not seem very foolish for people to be at this? In John vi, 38–40 you read that Jesus came down from heaven to do the will of Him that sent Him, and that will is that of all whom He has given to Christ, He should lose none, and that every one who seeth the Son and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and Christ will raise him up at the last day. There is certainty.

But these men sought another thing, to keep all together, lest they should be scattered. Well, that can be found only in Christ, too. In John xvii, 21, you will see that Christ speaks of all His own being one, as the Father is in Him, and He in the Father, that all that believe in Him might be one in the Father and Son; and then in Ephes. ii, 14, you will find that He has made them one, members of His own body.

Now man was altogether lost, and God meant to do everything for him in Him alone, by and in whom He could do everything, the new man Christ Jesus; not the old man Adam, and all that come from him. Therefore God rejected this whole building of man, which was made of bricks, which they had made themselves, while God's is made of "living stones" (1 Pet. ii, 5), and put together with slime which would melt with fire, instead of mortar that can stand the fire. You see God's word is spoken of as a fire that shall try every thing of what sort it is, and His fire would melt the slime and scatter their bricks.

Thus the word of God judges every thing that man builds now. If you try to build up yourself, that will not do. All must be built on Christ. If you see your own nothingness, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was sent of God for you, then that will stand all His judgment. So if God comes down to see what the building is, as He did here, it will not be to scatter, but to dwell in this building that is of Christ.

The love of God is wonderful, for though man had ruined himself by all that He had done, God came to undo all, to gather all together in His own Son, the new man. And even the confusion of languages that came in Babel was met by the kindness of God. In Acts ii, you will read that when the gospel of Christ was to be spoken, God gave different tongues or languages to the apostles, that they could preach to all, and the people were all amazed and said, "we do hear them speak in our tongues, the wonderful works of God." No matter how far off any one may be, or how hindered by being born with a strange language, God can reach such with the good news concerning His Son Jesus Christ. Blessed be his name for such love!

An Angry Boy.

I HAD, when a child, a very quick temper, as many another child has, I have no doubt. But I had learned about the Lord Jesus, whose blood cleanses from all sin, and had really been looking to Him for salvation. I do not think I had settled peace, because I was not taught clearly that I ought to have it, if I was resting on the blood of Christ.

But I believe now I was saved, at the time I am writing about, when I was about thirteen years old.

One day, in the Spring, a fine, windy day, too, I had made myself a kite, and, having got it all arranged, was about to fly it, when a neighbor's dog ran over the string between me and the kite, just as I was pulling it out straight. I was very much excited, and yelled out to the dog, to make him get out of the way. But this frightened him, and, in getttng out of the way, he ran over my beautiful kite, wetting and dirtying it with his feet. I ran to it, and seeing it somewhat soiled, became greatly enraged, and, with a savage jerk, tore and broke it to pieces, sticks and all. What a miserable destroyer anger is!

My dear father was standing by, and saw it all. He called me to him, and, leading the way into the parlor, sat down, and talked with me.

He told me the evil effects of anger, and where it all came from, the evil heart in me. And then he told me of the Lord Jesus, who was grieved by these things, and pointed to the word of God, and showed me how God dealt with sin on the cross, till my heart was bowed down with sorrow. Then he prayed with me, that I might see how sin was offensive to God, and might be forgiven through Christ, and might, also, be kept from yielding to it, by remembering the Lord Jesus.

I believe the Lord used that sweet word and prayer, to influence my whole life, and that one incident has been very fresh in my memory for many a year.

Dear children, remember that sin should not drive you away from the Lord Jesus, but to Him. He is just the One you want, when you do wrong, and He wants you.

Jesus says, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hands. My Father that gave them Me is greater than all, and no man is able to pluck them out of My Father's hands." John x, 27–28.

"The Kisses of His Mouth."

Sol. Song i, 2.

THERE was in France, an old lady who was blind. She was a christian, and her one book was the bible, which had been printed in raised letters for the blind. This she could read with the ends of her fingers. Did you ever see a blind person read in this way? It is a slower way than with the eyes, and is likely to be hindered sometimes, as was the case with this lady.

She was poor, and had to work hard with her fingers to earn her living. Thus her finger ends became hard, the skin getting so thick that she could not feel the letters. At first she would pare off the thick skin that had formed on her fingers. But it grew all the thicker. So it seemed as if she must give up this great joy of reading the word of God.

After failing to feel the letters one day, with a sorrowing heart, she took up her bible to bid it good-bye. With the words, "I must bid you good-bye, my dear bible," she put it to her lips and kissed it fervently.

To her great joy, she very clearly felt upon her lips, the shape of the raised letters, so that she could read, in that way! Her precious bible, as if answering her kiss, gave her some word of love, and from that time she read the Scriptures with her lips really kissing it. She could surely say, they were sweeter than honey to her taste.

Jesus, Lord, we come before Thee,
Much we need Thy tender care;
Fold thy loving arms around us,
Gently in Thy bosom bear.
Blessed Jesus,
We are happy when we're there.

We are very weak and sinful,
Lost and ruined without Thee,
But the precious blood can save us
Thou did'st shed upon the tree;
Blessed Jesus,
Make us now its worth to see.

Help us every day to please Thee,
Make us gentle, kind and good;
Take us, if we die, unto Thee.
Where no sin can e'er intrude;
Blessed Jesus
Then we'll praise Thee as we would.

A Treat.

DEAR little Edith has come out this morning to give the chickens a feast. And now her call rings cheerily over the field, into the barn-yard, and under the shed. "Chick! chick! chick!" And under that name and call, common chickens, and Brahma, and Spanish, and Shang-Hai, rooster and hen, old and young, are meant, and all who want, and will come. They must know that voice means a welcome, and that hand empties out something good always.

So welcome are they, that not one of them will enjoy the fruit half as much as she will enjoy giving it to them. Why did she not eat all the grapes herself? She must love grapes, I think. I never knew a little girl or boy that did not. And then, these are nothing but fowls, why need she go to them? But she cared for them, and so, when they knew nothing about, it and had not asked for it, she put this rich fruit into her basket, and ran out to them.

But why not leave them where they were? They might have been satisfied to pick away on the dunghill, for a single dirty grain or grub, or scratch the earth, over and over for a worm, working hard for all they ate. And I fear some of them care very little about anything different. They seem to despise the feast, and stand contentedly back in the lot, while here is a splendid dinner, all for nothing, fit for the most lordly of roosters with a double or triple comb, and the longest spurs.

But here is one, the blackest, too, that has come to take the offered sweets. She is just as welcome as though she were the whitest, for the treat is for them as chickens, no matter whether beautiful or ugly. The heart that offers the food is the great thing here. If none others come, it is their own loss and their own fault.

Does it teach you anything, dear children? I have had a happy heart as I have been looking at it. I thought of what Christ said about the fowls, that sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, and yet are thought of by God. And so He has plenty for the helpless and the sinful. Some think they must DO something for themselves to be saved. But He says they that sow not get filled. What good resolutions have you sowed, and what have you ever reaped from them? Have you really become better or happier?

Now there has come out an invitation to sinners, to receive salvation and the love of God freely, and He sent Christ for us. He gave His Son, and He wants us all to enjoy Him. He means this feast for you as needy ones. You cannot be too bad for Him. You see the blackest hen is nearest the little girl, and first to get the fruit.

And it is God's joy to do this. He delights to save. He does not wait for you to ask Him. He asks you. He says, "COME!" See what Christ has done on the cross to put away sin, and take it as yours. You are welcome.

Do you think little Edith wanted her chickens to bring along their dirty food with them, or earn what she gave them? God freely GIVES. Bring nothing but your need. The right thing is, to leave all and go to Him.

You might be satisfied with less than He gives. But He is so rich, so full, and so happy to give, that He must just give you His joy, His blessing, Christ Jesus, His own Son our Lord. Look again at this picture, and thank God for salvation and heaven through Christ.

The Lost, Found.

THE incident I am about to relate, occurred in one of the eastern townships of Canada, in the year 1838, when my father and mother, with seven children, moved from London to a place bearing the royal name Victoria, in honor of the reigning queen. The following autumn, just as cold weather was coming on, on a bright, pleasant morning, my oldest brother, who was at that time nearly fourteen years of age, proposed to myself and second brother that we take a ramble through the woods to a river which flowed a few miles from our house, not for a moment doubting that we could easily find our way.

As we had just come from the city of London, and knew nothing of the country, we were very illy prepared to journey safely through a dense forest. This, dear children, we were doing unknown to our parents. I am sorry to say we had forgotten the command, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Had we remembered that, we should have saved ourselves as well as our parents much suffering. All went well for awhile, for the first part of our walk was through a pleasant portion of wood, composed of the beautiful sugar maple, the beach and the birch trees.

The sky was clear over our heads, and the beautifully colored leaves scattered around us, the singing of birds and chirping of the squirrel, all tended to make the way pleasant.

Soon we entered a dense forest in which, having traveled for some time, we became wearied and sick of our journey, and night approaching, we thought it best to retrace our steps, but this, alas, we found, was not an easy task, and now commenced the sad part of our adventure. If any of my readers have ever traveled through a cedar swamp, they will know something of its difficulties, forcing the way through the thickly set trees and brush, while at the same time sinking almost to the knees in mud. To add to our discomfort, the sun was obscured with clouds which sent down a cold drizzling rain.

Had the sun continued to shine on us, having a knowledge of the points of the compass, my older brother could, I think, have piloted us out. It is sometimes said, that unless a person have something to guide him, it is a natural tendency to travel in circles. Such was the case with us, for we oftentimes came to to the place we had left a short time before. This was the first thing to force upon us the unwelcome truth that we were really lost, and lost in a dismal swamp thickly infested with bears and wolves. Even the knowledge that we were lost, did not unfit us for using all the means in our power to find our way home.

Occasionally my second brother, who was a very expert climber, would climb one of the tallest trees to discover our whereabouts, but nothing could be seen amidst the fog but the tops of a few trees.

The faster night approached, the more we hurried our steps, notwithstanding our hunger and fatigue, until night closed upon us, and huddling together as lost children would, we took shelter beneath the upturned roots of a tree, and there, almost to our knees in mud, with the cold sleet falling upon us, we spent that never-to-be-forgotten night.

Think, dear children, of spending the first night you ever stayed away from your friends, in the lone dark woods, with the mud for a couch, and the upturned roots of a tree for a pillow, the rain falling on you, with the fearful thought that you are every moment exposed to the wild beasts of the forest. But, although we were exposed to great dangers, away from the protection of home, yet we were not lost to the eye of Him who watcheth over all, and who heard the prayer of the mother at home.

He not only kept us from harm, but even quieted our fears, for we were not disturbed by the howl of the wolf, the growl of the bear, or even the hoot of the night-owl. But although preserved from harm, yet the night was not spent without much sorrow and suffering. It could hardly be expected that even tired as we were, we could sleep standing in the mud or water; or, faint and hungry, not cry for home. The writer of this piece, being the youngest, cried bitterly for home and mother, "I want to see my mother." My second brother bore it bravely, and my oldest brother nobly forgot his own suffering in his anxiety to comfort me. He was continually saying, "don't cry, George, we shall see mother in the morning."

We will now leave the three little wanderers grouped together in the forest, and look for a moment at the troubled household where their absence is felt. The younger children are sleeping quietly, but not so the mother, she is filled with anxiety for her lost children, the prayer of faith goes up from her heart that God will protect the wanderers. The father and the neighbor (for there was but one within some miles), were searching the woods, where, (as they had heard my brother express a wish to go to the river,) they naturally supposed we had gone, making fires and firing guns, hoping we should either see the fires or hear the guns. Finding the attempt fruitless, they gave it up, and as soon as day dawned my father started for an Indian encampment, three miles distant, to employ them to assist in finding us, but they were away on a deer hunt.

Meanwhile, the dawning of the same

morning, which was bright and sunshiny, found us renewing our attempts to find our way home.

To be sure our clothes were almost torn from our bodies, and stiff and faint as we were, nothing but the buoyant hope of finding our way home, enabled us to exert ourselves for a start.

I well remember how inviting to my tired body was the soft moss with the sun shining on it, and I begged of my brothers to let me lie down and rest, but they both urged and helped me on saying, "we must try to get home, we shall perish if we stay here." My brothers having some idea by the sun which way to go, we pursued our journey with some hope, and soon came to what is called a blazed line, or pathway marked by means of slicing off, with an ax, a piece of the bark of trees at such distances, that one will always be in sight.

We knew if we followed this line it would bring us out of the forest. We followed it perhaps about a mile, and then we heard the welcome sound of a cow-bell, and knowing we were near some habitation we trudged on with renewed energy and soon came to the well-known road we had often traveled, about a mile from home. We now pressed forward with light hearts and soon reached home to gladden the hearts of the household.

I leave the readers to imagine my mother's feelings on seeing us, and with a glad heart she hastened to prepare us food, for we had been without, over twenty-four hours. Our father returned from the Indian encampment with a sorrowful face, to be gladdened by finding us safe at home.

Hoping, my dear readers, you will receive from this story more than merely a few minutes' entertainment, I ask your earnest attention while I endeavor to draw from it a few instructive lessons. Doubtless but a few of those who read this story know what it is to be lost either in the woods or city. To be lost in the lonely woods is even worse than to be lost among houses and people. One gives more hopes of being found than the other.

The full meaning of the word LOST is known only to those who have experienced it.

But there is a lost state, infinitely worse than to be lost from home and friends, and that is the condition of a lost soul. And do you know, dear children, that that is the condition of every one by nature. The word of God declares that all have gone astray, every one is turned to his own way, astray from God who is the only true home of the soul for rest, joy, and peace. Jesus, whom God sent into the world to recover the lost, gives the clearest proof of the fact that we are lost in his own words, "For the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." Not, as it is often put by those who are urged to accept a Saviour—"I do not think that a God of love would permit me to be eternally lost"—but lost already. True enough, every one knows it not; happy if they did, for then they would fall into the arms of the Blessed One who is seeking them, and be borne on His bosom of love to the fold of safety. We did not know we were lost till declining day warned us to return, and yet we were lost hours before.

See too, dear children, what a striking resemblance between our attempts to find our way out and the sinner's vain attempts to extricate himself from his lost condition. But what did it all avail? All the attempts of our friends to search us out with their fires and guns were fruitless, and our many wearied steps were but returning to the same place and making no progress. So poor sinners' vain attempt to save themselves are fruitless.

There is but one way; in the words of the blessed Saviour, "I AM THE WAY." God, in His great love, has not only given us a Saviour, but declares to us the glad tidings that all we have to do is to acknowledge ourselves lost, and that moment we find ourselves saved, giving not only joy to us, but even a greater joy to the Blessed One who finds us. "Likewise I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." O that all who read these words may see that they are lost and thus be willing to be saved.

Remember, dear children; God has not only sent His Son to seek and save the lost, but He is all the time caring for us in His love.

As the parents of the lost children were in destress because of our exposure, and as their hearts were only made glad and found rest when we were safe in their embrace, so with the love of God; He is long-suffering, not willing that any should perish. He watches, waits, listens, for the cry of the lost wanderer, saying, "Lord, save, we perish." Did our loving parents chide us for our disobedience, did they refuse because of our forelorn appearance to recognize us as children? Ah, no, it only filled their hearts with the greater pity and gladness in receiving us. In that household it was truly singing, "the lost is found."

To the dear youthful reader who knows what it is to be safe in the bosom of Jesus, this is not without its lesson of instruction. Do you not know that while we are waiting for God's Son from heaven to take us to the beautiful home He is preparing, we are in the wilderness. I have oftentimes thought of my mournful cry that night, "I want to see mother," and my brother's cheering answer, "we shall see mother in the morning."

In the midst of fatigue and sorrow of this wilderness life, the sweet and encouraging words continually fall upon our ear from heaven, "I am the bright and morning star, behold I come quickly." O what a hope is this.

While I am writing these words or you are reading them, in the twinkling of an eye the bright morning star may appear.

"O what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay."

A little boy sat on a doorstep, in the twilight, when a gentleman passing said, "what are you doing, my boy?" "Flying my kite, sir," was the reply. "I don't see any kite," said the gentleman. "Nor do I, sir," said the boy, "but I can feel it PULL." And so, though we cannot see heaven, we can feel it pull, for where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also.

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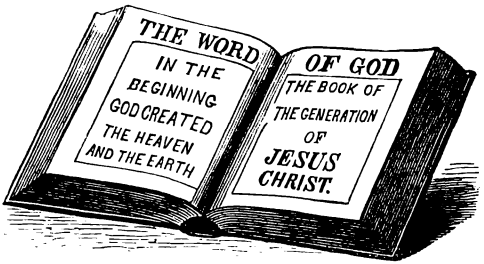

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

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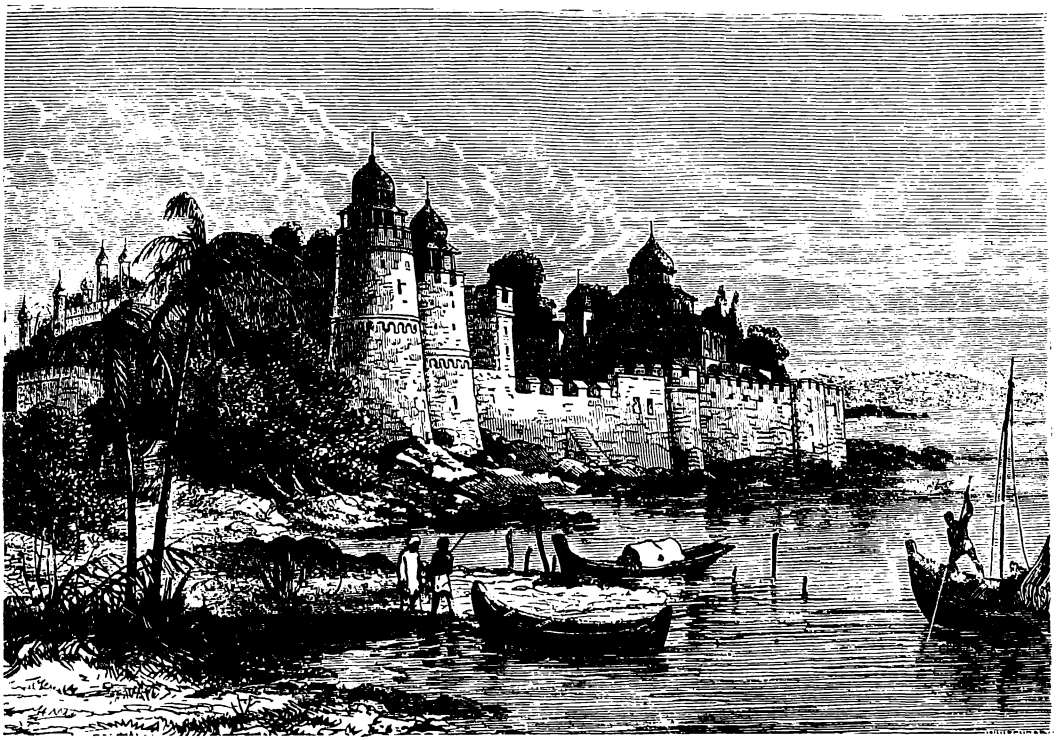

"My Refuge and Fortress."

DOES not this castle look strong, with its high towers and thick walls? This was the way of protecting themselves that kings and nobles had, years and years ago. And you can see that in those days, when men fought with bows and arrows, or with spear and sword, such buildings would be a means of perfect

protection, so long as the enemy could be kept out.

They would gather within these buildings, their own soldiers, and provisions enough for months, and have every path to the castle guarded, and bid defiance to any who would come against them.

They generally had a large ditch dug all around on the land side, and only such a bridge or bridges as they needed built over it, and these were made so as to be drawn up, thus cutting off connection with the earth around them, and thus shut up, as long as they could keep separate from all around, they were safe.

In this day of gunpowder and cannon-balls, and bomb-shells, such would not do much good. Now, forts are made by getting down into the earth and casting up around them great mounds of dirt; you might say, getting buried in the ground. Thus safety is sought by man, from his fellow man. I need not tell you more of this. I hope none of you will ever have to know of such fortresses.

But, dear children, it has made me very glad to find in the Scriptures, that God takes up the name of every good thing that He has made, to tell out the glory and preciousness of Him for whom all things are made. And sometimes He compares Christ to the things that man makes, especially as telling out his fears and his need.

In Proverbs xviii., 11, you will find these words, "The name of the LORD is a STRONG TOWER; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe." All that man seeks for in his towers, we find in Christ our Lord, perfect safety from our great foes, Satan and our own evil hearts.

But you may say "I am not righteous." Not in yourself, truly. But do you not remember that God told Abel he was righteous, because of his offering, because he came as one deserving death before God, and brought death, too? (Heb. xi. 4.) And it was BY FAITH that he got that name, as it was with Abraham, also. Now, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, God calls you righteous.

And then you find all your safety in Christ, all the time. As the men in their castles were safe, shut out from the world by the bridge being drawn up, so are we safe, having all connection with the world cut off. The world is crucified unto us, and we unto it. We are dead, and not counted as living in the world. And so, as fortresses now are sunk down into the earth, so we are to know ourselves buried.

Now turn to the ninety-first Psalm, and see how sweetly the matter of protection is told.

First, there is the general fact given, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the ALMIGHTY."

Then, there is the answer of him who hears this, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust."

Then comes the answer to this in the verses that follow.

It is all very blessed and meets our case. Oh, may you find everything in Christ Jesus the Lord. HE IS ALL.

The Good Shepherd.

SOME year ago, a Syrian traveler related that he was in a place where many sheep were kept. One large fold inclosed three different flocks at night. In the morning each shepherd gave a peculiar call and started on over the hills. The sheep gradually separated, each one knowing his own shepherd's voice, as he continued to call now and then, until the three flocks were distinct.

Each flock went in a different direction over the mountains to find the green pasture, the shepherd leading the way always. If a little lamb gets weary and lags behind, the shepherd takes him in his arms and carries him. When night comes on they must descend from the mountains, because the wolf may come and kill the sheep, and then they are put safely in the fold and the door is shut.

Do you remember the sweet tenth chapter of John, which all this illustrates? I have no doubt that God made sheep on purpose that He might say, I am the Good Shepherd and know my sheep and am known

of mine," and "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep," and "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me. And I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." How delightful to be one of His sheep! and you see how safe they are.

The wolf may howl about the fold, and make a very hideous noise in the dark night, and then the poor sheep huddle together in fear, and think they will surely be destroyed, but just then they hear the shepherd's voice, and that is always enough to still their fears.

So Satan is always prowling about our world, "seeking whom he may devour," but Jesus says, "neither shall any pluck them out of my hand," and "none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand." Oh, how precious when we are in the dark night of circumstance, to hear, sounding out of the gloom, these gracious words!

Jesus is the Good Shepherd always, and He wants His sheep to have the best always, but in order to get to the green pastures and by the side of the still waters, He must lead them over many a thorny and rough way, which often seems hard to them. Sometimes they are ready to faint with weariness, and their feet bleed by reason of the roughness of the way, and then they are ready to say, "I don't see how our Shepherd can be good and kind to lead me over such a rough path."

Silly sheep to question His goodness, when the END is "green pastures and still waters." But just such silly sheep are we, poor, helpless things that we are; for if God made sheep in order that he might say, "I am the Good Shepherd," He also made them to show us by the type, how weak and defenseless we are, and perfectly unable to take care of ourselves.

And now I hope that many of my little readers are Christ's sheep and belong to His fold. If so, I hope you are as gentle and submissive as sheep, and feel your weakness as much. If we don't feel that we are weak we shall not go to Jesus for strength; and if we are not gentle and submissive, we shall very likely get away from our good Shepherd and follow one of those hirelings which Christ warns us against, in the chapter we have been talking about. There are some true Christians who think it hard to follow Christ always, because they know that Jesus leads over many rough ways and they want to go on an easy road. But I had rather follow such a safe guide, even though the way is rough and narrow, should not you? "But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them and scattereth the sheep."

You see what comes to those who follow the hireling; an easy road to heaven as they thought. The wolf, that is Satan, gets them into his snare, and they are wretched after all. But Jesus will have them at last in spite of all their wanderings, because He has given them eternal life, and "none are able to pluck them out of His hands."

But now see what He gives to those self-denying ones who put the world, the flesh, and the devil behind their backs and follow the crucified One. Read the twenty-third Psalm and you will see. He gives songs for them to sing on their toilsome way; songs all about His goodness and love, and they get so happy with the song in their hearts, they hardly know where they are; they forget all about the roughness of the way.

Jesus is God's Lamb, and He says His Father loves Him because He laid down His life for the sheep." Just think of that!

There are people who say that God hates us and that Jesus reconciles His Father to us. But here is the sweet truth that God loves His Son better, because He laid down His life for us. "The Father which gave them me;" think of that again. The Father first always; Father and Son both engaged to do us good. How safe, then, these sheep which the Father gave the Son. May all my dear readers be of the blessed number.

J. A. H.

Thou, Lord, hast many children,
Within Thy family;
Thou lovest little children,
Who early come to Thee;
Thou once didst suffer children
To feel Thy loved embrace;
Now let dear little children
Be saved by precious grace.

On the Beach.

LAST Summer I had the opportunity of visiting the sea-side several times. Once I had some active little companions, whose hands and legs, and eyes, and tongues, too, found constant employment. This little fellow looks a good deal like one of them, with his pants rolled up to the knees, ready for gathering sea-weeds and shells. These children knew exactly what to do as soon as they got on the beach. It was great fun all the time to run down after one wave, when it went back, and

then wait for another to come up and have to run fast to get out of its way. And then when they were not looking, to be caught by the waves, that never stop for anything, and learn to keep their eyes open by a splash, and a toss up the bank; or to roam along on the sand, picking out from thousands of specimens, the most beautifully colored stones, of certain sizes or shapes; or to dig holes and half bury themselves in the sand.

And then the baths! These were the grandest of all, and they could never get too much of them. There was a beautiful lake, too, very safe for children to row on, and to swim in, and there never seemed to be any time for doing nothing, there was so much to keep you busy in every direction. Summer on the sea-shore is always a joy.

Then there were other times when I went by the sea to tell the good news of the Lord Jesus Christ to the fishermen and their families, and to others that had come for their health and pleasure, and it seemed as if all hearts were filled with joy to hear of what Christ had done for us. That is the most blessed and wonderful story of all. And then while listening to that wild music of the waves, forever sounding, it seemed sweet to remember the words in the thirty-sixth Psalm:

"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens; and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds.

"Thy righteousness is like great mountains; thy judgments are A GREAT DEEP. Thou preservest man and beast.

"How excellent thy loving-kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.

"They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of Thy house; and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures. For with Thee is the fountain of life."

Then there is one other recollection of the sea-side, that is very precious, when, on one Lord's day towards evening, two of the children of God sat down together upon the sand, with the broad ocean before us, to break bread in the name of the Lord Jesus alone. One of these was to go across the sea in a few days, and the thought of this brought the thought that our next meeting might be "in the glory," when the Lord comes to take His own up to Himself. There was no sorrow, but great joy, for all that is of the Lord seemed near, and He was with us, "for where two are gathered together in His name, He is with them."

I find the sea is used in the Scriptures, oftentimes, to mean trouble, especially when speaking of its foaming and roaring, and its restlessness. But let us remember, that, at a time of a great storm and very high waves, on the sea, there was One who quietly walked on the top of the waves, as a conqueror, and that was Jesus. He is the One for all trouble, and the One to put away that which causes all trouble, sin. He is worthy of all our trust. Only believe on Him. He wants to take away your sin. He has died to take it away entirely from the world, too, and that will come, when there is a new heaven, and a new earth, and no more trouble, NO MORE SEA!

Oh! what a wondrous Saviour. All power in heaven and in earth is committed to Him. Think how safe, how clean, how happy one is, who belongs to Him, and remember that He takes you as you are. May He make you His!

"'Tis A-Comin', Teacher!"

THE snow had fallen thickly during the night. The sky was clear, but the wind was very cold and piercing, making one feel grateful to God for warm clothing and good food. As I walked quickly along, my eyes rested on a little girl about nine years old, whom I recognized as a scholar from a ragged school where I was a Sunday-school teacher. She was standing by the police court, and anxiously looking down the street, as if watching for something or somebody. I stopped, and said to the child:

"Well, Jessie, dear, what are you doing here, standing alone in this place, your little face almost blue with cold? You look starving, my poor child, why don't you run along?"

"Please, teacher," said Jessie, "I'm a watching for the big van what brings 'em up here of a morning."

"Brings who, Jessie?"

"Them prisoners, teacher, what's took

up by the policemen in the streets of a night for being drunk, or what gets a fightin'."

I understood now what she meant.

"But who is it you are expecting to see in the prisoners' van, my child? No one belonging to you, I hope?"

"It's mother," answered Jessie, looking grave and sad.

"Oh! I'm sorry to hear that: tell me, how did your mother get there?"

"'Taint the first time, teacher; I've seen her there before. Last night when I left school I was so happy; it was so nice. I was a-thinking of that beautiful story you read to us out of the Bible, of that good man what loved God, and what didn't die, but God sent to fetch him away in a grand carriage, with horses of fire, and the good prophet was took up all at once to heaven without bein' put in them ugly coffins. Oh, it was nice, teacher. 'I'll tell mother all about it,' I thought. When I got home I ran up stairs. We lives in the top front attic, but the door was locked. I knocked ever so many times, but mother wasn't there. I knew then that she had gone out to get drunk. I didn't like to make a noise to let the lodgers know, so I sat up all of a heap across our door, thinkin' if I got to sleep and mother came home she would be sure to tumble over me, and see that I was there. Mother ain't unkind, teacher; she never hits me, but after father died she took to drinkin'. I loves her, and I prays to Jesus to take that wicked drink away from her."

"That's right Jessie; I am glad you pray to Jesus. Tell Him everything. Did your mother come home at last?"

"No, teacher, she didn't. When it got daylight I went out of the house as quiet as a mouse, and walked about the market, and picked up bits of orange peel to eat. I didn't have no supper last night, and no breakfast this morning. I'm so hungry and so cold." Such was little Jessie's eloquent and telling story.

"I will go across to the ham and beef shop, and get you something to eat," I said to her, feeling only too happy to be able thus to help, in a very small measure, the poor child in her early sorrows. I quickly returned with a good-sized meat pie and a loaf of bread. "Here, Jessie, here is a good breakfast for you. Can you say, thank you, to Jesus for it, dear?"

"Yes, teacher, I can, and to you too," she answered while a faint smile crossed her little white face.

When she had eaten half the pie and half the loaf, she carefully rolled up the rest in her pinafore. Her eyes were still eagerly watching in a certain direction, when she called out to me, "'Tis a-comin,' teacher, 'tis a-comin'." She was right. The prisoners' van drove up, and stopped close by where we were standing. I felt it my duty to stay there and protect Jessie, whose position seemed so lonely and so sad. The door of the van was opened, and one by one the miserable offenders came out, and were led inside the police court to be examined. The last was a most wretched looking woman: at her appearance Jessie pushed through the crowd and cried out, "Mother, mother, look at me; I am here, your little girl!" She was not ashamed thus to claim this poor, wretched creature as her mother. The woman looked confused enough at seeing her child there.

Jessie went into the court, and I continued on my way, musing on the fearful consequences of intemperance. Shall not the parents have a dreadful account to render by and by, when they meet God?

Four years have passed by. It is winter—the month of January. The day is fine, and the sun is peeping out for a little while, just to cheer the ward of the infirmary, where many poor women and children are lying very ill. In a corner of the room by the window, on a little hard pallet—for I cannot call it a bed—is a young girl. She looks about thirteen years of age. Her face, though emaciated, is sweet and pretty. Intelligence and thoughtfulness are written on her countenance. I pass on softly by each bed, giving a nod and a smile to those who are suffering, and expecting a little sympathy from visitors. The pauper nurse comes up to me—

"Your Jessie is dying, ma'am."

"Hush, hush, nurse!" I answered; "don't speak so loud; the child will hear you."

"My Jessie" did hear the remark, and said to me: "Never mind, teacher, it's all right. I am very, very happy."

"My darling, if I had a home, I would take you to it, you should not die here."

"Come closer to me, teacher dear; my eyes are getting so dim. I can't see you, but I know your voice so well. I know 'tis you. I want to tell you something. There are lots of women in the ward, and they are very ill, but they don't love Jesus. They swear, and it frightens me. I have talked to them when I could, and told them about the loving Saviour, who died on the cross for sinners. I told them that God's Holy Spirit had given me a new heart, and that I am going home to heaven to be with Jesus, because all my sins are pardoned, and washed away in the blood of the Lamb of God. Dear teacher, I don't fret because I am here. Jesus had nowhere to lay His dear head. You won't leave me?" "No, darling," I said, "I will not leave you."

She seemed to be dozing a little; but presently she said—"'Tis a-comin', teacher." My thoughts ran back to that snowy morning, four years before, when I had found little Jessie shivering in the cold, watching for the prisoners' van in the street. But it was not the black prison van that met her eyes now; she had a far different object to gaze upon.

"'Tis a-comin', teacher,' 'tis a-comin'!"

"What, dear?"

"That beautifnl gold carriage, drawn with the horses of fire. Jesus is a-sendin' for his little Jessie. My Jesus, here am I—lots of angels—I see—teacher, kiss me. Tell Polly Bruce my favorite text for a keepsake. There—remaineth—therefore—a rest—to the people—of God. Jesus wore a crown of thorn—and me—a crown of gold."

She ceased to speak. I thought she was sleeping. The daylight had gone away; the ward was dark; but when they had lit up the gas, I saw that my Jessie's happy spirit had left her suffering body. "And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

"SHE LOVED MUCH."

Luke vii., 47.

Now Jesus as a guest was gone,
In Simon's house to dine,
And Mary heard that He was there,
Who made the water wine.

Behind Him at His feet she stood,
And washed them with her tears,
A weary, broken child of sin,
Bowed down with grief, and fears.

She looked not to the Pharisee
Who could no grace accord,
She thought not of the lookers on,
For she had found the Lord.

Down at His feet she fell, and bathed
Them with a flood of woe,
And wiped them with the locks of hair,
That round her temples grow.

Her lowly heart had won a place
Within the Saviour's breast,
Had for her sins, forgiveness found,
And, in His presence, rest.

Dear children, do you love the Lord
Who doth your sins forgive?
For He it is that loveth you,
And died that you might live.

J. T.

The Little Boy's Prayer, and Its Answer.

ONE evening, late in July, a gentleman was walking over a village green where many dear children were amusing themselves in one way and another. He strolled from one happy little group to another, watching their innocent play. Having walked some little distance from them, he stopped near a large tree. As he was gazing round upon the scene before him, a child's voice came softly to his ears, and turning in the direction whence it came, he saw a little boy, a few years old only, kneeling beside the trunk of the tree with his little hands clasped together, and his face upturned to heaven, evidently in earnest prayer, little thinking that any one was near. Listening attentively, he heard the dear little fellow, in a soft voice, half choked with sighs, say: "Dear Saviour, wash away her sins and save my dear mother."

As he rose from his knees, the gentleman stepped forward, and taking his hand, asked him where he lived.

"I live down there in that small house," he said.

"And where did you learn to pray, my dear?"

"At the Sunday-school, where my teacher told me Jesus died for me and that now He lives in heaven."

"And do you love the Lord who died for you?"

"Oh yes! oh yes! indeed I do, and I so wish my dear mother loved Him too, for she is very ill and may soon die. I try all I can to make her, and I pray to God for her and father."

"And do you think He hears your prayers, and will really save your father and mother?"

"Oh yes, for my teacher tells me that God loves to hear little children pray, and that whatever we ask in the name of Jesus He is sure to give us."

Having said this, the little fellow added: "Now I must go; good-by," drew away his hand, and, smiling sweetly, ran off to his home.

About twelve months after this, the gentleman being again in the village, called to inquire after his little friend, and learned from his father that both he and his mother were dead, and that his wife had found, ere she died, the forgiveness of sins, through the words of her little boy. He said, too, that after his mother's death he used to come to him and tell him all he learned at the Sunday-school, and that thus, through his son's means, he had also been led to believe in Jesus.

The poor father wept as he talked about his dear little boy, and, as he wiped away his tears, said: "I am now just waiting to join him and my dear wife above, there to praise the blessed God, that taught us both to love Him through the infant lips of our child."

Little child, if thou hast found
Pardon through the Saviour's blood,
Seek to spread the joyful sound,
Seek to bring a soul to God;
Share those blessings rich and free,
Which He kindly gave to thee.

The testimony of the Lord is sure,
Making wise the simple.

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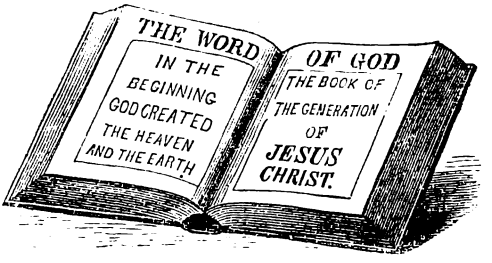

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, MARCH, 1875. NO. 3.

The Gates of the City.

IN the countries spoken of in the Bible, the cities are built very differently from ours. They do not lie open and exposed on all sides, but are surrounded with walls, high and strong. This is a picture of one of them. You will see that the way of getting into the city, is by large gates.

These gates were shut up in time of danger, and the walls were guarded by watch-towers. They were also shut up at night, so that no enemy or robber could come in to do mischief. During the day they were open, and were places of busy crowds often. The long caravans of merchants, with camels and horses from the deserts, the companies of men going to work in the fields outside, with visitors from all places, officers and soldiers, have to crowd in and out. Within the gates was a place of protection, outside, of danger, oftentimes.

It is wonderful how much is said in the Word of God about the gates of cities, and if there were room, it would be profitable for us to look at these together. But there is not, this month.

There is one city spoken of, that is perfectly safe. Turn to Rev. xxi. 23–27, and you will get a little of the description of it. It is heaven. Will you be there? Through the blood of Jesus Christ you may be.

Now read: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the LAMB is the light thereof.

"And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor unto it.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there.

"And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations unto it.

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

Dear Little Andrew.

I SHOULD like to tell you of a very young boy named Andrew, that I know of, to show you what it is to exercise faith in Christ, for all the little matters in life. He is but three years old, but it seems that God has made Jesus to be to him, a real Person, going with him each hour, and whose name and love have power over his actions and his love.

One day, in company with his grandma, he visited a bookstore, where the precious truth of God is kept for those who will read, and the kind gentleman who keeps it, gave him some nice little books.

Though greatly delighted, he held down his head, too much abashed to speak, even when his grandma asked him if he could not thank the gentleman. Many a little boy and girl have acted in the same way, and so they can understand how it was, that urging him to speak, only made it harder for him to do it, and brought something like a scowl to his face.

When they had passed out of the room to the hall, to go home, his grandma spoke to Andrew again about it, tenderly, and asked him if it was not naughty to act so. His heart swelled with sorrow, and with trembling lips he said, "Pray to God." So she knelt down there with him, and asked of God that He would give the dear child grace to go and thank the man, and make him to remember the Lord Jesus always, and do things that were right for His sake. When they rose from their knees, she said to him:

"Now Andrew, are you ready to go back and thank this kind man for giving you the books?"

"Yes, grandma," he answered with a bright smile, and went at once and did it cheerfully.

You see it was not his own disposition, but the grace of God that made him do this; not Andrew, but Christ. And on this same Jesus, you may rest, taking to Him all your naughtiness. The great trouble is, not so much that we do wrong, though that is bad, as that we keep away from Him.

At another time, at home, they had been having some rooms papered, and little Andrew, a good deal less than three years old then, saw the paper hanger stripping the old paper off from the wall, before putting on the new, which interested him very much. So he got at it himself, and not noticing that it was only the old paper

that the man pulled off, he pulled the new off, and of course had to be spoken to, more than once, about it. He promised that he would not do it any more. But one morning, soon after, he got at it again. Poor child! he forgot his own word, which was not worth much.

Suddenly he stopped, and going aside, he bowed his head and said, "Dear Jesus, please do not let Andrew tear the paper any more."

Then he left it, and from that time never touched the wall again. Ah! Jesus is the strong One for us. Now, what I have rejoiced in, in these stories, is the looking to Jesus for aid and receiving it. It is precious to see a child doing this.

When told, on one occasion, the name of a preacher of the gospel, he asked who he was, and was told, among other things, he was a good man. "Is he a good man," said he, "well then, he never does naughty things." And this seemed to be the one sorrow in his heart, that we do naughty things. But he finds that in the Lord Jesus is forgiveness, and the power to keep from what is wrong.

Now, that is just what we are taught in the word of God, that we are sinful and without strength. But now, learn this verse, in the forty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, verse 24. "Surely shall one say, in the Lord have I righteousness and STRENGTH."

The Name of Jesus.

A FEW persons were collected round a blind man, who had taken his station on a bridge over a London canal, and was reading from an embossed bible. Receiving from the passers by of their carnal things, he was ministering to them spiritual things. A gentleman on his way home from the city, was led by curiosity to the outskirts of the crowd. Just then the poor man, who was reading in Acts iv., lost his place, and while trying to find it with his finger, kept repeating the last clause he had read—"None other name—None other name!" Some of the people smiled at the blind man's embarassment; but the gentleman went away deeply musing. He had lately become convinced that he was a sinner, and had been trying in many ways to obtain peace of mind. But religious exercises, good resolutions, altered habits—all were ineffectual to relieve his conscience of its load, and enable him to rejoice in God. The words he had heard from the blind man, however, rang their solemn music in his soul—"None other name!" When he reached his home and retired to rest, these words like evening chimes, were still heard—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" And when he awoke, in more joyful measure, like morning bells, the strain continued—"NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME—NONE OTHER NAME!" The music entered his soul, and he awoke to a new life. "I see it all! I see it all! I have been trying to be saved by my own works, my repentance, my prayers, my reformation. I see my mistake. It is Jesus who alone can save. To Him I will look. Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is none other name—none other name—none other name—under heaven given among men whereby they must be saved."

Little one, do YOU know the power and preciousness of the Name of Jesus!

There's a name, the name of Jesus,
Far above all other names;
All in heaven delight to hear it,
All delight to own its claims.

Ruin'd sinners learn its meaning,
And rejoice with those above,
Find it more than all things precious,
Taught of God that name to love.

Many name the name of Jesus,
Strangers to its power still;
Who are they who love Him truly,
He who reads the heart can tell.

God sends the sunshine and the rain,
Each has its work to do;
And while we love the sunny days,
We need the dark ones too.

Let us remember, then, who sends
Our bright and saddened hours;
And while we love the sunshine best,
Still praise Him for the showers.

The Crossing-Sweeper.

THIS is a picture of what those ho live in large cities often see. The large flag-stones at the crossings get very muddy and sloppy in these March storms, and this gives a chance to many a poor little boy and girl too, to earn a few pennies, by keeping them clean, looking to those who use the crossing, for pay. It is an honest way, certainly, and I always think, when I see them, they are doing a great deal of good, more than many of those who pass them by without notice.

You would think that they would earn a good deal of money in that way. No, for only a few of the hundreds of people that cross, give to them. They could not very well afford it, in time or money, for, some days there are sweepers at every corner, and if a man had far to go, he would soon have his pocket emptied. So these little fellows are content to do their work, and

leave it to those that get the benefit of it, to give when they will.

Now why do these poor little fellows go out on these sloppy days to do such work? You do not think they do it for the fun of it, do you? No indeed. They are all poor, and in some cases, what they get, has to be spent at once, for bread to keep their mothers and themselves from starving. They seem to me a good deal like the sparrows that come around the windows in Winter, just the things to be taken care of, and yet serving us really, all the time. Poor, ragged, wet and cold and hungry, they often are more cheerful than the fine ladies and gentlemen that pass them by rudely, or now and then, as this one is doing, give them a piece of money. I hope this is a half-dime that our little boy is getting, if not more.

It is a very important thing to look out where we walk. The Scriptures speak a great deal about that. What is meant, in God's word, by WALK, is conduct here, in the world, where everything is bad, and tends to lead us into the wrong way, and defile us, or get us into evil.

In the longest Psalm, the one-hundred-and nineteenth, at the ninth verse, you will find the question asked, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?" And then the answer is given. "By taking heed thereto, according to Thy Word." Do you see that the word comes and opens a clear way for us, that we may walk without harm from the sinful things about us. It tells us first of all of the blood of Jesus Christ that cleanses from all sin, and then points out Christ Himself as the One for us to follow. He walked through the world, but was "holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners." Would you be kept in that way? Let Him and the Word of God be everything to you.

The Lost Lamb.

THERE was a little lamb once that was very fond of having its own way. It liked to run about where it could do just what it wanted to; and though it knew there was a good shepherd who cared for and loved his sheep and lambs, and made them very happy, it did not want to follow him.

Many a time as this foolish lamb gamboled over the common, away from the shepherd's flock, finding but scarce pasture there, it would think of the sheep and lambs kept by the shepherd, and almost wish itself feeding beside them. Then it would hear the shepherd calling to it, and see him drawing near, trying to win it gently to his side. But this lamb had a wild nature, which would not be tamed, and so it wandered farther and farther away, grieving to the shepherd's heart.

One day as it strayed about, it drew near to a forest, which seemed cool and inviting, and it at once began to run down its paths, feeding on what it could find there, and now and then stooping to drink of the brooks by the way. But night came on, and the little lamb began to wish itself out of the dark wood, for it had heard of wild beasts, and feared them, too.

But it had grown so dark that it was quite impossible to find the way out, and its feet were cut and bleeding from the rough places it had forced itself through. Then it heard a strange cry, and knew it to come from a wolf—perhaps not very far off. Poor little lost lamb! There it lay, tired out from its long run, trembling with fright, and its soft wool torn by the bushes, sadly thinking of the happy flock safe in the shepherd's keeping. How it longed now to hear his loving voice calling it! And then its past foolishness came into mind, making it still more unhappy.

But where was the good shepherd all this time? Had he forgotten the wild, silly lamb that had refused to hear his voice; and had he ceased caring for it, leaving it lost, and to perish? No, indeed! Deep down in the shepherd's heart there was a GREAT love for the poor wandering lamb; so he left his happy ones feeding safely, and said, "I will go after that which is lost until I find it."

So on he went, seeking the lost lamb through the dark night, and it was not long before he heard its cry. He heard also the roar of the wild beasts, but he did not care

for this. He wanted to save the lamb he loved, so he pressed on until he came to where it lay weary and wounded, and full of fears. Then he spake to it, and Oh, how happy the little lamb was now! It did not move, for its strength was gone, and it could do nothing but lift its voice and cry; but the shepherd's heart was full of joy because he had found his lamb, and that it was ready to let him save it.

So he lifted the little lamb lovingly in his arms, and gently placed it on his shoulder rejoicing. Oh, how safe the lamb felt now! All its fears were gone, and, though it was so weak and helpless, it could fully trust the shepherd's love to carry it safely over all the rough roads. Soon it found itself among the flock, rested and healed, with plenty of green pasture before it, and all its wild heart tamed forever.

Now is there any girl or boy who can guess what this little story is a picture of?

There are many lost lambs running about in the world now; many boys and girls who will not listen to the voice of Jesus, the Good Shepherd, because they like their own way, and forget that He wants to save them. They go on until they find how full of evil the world is, and how unhappy it makes all who do not belong to the Shepherd. Then they find that their hearts are full of sin, and like the little lamb in the dark forest, they begin to be afraid, for they know that Satan, like a roaring lion, seeks to destroy souls. They long to be saved and made fit for Heaven, but can do nothing to save themselves, for though they try to be good, they soon find their hearts just as hard as ever.

But Jesus knows all about this, and, like the shepherd in Luke xv., His love never grows weary, seeking the lost lambs and sheep until He finds them. He came down into this dark world where Satan works, and went right on to die on the cross, that He might save us. He says, "the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep;" "if any man hear my voice, he shall be saved." So the little lost lambs who know they cannot save themselves, can just let Jesus save them. And oh, how glad He is to do this! And how safe and happy these lambs are when He puts them on His shoulder! And this is the way He saves them. He shows them from His Word that His blood cleanseth from all sin, and that He died on the cross on purpose that all who trust Him might be sure in their hearts that He bore there the punishment of their sins instead of them. As soon as they believe this, they are saved, and have a new life.

They need never be afraid again, for the Good Shepherd never lets them get off His shoulder, but holds them safely there. He takes care of them all the time they are left in this world, and shows them how to fight against evil. He also feeds them on green pastures—that is, His own truth from His precious Word. He is calling girls and boys every day, and longs to make them His own lambs. Who will come to Him? It is written, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." E. F. P.

Fine Flour.

CAN any of the little readers of PURE STREAMS tell me who it is that God teaches us about when He speaks of FINE FLOUR? The Bible often speaks about flour, but who is meant by FINE flour?

"I know," says one; "Jesus!" Yes, you have guessed right. The Bible is all about Jesus. God thinks a great deal of Jesus, and that is why the Bible is full of Him. In every page you turn over, there is something about Jesus. Do YOU think about Him much?

When you see mamma mix up the beautiful fine, white flour, do you recollect that God wants you to learn something about Jesus by it? But so it is. "All things were created by Him and for Him." Col. i. 16.

Now get your Bible and read the 1st verse of the 2nd chapter of Leviticus. "And when any will offer a meat-offering unto the Lord, his offering shall be of FINE FLOUR; and he shall pour oil upon it and put frankincense therein."

You, perhaps, call many things "fine," but God does not. He very seldom says "fine," but when He does, it is something very precious. Here it is "fine flour," which means Jesus. How do we know that? Turn to the 12th chapter of John, 24th verse, and you will see that Jesus compares Himself to a corn of wheat, and you know that flour is made out of wheat. Turn also to John vi. 36, and you will see that Jesus compares Himself to bread, and you know that bread is made of flour. "And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life; he that cometh TO ME shall never hunger." Dear child! have you come to Jesus? Can you say that you are SATISFIED with Him, and do not hunger any more for the vain foolish things of the world?

The meat-offering signifies Jesus the perfect man. There have been a great many men in the world, but none perfect except Jesus; just so, there are a great many kinds of flour, but only some of it is really FINE flour. Jesus could say truly, "I do ALWAYS those things that PLEASE HIM" (God the Father). You will find that in John viii. 29. The meat-offering tells us of God's satisfaction in His dear Son. HE was the ONLY one with whom God WAS PERFECTLY SATISFIED. Read the 11th verse of the 1st chapter of Mark; "And there came a voice from Heaven saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

HE is God's meat (or food) offering, and if we have found Him, and fed upon Him in our hearts, we have had communion with God. And if you read the 2nd and 3rd verses of this chapter (Leviticus ii.), you will see that it was not ALL burnt on the altar to the Lord, but part was for Aaron and his sons. "And he shall bring it to Aaron's sons, the priests, and he shall take thereout his handful of the flour thereof, and of the oil thereof, with all the frankincense thereof; and the priest shall burn the memorial of it upon the altar, to be an offering made by fire of a sweet savour unto the Lord; and THE REMNANT of the meat-offering SHALL BE AARON'S AND HIS SON'S; it is a thing most holy of the offerings of the Lord made by fire."

Do you want to know what the "oil" and the "frankincense" mean? The "oil" means the Holy Spirit; so if you read Mark i. 10, you will see that just as the fine flour had the oil poured on it, so Jesus was anointed with the Holy Spirit. "And straightway coming up out of the water, He saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon Him." The "frankincense" means the sweet savour Jesus was to God. This was ALL burnt on the altar. The priests did not eat any of THAT; that all went to God, teaching us that there is in Him that which belongs to God alone. The life of Jesus was a life of worship, and worship belongs only to God. Worship is a sweet incense that ascends to Him from one who sees something of His grace, His love, His holiness, &c. Who ever knew that, more fully than the Lord Jesus?

A little further on in the chapter you will find that some of these offerings were baken in the oven, which tells us that Jesus was not only pure and perfect, but that He was that even in trial; as it says in 10th verse of 2nd chapter of Hebrews, made "perfect through suffering."

But I think that I had better stop here, and leave you to think about Him whom God thinks so much of; and the next time you see any fine white flour, remember what God says about it. C. H. B.

He Giveth Food To All Flesh.

A LADY in Scotland, who owned an estate, but had learned what was more enduring riches than anything on the earth; that is, the love of Christ to sinners; was accustomed to have meetings for prayer and reading the Scriptures and conversation in her house. At one of these meetings they were speaking of the kindness of God, in times of sorrow and trial, and it was asked if there were not many there, who could tell of some things in their own life, that showed this in a special way.

An old man who was present, then related this story of the Lord's goodness to him. He said:—

"Many years ago, at the time of famine in this region of country, my wife and myself were suffering great want. At last we had come down to have nothing at all in the house to eat. And then the question came from my wife, 'what shall we do?' I told her to put on the pot for porridge, and we would look to the Lord for the oatmeal to make the porridge in it. So she put the water on the fire, and we bowed before our gracious Father in prayer, asking him to give us then, oatmeal to keep us from starving, as he had given us salvation through Christ. And now, dear friends, mark this, as the token of His being a living and ever present God. While we were at prayer, we heard a noise near the door, and upon our rising from our knees, we opened the door, and there stood a sack of oatmeal ready for our use! We could see nobody any where near, and feeling sure that the Lord meant it for us, took it in, rejoicing in our blessed Lord who had so wonderfully provided for us. We never learned through whose hands it came, but we knew well that it was from the Lord, and that He had sent it just in the right time. He is worthy of all praise."

All listened with deep interest to the old man's account, but especially the lady at whose house they were gathered. Deeply affected, she told her story, which was really an explanation of this very matter. She said:

"I remember very clearly one evening, during that time, in which there seemed to be laid on my heart a great weight, the condition of the poor about me, so that I could not go to sleep. I thought, here I was, having plenty, and some might be at the very point of starving. Oh, if I only knew how to find them out! So deeply did I feel the matter that I arose and called a servant, and bid him take a sack of meal at that very hour of night.

"But whither shall I go?" he asked.

"Take the horse, and put the sack on his back, and let him go for himself, and wherever he stops, put down your sack at the nearest door, and come home."

"Then I asked the Lord to direct the whole matter, leading the beast to the place where the meal was most needed, as He led the oxen which bore the ark, when the Philistines sent them with it (1 Sam. vi. 14); and as he led the ravens to His prophet Elijah in his need. The servant returned in due time, telling me he had left the sack as I directed, the horse having stopped at a cottage at some distance. After putting down the sack, he came at once back, without seeing any one. And now, dear friends, I see the movement of the Lord's hand in all this, and praise Him who has brought it all out to-night. How rich is His mercy. It endureth forever."

Now was not this a precious token of God's kind care, in taking from one of His children to provide for others, just at the right time? If that had happened to you, either as giver or receiver, would you not feel quieted with the thought of how near He was? And if he comes to you to forgive your sins, and make you His own, is He not as near? You may safely rest in Him. "He that spared not His Son, but delivered Him up for us all, How shall He not, with Him, also freely give us ALL THINGS?"

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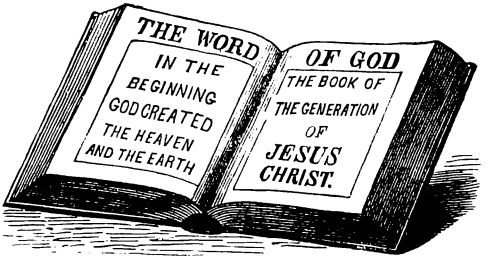
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

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The Wounded Hound.

I SUPPOSE the story is pretty well known by our little readers, that is shown by this picture. If not, perhaps they can tell it from the picture itself. It is of a poor dog that was very badly hurt in the leg. A kind gentleman finding it in great pain, bound up the poor fellow's leg, and in the course of a little time it was healed, perfectly.

Some little time afterwards, the gentle-

man was surprised to find the dog coming to him with another dog. He came up to the man and looked up into his face, then went off to his companion, then came back wagging his tail and giving a little whine, took hold of the man's clothes with his teeth to lead him to the other dog.

The gentleman followed him and found the other dog was suffering as the former one had been. Then he understood that this one was brought to be healed, and that the faithful dog was putting the case of his friend into his hands.

Of course he went to work and soon had two well dogs skipping about him, to express their thanks.

This touching story reminds me of other stories I have read, and I will mention them to you. The first one is in the first chapter of John, from the thirty-fifth to the forty-second verses. It is of two men that went to Jesus, and stayed with Him a day. One of them named Andrew, as soon as he knew of Jesus, went after his brother Simon, and led him to Jesus. Then a little lower down in the same chapter, you will find another one named Philip, that when he was told by Jesus to follow Him, found Nathaniel, and invited him to come too, and he came.

But a very beautiful account is given in the fourth chapter, of the woman of Samaria, who, when she had been with Jesus long enough to be told how sinful she was, and yet know Him as the Saviour, went away to the village, and invited them to come and see a man who told her all the things that ever she did. And the whole village came out to Him, and received Him with joy.

That is the true way; having first found salvation in Christ, go and bring others to Him. Have you found this, dear child? If not, He asks you now to receive it as a gift from Him. Jesus died to save, and now God has exalted Him to His right hand in heaven, to give eternal life to all who will take it.

If you have, then tell others, for all have sinned, and all need just what He has for them. Bring them to Jesus. Go and tell Jesus about them, and tell them of Him. Make His name and power known all you can. A few evenings since, a lady sat down and read a little book to her son, about the certainty of salvation by Jesus Christ, and by the time she got through, he was led to see so clearly the whole matter, as to rejoice with her that he too was saved. This was bringing him to Jesus. And every day, on the cars, and in the streets, and houses, just such things are being done by many. Are you bringing any to the Great Healer?

The Two Altars.

A SAD death of a young German girl, whom I have known since she was a child, occurred on Christmas-day. She had been out in the wood, gathering greens to adorn the house; and, in the evening dressed the Christmas tree, with unusual expense and care. "And now Liza," the father said, "You must go and take some rest." "No, papa, I want to sit up, so as to be in time for early mass," and the father said when she spoke in that kind, persuasive way, he could not deny her.

She drew her rocking-chair in front of the stove, and fell asleep; and when she awoke she was wrapped in flames. Running into the hall, she screamed, but it was too late to save her, and she died the next day.

Now, dear children, I wonder if you can all tell me whether this young girl was pleasing the Lord. You can see that she thought she was keeping His birthday, and was going to sit up all night, lest she should not be in time to walk the long distance to "church" in the early morning. Because I know grown-up people, who can recite the catechism which they learned when children, and they say they think there must be a very good chance for such; for they do not find anybody so devout, and sincere, and self-denying as they.

A long time ago, when the world was young, two brothers were going to worship God. They were both very earnest and sincere, for it was a very fresh thing in their minds, that their parents had been

turned from the "beautiful garden," because they displeased God.

So they built each of them an altar out of stones, and one brother gathered beautiful flowers and fruits, and covered his altar with them, so that it looked very pleasant to the eye. The other brother killed a little lamb, and after laying on some wood, laid the lamb so that it should be burned. Now you will say that was very revolting and disgusting, and not near so nice as the beautiful fruits and flowers.

Well, we shall see what God thought about it, for you know our thoughts are not of much account. God must show which altar He was pleased with, and you will be surprised to know that it was the bloody altar, after all.

What made God think so differently about it, from the way which we should have thought? I can remember when I was greatly puzzled about it, and wondered that so small a matter, as it looked to be, should be made so much of. But Oh, in God's eyes it was of the greatest account; it was of more wonderful and far-reaching moment, than I can tell you much about at the present time.

You know that God said to Adam, he must die if he disobeyed. He disobeyed and yet did not die, but was now living and with his wife and two sons, they were a happy family, after all. God had said, if somebody will die in Adam's place I will let him live, notwithstanding his disobedience.

But there was nobody to die in poor Adam's place; none of the angels could die for him, and then God's Son, said He would die for him.

But God did not want His Son to die just then, and so He said, "You may kill a little lamb, and when I see that, I will remember my promise about my Son, and you shall live."

So you see what a deep meaning the lamb had to God, and how very important it was, that the offering should be just what God said would please him, and nothing else. But Cain, determined to go according to his own thoughts about it, bent on following his own will. His religion was man's religion, just his own thoughts as to what it should be.

Abel's was according to God's thoughts about it, and therefore right. Jesus used to talk about the Jews' religion, which was very different from His own thoughts about religion.

Well, now can you see that our poor young girl's religion, was man's religion? And men may be just as sincere and earnest in their religion, as true Christians are in theirs. May the Holy Spirit guide us all to choose that which shall please God, and be according to His thoughts; and take away our self-will which desires to choose for ourselves, without any care as to whether it is pleasing to Him or not.

J. A. H.

THE SONGS OF BIRDS.

How sweet the carol of the birds!
  How glad they make the earth with song!
Some in the air, and some on trees,
  Warble and twitter, all day long—
Who made the birds so sweetly sing,
Some on the trees, and some on wing?

The Oriole wakes at early morn,
  And pipes his mellow roundelay;
The bluebird, thrush, and robin bright,
  Their joy tell out, from bush and spray—
Who gave them power to sing so sweet,
Each from its own beloved retreat?

A host of songsters gay combine,
  To fill the day with glad refrain;
Some trill is always on the air,
  And is it warbled forth in vain?—
Who taught the birds their tuneful lays?
Who listens to their songs of praise?

'Twas God who taught the birds to sing,
  And music make in earth and sky;
He gave them wings aloft to soar,
  And voices tuned so wondrously—
He loves to hear their notes of praise,
He listens to their roundelays.

Shall birds, their many voices join,
  To fill the world with sound and song,
Singing from morn till evening gray,
  A psalm of praise, both sweet and long—
And man, more loved and blessed than they,
Go sad and songless, on his way?

Oh, sweeter far than song of bird,
  The voice of children in His ear,
When they, hosannas sing to Him,
  Who is to pardoned sinners dear—
Let old and young, their voices raise,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise.

J. T.

The Lesson.

WHAT a wonderful world is opening before this little one, in learning to write. I do not wonder that she seems so earnest about it. To think of a few marks on the slate really standing for the words her mother speaks to her! There, she has actually written it herself, almost like the copy, though a little crooked, and too big. But it stands out "God is love," as truly as any one could write.

I have seen a darling little girl, at just

this very work, day after day, and that is one of the short sentences she writes. And it seems as though the first writing ought to be about God, as the ability to write comes from Him, and the first sentence ever written had His name in it. And for many a hundred years, writing was kept in the knowledge of people by their having His word to give out. But for that, it might have been less practised. The first printing was on the Book of God. It belongs to Him to communicate, that is, to tell out to others what He has, and is.

If this were not so, how would we ever have any blessing? We owe every thing to Him. And do you know, nothing but good comes from Him? Every thing is a "good and perfect gift," that is given by Him. And yet the heart turns away from Him, willing to take some of the gifts, just as though they were our own, but willing to forget Him. But He cannot forget us, and so He gave His only begotten Son, that we might have life and salvation in Him. This is the proof of His love. He is love.

Once, when I was speaking to a lady of this, and of how much, how very much He had done for us, in bringing us to Him, and treating us like Christ, giving us a place in Him forever, she answered:

"Oh, such love! It is just killing to think of it!"

"Indeed it is," I said, "it does kill us. We become as dead."

And so it is. Like the Queen of Sheba that came to see the glory of Solomon. When she beheld it all, there was no more spirit in her. All that she had at home was nothing to it. All she had heard was not half as good as what she saw. He showed her every thing he had, he gave her all she could take, he answered all her questions; and her whole heart and mind were full and running over. So we see every thing that is glorious and wonderful in excellence, in God, and we learn that He gives all freely to us, that He gives to Him who was down here on the cross for us. Yes, He gave Christ for us that we might be brought to share these things. And it was all when we were enemies. "God commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet SINNERS Christ died for us."

How can we go on without thinking of Him, when we see what He is, and what He has done for us? We love Him because He first loved us.

I meant to speak more about this sweet picture, but I rather think you all understand it. You see, while the dear mother is busy with her sewing, she loves to feel the little girl leaning on her, and to tell her patiently all she wants to know, teaching her as only a mother can, her first lessons in writing. Busy as she is, it is not too much trouble to do all this, because she loves her most to be her teacher. Now you may feel just as happy with God, for He loves you, and resting on the Lord Jesus Christ, whom He gave, you will find the tenderest, the best, the richest teachings. Having given His Son, He will, with Him, freely give us ALL THINGS.

Fine Linen.

A SHORT time ago we were looking in the Bible to see what God said about fine flour. Let us look again and read what He says about fine linen.

"Fine linen" occurs so many times in the Bible, that we cannot look at all the passages now, but we will look at a few. If you will find the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, and read down to the fifteenth verse, you will see that Aaron's garments "for glory and for beauty," were made of "gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and FINE LINEN." Each color teaches us something precious about Christ, and the fine linen speaks to us of His perfect righteousness. Aaron was a type of Christ (as you will see if you look to the first verse of the third chapter of Hebrews, and the fourth and fifth verses of the fifth chapter). How beautiful Aaron must have looked, dressed in those glorious garments.

Would you like to have on a dress like that?

"Oh, yes!" you say, "but where can I get such a beautiful dress as that? I can't make one."

No, my child, you cannot make one, for the Word of God says, "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans iii. 23). "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags" (Isaiah lxiv. 6). The only way you can stand before God as Aaron did, in that brilliant, spotless, glorious dress, is by—well, let us read God's own words in the tenth chapter of Romans, third and fourth verses: "For they being ignorant of GOD'S RIGHTEOUSNESS, and going about to establish their OWN RIGHTEOUSNESS, have not submitted themselves unto the RIGHTEOUSNESS OF GOD. For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." So you see that this glorious robe is not to be got by our WORKS, not by DOING something, not by hoping to make one for ourselves, but by submitting ourselves to GOD'S righteousness.

Now, if you will turn to the third chapter of Zechariah, you will see a type of man as he is by nature, clothed in filthy garments, then stripped of those, and clothed in garments PROVIDED BY THE LORD. Read the third, fourth, and fifth verses.

"Now Joshua was clothed with filthy garments and stood before the angel. And He (the Lord) answered and spake unto those that stood before him, saying, take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him He said, behold I have caused THINE INIQUITY TO PASS FROM THEE, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment. And I said, let them set a fair mitre upon his head. So they set a fair mitre upon his head, and clothed him with garments. And the angel of the Lord stood by."

What a change that was for Joshua! His filthy garments taken off, he washed from his iniquity, and dressed in a new dress! And what did Joshua do? Nothing! He just SUBMITTED himself. HE HEARD! That was all.

Dear child do YOU HEAR what God says, for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God" (Rom. x. 17). Let us turn back to that chapter, and we shall read in the sixth verse, of "the righteousness which is of faith;" and further on in the ninth verse, "if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." And you will find a little more about that beautiful dress in the third chapter of Philippians, ninth verse; "and be found in Him, not having my own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God, by faith."

Let us see what else God says about fine linen. In the fourth chapter of Revelation and fourth verse, we have a picture of the church in heaven. "And round about the throne, were four and twenty seats; and upon the seats I saw four and twenty elders sitting, clothed in white raiment; and they had on their heads crowns of gold." How beautiful that will be! How happy! In the seventh chapter and ninth verse you will read of those who will stand "before the throne, clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands." And in the fourteenth verse that they "have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the lamb." All the saints in heaven will be clothed in fine linen, as we read in the fourteenth verse of the nineteenth chapter: "and the armies which were in heaven followed him, upon white horses clothed in fine linen, white and clean." That will be when Christ comes to judge the world.

Lastly, let us read of the church, at the marriage supper of the Lamb, in the same chapter, eighth verse. "And to her was granted that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints." And the same scene is spoken of in the fifth chapter of Ephesians, twenty-seventh verse: "That He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." I do hope that every little boy and girl who reads this paper, will be there, clothed in that beautiful dress, and sharing in that happy, joyful eternity. Now I will say, "good-by," leaving you one little text to learn, which you will find in Jeremiah xxiii. 6, "The Lord our righteousness."

C. H. B.

"Out of the Mouth of Babes."

IT was not quite train-time, and among the waiting passengers a gentleman walked to and fro in the long depot, holding his little daughter's hand.

A commotion near the door attracted the general attention, and several officers brought into the room a manacled prisoner.

It soon became known that he was a notorious criminal who was sentenced to the States prison for twenty years.

The little child looked at him, first with wonder and horror; then, as she saw the settled, sullen gloom of his countenance, a tender pity grew on her sweet face, until, dropping her father's hand, she went over to the prisoner, and lifting her eyes to his face, she spoke a few low words.

He glared upon her like a fiend, and she ran back, half afraid, to her father's hand. But a moment after, she was at his side again, pressing nearer than before in her self-forgetful earnestness, and this time the prisoner dropped his defiant eyes as he listened, and a slight tremor passed on his hard face. Then her father called, and the little child went slowly away, looking back pityingly.

The train came presently, and the prisoner went quietly on board, and during the journey he gave the officers no trouble.

Upon their arrival at the prison his conduct was most excellent, and continued to be so.

Inmates of that prison having terms of twenty years and over, are allowed a light in the evening, and it was observed that he spent the time in studying the Bible.

Some months passed, during which his good conduct entirely won the confidence of those in charge.

At length some one asked how it came that he brought with him such a reputation for wilfulness, since he had proved himself quiet and well-behaved.

"Well, sir," said he, "I'll tell you. I did act as bad as I could after they took me; the devil was in me, and I meant to kill somebody, for I did not care what became of me. I should 'a' done it, too, I know I should; but God sent his little angel to speak to me.

"It was when I was waitin' in the depot, before I came here. A little mite of a girl was there with her father. She wa'n't much more than a baby, and she had long shiny hair flyin' over her shoulders, and such great blue eyes as you won't often see. Somehow, I couldn't help lookin' at her.

"By 'n' by she let go her father's hand and came over to me, and says she, 'Man, I am sorry for you;' an' you wouldn't believe it, but there was TEARS in her eyes! Something 'peared to give way inside then; but I was proud, and wouldn't show it; I just scowled at her blacker than ever.

"The poor little dear looked kind of scared-like, and ran off to her father; but in a minute she was back again, and she came right up to me, and she says, 'Man, JESUS CHRIST is sorry for you.' O sir! that clean broke my heart. Nobody'd spoke to me like that since my good old mother died, years an' years ago. I'd hard work to keep the tears back, an' all the way down here I was just thinkin' of mother, and a many things she used to teach me, when I was no bigger than that blessed baby—for I'd a good bringing up, though more's the shame to me. Well, the whole on't is, sir, I made up my mind I'd never rest till I found my mother's God, and O sir," he exclaimed while the tears ran down his face—"O sir, He's saved me—He's saved ME!"

The man is still a prisoner, and no doubt the little child is growing up, the sunshine of some happy home, not knowing that her childish words have led a soul to God.

But if their two mothers had not taught their children well, the one could not have told, nor could the other have understood the glad story of Christ's love. R. F. S.

How sweet are the flowers of April and May,
Yet often the frost makes them wither away;
Like them, you may fade; are you ready to die?
Dear child, while there's time, to the Saviour then fly.

Christ For Us Always.

A DEAR little boy was quite sick, and while sitting quietly with his mother, she said to him: "My darling son, it makes me sad to have you so sick, and I can scarcely bear to think of the possibility of your being taken away from me. But if you believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, as your Saviour, so that I could know you were with Him, it would relieve me greatly, and I could be glad to know you were there."

"Well, ma," he answered, "I do, and sometimes it makes me real happy, but I cannot keep the glad feeling all the time, but I know I belong to Him."

And then the mother's heart was satisfied, and she said, in telling it, "I think I could let him go, with confidence now, if it were the Lord's will."

I suppose many little ones understand this boy's feelings, about not keeping their glad thoughts all the time. Play and study, and the talk of the day come in, and you seem to forget. But do you think that, at any moment, when Christ is spoken of, you can say, "I know He saved me, and I belong to Him." And does it make a difference to you, in your play, and all your dealings with others, what Christ thinks of what YOU do? Possibly not all the time, but He always thinks of us, that is the great thing. And He knows how weak and forgetful we are, and how liable to do wrong every hour, and so He is up there in heaven, before God, for us. And when we do sin, He is our Advocate, and when we confess our naughtiness, God, our Father, is FAITHFUL and JUST to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If you really believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, you ARE His, and He will keep you safe.

A missionary addressing a pious negro woman, said, "Mary, is not the love of God wonderful?" And then speaking further on it, he closed by saying, "Is it not wonderful?"

"Massa," replied Mary, "me no tink it so wonderful, 'cause it is JUST LIKE HIM!"

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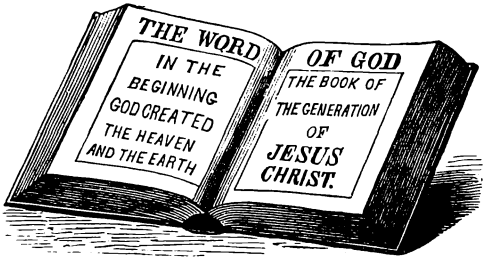
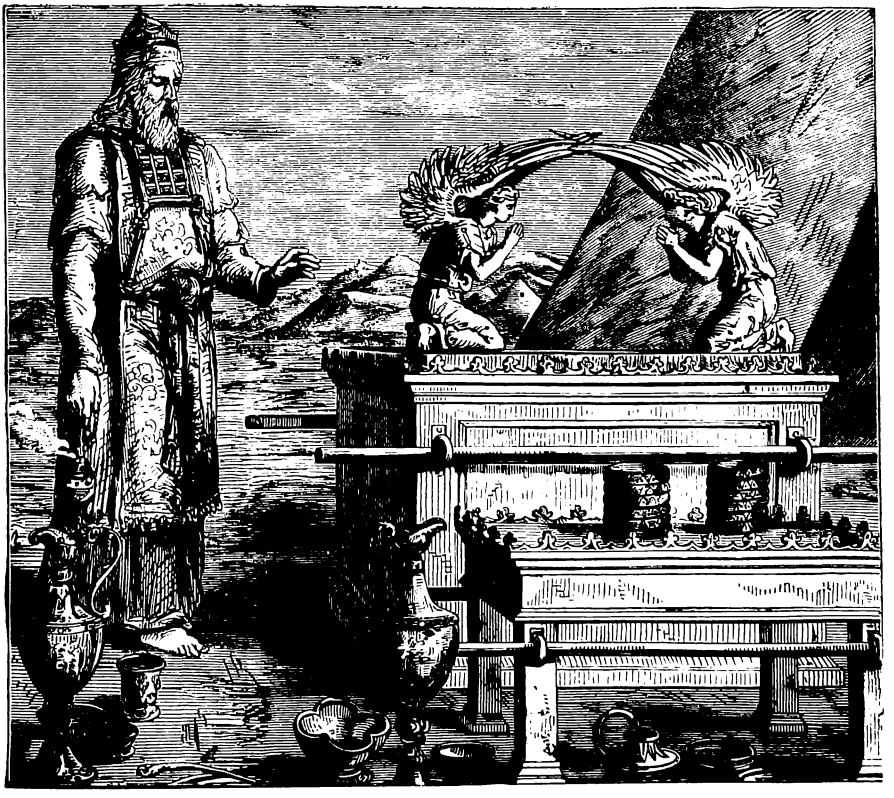


THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, MAY, 1875. NO. 5.



"Pure Gold."

HAVING read about "fine flour," and "fine linen," it would seem natural to read next about "fine gold." But it seems to me that it will be better for us to

look first at "pure gold," so that we may the better understand what "fine gold" means. There is a distinction in God's word between pure, and fine.

There is a great deal about gold in the Bible, but at present we are only searching out those things that God calls "fine," or "pure." My little reader has, no doubt, both heard of gold and seen it, too. You know it is the most precious metal there is. It is far more valuable than even silver; and it is the most beautiful metal, too, and will retain its brightness longer than any other. But, as perhaps you know, none of the golden dollars, jewelry, watches, &c., that we see are pure gold. Gold is always mixed with copper or something in making, so that all the gold we see is adulterated, not pure. But when the Holy Spirit would take up gold to teach us something about Christ, it must be pure, there must be no mixture then.

Now we will look at the first place in the Bible where pure gold is spoken of. It is in the Book of Exodus. You will find a great deal about it from the 25th to the 30th chapter. The ark, the mercy-seat, the table, the candlestick with its tongs and dishes, the tabernacle, the altar of incense, the high priest's robes, mitre, and breast-plate, were all made partly or entirely of gold. We cannot speak about them all, so we will just look at one thing that was made entirely of "pure gold."

It is the mercy-seat. "And thou shalt make A MERCY-SEAT OF PURE GOLD; two cubits and a half shall be the length thereof, and a cubit and a half the breadth thereof. And thou shalt put the mercy-seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there will I meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy-seat." (Exodus xxvi. 17, 21, 22.) All these things are significant of Christ in various ways. The ark (upon which the mercy-seat was placed) is a type of Jesus as the One in whom we have redemption. He said, "This is my blood of the new covenant which is shed for many for the remission of sins." The ark had the tables of the old covenant in it—the ten commandments. Christ is the ark of the NEW covenant in His blood. The ark was made of wood overlaid with gold, which means Christ, in His human and in His Divine nature. It was needful that He should be both man and God. If He had been only a man, His death would not have availed for us; if He had been only God He could not have died. But He was both. He was "God manifest in the flesh." The mercy-seat was all of pure gold, showing us that it is all of God. Our salvation is all of God. It is the symbol also of the Divine presence. But the way in which we are brought to God is by the atoning blood of the new covenant, just as the mercy-seat was placed upon the ark. We have "boldness to enter into the holiest," only "by the blood of Jesus." "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the Spirit." (1 Pet. iii. 18.) There, we have plainly stated what the ark and the mercy-seat only shadowed. The mercy-seat was the place of meeting between man and God; it was placed upon the ark of the testimony showing us, as we have before said, the only way by which we can be brought to God, as this text says "Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Think of the love of God. He might have left us to suffer for our sins, for we are unjust; but He wanted us brought to Himself, therefore He gave His beloved Son. IT WAS THE ONLY WAY THERE WAS! We could not be brought to Him unless the sin was put away, so "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all." (Rom. viii. 32.) And He is the ark, "He was put to death in the flesh," that is, His human nature, "but quickened by the Spirit," that is the Divine side, typified by the "Pure Gold."

Solomon also, when He built the temple, made all these things of gold according to the Divine command. And he also "overlaid the house within with pure gold." See 1 Kings vi. 21. Solomon is a picture of Christ reigning in glory, so it is no won-

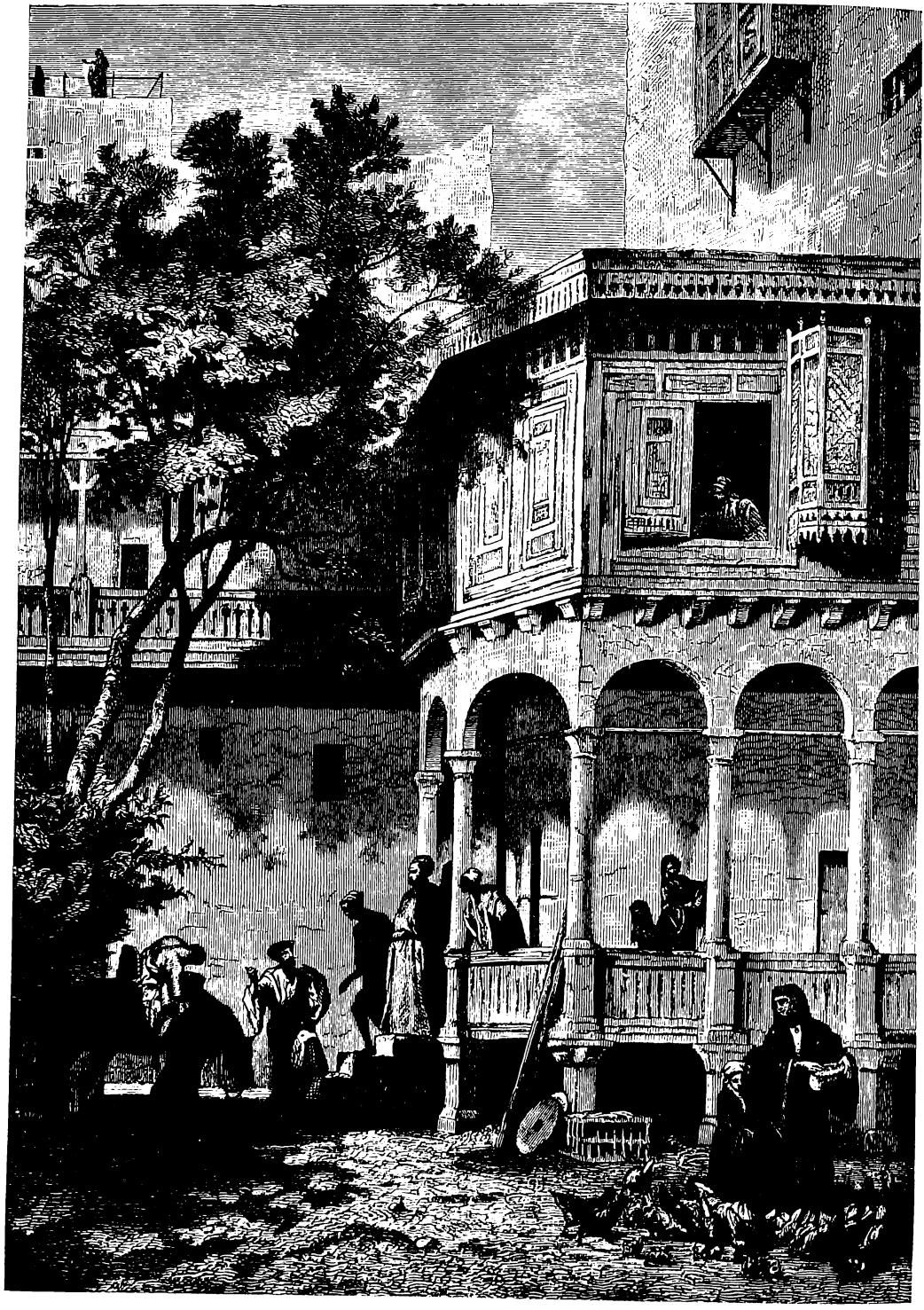
der that the house itself was overlaid with pure gold, for then all will be of God.

There is one more passage in the Old Testament that I want you to look at. It is the 21st Psalm. "The King shall joy in Thy strength, O Lord; and in Thy salvation how greatly shall He rejoice! Thou hast given Him His heart's desire, and hast not withholden the request of His lips. Selah. For Thou preventest Him with the blessings of goodness. Thou settest a crown of pure gold upon His head. He asked life of Thee and Thou gavest it Him, even length of days for ever and ever. His glory is great in Thy salvation; honor and majesty hast Thou laid upon Him." Here we have a beautiful prophecy of Christ reigning in subjection to the Father, and being crowned by Him. Pure Gold in this Psalm means (as it does every-where else) the Divine nature of Christ. Look at the eighth verse of the first chapter of Hebrews. "But unto the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of Thy kingdom." A short time ago we were reading of "fine flour" as that which shows us Jesus, as a man, on the earth; now we are looking at Him as God. He was both combined, just as the ark was made of wood and gold. "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honor; that He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man." (Heb. ii. 9.) Do you recollect that the ark had a crown of gold all round it? It had. So you see how beautifully that pictured Jesus! And you recollect that the mercy-seat, made of pure gold, was placed upon the ark? So Jesus, "by the grace of God, tasted death for every man." As we read before, "He suffered, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." Remember that! Let me ask you just two questions: 1st. Do you see Jesus? When you hear and read about Him who suffered on the cross and was raised to God's right hand, do you see Him as your Saviour? 2nd. Have you been brought to God? He suffered, "that he might bring us to God." God wants you near Him. You can only come by Christ; by faith in Him. Have you been brought to God?

Now let us look, lastly, at the beautiful scene shown us in the 21st chapter of Revelation. We shall find a little more there about "Pure Gold." "And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband; having the glory of God. And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and THE CITY WAS PURE GOLD, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city has no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Verses 2, 11, 18, 21-23. Pure Gold here again signifies that it is all of God's workmanship, it is all of Him. It (the New Jerusalem) comes "down from God;" it had "the Glory of God;" God was the "Temple of it," and the "Glory of God did lighten it." More still: there, will be the river of the water of life "proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb" (chap. xxii.); and also "the Throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it." Oh! what a happy time that will be. "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father . . . . that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. xv. No more sin! No more sorrow! for God's Throne will be there, and every thing will be from Him and of Him. And we shall be there in His presence, clad in the "fine linen" we read about before. When we are all in His presence, every thing will be of Him, just as the mercy-seat, where God communed with Israel, was made entirely of "Pure Gold." Now I will leave you with a little verse to learn. "Let us therefore come boldly unto the Throne of Grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." (Hebrews ix. 16.)

C. H. B.

That Thou canst call a worm Thy treasure—
That Thou canst find in me Thy pleasure—
Tells of a love that none can measure,
But worship and adore.



"He Brought Him to an Inn."

DO you know where to find these words? They are in the tenth chapter of Luke. In the 29th verse there is a question asked, "and who is my neighbor?" This was asked of Him whose name was Wisdom, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, and so in the answer that follows, we have something so perfect and precious, that every reading of it but brings out more beauty.

It is really the story of some one better than man, for, though God said to man that he should love his neighbor as himself, God also tells us that no one ever obeyed His law. "There is none that doeth good, no, NOT ONE." But this is a true account of Him who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be rich. Do you know who that is? The Lord Jesus Christ. And who, do you think, is meant by this man that fell among thieves? Let us see. He was going from Jerusalem down to Jericho.

Jerusalem means peace, the city of peace. God had established Himself there as His dwelling, and the joys and glories of His own presence were there. But, though man was placed in a garden at the beginning, where God came down to talk with him, he did not stay. He went down from that. The great liar, and murderer, and thief, Satan, deceived and ruined him, and brought in the curse which is represented by the city of Jericho. It was a city of the curse. (Joshua vi.) It was the place that God would utterly destroy—the very expression of Satan's power. And if you look at Joshua vi. 26, you will find that whoever built it up again was accursed.

But when man is ruined by sin, do you think being religious, either in form or service, will help him? You see here, that the Priest and the Levite could not. They passed by on the other side, though they saw him. The Priest had to do with all the religious worship of the Altar and the Temple, and the Levite with service.

People think that they can be good, or begin to serve God of themselves, but Christ taught that this is impossible, by telling of the Levite and Priest, who left the man "half dead."

But the Samaritan was one that the Jew held as an enemy, yet he came and bound up the poor man's wounds, and getting off of his own beast, set the man on it. This is just Christ's way of coming to us. He does all the healing, and then He GIVES US HIS PLACE. Do you know that we are children of God, by faith in Christ Jesus? We are sons of God now, and our life is His life. What grace, what kindness!

But the love of the Samaritan was not satisfied by simply healing, but he brought him to an inn, and kept him there at his own charge. That is, Christ takes entire charge of us, as His own, when He has given us life in Him. See, in John xvii. 11, 12, He says, "Holy Father, keep, through Thine own name, those whom Thou hast given me. While I was with them in the world, I kept them in Thy name." Is not that blessed? If any dear child is believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and, knowing his weakness, feels afraid he may fall, do remember these words about the Father owning and keeping us. Christ takes entire charge and care of us while He is away.

Is there not a great difference between the world and Christ? When He came, there was no room for Him in man's inn (Luke ii. 7), but He finds a place for us in His inn. He must have us kept for Him, for He has set His love upon us. Our picture shows the man being brought to the inn.

You will notice that the Samaritan spoke of his return, and gave only enough to keep the man two days—a little while. And so Christ tells us in a "little while" He will come to receive us unto Himself. Will we not be glad to see the face of One who has done all things for us? Oh, trust all to Him, dear child.

What I Was, and What I Am.

WILL our young readers find the texts here given, and may the Lord lead them to find salvation, too, in them:

I once resided with 2 Tim. iii. 4, and walked in Eph. ii. 2, and my continual conversation at that time is still recorded in Eph. ii. 3.

I heard one day that an inheritance had been purchased for me, and a description of it reached me; you will find it in 1 Peter i. 4.

One who resides in Heb. iv. 14, had purchased it, and paid an extraordinary price for it; but, to say truth, I did not believe this report, as I was entirely unacquainted with the MAN, and long experience had convinced me that strangers NEVER gave favors through love alone, and friends seldom gave any favors that cost much.

However, I called at 2 Tim. iii. 16, as my own prospects at Eph. ii. 12 were as bad as they could be.

I found the house I sought for, at 2 Cor. v. 1, and the invitations to it, which you will see put up at Isa. lv. 1, 2, and by John at vii. 37, are wonderfully inviting to the poor and needy.

The house has only one door, and it was some time before I saw the door at John x. 9.

I tried before that to force myself into the house, over the walls and by the roof; I climbed up upon some of the house ladders; one was called the ladder of prayer, another the ladder of ordinances, and another the ladder of works; but at Eph. ii. 9, I was stopped, and somehow I found that in Heb. ix. 14, all these things had a bad name, and did more harm than good.

After failing in my endeavors, I went down and touched the door, and to my PERFECT ASTONISHMENT I found the door open; one had opened it for me, and Paul long ago said it was open, but somehow I had never heard it, although its opening was published at Acts xiv. 27.

I entered the house, and saw a title deed lying there, and one sentence at Rom. iv. 25 struck me as extraordinary, but I was almost afraid to BELIEVE IT TRUE.

The deed recorded, at Jer. xvii. 9, that the writer KNEW I was "desperately wicked, and deceitful above all things," and had debts and liabilities which I NEVER could discharge (Job ix. 3), but the deed recorded also, at Galatians iii. 13, that the writer had paid all my penalties. The deed repeatedly declares this in Eph. i. 7; Col. i. 13, 14, and elsewhere; but it went much further—it told me to be joyful. (1 John i. 4.)

I thought all these assurances sufficient, and I thanked God, took possession of this deed as my TITLE deed, and I have enjoyed its riches ever since.

My permanent address will now be 2 Cor. v. 1, but if you call any day at Heb. iv. 16, you will meet ME and many others—we are daily in the habit of meeting there.

If you call, attend to what the servant says at Luke xiv. 22, and you may DEPEND upon what the servant says.

CARRY ALL YOUR DEBTS, and go JUST AS YOU ARE. Do not waste time trying to pay your own debts; you will find plenty of riches in the House to pay them all.

Remember the NAME of the door, at Acts xiv. 27. Ask for the Master, His name is Christ; go straight through the "door of faith," it is open; the moment you enter the door you are in His presence. Do come.

G. F.

Whosoever Believeth on Him, Shall Not Be Ashamed.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:

I will now tell you a true story of a little boy who trusted in God, and whose prayers were answered in time of need.

Little G. had a kind mother, who taught him that God knows and can do every thing.

One day, with his two brothers, older and larger than he, for he was then only about twelve years old, he went to the woods to do some work. They took the team, and before going to work, they unhitched the horses. Little G. tied the younger horse to the wagon, but not very well, though with good intention. While they worked at a little distance from the horses, whence they could not see them, the young horse which G. had tied, got away, and when the three brothers came to start home at noon, the horse was nowhere to be seen; he was gone, with harness and bridle.

Then the two older brothers began to blame little G. for his carelessness, and went to look for the lost horse. They went about two miles off, and found nothing until they came back, when they found him near by, but the bridle was lost, for the horse had wandered in the woods and lost it. Then they scolded still more poor little G., and sent him alone to seek the lost bridle.

The poor little fellow felt deeply the harshness of his brothers, and went away with his heart full of grief. But as he went he thought of God, and at once stopped, and said in his poor, grieved heart, "God can make me find it for He knows everything." Thus, though he uttered not a word, his heart went up to God in anxious request, and when he had gone a little way, he turned to the left into the woods, where there was neither path nor track, and saw the lost bridle before his feet. This was nothing strange, for God saw in his heart his unuttered wish and faith, and turned his steps to the right place.

Two years had not quite passed away, when once more little G. stopped, with a heart full of grief, not for a lost bridle, and the displeasure of two brothers, but the grief of a burdened conscience; the grief of having offended a just and holy God, by a sinful life. He stopped now to be reminded of that precious message of a God of love: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him (Jesus) from the dead, thou shalt be saved." This he was conscious of—he believing, and then and there he rejoiced in God his Saviour.

He said nothing for a little, but his cup of joy was filling up, and was soon to overflow in confession of the name of Jesus One evening he remarked on the beauty of a hymn to his mother. This hymn expressed the joy of a heart delighting in the Lord, and, consequently, his mother asked him if this was his. I need not tell you the joy of his mother in hearing that her son was converted.

Young reader, have you ever asked anything of God? Have you believed in Jesus to receive the remission of your sins? Little G. knew if he died in his sins he was lost, and would go to hell, as he used to call it. He was sure of that, because he had often sinned, and because GOD SAID WE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

Now our young friend G. is grown, and his mother is with the Lord. He is on earth to be the witness of a God who answers prayers. His delight is to tell the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." Do you know the story, dear reader? "Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost. He died, the just for the unjust." A young man who was sick and had found the Saviour, said: "Jesus died for me and washed me in His own blood." Are you washed in the blood of Jesus, washed as white as snow?

Asking God's Blessing.

BOYS, here is an excellent rule for you; yes, and for girls, too, as well as for larger folks:

A child of God, being asked by a company to play cards, rose up and uncovered his head.

The company asked him what he was going to do.

"To ask God's blessing," he answered.

"We never ask a blessing at such a time," they cried.

"I never engage in any thing but on what I can ask God to give blessing," was the man's reply.

Think of that, will you? Never engage in any thing upon which you can not ask the blessing of God. "Ought I?" "Is it quite right?" "What would mother say?" You are not quite sure. Then apply this rule, "Can I ask God's blessing on it?" If not, drop it at once.

A BIRD-LESSON.—"This little fellow," said Martin Luther, of a bird going to roost, "has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow's lodging; calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God alone to think of him."

THE TABERNACLE.

When to the earth, Christ came at birth, [Luke ii. 7.
The name that God had given— [Isa. vii. 14.
That men might know He loved them so [John iii. 16.
He had come down from heaven, [John iii. 13.
Was this—"Immanuel"—to tell [Mat. i. 23.
That "God with us" had come to dwell. [1 Tim. iii. 16.

So, when we look into God's book [John v. 39.
To see what He has spoken [Heb. xii. 25.
In type to us, in Exodus, [1 Cor. x. 6.
We find therein, this token: [Ps. lvi. 17.
A Tabernacle—tent—which tells [Ex. xxv. 8.
That—veiled in flesh—God came to dwell. [John i. 14.

Within the tent, the Glory lent [Ex. xl. 34.
Its Light Divine, unfading; [Ex. xxvii, 20, 21.
Without was rough, and drear enough, [Ex. xl 19.
The goat-skins all pervading. [Ex. xxvi. 7.
So, God in Christ, was only known, [Mat. xvi. 16.
By those whom God Himself had shown. [Gal. i. 16.

The linen twined, so pure and fine, [Ex. xxvi. 1.
Speaks sweetly to our hearing— [Mat. xiii. 18.
Of Him who walk'd, and liv'd, and talk'd, [1 John i. 1, 2.
In all, the Father fearing; [Heb. v. 7.
In meekness and in lowliness, [Mat. xi. 29.
Esteemed His Father's will the best. [John v. 30.

The curtains blue (ethereal hue)— [Ex. xxvi. 1.
Of Him who came from heaven; [John vi. 33.
('Twas God's own plan), for fallen man, [1 John iv. 9 10.
The bread of life is given. [John vi. 51.
While purple tells that Christ is King; [Rev. ix. 16.
All men to own Him, God will bring. [Phil. ii. 10, 11.

The scarlet tells (alas! 'twere well [Ex. xxvi. 1.
If man had never given [Rom. v. 12.
The need for blood in scarlet flood, [John xix. 34.
To make a way to heaven!) [Heb. ix. 8, 12.
"A man of sorrows, and of grief," [Isa. liii. 3.
Was He who came for our relief! [Isa. liii. 5.

The precious gold, that clasp'd the fold, [Ex. xxvi. 6.
And gave the curtains oneness; [Ex. xxxvi. 13.
The wood on which the curtains stretch'd [Ex. xxvi. 15.
And gave the building firmness— [Ex. xxvi. 30.
Show us that God was in that One [John xiv. 10.
Who did a servant's form assume. [Phil. ii. 7.

As man—He slept (though others wept), [Mat. viii. 25.
In faith upon the pillow; [Mar. iv. 38.
As Son of God, He spoke the word [Mar. iv. 39.
And calm'd the raging billow. [Mat. viii. 27.
As being man, He shared the grief; [John xi. 35.
As being God, He gave relief. [John xi. 43.

Of money paid, we've sockets made, [Ex. xxvi. 19.
To join the boards together, [Ex. xxvi. 24.
The ransom price, the soul's release, [Ex. xxx. 12.
E'en the atonement silver. [Ex. xxx. 15.
So, Christ was made a man, that He [Heb. ii. 14.
Redemption's price for us might be. [1 Peter i. 18, 19.

And in that time of bliss sublime, [Isa. li. 11.
When sorrow, death, and crying, [Rev. xxi. 4.
Shall all be o'er, and never more [Rev. xxi. 4.
Awake the mourner's sighing— [Isa. xxxv. 10.
Our God will wipe all tears away, [Isa. xxv. 8.
And dwell with us in endless day. [Rev. xxi. 3.

In all, we see the reason we [1 John iv. 19.
Should love that blessed Saviour, [1 Peter i. 8.
And ever try to please Him, by [1 Thess. iv. 1.
Our holy, sweet behavior. [Col. iii. 12.
May God, the Spirit, teach us more, [1 Cor. ii, 10. 11.
The Bible's boundless, precious store. [Ps. cxxxix. 17.

If the reader desires to be profited by the above, let him refer to all the Scriptures quoted. It will help him to get the true teaching of the Tabernacle, to know that John i. 14, is literally "tabernacled among us;" and in Rev. xxi. 3, it is "God-with-them, Himself, will be their God." C. H. B.

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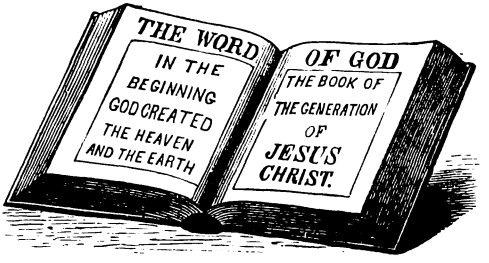

FOR THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, JUNE, 1875. NO. 6.

Death on the Desert.

WHAT a dreary and desolate place is a desert! The Bible speaks of that one through which the children of Israel journeyed, as a "waste howling wilderness." This is in Arabia, and lies between the land of Egypt and the land of Canaan. It is hundreds of miles wide, having a few spots where a

spring of water and a little green grass may be found, but all the rest is sand. And high winds sweep over these, filling up the springs, sometimes, and often covering travelers. The way of traveling is upon camels, animals that God has specially fitted for just such places. Their feet are suited for the sand, so as to pass along easily, and often swiftly when it is needed. Besides this, they have within them a water cask, that holds water apart from the stomach, so as to supply a second stomach when water is needed.

Does not this seem like a locomotive with its "tender," that can run for hours? So a camel can go for many days on this supply of water. Besides, it has something else that is like a "tender" to a locomotive. You know that the car attached to a locomotive is called a tender, and is filled with wood or coal, besides water, and these supply food and drink for this "iron horse," as it is called. Now where do you think the camel keeps his supply of food, on the strength of which he can travel so many miles, when there is no chance to eat? That is in his body too, but it is where his keeper can watch to see how the supply holds out. It is the camel's hump, that great bunch on his back, upon which the rider sits.

Before starting out on their long journeys, the drivers are careful that this hump be in good condition, by giving the camels plenty of food. It is, of course, fat that gathers there, by their eating. What a perfect provision this is for the very work and place in which they are put.

But our picture shows us one of these camels, who has exhausted both water and food, and has lain down at last and died, and his poor rider, helpless and alone, leans sadly against his last friend, the camel, to breath out his life, too. It is a dreary scene. All around is desert, and death has been there before, for you see the bones of other camels near him.

But there is a friend nearer than he thinks. A caravan is passing at a distance, and some one sees this dark object lying a little off of their route, and comes to find out what it is.

And now, what does he tell this poor starving, dying man? That he must provide for himself—that if he will get up on his beast, and come on with them, he will get plenty? No, but without asking him to do any thing, he will give him something to revive him, and carry him on his own horse to the place of plenty and safety. The poor dead thing, that once carried him, will not do now. Nor will he need it, nor his own provisions any more. This friend in the desert will do all.

How like Jesus Christ, who came to SEEK and to SAVE the lost! Where do you think He finds us? Lost, and guilty, with sentence of death upon us, as good as dead. And that is the place to which He goes, where guilt is borne, and death is taken. That is seeking. Has He found you there, dear child? Do you confess that you deserve death? that you are like this poor helpless traveler, lost and dead, as to yourself? Then you are just the one for Him, the great SEEKER and FINDER, and here He is. Do see Him as your Saviour, and rest only and completely on Him. Leave every thing to His hands, and you shall find all things in Him.

Little Bessie.

PERHAPS some of the children who read this paper, have heard of the work which the Lord has been carrying on in many of the large towns in England and Scotland, by two of his servants. Many people have been roused to see of how much more importance it is to think of our safety for the hundreds and thousands of years which we shall spend in eternity, than of the little, little while, in comparison, which we pass on this earth.

Supposing you were told that if you did some disagreeable thing to-day, you would be perfectly happy for the next year, but that if you did what you liked to-day, you would have to be more miserable and unhappy than you ever thought any one could be; which would you choose? I do not think it would take you long to decide.

And it is not a disagreeable thing to be a child of God, but the very greatest hap-

piness any man, or woman or child, can have, even in this world.

Does it make you unhappy to think that your mother loves you? Does it make you unhappy to think that your father works hard that you may have a pleasant, comfortable home? Well, it will not make you unhappy to know that Jesus loves you; that He died for you; and that He is always watching over and taking care of you.

But I was going to tell you a little story, and you will think it is a long time coming. Amongst the many hundreds of people who heard these preachers, was a little girl named Bessie. She had come a long way in the train to spend her holidays with some friends, and they took her with them to hear the story that most of you have heard so often, how God sent His beloved Son into the world to die for sinners, for those who hated Him, and did not want to have any thing to do with Him.

If you look in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, you will see that there are several ways of hearing this story. When you come away from hearing God's word preached, and begin to laugh and talk and to think of what you are going to do all through the week, do you ever think that it is SATAN who makes you do it, that you may forget all you have been hearing? Well, God says it is, and we must believe what He says, and if you read from the eighteenth to the twenty-third verse of that chapter, you will see what he says about it.

But little Bessie was not one of these hearers—the Spirit of God worked in her heart, and she believed that God meant what He said when He told men that He had sent His only begotten Son into the world, that the world through Him might be saved. She was a happy little girl when she could lay her head on her pillow, and feel that the minute Jesus called, she would be ready to go; and she had not long to wait.

The holidays came to an end, and Bessie said good-bye to her friends, happy in the thought of again seeing her father and mother, brothers and sisters. As the train rushed on, she watched the hills and dales, the fields and woods, whizzing past, and thought that every moment was bringing her nearer home. And so it was, but it was her heavenly home she was so soon to enter. Suddenly there came a violent shock, which threw the passengers from their seats, a crash, and the train was off the line, rolling down the steep embankment.

And where was Bessie? She was found among the broken pieces of the carriage, bruised and dead, her little hymn-book, from which she had been singing to herself as she passed along, sprinkled with her blood. And would you like to know what was her last earthly song? It was this:

"There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals beaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.
Oh! depth of mercy, can it be,
That gate was left ajar for me?"

D. C. B.

MY SAVIOUR!

Who was it loved me, ere began
Time's onward stream, or angels sang,
And heav'n with hallelujahs rang?
My Saviour!

Who was it saw me as I lay
In Nature's filth, without one ray
Of pity, hope, or light of day?
My Saviour!

Who was it left the throne of light,
Where all is pure, unsullied, white,
And came for me in my dark night?
My Saviour!

Who was it bore upon the tree,
The wrath, the judgment due to me,
And wash'd me in a bloody sea?
My Saviour!

Who is it lives to intercede,
In heaven's high courts, for all my need,
And ever guards the one He freed?
My Saviour!

Who is it feels my every care,
And lays before the Father there,
My feeblest, falt'ring, tearful prayer?
My Saviour!

Who is it that I soon shall see,
In clouds of glory come for me,
That with Him I may ever be?
My Saviour!

Who is it I shall then be like—
No spot, no stain, but snowy white,
Quite fit for God's unsullied light?
My Saviour!

His then shall be the ceaseless praise
Through glory's happy, endless days,
Who loved me so, He died to save!
My Saviour!

C. H. B.

Out of Place.

OH, DEAR! Isn't this a sight? One, two, three, four kittens, as busy as they can be, and enjoying it, too! They are having a real good time, and are not thinking of doing any thing wrong, but only of eating and enjoying.

But you and I know that it is mischief, and all wrong. And I think if it were our house, we should run and cry "s—s—s—

scat!" pretty quickly, and make them scamper. What do you think?

And yet it is right enough for kittens to drink milk, and coffee too, if they like it; and to eat fish and meat, is it not? And, dear little things, how are they ever to grow fat and keep so, if they do not eat?

Yes, but this table was set for somebody else, and they are out of place. It is not right to take the children's food and give it to the kittens. Is ON the table, or UNDER the table the place for them? That is the question, here. And, you see, that must first be settled before they can get any thing. If they will take their own place, their kind mistress will go to them with all they need. But they must receive as nothing but cats, all they get, and no doubt it will be a plentiful supply. They must not try to get any thing by stealing or by right; but as given to them—the direct result of kindness on the part of those with whom they live.

You understand that, do you not? Well, now, let us turn to a short story in the Scriptures, in the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, from the 21st to the 28th verses. There you will find that a gentile woman came to Christ saying, "SON OF DAVID, have mercy on ME." But He, as Son of David came only to the Israelites. And so, when she comes to Him, He says, "it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast to dogs." Does that sound harsh and unfeeling? Wait and see. It brings out her answer, that though she is but a dog, yet she knows HIS KINDNESS, and that He has something for dogs too. "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs EAT." That is it. They get something from the kind master, in their own place.

It looks as though she had thought that over before, that her place and condition were as low as that, and not on what she was, so much as what HE was, she expected and knew she would get what she wanted. And that is faith: believing in the grace of Christ, resting on the love of God alone to us.

Suppose she had got angry, and said she was no dog at all, but as good as any body, she would have gone away without help. Now, dear children, Christ has plenty for us, salvation, forgiveness of sins, eternal life, heaven and glory, and all that He has Himself, and is. But we must not be out of place, Salvation is for the lost; forgiveness for sinners; eternal life for those dead in trespasses and sins; and heaven and glory for those who are deserving of hell. Will you take your place and get all? He will give you them all, there, because these things are all TRUE of you.

This is what this bright picture teaches me, and I wanted to caution you against thinking of going to heaven just because you are pretty good children, and have not done much wrong, as you might think. No; Christ must needs die, and rise again from the dead, because you were a thousand-fold worse than that—A LOST SINNER. Take your true, place, and be saved. You may say, "truth, Lord," as this woman did, and be as happy.

Fine Gold.

BEFORE we commence to search the Scriptures to learn about "fine gold," let us see if we understand the difference between a thing being PURE and a thing being FINE. For illustration, let us take one of the commonest articles—flour.

If you were to take a handful of wheat and grind it up, it would make flour, would it not? And it would be PURE flour, too; there would be no adulteration in it. But suppose you next take a fine sieve and sift it all through, separating the flour from the husk, it would then be refined, or FINE flour.

I suppose you have often seen a great heap of sand in the street, and PURE sand, too, and you have also noticed that before it could be used for mortar, a man has to sift it through a large sieve; it then becomes FINE sand. So with gold and silver. Fine or refined gold is that which has been TRIED by being passed through the fire.

Now let us look at a few Scriptures that tell us of "fine gold."

"But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding. Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it

found in the land of the living. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of FINE GOLD. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? GOD UNDERSTANDETH the way thereof and He knoweth the place thereof. And unto man he said, Behold, THE FEAR OF THE LORD, THAT IS WISDOM; and to depart from evil is understanding." (Job xxviii. 12, 13, 17, 20, 23, 28.)

"The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold; yea, than much fine gold." (Ps. xix. 9, 10.)

"Therefore I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold." (Ps. cxix. 127.)

"Receive my instruction and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. My fruit is better than gold; yea, than much fine gold." (Prov. viii. 10, 19.)

In all these Scriptures you see that fine gold means the Wisdom, or Word of God. And there are many others which speak of God's Word as being tried or refined, as in Ps. xii. 6. "The words of the Lord are pure words; as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

"The word of the Lord is tried (or refined"). (Ps. xviii. 30.)

"Thy word is very pure (or refined); therefore thy servant loveth it." (Ps. cxix. 140.)

When the children of Israel were so disobedient to the word of God, that He had to send them much affliction to punish them, we read these sorrowful words, "How is the gold come dim! how is the most fine gold changed!"

Similarly to this, we find in the fourth chapter of Revelation, when the Church has departed from Christ, and is in such a state that He is about to disown her, these words: "I counsel thee to BUY OF ME gold tried in the fire that thou mayest be rich."

Quite in contrast to this is it that we read in the description of the temple that Solomon (who is a type of Christ reigning in peace) built, that several things were made of fine gold, amongst the incense altar, as in 1 Chron. xxviii. 18: "And for the altar of incense refined gold by weight." Incense signifies worship, and it is beautiful to see by the type of the altar of incense made of REFINED GOLD, that in that day worship will ascend to God from a people who are keeping his commandments. No longer will it be said, "How is the most fine gold changed." No! in that day "the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea." (Isa. xi. 9.) "The remnant of Israel shall not do iniquity, nor speak lies; neither shall a deceitful tongue be found in their mouth." (Zeph. iii. 13.)

So if you want to be rich, very rich, read God's word, and lay it up in your heart, as David says, in Psalm cxix., "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." And read it WITH PRAYER, knowing that only the Holy Spirit can reveal the Christ contained therein to you. "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

Also, if you want to be really happy, and to be advised, read it. "Thy testimonies also are MY DELIGHT and my counselors." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Further, let us see if "fine gold" does not mean Christ, even as "pure gold" does. You remember that he is called "The Word" in the first chapter of John. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." The Lord Jesus is the LIVING WORD, and you will find him spoken of as such in the Prov. viii. 29–31. Speaking of Wisdom it says, "When He appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by Him, as one brorght up with Him; and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before Him; rejoicing in the habitable parts of His earth; and my delights were with the sons of men."

How sweet it is to find that, whatever we read about in God's book, it always applies in some way or another to the Lord Jesus. It shews us how much God thinks of His beloved Son; and it also shews us very

plainly, that God wants us to think much about Him too. He does not want us to be thinking about our poor sinful selves, but of His Perfect One. This is what Jesus meant when he said to His disciples, "Abide in me."

And I would like to say to all the dear children who read this, who know Him as THEIR Saviour, that this is the ONLY way to be happy, and to be kept from evil, and to live so as to please our Father. And to those dear children who cannot indeed say of the Lord Jesus, "He is MY Saviour," oh! come to Him. Come to Him! He will give you "living water." For He has said, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst. (John vi. 35.) How nice that is, is it not? Oh! come to Him, and remember that He himself has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

In our last reading we saw that "Pure Gold" meant Christ as God, and now we have seen that "Fine Gold" also means Christ; but, as "The Word." And when He came to this earth He endured trial and suffering; and yet He failed not. He was made "perfect through sufferings." He came through the fire of sufferings, perfect. He was "pure" before, but then, He was also "tried," or "refined."

Now we will close with the Psalm cxix. 111, which I would like you to learn perfectly. "Thy testimonies have I taken as an heritage forever: for they are the rejoicing of my heart." C. H. B.

The Little Martyr.

I SHOULD like very much to tell you a true story of a little girl. This little girl's name was Marie, and she lived in France. I dare say that most of you know that the inhabitants of France are Roman Catholics. Instead of praying to the Lord Jesus, they pray to images, not images of gods, as the poor heathen do, but images of men, who they think have been very good in their life-time, and so they have gone to heaven.

Now, we know from what the Bible says, that being good can never take us to heaven. God says, "all our righteousnesses are filthy rags," and He can not accept us unless we are clothed with Christ's righteousness. He never did any thing wrong, and God can look at Him, and He wants to see us clothed with Him, too; not one little bit of ourselves showing.

It is the priests who make the people worship these images, and besides this they will not let them read the Bible either, and at the time I am writing about, any one who was found reading the Bible, could be burnt alive as a punishment.

But the father and mother of little Marie had a Bible and they would not throw it away; but kept it, and read it, and in it they read how the Lord Jesus Himself listens to our prayers, and how He came to save us.

As soon as the priests found out that they would pay no attention to what they said, they were very angry and tried to catch them in order to put them in prison. Marie's father knew this, so he took his wife and child away from their pretty cottage home, with its climbing roses and sweet flowers, and went to hide in a town some way off. But while here Marie's mother died. Before she died, she called her little girl to her and taught her one verse out of the Bible. Would you like to know what it was? It was this, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." Little Marie never forgot this verse, and I wish you would never forget it either.

As soon as this little girl's mother was dead, her father was obliged to take her away from the place they were in, and this time they went to hide in a poor shed, with two other men, who also loved Jesus. Little Marie was often very cold and very hungry here, for they could get but little food, for fear of being caught, and sometimes the rain came through the roof. Then her father would take her on his knee, and tell her stories about Jesus, and how He loves little children, and carries them so safely in His arms.

But at last, one cold, rainy day, they heard a great noise, and several men came

in and seized Marie's father and his two friends, and tied their hands behind them and led them away. Little Marie followed. She was not afraid of the men for her father was there, and best of all, she knew Jesus would take care of her, so she just prayed one little prayer to Him, and went with the men without any fear. They were put in prison that night, and Marie slept peacefully in her father's arms. But when the morning began to dawn, the father wakened his little girl, and with a start she exclaimed:

"Oh, father! where am I? I was dreaming I was far away in a beautiful place, and I saw my mother, too; but I did not speak to her, because Jesus was there, and I wanted just to look at Him; He looked so kind, so very, very kind. Father, won't Jesus soon come and take us there?

"Marie," replied the father, "I think He will soon take me; but you may be left here."

Then taking out his little Bible, he placed it in her little hands. "Do not lose that, my child," he said, "for in it we can read about Jesus, and what he wishes us to do!"

They were prevented from saying any more by the entrance of some soldiers, who led them away to the market place. There were a great many people there, but there was a cleared space in the middle, in which three posts were driven. Marie's father and his two companions were taken into this by some soldiers and bound to the posts; bundles of fagots were piled around them and then set on fire. The smoke and flames soon hid these brave men from view.

Marie, meanwhile, stood wondering at all that passed; but when she saw the fire, she gave a great cry, and sprang towards her father, but before she could reach him she was roughly seized by a soldier. "Are you a heretic, too?" he said.

"I don't know what a heretic is," cried Marie; "but if my father is a heretic, I am one too, for I love Jesus, and I KNOW He loves me, for He says so, and He has been punished so that I might go free."

"Burn her, burn her," exclaimed the crowd of rough, excited men, who were standing by; "throw the little heretic in the fire;" and more than one hand was stretched forth to force her into the flames, and in a few moments the little child's spirit was with the Jesus she so loved.

Yes, Marie was at home now; her life had not been long—only seven short years—but still she suffered for Jesus' sake. But remember, it was not because Marie was good that she went to Heaven; she was no better than you are, but she believed in the Lord Jesus, and the same Jesus who took care of her will take care of you, and is asking you to come to Him now. P. B.

And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding, that we may know Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son Jesus Christ.

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On account of the new law making it compulsory on publishers to prepay the postage on magazines, it has been decided to alter the price of PURE STREAMS from 25 cents to 30 cents per year for single copies—the difference being less than the former postage paid by subscribers.

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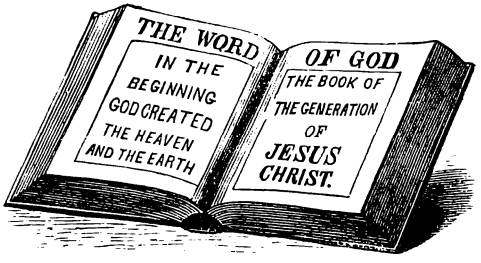
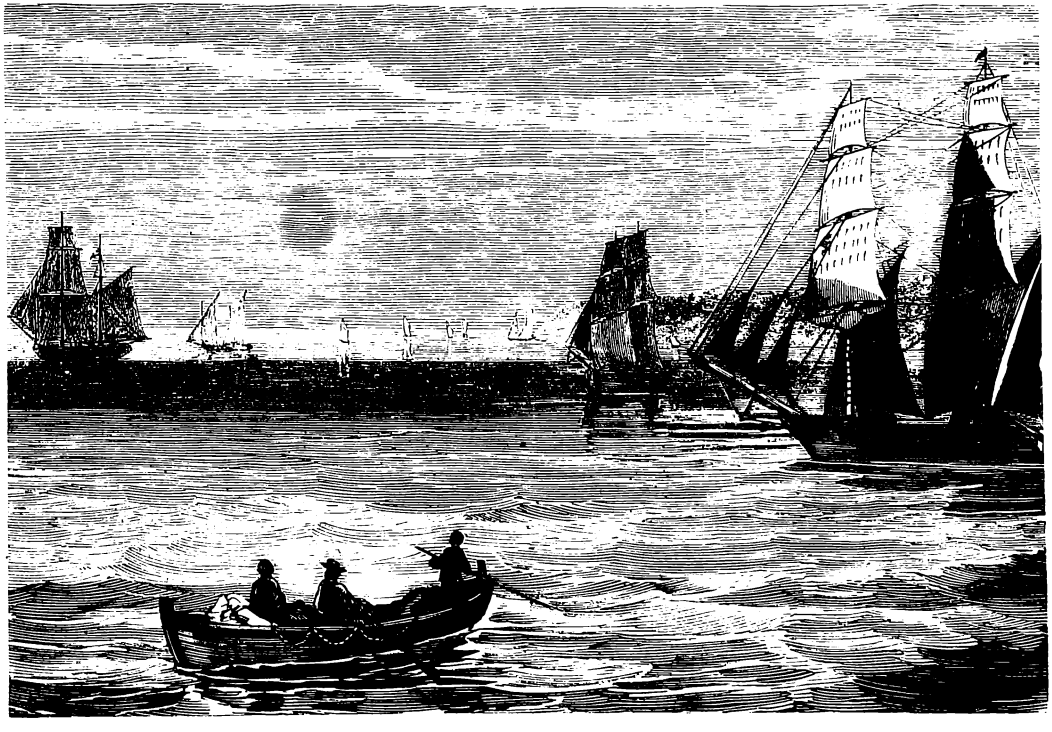
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, JULY, 1875. NO. 7.



A Grand Time.

ONE beautiful, bright holiday, some boys went down New York Bay, and out, through the Narrows, to the ocean, in a small boat, rowing and fishing. They had permission from their parents, and so they went off with happy hearts. And now, if I were to tell you that when they got outside the bay, the wind rose to

a fearful gale, and raised the waves so high, and made the sea so rough, that they were tossed about, unable to manage their boat, and were run into by a large vessel, and pitched into the sea, and then picked up just as they were drowning, what would you say? Would you not say it was a wonderful deliverance, and that God was very kind to them?

But what will you say when I tell you that nothing at all of this kind happened? They really spent a pleasant day, and had "a grand time," they said, for the ocean was as smooth as a mill-pond, and as quiet, except that great heaving and swelling from the rising and the falling of the tide.

Was it not a wonderful escape? Was it not a gracious preservation? And every day and hour there are hundreds and thousands of children that are in the midst of great danger, that they know nothing of, things that have happened to others, that might have happened to them. But God shows His loving-kindness in keeping off the accident, the sorrow, as much as in delivering when in it.

These boys passed out between the huge forts on opposite sides of the Narrows, and among the ships, enjoying all they saw, and I do not wonder that they thought it was a grand time.

But they went home in the evening, worn out, and hungry, and sunburnt badly; so that there was something besides the pleasure by which to remember the day. They left a good deal of the "fun" where they left all the fish, down the bay. But the pleasure came first, the pain afterwards.

It was all right for these boys to go, and their parents were both glad and sorry with them, I have no doubt.

So it is with many, in the things of this world. They start out laboring hard to gratify themselves, and think they have a grand time; but in the end it is disappointment and sorrow. The world is filled with broken hearts, blasted hopes and ruined households. In all these, somebody was expecting to have a good time, but it never came to stay.

Now do you know why this is so? There is a whole book of the Scriptures, called Ecclesiastes, that takes up this matter, and speaks of all the things that are found down here on the earth, as "under the sun," and, after examining all, and telling of one who tried them all, says: "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

And yet, after all this, after God has put it down in His own word right before your eyes, that we may know this is true, from the case of a man who was richer and wiser than any other man that has ever lived, and was King, too, so that he could get and try EVERY THING; yet men and children will begin all over again, as if there had never been a failure, and try to get enjoyment out of the world, and out of their own ways, and the gratification of their own desires.

But I asked if you knew why this is? It is because of sin. It is because the heart is away from God. There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the END thereof are the ways of DEATH. That is what God tells us.

Now, in the midst of all this, there is a way of life. Jesus Christ says I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIFE.

And it is blessed to see how all that He does, and all that He gives us, is not of the kind that disappoints. It is said in Prov. x. 22: "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich; and He addeth no sorrow to it." So the gift we receive in believing in the Lord Jesus Christ is PEACE, first; perfect peace, that lasts always, and the world CANNOT take away; then JOY—in Him, in God, in every thing He does, in every thing He gives us to do, and joy that never fades away; and then GLORY, that is, all that Christ has in heaven. These are real happiness, and if all the sorrows that Christ had heaped upon Him by man, come to us, they cannot touch either the peace, or the joy, or that glory.

These things are all presents. For the good? No. But for the wretched, and lost, and guilty, and sinful, and unhappy, for you, for the taking, for whosoever believes in Jesus Christ. "When He ascended on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men."

Fear of Thunder Storms.

"I— I— hate summer," said a little child one day, with some hesitation, however, for "hate" is a strong word.

"Hate the beautiful summer!" said her mother, "why?"

"Oh, because of the thunder-storms; they frighten me so."

There are a good many children, and larger folks too, that feel afraid of the lightning and thunder. I remember when I was a small child, at the coming on of a heavy thunder-storm, when I felt so timid that I wanted to stop my ears, and get into the darkest cellar, that my father took me on his lap and got down the large family Bible, and showed me the pictures and told me the stories that belonged to them, till I forgot all about the storm, for there was a calm in my heart, as he showed me how God loved me, and would take care of me and keep us all.

Dear old Book! I have it yet, though father and mother have gone to the Lord, that gave it; and those old pictures always bring to my mind that afternoon and the soothing effect of these stories of God. I do not remember that I ever felt any dread since. There are no stories like these, to last and to keep their freshness and beauty.

I remember a sweet verse, that tells us that "perfect love casteth out fear," for it says, what any dear child that fears the lightning knows, "fear hath torment." But fear and the knowledge of the love of God to us, which is "perfect love," cannot stay together.

Fear, in us, comes from being sinners. The conscience tells us that all is not right, and that God is going to judge us. But suppose I learn that He loves me with His whole heart, and has given Christ to take away my guilt, to cleanse me from all sin by His blood; do you not see there is a reason for being very happy at once, by just believing that?

If you know He has given His Son for you, then you know He will take care of your body, and not a hair of your head shall fall to the ground without Him.

Oh! once rest on that wonderful love shown in the cross of Christ, and all fear will be gone. "In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."

Innocence and Guilt.

A PAINTER wanting a picture of Innocence, drew the likeness of a beautiful child. He was standing at his mother's knee, who was looking on him with fondness and hope. And he with his mild blue eyes upturned to hers, seemed to give just the expression the painter desired. The portrait of young Rupert was highly prized by the painter, and hung up in his study, with the single word "INNOCENCE" under it.

After many years, when he had grown old, he found what he had been long looking for—the model for a companion picture to this, a representation of guilt. On the damp floor of a dungeon lay a wretched criminal named Randall, heavily ironed. Vice was marked on his face in every feature, and horrid oaths burst from his mouth.

The painter took the portrait of him to life, and hung it up beside the former picture, and gave it the title of "GUILT."

But, children, who was young Rupert, standing in beauty by his mother? And who was this miserable wretch, Randall, in his chains and ignominy? They were the same person. A few years had made the difference. What the man became in the course of time the child was, although he looked so sweet and harmless.

And such are we all by nature. The heart goes naturally to sin, and it is only God's love that holds us. The only escape is to be in Christ, and that is to be a new creature. And how is this? I give you God's own answer: "God gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God." "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new."

A Little Playmate.

WHAT a beautiful fellow he is for a playmate! And I have no doubt he generally enjoys romping as much as his mistress does; but, just now, he sits like a king on his throne, with a great deal of dog dignity, as if he were having his portrait taken, and must not stir.

Well, I need not describe him, for there he is, before you, and you know a good many just like him. Possibly you have one in your house as fine as he is.

I remember a splendid little dog that we had, not the color of this one, but black, though very pretty, who would have a little cart or sled hitched to him, and then putting his nose down to the ground or snow, away he would go, full gallop, as if it were nothing. And did not the boys enjoy him? The day we had to kill him, because we thought he was going mad, was a sad and heavy one.

Then there was another one, that used to get into bed before his little masters, and lie there in the middle, with his fine little head out from the covers, just as naturally as if it all belonged to him, and he only took these other little fellows in to keep him warm.

Many is the prank you can play with a dog, and many are the stories told of their sense and their kindness. They seem to be adapted to men in their trouble, and to children in their fun. And I think we could find many a lesson of obedience and subjection, and forgiveness of injuries, from these little companions. How say you, children?

Now, there are great differences in these animals. Some are gentle, and knowing, and fine-looking, and others are coarse, ugly, cross and savage. They are all a good deal like men in these things. But they are all alike, dogs, and can never be any thing else than dogs.

And so it is with men and children. Some may be gentler than others, or have nicer manners or education, or looks; and some may have more money, so as to have every thing they wish; but they are all alike, children of one Adam.

Now, these nice things are very pleasant, and make a great difference in this world. I am sure that it is much better to have a cheerful child than a cross one, or a good child than a bad one.

But how will these things do away from this world? How will they do with reference to all eternity? Ah, that is the question!

I find that God says, THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE, for ALL have SINNED.

But then I see that God says there is no difference in the way of SALVATION. It is by faith in Jesus Christ. The same God is rich toward all, and he saves us AS sinners. There is nothing that will count with Him but the blood of Christ; and that is every thing to Him.

So there is no difference as to the welcome we receive. He receives all, and makes us His children. May every reader rest alone on the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour!

Fine Brass.

YOU will find that "fine brass" is spoken of but twice in the Word of God: Rev. i. 15, and ii. 18; where, speaking of Christ as the "Son of Man," walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks, it says, "His eyes were as a flame of fire, and His feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." Also, in Daniel, speaking of the same One, "His eyes as lamps of fire, and His arms and His feet like in color to polished brass." Why is it that, although Scripture so very frequently speaks of "brass," only in these few places it is termed FINE brass?" The answer is this: Although brass is often used as describing the WORK of Christ, here only is it used of Himself personally; therefore, here it must be called "FINE brass." But, as the lessons to be learned from the use the Holy Spirit makes of brass in the Word, are so important, we will just look at a few of the most noticeable ones.

Turn to Numbers xxi. 9. "And Moses made a serpent of brass and put it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass he lived." Now read John iii. 14, 15: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." Brass, in Scripture, always means judgment, and the mention of brass here is very significant. Moses was not told to take a real serpent and put it upon a pole, but a brass one. Even so with Jesus. He was not a sinner. "He had done no violence, neither was any deceit in His mouth;" yet was He "made to

be sin for us," although He Himself knew no sin." He bore the judgment due to sin, so that God can now be "both just and the justifier of Him which believeth in Jesus."

Just as a look at that brass serpent gave life to the bitten Israelite, so ONE LOOK, in faith, at Jesus on the Cross, saves the poor sinner and gives him eternal life. Why is that? Because Jesus having, on the cross, borne the judgment, the wrath, the curse due to sin, God can justly forgive me if I believe in Him. Is not that good news? Ah, indeed it is. And yet how many are there who do not esteem it as good news? Why is that? Because they do not believe that they are bitten; bitten with a deadly poisonous bite—incurably bitten by sin. But to those who feel their sins and are convinced that they can not cure themselves, it is indeed joyful tidings; and they, as once bitten, but now cured, can sing:

How lost was my condition,
'Till Jesus made me whole;
There is but one Physician
Can cure a sin-sick soul,
The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin,
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within."

Does the dear child who reads this, feel that he or she has been bitten by that serpent? If you do, just look—look on Jesus lifted up on the Cross, as the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Because God hath "made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we, [we who look—who believe] might be made the righteousness of God in Him." (2 Cor. v. 21.)

Oh, let me earnestly ask every one who reads this, be you old or young, have you looked?

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

Yes, one look brings forgiveness, righteousness and blessing to the poor sin-sick soul. But if this day of grace passes by, and you have refused to look, or even neglected to look, the time will come when one look at Jesus (not on the cross then, but on the throne of judgment) will bring terror to every soul. For it is written, "Behold He cometh with clouds; and EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM, and they also which pierced him; and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him! Oh, look now!

Now, if you find Ex. xxvii., you will see that brass was also very largely used in the making of the Tabernacle. Read the 9th and 10th verses, "And thou shalt make the court of the Tabernacle: for the south side, southward, there shall be hangings for the court, of fine twined linen of an hundred cubits long, for one side; and the twenty pillars thereof and their twenty sockets shall be of brass; the hooks of the pillars and their fillets shall be of silver." And in like manner for the other side.

What do we learn from these pillars of brass and hangings of fine linen? Just this: It shows God's justice and righteousness preventing any approach by man, except through the gate. There was only ONE gate, ONE way of entrance to the Tabernacle. So Christ only is "The Way." But through Him we can "have access by faith" because, as we read in Psalm cxii. 16, "HE HATH BROKEN THE GATE OF BRASS, and cut the bars of iron asunder. How did he do that? How did Christ make a way for poor vile man to draw near to a holy sin-hating God? By Himself enduring the judgment of a righteous God; as it is expressed in Isaiah lii. 53, when "Thou shalt make His soul an offering for sin."

There are many other scriptures that speak of brass, but we will look now only at the one that we commenced with in the Rev. i. 15, "His eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass." He is the One of whom Nebuchadnezzar said: "Whose works are truth, and His ways judgment," and as He Himself says in Rev. ii. 23, "All the churches shall know that I am He which searcheth the reins and hearts."

My dear little reader, do you know that He who is righteous in all His ways, sees your heart? He whose eyes are as a flame of fire? He sees the motives which prompt you to do this or that; others may not know, but He knows. Does this thought make you happy or unhappy? If you are a believer in Him, it should make

you happy, because He sees if you truly believe on Him, and He sees and forgives every sin, even although you may not have been able to remember it.

So, that, if we are God's children we can be in his presence without fear, knowing that His "Light," has not only exposed our sins, but His "Love" moved him to give His own beloved Son, that we might by believing on Him as lifted up on the cross bearing the judgment for us, "have life through His name." Now it will please me very much if each one who reads this will learn that beautiful verse, in the 85th Psalm, "Mercy and Truth are met together, Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." C. H. B.

Mouths.

IT is interesting to notice how many kinds of mouths there are made for different kinds of food, and for all sorts of ways of getting it.

You have found in your mouth a fine set of tools for cutting off and cutting up what you eat, and for grinding, as between millstones, what is cut off, to make it fit for the stomach

Now look at the mouth of a chicken, and instead of fine soft lips outside and hard teeth inside, they seem to have the teeth outside, to break and divide their food. Their bills are hard and like a pair of nippers, to take up the seed. Sometimes boys find out how hard and sharp they are when they go to meddle with a sitting or nursing hen.

It is curious to see how they can use their mouths when they see a grain of corn: they pounce down upon it with their bill as though they were going to run a hole through it; but, instead of that, you will find it has disappeared suddenly, for as the bill went down to the grain, it flew open just at the right time, and took it in. It is like the little boy whose mouth flies open when he bends his elbow, if a piece of cake is in his hand.

A woodpecker's mouth has to be harder still, for it has to serve as a drill and a hammer. He feeds on worms and insects that are found in hollow trees. And he seems to know just where to go to get them. Have you ever been in the country and heard a rattle r-r-r-r-r-r that at first startled you, and then looked up and found only a bird jumping around the trunk and limbs of some dead tree, with a cheerful chirp, as if it were nothing but fun to him? And yet his head worked as fast as you could tap your finger on the table and a great deal stronger, till he got a hole made in the hard wood, and found the poor worm, and then with his long tongue, as quick as a wink, lifted it out into his mouth.

His tongue will reach an inch or two beyond the end of his bill, and at the end it has little teeth like a saw, running backwards like the barbs on a fish-hook, and woe to the little insect that this ferocious burglar disturbs in the middle of its sleep. There is no escape.

Now see that butterfly, going about from flower to flower just seeming to alight upon them, and then off again. Yet in that little time he makes good use of his time to get a good sip of honey. His tongue is hollow inside like a tube, made of a great many rings, moved by little muscles.

When it is not in use, it is coiled up so as not to be in the way; but when it is wanted it is unrolled and darted down into the bottom of a flower, and the honey is sucked up through it.

And so if we examine the different animals and insects, and birds and fishes, we shall find the greatest variety in regard to the way they get their food as well as in the food itself. But there is not room for telling more now.

But the mouths of human beings are made for more than taking in food. By using the lips and tongue and teeth, we can talk to one another. Now is not the power of speech wonderful? And yet it has been made a very bad thing many a time. "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity," the Scriptures tell us. It says every kind of beast can be tamed, but the tongue can no man tame. It is an unruly evil full of deadly poison. "Therewith we bless God, even the Father; and therewith we curse men, who are made after the similtude of God."

Then we are told that out of the mouth come all sorts of evil things; and in another place "their mouth is an open sepulchre," or grave. Can you think of any thing more offensive than that?

All this is told by One who knows all about us—God Himself. But the blessed thing is that He has brought the means by which the mouth may speak His praise too, and this is through the salvation that is by Jesus Christ.

And now I will just refer you to a sweet word for you, about the mouth: "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise." This was said by Christ, when little children were crying in the temple, "Hosanna to the Son of David." Ah, He loves childrens' songs of praise that come from hearts glad for His love. And if Christ has come to you with salvation and you believe on Him, you have reason enough to praise Him forever.

Scripture Enigma, No. 1.

We want the little ones to learn
To search God's book, and to discern
What are His thoughts; and thus to find
The way of life for all mankind.
And to this end, I now propose
That they, by searching, shall disclose
The truth that I shall cover up,
And in a riddle form shall put.

The town from which the man was brought,
Who, for the temple, brass work wrought.
The mount that's called the mount of God.
The bird whose young ones feed on blood.
The mount on which the prophet knelt.
The place at which another dwelt.
The name of him, who, once a slave,
Was sent by Paul a boon to crave.
The wife who laughed, and then denied.
The woman who to Peter lied.

First letter take of every word,
And you may spell the way to God.

C. H. B.

Answers may be sent to C. H. B, care of the editor.

A very plain and simple way for any child who is in doubt as to whether he should do this or that, is to ask this question: "Can I take Christ with me? Can I feel that, if Christ were to come, I am doing what I should be pleased for Him to find me engaged in?"

Gospel Books & Tracts for Children.

On the Gospel by John. J. G. B. 60 cents.
Light amid the Darkness as seen in the Life of Luther. $1. Illustrated.
Lights and Shadows of the Reformation. Companion to the last. $1. Illustrated.
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Bible Stories about Lions. 25 cents. Illustrated.
Stories of Old. Vols. 1 and 2, 20 cents each. Illus.
True Gospel Stories. Packet of 12. 15 cents.
Rose, Robin and May. 40 cents.
Stories of Old. Numbers 1 and 2. 20 cents each.
True Stories; in packets. 15 cents.
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The Voice of Flowers. 45 cents.
Send for Catalogue; free.

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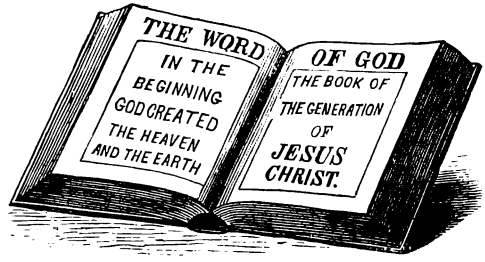
PURE STREAMS

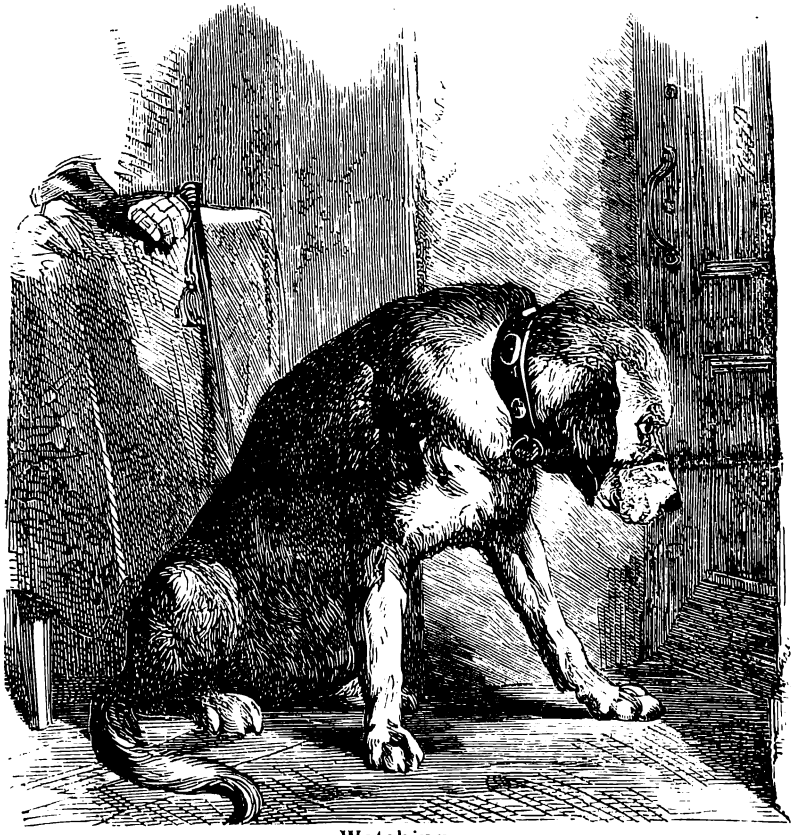
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1875. NO. .



Watching.

DEAR, grand old fellow! What is he doing there? See how intent his eye is, fixed upon the bottom of the door, and how his face shows that his whole

heart is fixed too, on something. Not a motion in his body anywhere, save as his nose gets nearer to the door-sill, or his eye opens wider, and flashes with a happy light.

He belongs to somebody, you can see that, by the collar on his neck, and the general look of having been cared for by somebody.

And now that somebody is coming! Possibly he is just listening for a footstep, and looking for a shadow down under the door, a little film of a shadow, and he will not disturb himself, or hinder his listening by even a wag of his tail.

But who is coming? It must be his master, one with whom he feels perfectly at home, in whose love he is fully confident. He knows for whom he is watching and waiting.

He has, no doubt, been set to watching and keeping something for his master, while he has been away. And he has but this to do, only the other comes of itself, the watching for his face when he hears a footfall.

And will he not give a spring when he does hear it, and when he does see that face?

And now, boys and girls, how is it with you? Have you learned of the love of somebody for you, somebody that has gone away, and is coming back again? Do you know and believe the love of God towards you, in giving His Son down here for you, and for your sins? And are you glad in that love, believing on Him?

Well, He is the One who said, I will come again, and receive you unto myself. Now what I want to ask you, is, "Are you really watching for Him?"

Do you wear His collar, the mark of being His, having His name on it? How are you treating it? Are you allowing any dishonor to Him in your lives? If you belong to Him, how about honor, if you forget Him, or go into evil?

Keep watching. He said He would come in a little while. Nothing ought to be perfectly satisfactory to us till He comes.

What I have been anxious about for young folks who know the Lord and rest in Him is, that they may be kept out of the mischief that Satan makes down here. A good way is to be waiting and watching for the Lord Jesus.

Do not believe that every thing is going on nicely here. Do not be deceived into taking up the world. The real matter is very simple, Christ died for you, because He loved you, and wants you. But He had need to go away for awhile, and then He is coming after you, to take you to Himself forever.

Is not that good enough? Then hold on to it, serving Him now, and watching for HIM.

Faith in Jesus.

I WANT to explain to the little readers of PURE STREAMS, what faith in Jesus is. You have all, no doubt, heard about Jesus, but perhaps you have said, or thought, "Ah, yes! that is for big men and women, they can read and know all these things; but I am so little, and have not read much, and I am so weak, so I am afraid I must wait until I get bigger."

And then you have thought that, perhaps, you might die before you got big enough, and that has made you feel sad, and you have wished that you could find Jesus, or that He would find you, that you might KNOW that you were saved.

Now it is just YOU that I want to listen, while I tell you a little story—a true story—of a little girl I knew.

First, of course, you want to know who she was. Her name was Emma Andrews. Was her mother rich? No, she was very, very poor. Often and often they had very little to eat, and poor Emma had few of those nice things that rich people's children have when they are sick. Was she a very smart child? Oh, no! she could just read, that was all. She had had too much sickness to learn much; for poor little Emma, you must know, had a fall when she was but a baby, and her spine was

injured, so that she could never get well again.

Although she was fifteen years old when she died, she had had so much pain and disease, that she was very small, no bigger than a child nine years of age.

But perhaps you will think that, any way, she was a very good child? No, she was like most other poor sick children; she worried and fretted, and cried, and although she tried to do right, she was very far from being good, and she knew it too.

So you see that she was neither rich, wise, nor good. She was unable to walk out. When she did not feel very bad, she could go round the room with crutches, that was all, and she spent a great deal of her time lying on her bed in great suffering. We had seen her often and given her little books to read but did not know whether she was really a Christian or not.

One evening somehow, (I forget how) the Lord led me to go up to her house and take her a piece of ice, for ice was more precious to her than all jewels or toys could be, for her vitals were being consumed by fever all the time, and she fed upon ice whenever she could get it.

When I got there I found her lying on her face, with her knees drawn up, in very great pain. She eagerly devoured the ice; and then I quietly talked to her about the Lord Jesus.

I told her how we were all sinners, unable to help ourselves, and needed a ransom; how that, because God so loved us, He gave His dear Son to die for us on the tree; and that Jesus there bore all the curse, all the wrath, that we might be forgiven; and now all that was left for us to do was simply to accept of the salvation that He had wrought out.

As I left her, I asked if she was resting all upon Him? She quietly replied, a look of calm joy spreading over her suffering face, "Yes!" That was all. The next morning she fell asleep. Her pains were all over.

Ah! thought I, how precious it is to know that God has not chosen the great ones, the rich ones, the strong ones of this world; but we are told, "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him." (James ii. 5.)

Oh what love! He takes the poor sick child from off her bed of suffering and gives her a home with Jesus in the glory! Why does God do this? Can such an one be any help to Him? He wants no help. But what He does want, is, some one to show His kindness on, "that in the ages to come He might shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus."

Do you know what faith is? It is not doing any thing, you see; nor feeling any thing; but it is just trusting what God says, just resting on Jesus. That is all this poor little sufferer did. She heard of the Saviour, and just rested her poor weary heart upon Him. Have you ever read that little hymn:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

That is what He did for this dear child of His. He gave her peace and rest that she could quietly, happily commend her spirit to Him.

Is that the way you trust Him?
That is the only way.

C. H. B.

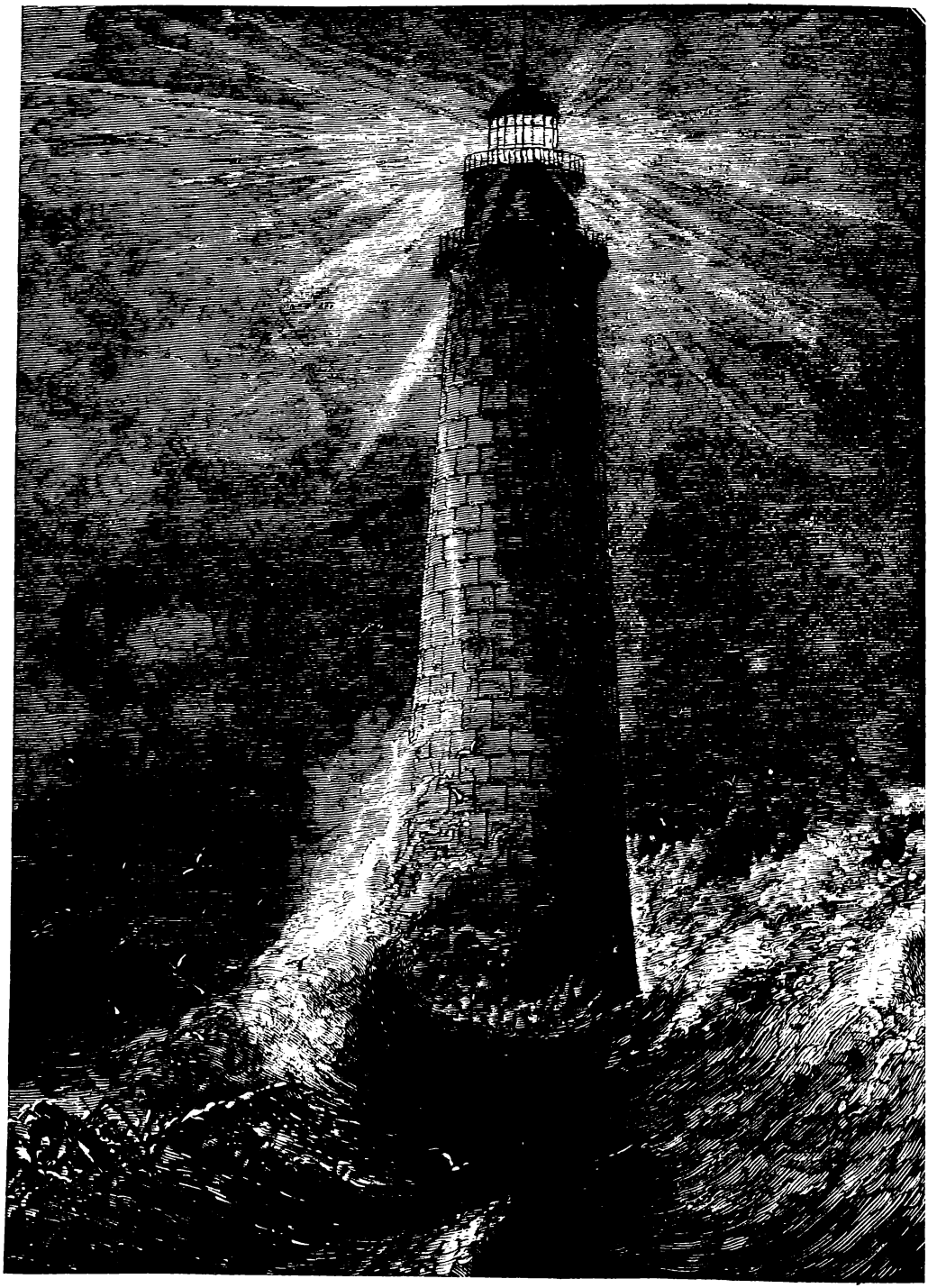
Scripture Enigma, N. 2.

The woman whose faith was so visibly shewn.
The Prophet who lodged in a cave all alone.
The youth whose sweet harp could so soothe a bad king.
The wilderness where he was hunted by him.
The Prophet who smote with a mantle the wave.
The sister whose heart the Lord's teaching did crave.
The one who is used to spread the glad sound
That God, a Redeemer, a Ransom hath found.
The maid who had left the drear land of her birth,
And found a new home of a much greater worth.

Of all the names given the first letters you take,
And put them together and see what they make,
You'll find them a title of Him who could give
A wonderful price that poor sinners might live.

C. H. B.

Anwers say sent to C. H. B. care of the editor.



The Light-house.

YOU all understand this picture at once, I have no doubt. You see it is a tall, strong building, made of stone, with brilliant lights in the top of it, and for this reason it is called a light-house.

Light-houses are built on points of land that jut out into the sea, sometimes on little islands out from the main land, for the sake of being seen by ships sailing in the neighborhood. They guide the sailors by letting them know where they are, and warning them not to come too near the rocks, lest their vessels may be dashed to pieces on the rocks. Well, knowing by charts and maps where these light-houses are, the pilots steer by means of them, some times getting two or three in a range.

At the entrance of harbors and bays, in approaching seaport towns, there are several, built on different points of land. This one is on the island called Minot's Ledge, just outside Massachusetts Bay, to light vessels on their way to Boston, and away from it, and to keep them from danger.

It is pleasant to think that all around the coasts of the oceans and seas, and bays and lakes, all over the world, there are shining every night these lights, never once, in one place, allowed to go out, because human lives might be lost in such a case.

Although they are meant to be seen, mainly, yet those who live in them away up there, can look out over the ocean, and see sometimes a wrecking vessel, or hear the boom of a gun of distress, above the sound of the wind and the waves. And thus they can often save people.

Away off the north coast of England, bordering on Northumberland, are the Fern Islands, chiefly rocks, jutting out of the ocean.

On one of these islands, a large steamer, on her way from Hull to Dundee, on the 5th of September, 1838, struck a ledge, and very soon broke up. She had on board a valuable cargo, and forty passengers besides the crew.

It was at four o'clock in the morning, dark, cold, and stormy, that she struck, and all but nine persons sank into the sea and were drowned. When morning came, these were seen by the light-house keeper and his family, on one of the islands called Longstone.

The keeper was named Darling, but though an old sailor, he feared to go out alone in a boat after them, knowing he could not manage it by himself in the wild storm. One of his daughters was greatly interested in the drowning people.

"Let us go to their rescue," she said.

The father looked out on the sea, and shook his head. It seemed impossible.

"I will go with you. Come, let us go father," said the girl.

Urged thus by his daughter the old man launched his boat. Grace—for that was her name—jumped in, and taking one of the oars in her small hands, she helped to row the boat to the floating wreck. They saved all of those who were living. And as they looked at this young girl, to whom they owed their lives, they were filled with gratitude.

The name of Grace Darling has gone round the world for this one act, and you will often see pictures of her rowing in a boat in the wild waves. And every body called her heroic. It was a grand act.

And so, dear children, there is a true story of One who away up in His high home saw us all in our misery and ruin, and came all alone to save us. Do you know whom I mean? It was the Son of God. If we had not been lost, He would not have come.

"With pitying eyes the Prince of Life
Beheld our helpless grief,
He saw, and oh, amazing love,
He ran to our relief."

And now all is done by Him, and we have but to believe on Him, and we are saved forever.

"Pray!" said a dying mother to her child;
"Pray!" and in token of assent he smiled.
Most willing was the spirit; but so weak
The failing frame, that he could scarcely speak.
At length he cried, "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."

Bible Lessons About Birds.

THE EAGLE.

WE know that God has made nothing in vain. However useless or trifling any thing may appear to us, it was made by Him and therefore has its purpose. We are told in Col. i. 16, that "all things were created by Him (the Lord Jesus Christ) and for Him." There is not a thing that He has made, but what we may learn something from it about Him. Having this, then, as our assurance, let us see what God says about the Eagle.

We find from the description given that the eagle is swift (Lam. iv. 19); that he makes his nest very high up on the rocks (Jer. xlix. 16); that he has great wings full of feathers (Ezek. xvii. 3); that he lives to a great age (Ps. ciii. 5); and that he takes great pains with his young, teaching them to fly, bearing them on his wings, &c. (Deut. xxxii. 11.)

From all these things we may learn something of God's wonderful care of His children. The first mention of the eagle in the Bible, is to teach us this. It is in Exodus xix. 4, where, speaking of the wonderful deliverance He had wrought in bringing His people out of Egypt, He says, "Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself."

So also, in Deut. xxxii. 11, "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him." Just as the eagle bears up her young when they have no strength to support themselves, holding them up by the strength of HER wings, so the Lord by His own power, carried His people out of Egypt, and so He does now for every one that trusts in Him.

Whither did He bring them? He says, "I brought you unto myself." How wonderful! How blessed! In whatever way God speaks of it, that is always the object in redemption—to bring us to Himself. "Christ also hath once suffered for sin, the just for the unjust, THAT HE MIGHT BRING US TO GOD" (1 Peter iii. 18).

How nice it must be for the poor little birds to be carried by such a strong eagle! And we who are so weak and feeble may find continual strength by waiting on the Lord. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint." (Isa. xl. 31.) Why should we be weary and faint? Let us go to Him, and He will bear us up with His strength.

Do you, dear child, avail yourself of His strength? Do you come to Him with all your weakness, all your cares, (no trouble is too little for Him to care for) all your wants? His strength is sufficient for every need.

One day, in Richmond, I was walking by a grave-yard, situated on the slope of a hill. The wall which surrounded the grave-yard was, at the top, but a few inches in height; but the further it went down hill, the higher the wall got, until at the bottom the height was about eight feet.

A little child had run along this wall up to the highest end; and then, struck with fear, stood, unable to go forward or back. Seeing the dangerous position of the child as I passed by, I held up my arms for her to jump into. Without a moment's hesitation she threw herself into my arms, and was placed safely on the ground.

The simple confidence of that child went to my heart. I recollected the word of God, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

That child saw just two things;—her danger, and the way of escape; and believing, she accepted the proffered arms. And that is just the way God wants you and me to be saved. Do we see the dangerous position we are in; already lost? Well, then, just cast yourself into His open arms; just rest all with Him. And let those who are believers learn from this, to rest every care on Him, resting in His open arms, safe in His love.

To those who wait upon Him, is the promise, "they shall mount up with wings as eagles." And the believer in Christ is indeed lifted up, not by his own strength,

but by the mighty power of God; so that he rests securely in the Rock of his salvation, even as we read of the eagle, that she mounts up and makes "her nest on high. She dwelleth and abideth in the rock, upon the crag of the rock, and the strong place." (Job xxxix. 27, 28.)

What a secure place the eagle has! Far, far above the reach of all prowling beasts, he has his "nest among the stars" (Obad. 4). Away from all fear and care, he dwelleth in the rock that God hath made. Just as secure is the position of one who believes in Christ. Coming to Him in all our weakness, just as we are, He by His own strength places us in the Rock "that is higher than I." (Ps. lxi. 2.) And there out of the reach of all our foes we can rest securely; hid in the cleft of the Rock.

But the very same figure is used to warn us against exalting ourselves; being puffed up or conceited. "Thy terribleness hath deceived thee, and the pride of thine heart, O thou that dwellest in the cleft of the rock, that holdest the height of the hill; though thou shouldest make thy nest as high as the eagle, I will bring thee down from thence, saith the Lord." (Jer. xlix. 16.) And we have almost the same words in the third and fourth verses of Obadiah: "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou that dwellest in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high; that saith in his heart, Who shall bring me down to the ground? Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down, saith the Lord."

You see there is quite a difference between coming to God in our weakness and letting Him exalt us, and exalting ourselves; between letting God be the strong eagle, bearing us up, and ourselves flying up as eagles.

The evil spoken of here, is just the one so common now, and which in the pride of man's heart would make its nest among the stars. Seeking by their own wisdom to reach those mysteries which God only reveals to babes.

And the end of all such will be, as here, judgment; "thence will I bring thee down." "And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shall be brought down to hell." Ah! children, beware of a proud heart.

Sometimes a little boy does something wrong, and is too proud to confess to the one he has wronged. That is bad; do not be like that. Above all do not be too proud to confess your faults to God. Tell Him every one of them; do not seek to hide any thing from Him; because it is written, "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." "A broken and a contrite heart, oh God, thou wilt not despise."

And then there is another lesson to be learned from the eagle: it is this; "Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not? for riches certainly make themselves wings; THEY FLY AWAY AS AN EAGLE toward heaven." (Prov. xxiii, 5.) Suppose you had spent years, and years, making some wonderful machine, and after you had finished it, you should see it flying away like an eagle. It would make you feel sad, would it not?

Jesus says, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." (Matt. vi. 19–21.)

C. H. B.

Taken or Left.

THE Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. (1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.)

And those who are not in Christ, dead or alive, will be left behind.

Dear children, have you ever thought what this meant, and what it would be, if those you loved were taken, and YOU were left, with nothing in prospect but the judgment, the undying worm, the quenchless fire?

In a happy home with loving parents,

and all that could make their young lives happy, lived Alice and Mary Wood. Life seemed so bright to them, as they played amongst the flowers and trees in the garden, or sat by their mother's side in the winter evenings, while she read or talked to them, that they scarcely ever thought of the possibility of any change coming to cloud their happiness.

Their mamma and papa often spoke to them of Jesus; how He came to die for His people's sins, and might soon come again to take them to Himself, and Alice and Mary knew all about it, and could answer any questions that were asked them very readily.

But it was only in their heads they knew it. Their hearts were untouched, and they would run away to play, and forget all about it.

One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Wood were obliged to go out, and, as they said "good-bye" to their little girls, they said they would be back by tea-time. The children played about merrily through the afternoon, and as tea-time came on, they placed themselves at the gate to watch for their parents.

An hour passed but there was no sign of them: and a servant came out to bid them come in to tea. They went in and sat down, but they did not care to eat or to talk.

At last little Mary said: "Oh, Alice, do you know what I have been thinking? supposing JESUS has come, and papa and mamma have gone, and we are left behind!"

Alice burst into tears. "I was thinking the same thing, Mary; oh! what SHALL we do? If Jesus has come, it is too late for us, we shall never see them any more; what CAN we do?"

"Let us see if we can find any one to tell us," said Mary. And the two children put on their hats, and opening the garden gate, went down the road.

The first person they met was a woman, who only stared at them in answer to their questions, and said she did not know what they meant.

"Oh," said Mary, "she does not know any thing about the Lord Jesus; He must have taken all the people who do know." And their tears began to flow afresh.

You can imagine how much delighted they were, when a few minutes afterwards, they caught sight of their papa and mamma driving towards them. They had been detained in town, but had come home as soon as possible.

Alice and Mary never forgot that evening's lesson; it was the means in God's hands, of bringing them to Himself; and may you never forget it till you can sing with them,

"I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood."

D. C. B.

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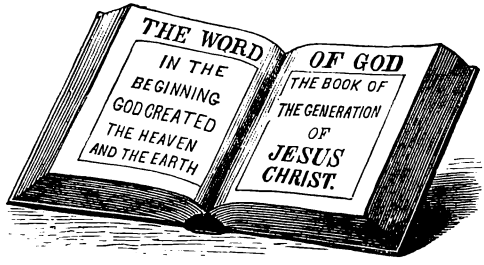
FOR 

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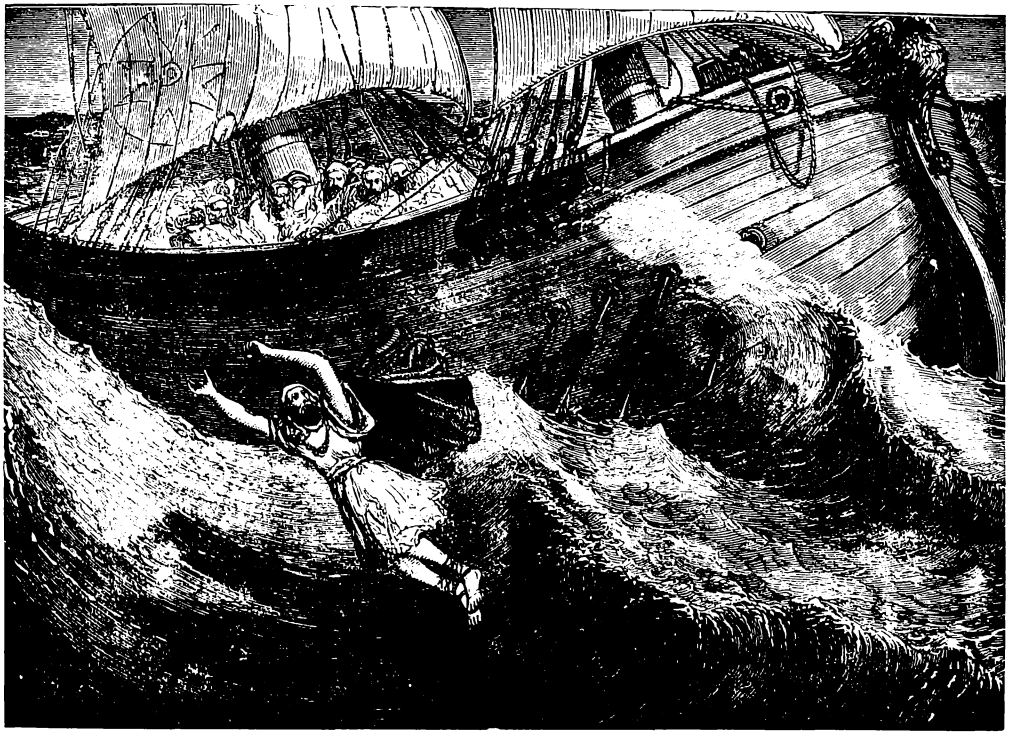

Casting Jonah into the Sea.

I SUPPOSE you can tell me all about the prophet Jonah, from the time that the word of the Lord came to him at first, until the day he sat under the booth, angry because of the heat and the destruction of the gourd.

It is a story of great interest, with many a strange thing in it. Is it not strange to

see the sad state of the human heart in Jonah? It is just your heart, and mine; disobedient, unthankful and selfish.

And then what patience and tenderness in God, bearing with all the cross and unkind manners of Jonah. Do you think anybody could have endured such things but God? Just see how patiently he waited, after He had told him to go to Nineveh, while Jonah ran away, and then, when he had been cast up on the dry ground, coming to him with the same word, "Arise, go unto Nineveh!"

And then he went. But what had he learned before he went, according to the word of the Lord?

You will find out, in the second chapter of the book of Jonah. There you will see that he is away down in the depths of the sea. He says, "I went down to the bottom of the mountains." "All thy billows and thy waves passed over me."

And what did he learn there? That the Lord had brought him there, and that he deserved it; for he says, "They that observe lying vanities, forsake their own mercy."

But he learned a sweeter thing than this. And that was, what the Lord was to him. He had said, "I am cast out of Thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple." That was speaking of the Lord afar off from him, and it did not quite meet the case.

Then he spoke of paying that which he had vowed unto the Lord. But that was not the right thing yet. How could he sacrifice, and pay vows down there? Something was needed before that. Before we can do any thing for God, He must do something for us.

That is what Jonah learned, and what we have to learn. So the last thing he said was the best; better than all his talk about his doings, his crying, his looking to the temple, his sacrificing, and his paying. It was this: "SALVATION IS OF THE LORD!"

And then, right away, the Lord spoke to the fish, and he cast Jonah forth on the dry land. How wonderful! And how precious the teaching of God.

And will you take this word, children? A poor lost one, in the depths of death, can do nothing. He wants salvation first, and that is of the Lord. Can you say, "Salvation is of the Lord," resting all on Him?

He is yours. He cannot fail, nor can He disappoint any who trust in Him. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Jonah had another lesson to learn after that, as a servant and child of God. And the Lord taught him that by the gourd that grew up and then withered. Poor man, he did the Lord's work, and then could not enter into the Lord's joy in it. He had to learn grace toward others.

You may be sure that God in saving, does it with His whole heart. We may take that lesson from this second thing.

The Praying Sailor Boy.

THE ship "Cornelia" was a good one, but it was feared at one time that she was on her last voyage. Only a few days out from New York, a severe storm of five days' continuance overtook it. The ship was rolling fearfully, when some of the rigging got foul at the main-mast head, and it became necessary that some one should go up and rectify it. It was a perilous job.

There was a little Connecticut sailor boy on board the ship, whose mother was a widow. This will account for the fact that so small a lad should undertake the hard duties of a sailor. The mate ordered this boy to go aloft. The poor child lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, the boiling, wrathful sea, and then at the steady, determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated in silence a moment, then rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecastle. He was gone about two minutes, when he returned, laid his hands on the ratline and went up with a will.

The chaplain remonstrated with the mate for sending so small a boy on such a perilous undertaking. He watched him until his head grew dizzy. Surely he could never come down alive.

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save his life. We've sometimes lost men over-

board, but never a boy. See how he holds like a squirrel. He is very careful; he'll come down safe, I h-o-p-e."

In about fifteen or twenty minutes he came down, and straightening himself with a consciousness of having performed a manly act, he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day the chaplain asked him why he hesitated when ordered aloft? "I went sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?" "Yes, sir; I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"When did you learn to pray?" "When I was at home with my mother." "And what was that you had in your jacket pocket as you came up from the forecastle?" "My testament, sir; because I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

Many boys and girls, and I trust some of my readers among them, have become praying boys and girls within a few months past, and I feel sure that all such will be interested in my sailor boy. And now, dear child, when it first dawned upon you that you were God's child, you were very happy and joyful, and it seemed to you that you would never grieve the Lord any more. But after a time you found your naughty tempers were there all the same; and some day, almost before you knew it, you have become very angry, or have done some other naughty thing. And now you think you can never go to the Lord any more or pray to Him. Well, what is to be done?

Now, if you were in the sailor lad's position you would not dare to commit your soul to God, and would be afraid to meet Him, because of course He can not love naughtiness.

But let me tell you, dear child, that our dear Father has made provision for just such a case as yours. Listen; "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." He does not tell us we have no sin, but that we must confess our sin, and that keeps our conscience clear, and we feel ready to meet the Lord at any time. And do you not see that He deals with us just like a parent? When you have been disobedient to your parents, you are shy of them, want to keep out of their sight, and are miserable until you have confessed and become reconciled.

And then there is another thing. Before we are God's children, it is not possible for us to do any works pleasing to Him, and we have no power to obey Him, because we are DEAD in sins. But when He gives us life, then we can work and we have power to obey and to please Him. And we must HEARTILY OBEY God, or our joy is short-lived. We can commit the keeping of our souls to God as unto a faithful Creator: but only in WELL-DOING. "We cannot TRUST if we will not OBEY."

This is the reason why there are so many unhappy christians in the world. They are unhappy because they are disobedient. What a fearful thing it was for our sailor boy to obey! Why I really love to think that our Lord and Master may desire us to do something as perilous for Him, assured that He would give us strength to do it. Only we must never run before we are sent; but if we should be sent by Him who is Almighty and powerful, we could surely accomplish what He desired of us.

And our obedience will be from love. Love has winged feet and a joyful countenance. A child obeys out of the love of its heart. A servant obeys because he must, and from duty.

Let us be the loving children of our heavenly Father, and then He will guide us by His eye, and we may know His will and do it as obedient children. And His Word will be dear to us, so that we shall treasure it in our hearts and love to carry it about with us. "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."

J. A. H.

"To Him that loves us!" can we speak
When bowed beneath that weight of love?
The human tongue is all too weak;
And even in the choirs above,
Though angels hymn His everlasting praise,
They know not, cannot know, the love
Which He to us displays.

Take Care.

WHAT beauties these are! I suppose you are all quite familiar with them, under the name of deer. They are found in the woods, in the wild parts of our country.

The bible speaks of them under the name of roe, and hart, and they are generally mentioned, with reference to their speed in running, and their strength in leaping. Thus in 1 Chron. xii. 8, the Gadites that came to David when he was pursued by Saul, are said to have been as SWIFT as the roes upon the mountains.

How comforting it must have been to David to have these men bold as lions, and so swift to go out to battle for him, in a time when he was cast out. So the Lord Jesus is cast out by men now; and His heart is comforted by those who come to Him, that are swift to do His will.

But these deer are looking out at something very intently. It may be they have heard a sound through the bushes; or they are looking ahead to see if there is an enemy near, that they may spring away in a moment.

Some animals have means of fighting and resisting, but these have nothing. Their means of defense are their feet and limbs, to be used in running away.

And in that we are to be like them in many things. In order to catch these creatures, hunters go out in the dark with a light before them. And the poor things have so much curiosity, that they will come near the light to see what it means, and so get taken.

There is a reference to something of that kind, in Proverbs vii. 23, where the enticements of evil are spoken of, and one is flattered till he goes with it, till at last he is taken like a deer through whose liver a dart strikes.

The usual representation made by the Egyptians who wrote their thoughts by pictures rather than words—of a man overthrown by flattery and fair speeches, was the picture of a deer taken captive by the sound of music. Something is used to get their attention away from the danger, and then suddenly, while they think all is right, death comes.

And so, dear children, Satan would ensnare us. He will do any thing to get our attention off from Christ, so that we may be lost. He would flatter us, by telling us we are good enough, or there is no danger, or we must do this and that thing which falls short of believing in Christ, and so get our eye away from Him.

Let me say to you TAKE CARE! He is a great deceiver, and he hates the Lord Jesus Christ, and you too. There is no safety but in Christ. There is no other name given among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus. Let nothing divert your mind from Him.

He conquered Satan, so that if we rest in Him, we need not be afraid though left in this world for a little while where Satan is.

Bible Lessons about Birds.

THE RAVEN.

THE Raven is a bird of black plumage, and very much like a crow, only larger. It was an unclean bird; not to be eaten (Lev. xi. 15).

It feeds upon dead bodies (Prov. xxx. 17); and it has not a very good character for kindness, for it deserts its young soon after they are born (Job xxxviii. 41).

And yet (for so different are God's ways from ours), God uses this unkind bird to teach us some very valuable lessons of His kindness. And this way of His, is, in itself, kind; for had He used a nice, clean, kind bird (there are some kind birds, as we shall see by and by), we might have thought that the bird merited it. But when we read of God's kindness to an unkind, greedy bird, we see, not merit, but grace.

We are told in 1 Tim. iv. 10, that the Living God is "the Saviour (or Preserver) of all men, specially of those who believe." And this is the first part of the lesson that we learn from the raven. Because it is God who made all things and who sustains all things. "He maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good; and sendeth

rain on the just and on the unjust" (Matt. v. 45).

And so we find that even the undeserving ravens are objects of His care. "He giveth to the beast His food, and to the young ravens which cry" (Ps. cxlvii. 9). Who will pity the poor little ravens when their cruel mother forsakes them! "Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God they wander for lack of meat" (Job xxxviii. 41). Ah! we can answer from the bible, GOD! "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry."

And this ought to teach us to trust in the Living God. He has promised to us, that, "He will never leave us nor forsake us." "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up" (Ps. xxvii. 10).

He who is the Preserver of all men, is specially the Preserver of those that believe. And the Lord uses His care over the ravens, to shame us out of our unbelief. He says, "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have store-house nor barn, and God feedeth them; how much are ye better than the fowls" (Luke xii. 24). How MUCH better, God has shewn by His faithfulness to His word, in caring for all those who put their trust in Him.

There is in England a servant of God who has care of about fifteen hundred children, who are, like the young ravens, desolate, without father or mother. How is this servant of God able to feed, clothe and educate this vast number of little children? Is he rich? No, long ago he sold the little he had and used it in the Lord's service.

Does he beg money by means of fairs, bazaars, festivals, charity sermons? Not at all. He does beg; but of God. He obtains all that is needed by asking of God in faith. Is not this wonderful? Yes, wonderful, except for faith. But faith can not be surprised that God fulfills His promise.

But perhaps you say, HOW does God help him; does He send money down from heaven? No, He does not send money from heaven, for one of the blessed things about heaven is that there is no money there. But He sends the message down from heaven to many of His stewards to give this, or that, as he sees the need. For the Lord Jesus is in the presence of God, ever to watch over and supply the needs of all His saints.

The second part of the lesson that we learn from the raven is, that although God does use means it is often a means which would be considered by man, very unlikely and very ill-suited. We read of one means that God used to feed Elijah, in the seventeenth chapter of 1st Kings.

Here it is, "And Elijah the Tishbite, who was of the inhabitants of Gilead, said unto Ahab, As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word. And the word of the Lord came unto him, saying, Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there. So he went and did according to the word of the Lord: for he went and dwelt by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening; and he drank of the brook."

"And it came to pass after a while, that the brook dried up, because there had been no rain in the land."

A raven is a bird that is not very likely to carry flesh to give to some one else, for he is ravenous for it himself, but God chose to use them for that purpose, that we might thereby learn not to think of the means, the HOW God will help us, but to fix our eyes upon Him who can supply our need in any way, and will use the way which will be most to our profit.

By and by the brook from which Elijah drank, dried up. What would Elijah do now? Must he die of thirst? What did Elijah think? We are not told what he thought; very likely he thought what most of us think when we are in any trial; but we know where Elijah's hope lay. Not in

himself, nor in the brook, nor in the ravens, for "Elijah" means "Jehovah is my strength." The brook might dry up, but God never dries up. And in God was his strength.

And so it proved; for the Lord sent him to a poor widow, who sustained him and herself "many days" by a handful of meal and a cruse of oil. An unbeliever would think that Elijah was very foolish to go to a poor widow that had only just enough for one meal for herself and her son, and expect to live upon that. But Elijah's faith was not in the widow, nor in the meal and oil, but in the Lord.

Oh, my young friends, is it not a happy thing to have One who is so good, so powerful, so thoughtful in whom to trust?

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee." "Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."

C. H. B.

When Jesus Comes.

Down life's dark vale we wander,
Till Jesus comes;
We watch, and wait and wonder,
Till Jesus comes;
Oh, let my lamp be burning
When Jesus comes;
For Him my soul be yearning,
Till Jesus comes.

CHORUS.

All joy His loved ones bringing!
When Jesus comes;
All praise through heaven ringing!
When Jesus comes;
All beauty bright and vernal!
When Jesus comes;
All glory, grand, eternal!
When Jesus comes.

No more heart-pangs nor sadness,
When Jesus comes!
All peace and joy and gladness,
When Jesus comes!
All doubts and fears will vanish,
When Jesus comes;
All gloom His face will banish
When Jesus comes. [CHORUS.]

He'll know the way was dreary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know the feet grew weary,
When Jesus comes;
He'll know what grief oppressed me,
When Jesus comes;
Oh, how His arms will rest me,
When Jesus comes. [CHORUS.]

P. P. B.

Left for a Purpose.

A DEAR little fellow, six years old, named Harry, was one day playing around and amusing himself in a tool shop. Wanting to get something, he climbed up, taking hold of a shelf to help him.

Suddenly, while he was holding on to it, the shelf fell, and down came Harry to the floor, with it on top of him.

Poor little boy, he was so badly hurt that he could not speak at first. A doctor was sent for, and when Harry could speak, he wanted to see a lady who had been very kind to him, telling him of the Lord Jesus.

He was not so badly hurt as they feared at first, and by the next day was quite bright, though not able to go about.

When this dear lady visited him, he said to her in conversation:

"Oh, I guess I know why God did not let me get killed the other day!"

"Do you? Would you like to have gone?"

"Yes, indeed, I would be glad to have gone to Jesus. But I think God wanted me to stay to help mamma take care of Willie!"

Willie is his little brother four years old. He did get well, and took his place helping his mother to take care of Willie.

I think Harry was in the right, just as God gives to many a dear little child true thoughts of His own.

Sometimes one who believes in the Lord Jesus Christ, might wonder why he is not taken away, at once, as soon as he becomes a child of God.

It is because our gracious Father has a special purpose, and something special for us to do.

Once when Christ had healed a man possessed of devils, the man wanted to stay with Him always, but Christ said, "Go home and tell thy friends what great things God hath done for thee." That was his work, and doing that he could be with the Lord in his spirit.

So we are told that when David had served his generation, by the will of God, he fell asleep, that is, he died. He was a

king, the most important that ever lived, and when he had done all, then God had him die.

When Saul of Tarsus was made a child of God, the Lord said, "I will show him how great things he must SUFFER for my name's sake." That was what he was left for, and if you will turn to 2 Cor. xi. 23–33, you will find a little account of how he did suffer.

In 1 Thess. i. 9, 10, you will find that those who were delivered from the wrath to come, were left here "to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven."

Is not that a precious thought? To wait for the Lord Jesus who died for us, to take away our sins? How can any one who knows that He died for him, be afraid to hear about His coming?

And then, to serve Him, till He comes! One would think that it would be a happy business to serve One who loved us so much.

Now dear children, do think of the purpose of God in having you here. Is there any help you can give to your mother, or brothers and sisters? Is there some one that you can help by any kindness? Take up these things for the Lord Jesus. It is only a little while and He will come.

I cannot bear to think that there is any one of my readers that will not be glad to have Jesus come. Is there? Do believe on Him. Do see that you are lost without Him, but God saves all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Scripture Enigma, No. 3.

Can you tell me the name of the youth for whose love,
The soul of a king was distressed;
And the man who deliver'd the people of God,
By the use of his hand that was left;
Or the man who by strength slew a thousand of men,
And then, by sore thirst, thought to die;
Or the prophet who spoke for Jehovah, and then,
From the wrath of a king sought to fly?

For the last you must see if his name you can tell,
Who thrice understood not God's call;
When the whole you have found, the first letters will spell
The name which is high above all.

C. H. B.

Solutions of Scripture Enigmas.

No. 1.

T-yre; 1 Kings vii. 13.
H-oreb; Exod. iii. 1.
E-agle; Job xxxix. 30.

C-armel; 1 Kings xviii. 42.
R-amah; 1 Sam. vii. 17.
O-nesimus; Philemon 10.
S-arah; Gen. xviii. 12, 15.
S-apphira; Acts v. 8.

No. 2.

R-ahab; Joshua ii.; Heb. xi. 31.
E-lijah; 1 Kings xix. 9.
D-avid; 1 Samuel xvi. 23.
E-n-gedi; 1 Samuel xxiv. 1.
E-lijah; 2 Kings ii. 8.
M-ary; Luke x. 39.
E-vangelist; 2 Tim. iv. 5.
R-uth; Ruth i. 16; ii. 11; iv. 13. J. H. C.

The fragment of poetry on page 61, last month, should begin, "Pray! said a mother to her *dying* child."

NOTICE.

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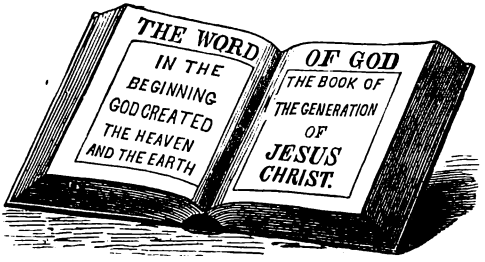
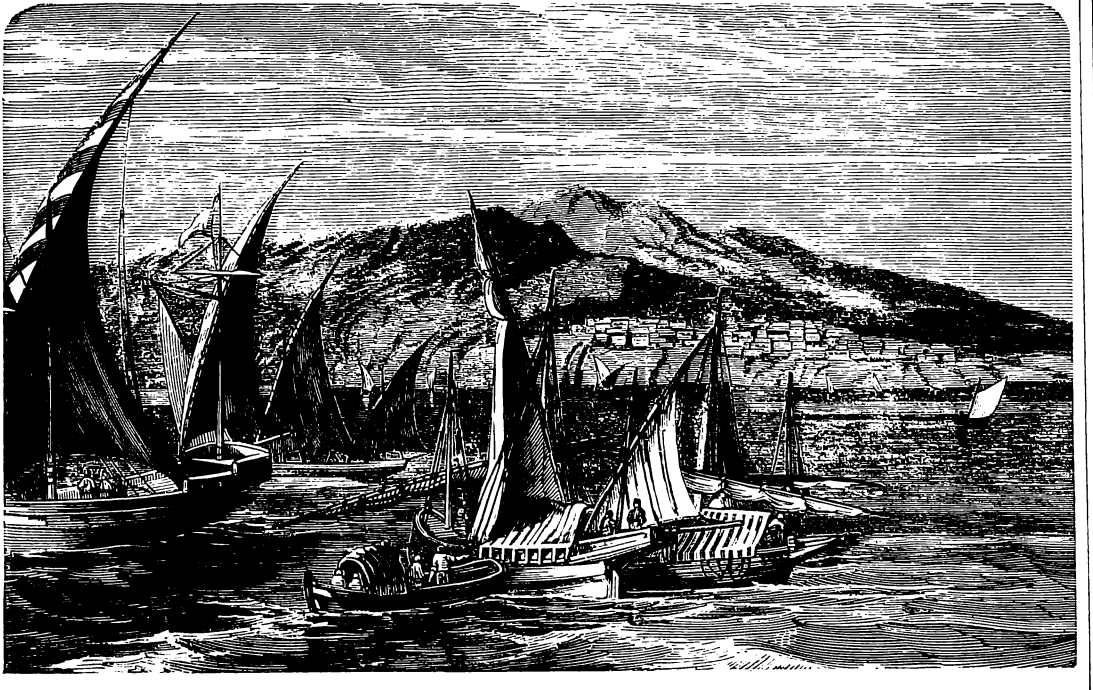
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1875. NO. 10.



Joppa.

NOW, while you are looking at this picture, I will tell you something about the city whose name I have placed under it. I am not quite sure that this was drawn for Joppa, but I am quite sure it will remind one of that city, in its situation.

It is on a promontory, jutting out from

the eastern coast of the Mediterranean sea, in the land of Palestine, in the portion that belonged to the tribe of Dan.

It was a great seaport, used by Solomon in sending out his ships at the time of building the temple in Jerusalem, and used by Ezra, also, when rebuilding the temple. See 2 Chron. ii. 16; Ezra iii. 17.

It is the chief seaport of that land yet, and those who go by sea to the land of Canaan sail to Joppa, now called Jaffa.

It is washed on three sides by the sea, but its harbor is not very good, and ships anchor about a mile from the town, which, of course, is not so large as formerly. The whole land of Israel is filled with ruins and little villages instead of fine cities. These all tell of God's judgment on the people who would not obey Him.

It was the city from which Jonah sailed in a ship to Tarshish, when he tried to run away from God. Its distance from Jerusalem is somewhere near forty miles, and it is about the same distance south of Cesarea, on the same coast.

But that which makes it a place of interest to us, dear children, is found in the tenth chapter of "The Acts." It was here that God showed, by a vision to Peter, that He meant other nations besides the Jews, to have the blessed gospel of salvation by Jesus Christ.

The Jews had been separated from all the nations, by God, who meant to keep them from their idolatry and wickedness. But it did no good, for they went into all the worst things of the nations around them, and then used the command of God that they should be separate, to shut out the Gentiles from whatever good thing the Lord had among them.

So you see what was meant for good, became the means of evil, and the occasion of showing their pride and selfishness. Christ could go out to the Samaritan, and to the Gentile, though even His disciples would naturally have said about the Samaritan woman, "why talkest Thou with her?" and of the Gentile woman, "send her away."

And thus it was that the precious news of peace and forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ, first given to the Jews, might have been kept among them, if God, who made it true, had not in a very wonderful manner, shown that it must go abroad every where to all nations.

Just think of being left without the gospel! I know of nothing worse.

Peter learned from God that He was no respecter of persons, but that He had salvation for all. From Joppa, therefore, he went to preach peace by Jesus Christ to the Gentiles.

And this gives that city a memorable name in the Scriptures. The word, Joppa, means BEAUTY, and I think we may say it is well named, as telling of the wonderful grace of God to us. You remember it is said in Rom. x. 15, "How BEAUTIFUL are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things."

And now the beautiful things are brought to us, the sweet things of God, salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ. Oh receive it, knowing how glad God is to give it. What if you turn away from it, refusing to be saved, when He has taken such pains to have it come to you? "He that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God."

"Thou God Seest Me."

SEVERAL years ago, a gentleman in France, General Lafayette, was put into prison because they thought he was dangerous to the government, if free.

So much were the officers afraid that he would escape, that they employed some one to watch him all the time. This was done by having a small hole cut in the door of his cell, through which the watchmen could look.

Whenever he looked at that hole, there he saw an eye watching every movement. Night and day, all the while he was in jail, there it was, never ceasing to look. One watchman would come in place of another, at regular hours, but there he would be, in silence watching, watching, never taking the

eye off of the prisoner. The General says it made him feel dreadfully.

How would you feel about such a thing; to know that whatever you are at, wherever you go, there was an eye on you that would never look away for a moment?

And have you not read of an eye that never sleeps, of One who watches over us night and day, to whom the darkness and the light are both alike? Who is it? It is God.

How should that make us feel, do you suppose? Do you not think we ought to be glad about it? Do you remember the story of Hagar in Genesis xvi., of how she was found by an angel of the Lord by a fountain in the wilderness all alone.

Poor woman, she felt forced to flee from the house of her mistress, and she was an Egyptian, a stranger in the country. Who would care for her?

But you see God cared for her, though she may not have thought of Him. How kindly the angel of God comforted her poor heart, telling her she should have a son, and should call him ISHMAEL, which means "whom God hears." Only think of that, and she had not even called upon Him!

Oh, who is so gracious and kind as God? He is worthy to be trusted by our hearts all the time.

Well, the angel tells Hagar to return, and so now she can go back happy, for all this kindness, and to show what she thought of it, she gave the one who talked to her a name, meaning "Thou, God, seest me."

Was not that a lovely answer to His word to her? All grief and fear were taken away, and she was happy now. She named the well, too, according to this very fact, "The well of Him that liveth and seeth me." When she came to it at first, it had no such meaning, like the poor Samaritan woman of the fourth chapter of John, at the well. But the Lord had made it worthy of a name that told out His grace, and His own nature.

And what name can you give God, dear child? Has He not seen you in your misery as a sinner, and come to you in the gift of Christ? What name will best celebrate that love? Is it not SAVIOUR?

And now remember that His eyes are ever upon you, every day and hour, in love. Can you sin if you think of that? And if you do, will it not make you hasten to confess it to Him, and learn how graciously He pardons and cleanses?

The eye that watched the prisoner made him feel uneasy, though the one to whom it belonged cared nothing about what he did, so that he did not run away; there was no kindness, nor unkindness either, there, only a constant stare. But how different the One who sees us.

May we all be glad under it!

The Lily.

A lily in a garden grew,
Nourished by the rain and dew;
Far about its fragrance threw.

Grew and throve this lily white,
Pure and gladd'ning to the sight,
All its petals glistened bright.

Richer, looked it in the sun,
Sparkled when the show'r was done,
Whiter seemed as eve begun.

Came a rough and stormy day,
Then its beauty pass'd away,
Drenched and broken, lily lay.

Deep in earth its roots secure,
Winter's bitter cold endure,
Naught it from its grave can lure.

But when spring returned it rose,
Spite of winter's frost and snows,
Sweeter, brighter, blooms and blows.

Let your faith be like the flower,
Trust in Jesus, trust His power,
He will bless your darkest hour.

All your troubles on Him cast,
When your earthly days are past,
He will raise you up at last.

He will clothe you in His light,
Fairer than the lily white,
When you see His glory bright.

J. T.

"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."

King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.

YOU will remember, dear children, that though it was the purpose of God, when He took the Israelites into the land of Canaan, that they should drive out all the worshippers of idols, and occupy the land wholly themselves; yet they did not do this for hundreds of years, until God raised up David.

David drove all out, and brought the kingdom into a condition of peace, and then he had Solomon, his son, crowned king to enjoy and set forth all the splendor and

glory that land gave, with a full heart, to His people, for David's sake.

Now, there was something very special about this glory. Nations generally rise to their importance by degrees, working their way to it like a man earning a fortune, by industry and soberness and saving.

But Israel had become utterly bad and ruined. Under their priests and judges they had sunk so low into idolatry, that they were given up to the nations, and especially the Philistines, who became so powerful that it seemed as if they would take the whole land as theirs.

The whole glory of Israel had departed. Then Israel chose a king named Saul, who did them no good and he was rejected by God.

Then God gave them David, when they had ruined themselves. He allowed them to have Saul first, which showed them that having a king merely, would not help them, but that their whole life must come from God. So the glory that David brought in, was of a new kind, not springing from the people, but in their ruin and wretchedness, a new life. We might almost call it a life from the dead, as to the nation.

God can bless when man has come to the end of all his doings; and when he blesses thus, it must be glory. So we read of Solomon and all his glory.

There never was any thing so rich, and magnificent in all the world, in every way, as that kingdom in the first part of Solomon's time; God meant it to be so. He turned the hearts of kings and nations to them, to bring riches and wonders and things of beauty and value from all parts.

And God came into the temple that Solomon built for him, and stayed, as if to enjoy His people. The temple was the most wonderful thing, like a mountain of gold shining in the sun light like a great sun on earth.

We learn that the queen of Sheba came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon. See 1 Kings x., and 2 Chron. ix. She came to prove him with her questions, to know if he was as wise as she had heard, and to see his glory.

And he told her all that was in her heart. And when she had seen all his wisdom, and the house that he had built, and the meat of his table, and the sitting of his servants, and the attendance of his ministers, and their apparel, and his cup-bearers, and his ascent by which he went up unto the house of the Lord, there was no more spirit in her.

All was beyond what she had heard, or ever could think, and she said with a full heart, "Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and that hear thy wisdom."

And then she gave him presents of very special value, gold and spices, and precious stones.

Children, the glory of Solomon sets forth in an earthly way the riches of the glory of Christ in heaven. A greater than Solomon is there now for us, welcoming all who come unto Him, ready to answer all your questions and tell you all that is in your heart, and all that is in His own for you.

And as Solomon's glory was beyond that of all the earth, of another kind really; so is Christ in a risen glory, a New Man. All is righteousness and joy and peace.

The result of seeing all Solomon's glory was, there was no more spirit in the queen. And as we look upon Christ's glory there can be no more of our spirit, our natural man. We are changed into the same glory.

How do we share in that? By believing in the Lord Jesus Christ now. And oh, if you are looking up to Him as exalted there, can you have any more of your own way, of sin and the world? May you keep that before you.

Bible Lessons about Birds.

THE STORK.

IN talking of the raven, we said that although the raven was a cruel bird, there were some birds that were very kind. The stork is one of these. It is very kind, not only to its young, but also to its aged parents. This is peculiar

to this bird. It is said to have borne them upon its back when returning from its winter quarters to the old nest upon the chimney top.

And in proof of its kindness to its young ones, it is said that, "at the burning of the city of Deft in Holland, a stork, finding that she could not remove her little ones, returned, and, with a mother's love perished with them!"

The stork feeds upon vermin, snakes and garbage; it is the scavenger of the Eastern cities, eating up all impurities. So, although very useful in its way, it is not very tempting or fit to eat. We find it mentioned among the unclean birds, in Leviticus xi. 19, which were not to be eaten.

We learn from this that we are not to feed upon impure things, that we are not to be like the stork. I mean that our MINDS are not to be fed by reading this world's trash, novels, foolish stories, and such like things, that contain so much that is impure and displeasing to God; for if we feed upon such things, we shall, at last, become just like what we read about, even as the stork which feeds upon unclean things is an unclean bird.

But "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, THINK ON THESE THINGS" (Phil. iv. 8).

The stork "is a remarkable looking bird, its plumage being pure white, except the wings, which are black; and whether standing erect on the ground, or, with its long legs stretched out behind and its wings spread, cleaving the air in rapid flight, you could not fail to notice it.

It is a bird of passage, flying northward in the spring time with unerring exactness; and it flies, not by night, but by day, so that all may know its movements. About the 24th of March, they appear suddenly in Syria and Palestine, and for ten days they seem to be in possession of the whole land. They then vanish as suddenly; they have passed on to other countries."

The Lord uses this habit to teach us an important lesson. "Yea, the STORK in heaven knoweth her appointed time; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord" (Jer. viii. 7).

The Lord here complains that His people knew less than the stork. He reproved them by His judgments, yet they refused to learn; "no man repented him of his wickedness, saying, What have I done?" (verse 7). They took no heed to His counsels, they would none of His reproof.

Therefore the Jews are to this day a people scattered and peeled, exiles in strange lands. In the days when the Lord Jesus was on the earth, they were still the same, still unrepentant, and careless of His warnings. We read in Luke xiii. 4, how Jesus warned them to repent because of God's judgments. "Those eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you nay, but except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish."

Did they repent? No. And since that time many other towers have fallen, cities have been buried, war, pestilence, earthquakes and famines have carried off thousands; and men have not repented yet. Every shipwreck that we hear of, every fire, every accident, every death, is a warning. Who heeds it?

A few years ago, a ship called "The London" sank to the bottom of the Bay of Biscay, only a few being saved. Did those saved sailors repent? Having by the mercy of God, escaped so sudden and awful a death, did they henceforth live unto Him? Alas! They had not been very long on land before they were exhibited at the theatres for the amusement of the ungodly!

Will men ever repent? We are told in Rev. ix. 20, after God has sent six terrible judgments, that "the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues, yet REPENTED NOT of the works of their hands."

If men will not, either by grace or judgment, be led to repentance, what will be their end? "The Lord Jesus shall be

revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power" (2 Thess. i. 7–9).

My little friend, how is it with you? Have you learned a lesson from the stork, or will the stork be your judge? O! let it not be that the Lord will have to say of you, "yea the STORK in the heaven knoweth her appointed time; but ——— knew not the judgment of the Lord." C. H. B.

The Two Nellies.

IT is not very often we find two Nellies in the same family, but in our family there have been. I am especially fond of the name Nellie, and so I was of our first Nellie. She was a dear lively, little thing, the very life of our family, the short time she was permitted to stay down here on earth. Her eyes were of a beautiful blue color, her hair like a bunch of golden flax, and she was of a very fair complexion. She was beloved by all the family, and many an evening we have been entertained by her, as she would sing to us in her own childlike and simple manner. How little we thought at the time that in a few short days, she who was our joy, was to be taken away. The bud was but to come out here; it must needs be taken to heaven to break forth into blossom.

One of her favorite little hymns ran thus—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star," &c.

I forget the whole of the hymn; but it is a very sweet one for children to learn; it carries their minds upwards, and heavenwards.

But the sorrowful time came, and our precious little one grew sick. The fever took hold upon her, and there she lay, sinking daily. Not now the little songster, the one who imparted joy and gladness to every member of the household; but the suffering fever-struck creature. I need not say that every heart was filled with sorrow at the thought of our rose-bud being snatched from our fond embrace. Sadness filled the household.

The fever increased, and our dear Nellie became worse, her cheeks became hollow, her eyes once so bright now hazy, and her lips once as a thread of scarlet, now began to blacken. Death was near at hand! We all watched our precious little one, who only became the more precious as we were made conscious of the fact that ere many hours our little treasure must be taken away. The day came when she was to die. We could only bow the head in humble submission to the will of our God. The noon came and yet our Nellie was spared us, the evening came on apace, Nellie was lying on a bed-couch by the fire in our sitting room, and her mother had taken her up to convey her to her bed in another room for the night, when, as she was being carried she breathed her last.

Our Nellie's spirit had departed to bloom in Paradise. And now the inanimate form was only left us. And as her fond mother held her lifeless form in her arms, what must have been her feelings? But, oh, sweet thought, she is with Jesus! He died for little ones and she is with Him now. We shall meet our first little Nellie again. So we placed our little Nellie's body in the grave-yard beside the grave of our dear Edwin and Albert, and there the whole three sleep in peace.

It pleased God in the course of time to send us another little Nellie, and strange to say, she was almost like the first; she had bright blue eyes, flaxen hair, and fair complexion. She has been spared us. Her disposition is sweet, and her whole character lovely. Oh, how we love our second Nellie! Heaven seemed to send us her in payment for the first that was taken away! Oh, how good and loving is our God! He loves us and has given his dear Son to die. He has, blessed be His holy name, died and risen again, and has gone to heaven again, and because He died our first dear Nellie has gone to heaven too.

Our second dear Nellie grew on until she became quite a young woman, and finally

she was very much concerned about her soul. She felt, and read too in the Word of God, that she was a sinner. What a dreadful thing it is to be a sinner before a holy God! This, dear Nellie felt. And may you, dear young reader, feel what it is to be a sinner before God. Sin is a dreadful thing in God's sight. Sin must be punished.

Dear Nellie's anxiety about her sins only increased. I used to write to her and tell her that Jesus died for such as she, and that by simply looking to Him by faith, she would be saved, her sins would be all pardoned, and that she would be a child of God.

One day a Christian lady said to her, "Well, you must be either a servant of Christ, or a servant of Satan."

This aroused her more, and she, in her distress, looked to Jesus who died for her on the Cross, and bare her sins in His own body on the tree, and she became saved. She has now confessed Christ many years, but she is sickly, and if Jesus comes not soon, no doubt will soon fall asleep, and go and join our first Nellie in heaven. Young reader, have you confessed Christ? Will you join our Nellies?

Scripture Enigma, No. 4.

A man, who from the land of Chaldea went,
The land wherein his final days were spent—
The country where the STAR was seen by them
Who, led by it, went down to Bethlehem:
The one who had a blind crowd at his door,
And he who owned a famous threshing-floor,
What followed Israel through the desert drear?
The sixth stone in the breast-plate, bright and clear;
He, in whose house, the ark a shelter found;
A Chaldean country—one of much renown;
And she, who by a cord, the spies let down;
A weeping mother, for her children dead;
The man who on an altar once was laid;
An ancient seer, who oft made kings to quake;
A king who did to God a letter take;
An Ammonite who Nehemiah tried;
An aged priest, who backward fell and died;
The son of one who gleaned till nearly dark;
The man who sinned by steadying the ark;
The country of a leper noted wide;
A man who on deep waters safe did ride;
The man who never died, but went to heaven;
The king to whom a peaceful reign was given;
The third son of the pair from Eden driven.

Take the first letter of each name, and then
You'll see the great delight of christian men;
The joy of sinners saved, which has no end.
Ponder this o'er, dear youth, till you can take
To your own heart, the words these letters make.

Answers may be sent to H. P. B., care of editor.

Solution of Enigma No. 3.

JESUS.

J-onathan; 2 Sam. i. 26.
E-hud; Judges iii. 21.
S-amson; Judges xv. 15, 18.
U-rijah; Jerem. xxvi. 20, 21.
S-amuel; 1 Sam. iii. 4–10.

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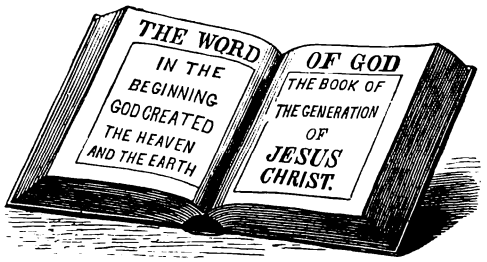
FOR 

THE

LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer Little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1875. NO. 11.

Passing the Sentinel.

A SENTINEL is a soldier placed as the guard of a fort or an encampment. His business is to keep off those who have no right there, while the other soldiers are sleeping or attending to their various duties.

It is a very important business, and often dangerous when the enemy is near; as sometimes they will attack a sentinel and kill him, and then pass into the camp.

Those who belong on the side of the sentinels are given a pass-word, which they say to them, and then they can pass out or in. With this they can go up boldly to the sentinel, knowing that he is bound to let them pass.

But woe to the poor fellow that tries to pass without the word. He will be stopped by a bayonet being pointed at his breast, and, if he attempts to run, he may be shot.

Spies from the enemy, if they can not find out the pass-word, try to slip by to get into the camp, or if they have been in, to get out. Here you see two men, gliding through a field of wheat. With what slowness and silence they move, afraid to breathe almost, very careful to make as little motion as possible, now rising up a little, just to get a peep at the sentinel, then quickly lying flat on their breasts, for if he were to see any motion, he would call out, "who goes there?" and if he gets no answer, he will be pretty sure to fire, and bring a company of soldiers to the spot, and then they would be discovered.

Their lives depend on their quietness and cunning. Sometimes, in war, a soldier will find himself within the country occupied by the other side, and then passing the sentinel is a serious thing, for if he can not do it, he must become a prisoner.

Did you ever read of passing the sentinel, in the Scriptures? There is a very interesting story about it, in Judges xii., and it turned out to be a very serious matter to forty-two thousand men.

The men of Gilead lived on the one side of the Jordan, and the men of Ephraim on the other. The men of Gilead, under Jephthah, went down to the places where they were accustomed to pass over the river, and held them. And now the poor flying Ephraimites, weary and broken, come to cross over. But they are stopped with the question, "Art thou an Ephraimite?" They would answer "No!" because they were afraid.

But then the word "SHIBBOLETH" would be given to them, to test them. Could you pronounce that? Do you see any difference between that and "SIBBOLETH," which they said?

Some people, you know, cannot pronounce th, but say, instead of it, s, or t. Thus, instead of saying "I thought," they would say "I tout." Could you not tell a foreigner by that? Well, there was a terrible difference to them, between their way of saying it, and the right way. Shibboleth means "a flood," the very stream that they wanted to cross, and sibboleth meant "a burden," a very different word, indeed. And these poor men found it was their own sentence, to bear their own burden, and die. Their not being able to say the word, showed that they were enemies, not friends.

Now, this is in God's book, and why do you think God gave us this account? Every thing is to teach us something about Him, and our relation to Him.

As sinners, we are told we must die. The wages of sin is DEATH. Is there any escape from that? Yes, it is just to acknowledge that we ARE sinners, and deserve death, and that the death of Christ is for us. Shall the sin be met by death, that is set forth by the "flood," or still carried with you, as though it were not so very bad, after all? Then it becomes your "burden," and will surely bring you down to perdition.

That is just the way we can meet the demand. The Israelites in Egypt met God's demand for death in every house, by putting to death a lamb, and sprinkling the blood on the door-post. That was their way of saying "SHIBBOLETH." The Egyptians would not do this, and that was their way of saying "SIBBOLETH."

Christ is our "SHIBBOLETH;" His death for our sins, His resurrection for our lives. There is no condemnation, no judgment, no wrath, to them that are in Christ Jesus.

Now, remember two things:—

1. When we were ENEMIES, Christ DIED for us.

2. There is NO OTHER NAME given under heaven whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.

Story of a Pie.

A SWEET little story was told me the other day, which I would like to give to the children.

A young woman, a dear child of God, was accustomed to meet every Lord's day with a few christians, in the name of the Lord Jesus, for breaking bread and

worship, she having learned her place as a member of His body. But, to do this, she had to get certain work done for her mother, beforehand, and especially to prepare the pastry for the family dinner of that day.

On one occasion she had placed the pie in the oven early, expecting to take it out just before starting for the meeting, as she had done before. But this time she forgot it, until she had been in the meeting, which was a long distance away, for some considerable time.

Then it suddenly flashed upon her mind, that her pie was left in the oven, and would be spoiled, and how would her mother like it; for her mother could not see the need of her going off to such a meeting.

But, she just turned the matter over to the Lord, at whose table she was sitting, that He would take charge of the pie, and give her peace to rejoice in Him—unhindered.

And the Lord did this; for she had all thought of it taken from her mind, and was not only free to worship, but to stop and greet those who were dear in the Lord, before going home. And at home, it was not until the dinner had been eaten, and the time for the dessert had come, that she once thought of her pie.

Then she arose and went to the oven, expecting for the moment to find it burned to a crisp. But the Lord rebuked her unbelief, in this; for she found it beautifully baked and just right; and so she brought it to the table.

Her mother, not knowing any thing of the history of that pie, exclaimed, when she saw it:

"Why, how did you succeed in baking this so well? I never saw any thing so nicely done."

You and I know, children, that often times the lower crust is really not baked, but is soft and heavy; or if it gets baked, the upper crust gets burned; but this was just the best. And the daughter, delighted and humbled at God's care, exclaimed:

"You see, Ma, that the Lord is a good cook!"

It sounds a little strange to say that of our Lord, possibly, but I think it was just true in this case, and this was a very happy reply.

We are told to be careful for nothing, but in every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, to make our requests known unto Him, and the PEACE OF GOD, which passeth understanding, shall keep our minds and hearts through Christ Jesus. Just look that out, in Phil. iv. 6, 7, and learn it, so as to know it for ever.

But while you are thinking of this peace of God, I want to ask you, if you have peace WITH God? That does not come by casting all our cares upon Him, or making known our requests; but by believing what He says about His Son. It is through the shedding of His blood alone.

And when we believe what God says about our sins, that He put Christ to death for them, and raised Him from the dead for our justification, we have peace with God. You see, if God put Christ in my place, as a sinner in death, I can feel satisfied that all is settled, and cannot you? Just believe God on this matter, and rest on the work of Christ.

Then, you see, it is first peace WITH God, and then the peace OF God.

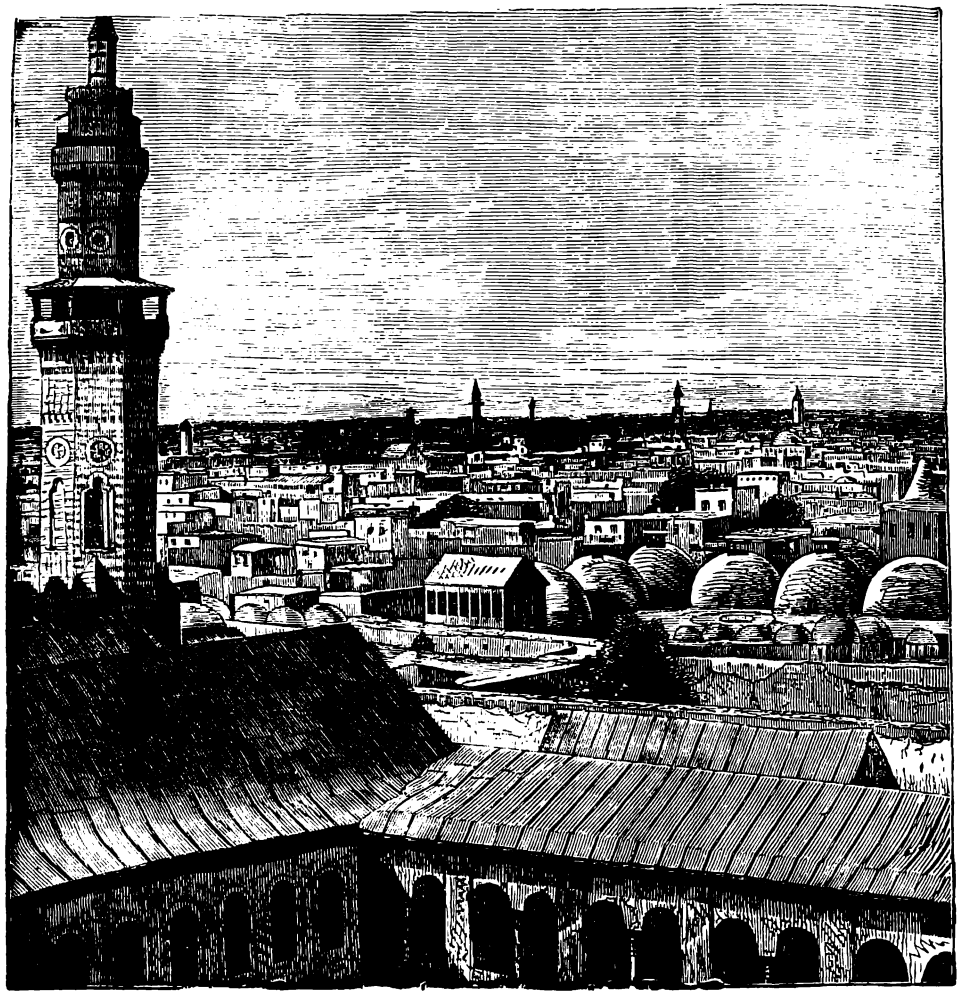
Covered By the Blood.

IN a little hut, on some dirty straw, a boy lies, with half-closed eyes. The dew of death is on his brow, but there is a radiant smile upon his lips. Suddenly he raises himself, and gazing around him exclaims:

"Oh, mother, I am so nearly there, I see it! I see the gates of pearl open to receive me, me, a poor, worthless sinner, but, covered with Jesus' blood. Mother, I have been poor, and weak, and wicked down here, but there I shall wear a crown. But no, I shall not WEAR it, but cast it down at Jesus' feet."

He sinks exhausted on his bed of straw, and in a few moments passes away to that home, "Where God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

P. B.



Damascus.

THIS was the capital of Syria, of which we read so much in the history of the Israelites. It is the oldest city that now exists, having been first mentioned by Abraham, as the place from which his steward, Eliezer, came.

Though in so many hundreds of years, it has changed greatly, it has some things that were there in the time of the Apostles.

There is still the street that is called "STRAIGHT," about which you read in Acts ix. 11.

It was one of the richest and most splendid cities of the world, the dwelling place of kings and nobles, and was esteemed such a paradise, that Mahomet, when he saw it, would not enter it, saying that there was but one heaven for man, and he determined not to have his upon earth. It is still a very rich and beautiful city, with a great deal of trade and activity, having a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants.

Naaman, the Syrian, lived here, who was a great man with his master, the king, and honorable; but he was a leper. He had a dreadful, filthy disease, that none but God

could cure. But God did cure him, through His servant, Elisha, as you will read in 2 Kings v. This happened when Syria was at its highest power and fame, and I think will show us, that Syria and Damascus, like this famous man, with all their glory, had a disease, sin and the works of the devil, idolatry and filthiness generally, which God alone could cure.

There is another thing that makes it interesting to us, and that is, that it was the place to which Saul of Tarsus was going, to persecute the followers of Christ.

Although it was 120 miles from Jerusalem, yet he was so fully set on killing all the christians, that he went to the priests and received authority from them to bring all the believers in Christ that he should find, to Jerusalem, bound.

But he had not received authority from God, and the grace of God was exceedingly great towards him, in stopping him on the way, who was a murderer and a blasphemer, and making him a child of God, and a preacher of the richest gospel to all men.

Splendid and wonderful were the rich stuffs of all kinds that went out from Damascus, year by year, to minister to the luxury of men. But nothing so valuable had ever gone out from it, as the gospel of Christ in the glory of God, saving the worst of sinners for nothing, who simply believe on Jesus, whom God raised up from the dead, as manifested in the conversion of Paul, and told by him. That basket, with which they let him down by the wall, contained more than all the most princely packages which that city of merchants sent forth.

It was in the street called "straight," that Ananias found him, blind, and fasting for three days, and, putting his hands on him, said, "Brother Saul, the Lord Jesus, that appeared unto thee, in the way as thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost."

Thus Damascus, the city from which Eliezer came, who, in a beautiful story in Gen. xxiv. is a type of the Holy Ghost, is the same place to which the Holy Ghost came, to dwell in Saul, and teach him the wonderful truth of the church gathered to Christ, as the Son of God, by Himself.

Have you received this precious gospel?

Bible Lessons About Birds.

(THE DOVE.)

I SUPPOSE that all my little readers know something about the dove.

The other birds that we have been reading of, we do not often see here. But I suppose that every one has seen doves. You have, have you not?

Yes, and heard them, too! Coo-coo; coo-coo! How softly they speak!

And they are so loving, too. Do you know that I think that God made them so, just on purpose that he might use them as emblems of love and peace, as you will find them spoken of all through the Bible.

The first mention that we have of the dove is in the eighth chapter of Genesis, verses 8 to 12. Noah "sent forth a dove from him, to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground, but the dove found no rest for the sole of her foot, and she returned unto him, into the ark, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth; then he put forth his hand and took her, and pulled her in unto him into the ark.

"And he stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark.

"And the dove came in to him in the evening; and, lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf, plucked off; so Noah knew that the waters were abated from off the earth.

"And he stayed yet other seven days; and sent forth the dove, which returned not again unto him any more."

O, what a beautiful picture God here gives us of the peace which has been made for us through Jesus Christ!

The first time that Noah sent forth the dove, she found no rest for the sole of her foot; so she returned. Judgment was not yet over.

The second time, she returned with an olive leaf in her mouth.

The third time, she returned no more.

While the waters were on the earth, the dove could only find a home in the ark; but when "the waters were abated from off the earth," she could, first, bring the token of peace, and then, leaving the ark, find a home on the earth.

God could not dwell with man until the judgment of sin had been borne by Jesus Christ. But, now that it has been finished, the Holy Spirit brings the glad tidings of peace unto all who will receive it, and then finds a home in the believer.

So Peter speaks of "the word which God sent unto the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ." (Acts x. 36.) And also of "them that have preached the gospel unto you, with the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven." (1 Peter i. 12).

What a wonderful thing it is that God can say, "Peace! Peace!" to the poor sinner!

And why can He say it? Because the Lord Jesus Christ has borne the judgment due to sin, and, therefore, God has peace for every repentant soul.

In John i. 32, we read that John "saw the Spirit descending from heaven LIKE A DOVE, and it abode upon him." (Jesus.) Why did the Spirit come like a dove? Because Jesus was the One who was "meek and lowly in heart," who was holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners."

And are we followers of Him? Then, let us remember His words, "be ye HARMLESS AS DOVES."

If we have known what peace with God is, we should have our feet shod "with the preparation of the gospel of peace;" that is, we should walk in peace, and carry peace with us wherever we go.

We should be "gentle unto all men."

How sweetly it is put in Ephesians, v. 1: "Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love." How much love should we have? The verse goes on, "AS CHRIST also hath loved us, and HATH GIVEN HIMSELF for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor."

If we all loved one another as much as Christ loved us, should we have many quarrels? What do you think? C. H. B.

A Mother's Love.

THE summer which has just passed away, has been one of terrible suffering to many thousands of people. One of the large rivers in the South of France, overflowed its banks, carrying destruction far and wide, washing away whole villages, and large portions of towns, and sending numbers of souls into eternity with scarcely a moment's warning. Parents saw their children, and children their parents, drowned before their eyes; husbands had no power to save their wives, nor wives their husbands, and whole families, who, when the sun went down, thought only of peace and safety, were, before morning, engulfed in the pitiless flood. What a warning this should be to us, that we can not count on a moment's safety, unless we are washed in Jesus' blood, where:

"The worst that can come,
But shortens our journey and hastens us home."

Among the inhabitants of this part of the country, was a mother, with her twin babies. I do not know if she had any other children, but you know the little, helpless babies are always the first objects of a mother's tender care.

This mother loved her babies very, very dearly, and when the dreadful waters came dashing round the house, every minute rising higher and higher, you may be sure she tried her best to think of some way of saving them. First, she put them into the kind of tub in which French people wash their clothes, but this, dashed by the water against the side of the house, soon began to leak, and she saw that there would be no safety for them there.

There was a tall tree growing near the house, and into this she climbed with her two little boys. But the upper branches to which the water was driving her, were too slight to bear the weight that was on them, and she felt them cracking beneath her. As quickly as possible, she tied her children as high in the tree as she could, and then letting go her hold, dropped into the water, which soon closed over her head.

And now, of what is this mother's love,

a faint, but only a faint picture? You all know, I am sure, who has said, "A mother MAY forget her child, yet will not I forget," and in another place, "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up."

O, have YOU trusted in that love, or are you still careless about it, going on as if it was nothing to you, whatever it might be to others?

The story of His love has been often, often told, but it will keep its freshness to all eternity. We shall never tire of singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor and glory and blessing."

I am glad to be able to tell you that the babies were soon saved by a passing boat, and I hope the lives thus spared, may not be wasted, but that if the Lord tarry, they may learn the love of God and spend their lives for his glory. D. L. B.

Sunrise.

HOW wonderful are the changes in the eastern sky, from the first streak of silvery grey, till, all ablaze, the sun appears above the horizon, making glad and beautifying all around, and seeming to rejoice in the power of Him who said, "let there be light, and there was light."

First comes the faint twilight of dawn, oh how many have watched for its appearing!—then a silvery line, and now a cloth of gold, spreading and deepening into richer and brighter colors, till all the earth is aglow with warmth, and tints such as the hand of God alone can mix, and spread with unapproachable skill and beauty.

Many have never seen, or seeing have not observed, this wonderful exhibition of God's power and goodness, and yet it takes place every morning, inviting us to arise and worship Him "who maketh His sun to shine on the evil and the good," "and sendeth His rain on the just and on the unjust."

But there is another Sun it behooves us to contemplate, the Sun of Righteousness, far brighter and more beautiful than any thing in the material world. Do you know who this is? It is Jesus the Lord of light and life. Has He shined into your hearts? And is He the One in whom you rejoice?

We can only see Him now by the eye of faith, but the time is coming, when we shall behold His face, and as the natural sun is said by the splendor of its beams to turn the very clods of this world into gold, even so shall the glory of His countenance beautify and exalt those who believe on Him, for they shall be changed, and made like unto Him, in His great and glorious kingdom.

Now the sunlight, however beautiful and marvellous, shall one day cease to be, and before the face of Jesus, the heavens and the earth shall flee away, but He, the Son of Righteousness, liveth for ever and ever. In the first chapter of Revelation He says, "I am He that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for ever more, Amen;" and again, "behold I make all things new;" and, in the third epistle of John, we read, "and this is God's commandment, that we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commmandment.

What mercies, Lord, are ours.
What hopes of joy to come.
When ended is our pilgrimage,
And Thou hast called us home;
So now we look to Thee,
To help us on our way,
Until, the darkness overpast,
We hail the perfect day.

The light of sun or moon,
We then no more shall need,
For Thou wilt be our light and life.
From sin and sorrow freed;
Thy name we then shall praise,
And all Thy glory see;
The love of Him who loved us,
Our song eternally. J. T.

Cain and Abel.

CAIN thought, "I will work until the sweat pours down my face, and then I will give the fruit of my hard labor to God." But God will not save a sinner for the fruit of his labor; He will only save the sinner as the fruit of CHRIST'S WORK. Abel, Cain's brother, be-

lieved this, so he brought a lamb to God as a sacrifice, and that pleased God, because the bleeding lamb on Abel's alter pointed right foward to the Cross, where Jesus, the Lamb of God, was slain for guilty, dying sinners.

Without faith it is impossible to please God.

Scripture Enigma, No. 5.

The man who heard the word of faith,
And yet withstood.
Her sister, who, though asked to turn,
Still chose the good.
The maid who heard the message, and
To go inclined.
The mighty man to whom the Lord
Twice gave a sign.
The father who bless'd both his sons,
In things to come.
The queen, who hearing, yet refused
The king's command.
He, who was sought, and yet not found,
For God, he pleased.
He, who when warned by God, in fear,
The word received.
The man whose prayer was uttered not,
Yet still was wrote.
The wife who bore her lord a child
When past all hope.
The prophet who implored the Lord
For Israel's sake.
The brother who, to gain a bride,
A town did take.
He that refused the preacher's word,
And called him mad.
He who when asked, "But whom say ye?"
"Thou'rt Christ," he said.
The name that God gave to him who,
By prayer prevailed.
The woman who returned, because
She heard of food.
And she who went where Jesus sat,
And weeping stood.

The first letter of all the names will tell you what is the first thing one obtains by coming to the Lord; while each person and incident given, illustrates the principle on which the blessing is obtained. The last one tells, both WHO they are that obtain this blessing, WHAT they obtain, and how they obtain it.

C. H. B.

Solution of Scripture Enigma, No. 4.

THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

T-erah; Gen. xi. 31.
H-aran; Gen. xi. 32.
E-ast; Matt. ii. 2.
L-ot; Gen. xix. 11.
O-rnan; 1 Chron. xxi. 15.
R-ock; 1 Cor. x. 4.
D-iamond; Exod. xxviii. 28.
O-bed-Edom; 2 Sam. vi. 10, 11.
U-r; Gen. xi. 28.
R-ahab; Josh. ii. 15.
R-achel; Matt. ii. 18.
I-saac; Gen. xxii. 9.
G-ad; 2 Sam. xxiv. 10–14.
H-ezekiah; 2 Kings xix. 14.
T-obiah; Neh. ii. 10, iv. 3, 7, 8.
E-li; 1 Sam. iv. 18.
O-bed; Ruth iv. 17.
U-zzah; 2 Sam. vi. 6.
S-yria; 2 Kings v. 1.
N-oah; Gen. vii. 17, 23.
E-lijah; 2 Kings ii. 11.
S-olomon; 1 Kings iv. 24.
S-eth; Gen. v. 3.

R. M. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Pure Streams" for 1876.

It would be a great convenience if those desiring to have PURE STREAMS for the next year, would send their subscriptions very early, or give some knowledge of that desire at once. This would help the publisher in the knowledge of the number of copies to be printed.

In this connection, we would ask those who delight in the truth of God, the spread of which is the only aim of this periodical, to have fellowship with us in prayer for it, and in individual efforts to spread to an enlarged degree, its circulation.

Should it be the Lord's will, to continue it next year, it will be sent to those whose names are on the list of subscribers, until they are heard from.

Subscribers in New York city, desiring to receive the magazine by mail, will please bear in mind that the post-office authorities charge an additional 12 cents for postage, in the city of publication, for any periodical.

This can be remitted to the publisher in addition to the subscription price.

Those living in Canada will do best to have PURE STREAMS sent to them directly from this office, as the terms of postage are the same as in the United States; that is, postage free to the subscriber.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

There has been a desire expressed on the part of some that PURE STREAMS might be published in the FRENCH language, as well as the English, next year. The matter is being looked at, to learn the Lord's mind, and is commended to the children of God who may be acquainted with the need in that direction, from whom we shall be glad to hear, as to number of copies that might be wanted.

Terms of Subscription of "Pure Streams" for the Year 1875.

On account of the new law making it compulsory on publishers to prepay the postage on magazines, it has been decided to alter the price of PURE STREAMS from 25 cents to 30 cents per year for single copies—the difference being less than the former postage paid by subscribers.

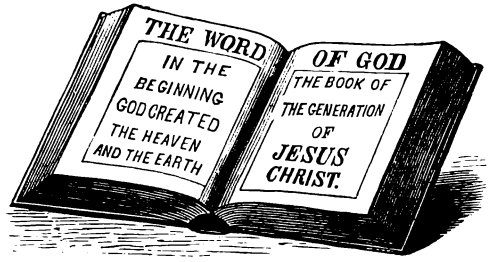
The terms for quantities are as follows:

20	copies, per year,	- - -	$ 5 50
30	" "	- -	8 00
50	" "	- - -	12 00
100	" "	- -	22 00

Terms for larger quantities on application.

PURE STREAMS

FOR THE



LITTLE ONES.

"Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

VOL. V. NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1875. NO. 12.

A Village Scene in Madagascar.

ALL the children know where Madagascar is, do you not? If not, look on the map of Africa, down on the east side of the southern part of that continent, and there it lies. It is a large island, larger than England and Ireland together, and has more than three millions of inhabitants.

This picture tells how they get water. If you were to go to the village of Tama-

tave, on the east coast, you might see just what the picture shows, any morning or evening, and I suppose in any other village, as well. But is it not an amusing way, to let down a cow horn into the well, instead of a bucket, and then fill these long bamboos with water to carry to their homes? These bamboos are from six to seven feet long, and are of different thicknesses, and will hold a good deal.

These people at the wells, are slaves, possibly christians, as many of those who became believers in Christ, were made slaves, at one time.

About sixty years ago, when the first christians from England went there, there was not a native of the island that could read or write. In ten years there were nearly fifteen thousand that could read. Besides, many had become children of God, through faith in Christ. Then there came a time of persecution, and some of them were killed, and others put into slavery.

Now the truth is spread more, and is allowed to spread, and many in that heathen land will be ready to go with the Lord when He comes.

Water is one of the essential things of life, and we see that where there is no water to be had, there is desert.

In the city of Cairo, Egypt, the water carriers, as they go around, call out: "THE GIFT OF GOD! THE GIFT OF GOD! Who will buy, the Gift of God?"

It must sound strangely to hear of buying the GIFT of God. But that is the name they give to water. Yes, God has freely given it, enough for every one that lives, and is constantly supplying it anew. He draws it out of the ocean by the sun's heat, and then sends it by the wind over the land, and holds it in the clouds, till He is ready to send it down. Then it sinks into the ground and comes out in springs, or is drawn up from wells. Or else it comes in the snows and is melted and runs down, forming stream and rivulet and river, and then running back to the ocean.

It is the gift of God indeed, and how very valuable. The wounded soldier on the battle field calls for water, the first thing; the sick child, tossing with fever, longs for water, and the richest traveler in the desert, dying of thirst, would be willing to hand you back your cup full of gold, if you but give it filled with water.

In Isaiah xii. 3, it is compared to SALVATION, "Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."

Just above it says: "The Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song: He also is become my salvation."

Salvation is the gift of God, as water is. It cannot be bought. God delights to give, and the proof of it is that He gave Jesus down here, and now sets Him forth as Saviour, through faith in His blood.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of LIFE, FREELY!"

A Forest and its Story.

MY story is of a forest, a forest in which the awful roar of the lion, may be heard echoing like thunder through the dark recesses of the wood; a forest in which the serpent lies hidden by the long grass, ready to coil himself around his helpless prey; a forest so filled with dangers that none can traverse it alone unharmed.

And yet this forest is inhabited, and if you were to speak of danger to its inmates they would scorn the idea. They could speak of its beautiful flowers by the hour, forgetting they fade at a touch, or of its cool refreshing streams, and the birds which build their nests beside them. All this, I say, they would speak of, but not of its dangers. And why is this? My tale will, I hope, unfold the reason.

Just at the very verge of the forest, lived a little lamb. Merry were the days to him as they passed, for he spent them playing and frolicking about. But one day he saw something which he never forgot.

Just outside the forest there was a fold, and a tender, gentle Shepherd watched over the lambs and sheep in it, keeping them safe from all harm. Soft green grass was there, growing beside clear cool water; the lion's roar might be heard there, but it could not disturb the inmates of that fold for the Shepherd was ever there, watching over

and protecting them. And why did not the sheep of the forest live in this peaceful fold? Why, ah why? it was because they WOULD not.

But to return to our little lamb. As he stood looking at the peaceful scene, he heard a gentle quiet voice, and it said, "Little lamb, will you not come and live in this fold?"

The little lamb said, "Why should I come, I am quite happy where I am," and off he ran.

But that night, as he was going to sleep, he heard a great cry, and the dreadful lion sprang down and carried away his only brother. He was frightened then, but morning came and he forgot all about it, till again he heard the same gentle voice saying, "Little lamb, why will you not come? You may be carried away too."

"O," said the lamb, "I'll come some day, there's plenty of time yet, I will come when I grow to be a sheep and don't want to play any more."

A few days after this, there was a dreadful storm. All the sheep in the fold were safely housed; but the sheep in the forest were nearly drowned, and among them our little lamb, and while he felt wet and miserable, that gentle voice, still kind, still loving, spoke once more to him.

But he looked at his fleece; "I am too dirty now," he said, "I must get clean first."

But it was no use; he could not make himself clean, however much he tried; and worst of all the lion came once more, and took away his mother, and he felt very lonely.

"I think I will go into that fold," he said, "I will climb over the wall and no one will see me."

But that would not do; the walls of that fold cannot be climbed, there is only one way to get into it and that is by the door.

But our little lamb was too proud to go in by the door; so he wandered about till night came on. It was dark now, and cold, too. The poor little lamb stood frightened and trembling, when suddenly there was a dreadful roar, and a lion sprang down upon its helpless victim.

Did he carry him off, and devour him? No, for one stronger than a lion came to the rescue. The Good Shepherd had heard the feeble cry for help of the poor little lamb, and He came to seek and to save it and bore it all maimed and bleeding as it was, into the fold.

My little children, do you understand my story? I am sure you all know who the Good Shepherd is, and if not, you must look in the Gospel of John chap. x. Jesus there says, "I am the Good Shepherd," ah, that is not all, He goes on to say, "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." And who are the sheep? We are the sheep. If we look at that chapter again, we shall see that Jesus is the door of the sheep, the only way by which we can get into the fold, or, in other words, the only way by which men and women and little children, too, can be saved. They cannot save themselves, any more than the little lamb could climb the wall. Jesus must do it all, and He has done it, He did it long ago on the cross, when he bowed his head and said, "It is finished."

What was finished then? Our salvation. The work was done, Christ had borne our punishment, and now that He is in heaven, He is waiting to save us. Do not stop to make yourself good. Jesus wants you as you are; it was for sinners Jesus died. It will not save you to be obedient and truthful, though that is quite right, too; but it will save you, just simply to trust Jesus. You have been naughty and deserve to go to hell, but Jesus comes in and says, "I loved that naughty child, I died for it."

But there is one thing more, and that is, you must remember the forest is the world, and though we are not in danger of being eaten by a lion, we are in danger from Satan, who "goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." May the little children who read this story, come to Jesus now, as they are, for to-morrow may be too late. We are told to "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation," and also "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." Can we answer that by saying, "Even so, come Lord Jesus." P. B.

Out in the Snow.

DECEMBER! Now for cold weather, and bleak winds, wailing down the chimneys, and shrieking around the corners of the houses. Now for deep snows, and grand old slides, too, and skating, and coasting down the hills, and hitching to sleds on the road, when the kind driver says, "Yes." And now for pinched ears, and smarting fingers, and grand snow-balling. Hey, boys? and girls?

Ah! it is all beautiful and splendid, even if we do have to take a little of the pain with the pleasure, the bitter with the sweet. For, is there not the dear old home to run to, and a fine fire to warm the toes, and somebody to soothe the fingers, when they get pinched a little too much?

But ah! what about those who are out of work, and whose fires burn very low, because the coal or wood is gone, and the flour barrel is empty, and the cupboard bare, and the little ones creep quietly to it and looking secretly so as not to make mother cry, say gently to themselves with a sigh of hunger, "nothing but dishes!"

This often happens, too, and, if it has not come to your house, will you not think of those to whom it may happen this winter; and while you give to such as you know, ask God to give patience to others, and bread and warmth, and the knowledge of His own love to them?

See this mother flying over the snow. What has she in her arms, that she is hugging so close? Why does she take so much pains to cover it? It is a dear little child, a baby. Poor thing! and poor mother! I do not think she would be out in such weather if she were not suffering from want or sorrow. It is a bleak, sad night, and it is a rough place, and the winds will blow no more softly, and the snow will be none the less cold because it is a lone woman and her darling, that are exposed to the weather.

Some man once wrote that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," meaning that He makes the circumstances around the needy and the suffering to come gently to them. But I think it will be found that God never speaks that way. Rather He makes us to endure by giving His own strength, and grace, by making us happy in Him. He tempers us to the wind.

Do you suppose, if this woman is running with her babe away from a fire, or from some wild beast, that she thinks of the cold and the wind? Not at all. She is full of joy in having it safe, and only eager to get further off from danger.

Man never knows how to speak about God, and His kindness, and so it comes, that this little sentence is only a foolish thing, not telling the truth at all. It is what is called sentimental; but it is not God's word.

In that word we find WE need every thing, in OURSELVES, and not a change in things about us. And God comes to make us new creatures in Christ Jesus. He finds us in our sins, in a lost world, and showing us what Christ has done for us, tells us to believe, that and rest on Him, and then we are saved. Nothing else than a knowledge of His love in Christ, will lift us above every thing. And that will.

A lady once said to me, "If I KNEW I was SAVED, nothing would move me. I would not care for any sorrow, or what anybody did to me, I should be the happiest person in the world, and want nothing in the world."

God does not take us out of the world, as soon as we become His, and the world becomes no better to us, but much worse, and yet we are always confident, always happy, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, who is given unto us.

And now, dear children, December has come, and it closes up the year. Have you during the past year found how precious it is to know the love of God and the work of Christ? If not, do receive that love now. As sinners, I entreat you to be saved, and

"When we are happy in Him
December's as pleasant as May."

"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

Bible Lessons About Birds.

THE SWALLOW.

THIS well-known and favorite bird we find mentioned in four places in the Bible.

We will look at two of these, and I think we shall find in them a much needed and sweet lesson for both old and young.

Let us first find Isaiah xxxviii. 14—"Like a crane or a SWALLOW, so did I chatter . . . mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord I am oppressed; undertake for me."

If you read the whole of the chapter you will find that Hezekiah being sick unto death, was very much cast down, and bitter in his soul.

Full of his misery, he at first thought that the Lord was dealing very hardly with him. He understood not why it was, and said, "I have walked before Thee in truth and with a perfect heart, and have done that which is good in Thy sight."

It seemed to him that the Lord was afflicting him for His own pleasure. "I reckoned till morning, that as a lion, so will He break all my bones: from day even to night wilt Thou make an end of me."

Thus, as he lay upon his bed of sickness, he spent his time in unprofitable contemplation of his sorrow. As he afterwards wrote, "Like a swallow, so did I chatter." Just chatter, chatter, chatter; no music in it at all.

But when he turned to the Lord and cast himself upon Him, how different it was then!

He no longer thought of his goodness, but speaks of sins: "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back." So you see he found out that he had sins, but he found out also where God had put them—behind His back.

When do you think Hezekiah was the most happy; when he thought he was good, and that the Lord was cruel; or, when he saw that he was bad, and that the Lord was good?

Is it not better for us to know that we are sinners, but that God has put our sins where He can not see them, than it is for us to be foolishly chattering about our goodness and trouble?

Now, if you read the last verse but two of this chapter, you will see that when poor Hezekiah had found out how GOOD the Lord was, he says, "The Lord was ready to save me."

Why, how could I be so foolish? I thought the Lord had forsaken me, "I said, I shall not see the Lord, even the Lord, in the land of the living." I thought that He was going to make an end of me, and now I find that He was all the time ready to save me, that IN LOVE to my soul He delivered it from the pit of corruption, and cast all my sins behind His back.

And so he spends no more time in chattering like a swallow, but begins to SING, "Therefore we will sing my songs to the stringed instruments all the days of our life in the house of the Lord."

May we all do the same!

Now let us see, in Psalm lxxxiv. 3, in what way we can imitate the swallow.

"Yea, the sparrow hath found a house, and the SWALLOW a nest for herself, where she may lay her young; Thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

Shall the swallow have a nest for herself and we have none? Just as it is necessary for her to have a home, so it is for us; and what a blessed place we have, "Thine altars, O Lord of hosts."

Here is the place for all those who know that God has delivered their souls, to make their nests. To find a home right in the presence of the Lord, having been brought nigh by the blood of Christ.

"Blessed are they that dwell in Thine house. They will be still praising thee."

I can only praise, when I am still. If I am talking about my trouble and my doing, I cannot worship God. But if I know what it is to have my nest in the altars of the Lord, then it is my joy to be perfectly quiet, and just praise Him.

What a happy thing it is to be done with chattering, to know that our sins are all put away, then to sing our songs unto the Lord, and find perfect rest for our hearts by nest-

ling close up to the bosom of our Heavenly Father, and thus freed from all care and trouble, or thoughts of what we are, to "be still praising Thee." C. H. B.

Be Ye Also Ready.

THERE was a little girl named Mattie that attended a Sunday-school, but whose parents did not attend any place where the gospel was preached.

One day the teacher asked her about her parents, and told her to invite them to that place to hear the word of God. This she did several times, but for a while her father took very little interest in her invitations. But one evening she succeeded in getting him to go. It was a meeting for prayer for the spread of the gospel through the world, and he was greatly interested, so that, on the next Sunday evening, he went again.

This time, the servant of God preached from the words, "Be ye also ready." There had been several accidents upon the railroads by which some persons of the neighborhood were killed, and some cases of drowning also; and these were referred to, giving great solemnity to the word spoken. This dear man was led to see his danger, as a sinner, and soon after to behold Jesus Christ as a Saviour.

Oh, what a difference this made in that household, for the mother had been a believer, though of late, very cold and forgetful of the Lord. But now, she and her husband had been made to know the rich grace of God towards them, and that is always joy and blessing.

This man worked upon a steamboat, and one day, a few weeks after his conversion, when the boat was at her wharf, he went up, as was usual, to oil some of the machinery, away on the upper deck of the boat. While he was doing this, suddenly and quietly, without a moment's notice, the great walking-beam, to one end of which is attached the piston rod, and to the other, the rod that moves the paddle wheels, began to move. Down it came, and before he could know any thing about it, he was crushed to death!

The engineer, who was busy down in his room, oiling and polishing the engine works there, wishing just for a moment, to change the position of the machinery, set the engine to moving, not knowing that any one was in the way. But that moment was God's time to bear away this dear child of His from living here, to being with the Lord.

How do we know that he went to the Lord? Because the Lord Himself says "He that believeth on the Son of God, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE;" and then we are told of such, that, absent from the body, they are present with the Lord. Is not that enough? It is just taking the word as it reads, and there resting.

Was it not well that this man was ready? Are YOU ready? You can be, by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

Scripture Enigma, No. 6.

The Church to whom the Spirit said,
"An open door I've set,
A little strength thou hast indeed;
My word, too, thou hast kept."
The servant who a maiden sought,
And found her by a well;
The man who for his nephew fought,
Recovering spoil and all:
The king that said, the Lord of heaven
Had given him all the earth;
The son to whom was blessing given,
Who sold his right by birth.

The initial letters will give a fruit of the sacrifice of Christ. C. H. B.

Solution of Scripture Enigma, No. 5.

"FORGIVENESS OF SINS."

F-elix; Acts xxiv. 25.
O-rpah; Ruth i. 14.
R-ebekah; Gen. xxiv. 58.
G-ideon; Judges vi.
I-saac; Gen. xxvii 18, &c.
V-ashti; Esther i. 12.
E-noch; Gen. v. 24.
N-oah; Heb. xi. 7.
E-lias; Jas. v. 17.
S-arah; Gen. xxi.; Rom. iv. 19.
S-amuel; 1 Samuel vii.

O-thniel; Josh. xv. 16, 17.
F-estus; Acts xxvi. 24.

S-imon Peter; Matt. xvi. 16.
I-srael; Gen. xxxii. 28.
N-aomi; Ruth i. 6.
S-inner of the city; Luke vii. 36, &c.

For the *sinner*, on the principle of *faith*.

Concord, N. H. H. F. C.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME V.

	PAGE
The Tower of Babel,	1
An Angry Boy,	2
"The Kisses of His Mouth,"	3
A Treat,	4
The Lost, Found,	5
"My Refuge and Fortress,"	9
The Good Shepherd,	10
On the Beach,	12
"'Tis A-comin', Teacher!"	13
The Little Boy's Prayer, and its Answer,	15
The Gates of the City,	17
Dear Little Andrew,	18
The Name of Jesus,	19
The Crossing-sweeper,	20
The Lost Lamb,	21
Fine Flour,	22
"He Giveth Food to all Flesh,"	23
The Wounded Hound,	25
The Two Altars,	26
The Lesson,	28
Fine Linen,	29
"Out of the Mouth of Babes,"	31
Christ for Us Always,	32
"Pure Gold,"	33
"He Brought Him to an Inn,"	37
What I Was, and What I Am,	37
"Whosoever Believeth on Him Shall not be Ashamed,"	38
Asking God's Blessing,	39
A Bird Lesson,	39
Death on the Desert,	41
Little Bessie,	42
Out of Place,	44
"Fine Gold,"	45
The Little Martyr,	47
A Grand Time,	49
Fear of Thunder Storms,	51
Innocence and Guilt,	51
A Little Playmate,	52
"Fine Brass,"	53
Mouths,	55
Watching,	57
Faith in Jesus,	58
The Light-house,	61
Bible Lessons About Birds, The Eagle,	62
" " The Raven,	69
" " The Stork,	77
" " The Dove,	85
" " The Swallow,	93
Taken or Left,	63
Casting Jonah into the Sea,	65
The Praying Sailor Boy,	66
Take Care!	69
Left for a Purpose,	71
Joppa,	73
"Thou God Seest Me!"	74
King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba,	76
The Two Nellies,	79
Passing the Sentinel,	81
Story of a Pie,	82
Covered by the Blood,	83
Damascus,	84
Sunrise,	87
Cain and Abel,	87
A Village Scene in Madagascar,	89
A Forest and its Story,	90
Out in the Snow,	93
Be Ye also Ready,	95

	PAGE
Scripture Enigmas, No. 1,	56
" No. 2,	59
" No. 3,	72
" No. 4,	80
" No. 5,	88
" No. 6,	95
Solutions of Scripture Enigmas, No. 1,	72
" " No. 2,	72
" " No. 3,	80
" " No. 4,	88
" " No. 5,	95

POETRY.

Jesus, Lord, We Come Before Thee,	3
Thou, Lord, Hast Many Children,	11
She Loved Much,	15
Little Child, if Thou Hast Found,	16
God sends the Sunshine and the Rain,	19
The Songs of Birds,	27
How Sweet are the Flowers of April and May,	31
The Tabernacle,	40
My Saviour,	43
"Pray," said a Mother,	61
To Him that Loved Us,	67
When Jesus Comes,	71
The Lily,	75

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