



HE DID IT FOR ME;

OR,

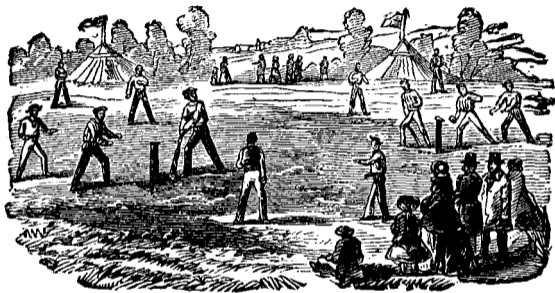
THE YOUNG CRICKETER.

AND OTHER STORIES.

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“ THE FIRST SIDE HAD HAD A GOOD INNINGS.”

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“HE DID IT FOR ME;”

OR,

THE YOUNG CRICKETER.

AT one of the children's treats in the green fields that dot here and there the approaches to London, some boys were playing at cricket. The game was pursued with the usual spirit which boys always throw into their pastimes. The first side had had a good “innings,” the most of the second batch had gone in, and were nearly “bowled out,” and the game seemed likely to remain in the hands of the first team; for the last one who took the bat was a lame and sickly lad, and a good many runs had to be taken to get level even with what had been obtained,

much less to get beyond. Of course there was but little hope of this, the game being now in the hands of so poor a "batter," especially as the "bowler" was such a good one. There was standing by a stout-built youth observing with some interest the game going on, and seeing the "odds" against the poor boy who was standing timidly at the wicket, he came forward, and asked to be allowed to take the little fellow's place. Those who were out fielding being flushed with victory, and having but little fear of the result, gave instant consent, in the hope of having a good player to contend with.

The game went on ; the little fellow who yielded his bat to his substitute lay down upon the grass, intent upon the game, and saw with great glee the ball go flying through the air to a considerable distance, so that the runners were put on their mettle ; and run after run was ob-

tained till, to the surprise of both sides, the youth had scored beyond the winning number ; then giving a final hit he sent the ball farther than ever, and laid down his bat amidst the cheers of his comrades. The game was won ! but no sooner was victory declared, than the boy who had given up his bat rose with great animation, and claimed the game. How could that be ? asked several. He had been lying down doing nothing, while his friend had been toiling right manfully, and won the game. “ Ah ! ” the little fellow persisted with great earnestness, “ *but he did it for me !* and it’s my game.” At first this was opposed by two or three, but the little fellow claimed the victory as his own, because his substitute had won it for him. And the emphatic words could not be gainsaid, “ *He did it for me !* ”

It is precious to see a little one laying hold of Christ by faith, and embracing Christ with all the fervour of a young

warm heart. Young ones *do* die, and young ones need salvation ; they need to be washed in the precious blood of Christ, or they will never go to heaven.

I occasionally meet with some who are "trying hard" to win the victory over sin and Satan, but they soon find out that he is too strong for them. I tried also, and did not give in till I saw the enemy was too strong for me, and that my puny arm could not prevent the defeat ; and if the game rested with me, it would be lost without a doubt ; and it was not until I found another was willing and able to take my place, that I gave up ; and when I found it was no less a person than Jesus, the Son of God, I laid down my bat immediately, and let Him do it all ; and in His hands all was done—and done to the glory of God. The blessed Substitute stepped forward, lovingly and voluntarily and looked upon the beaten ones ; He saw the triumph of the victor ;

and by His own right hand and His mighty arm did He get Himself the victory. Satan was defeated ; sin atoned for ; salvation brought in, when Jesus died upon the cross : that was the hour of victory, and heaven and earth took up the shouts of glory to the Victor's name. When the work was finished, death lost its power, and the grave its hold, and the Conqueror was taken back to heaven by the glory of His Father, and honoured with the highest name in heaven and on earth, and sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. i. 1.) And there was I, a poor, wretched, helpless sinner, finding out how weak I was, and "without strength ;" so, like the little lame fellow in the cricket field, I lay down, glad to see another do what I could not accomplish, and then, while I thankfully own the work was all His own, like that same little boy, I could say, "*He did it for me.*" No doubt others

can say it too. But that is how I feel towards Jesus ; in all that He has done, He did it for *me*.

And as the little hymn says :—

“ His be the Victor’s name,
Who fought the fight alone ;
Triumphant saints no honour claim,
His conquest was their own.

Jonathan, the son of Saul, when he saw the mighty work which Jehovah wrought by the ruddy-faced shepherd boy (David) in overthrowing the great giant of Gath, stripped himself of everything, even to his sword and his girdle—things so dear to a warrior’s heart—because of his love to him. David had won, but Israel shared in the Victory : *he did it for them*. He went out in the name of Israel’s God, to meet the man who had defied the armies of the living God.

I would say to my young readers, give up trying ; *lay down your bat* ; the game is over—the victory’s won ! It is an

accomplished fact. If you are still 'trying' to win, let me tell you, that you are in the wrong field; just look over the hedge, and see the true Victor receiving the homage due to Him; whilst the weakest among the whole company exclaims, "*He did it for me!*" Go into that field—the gate is open, there is no ditch to hinder you getting close to the Victor's side. You may be challenged again and again as to your right to say, I am saved! but if you believe on Him and His divine work, you shall be able to say, "He did it for me."

Some years since, hearing that a youth of seventeen was ill, and having known him as a "taking young fellow" among his companions, as being "the very life of the party" amongst whom he associated—I made bold to call upon him. Now and again I had met him, and was myself drawn to him, for there was much about him that you could hardly help

loving. He held a high place in the esteem of the manager of the Bank in which he was engaged, and having talents of no common order, his prospects were bright. And he felt this, and frequently spoke of the glorious future, when he should be a man, and able to carry things before him. He too, was a favourite in the cricket field, and when dressed in his cricket suit, the comely proportions of his well-made person were shewn off to the best advantage, and the masterly manner in which he wielded his bat won for him the esteem of his fellows. But suddenly poor James was missed from the debating society, in which he had shone so well, for he had a good address, and bade fair to be a good speaker; his turn at the wickets, too, had to be taken by another.

A slight cold was taken little notice of at the time, but he was of a delicate make, and the secret enemy first besieged his lungs; the presence of such an enemy

was not discerned, till the hollow cough and a pain in the side made his friends aware that something was going wrong.

But it was too late. Consumption set in rapidly, and when I saw him, I could scarcely believe that the comely-looking, ruddy-faced youth I so frequently passed in going to business, was before me. The sunken eyes and the pale cheeks, looking paler in contrast with his glossy black locks, made it hard work to keep back the tears as I saw the ruin of what once looked so noble. Alas! he was a stranger to Christ; and the family was in almost heathen darkness, although holding a good position in society. He was reading at the time one of the trashy periodicals that have so wide a sale, and which under a pleasing form fill the minds of young ones with the deadliest poison; alas! I know it by experience. He would not have anything to say about *his* future, although rapidly approaching his end; he still

deceived himself that he should get well ; and then came many resolutions what he would *do* when he recovered. Ah ! but those poor thin wasted hands were never again to wield the bat ; nor the feet, now so swollen, to traverse again the well-cut turf, while the ball was speeding its flight ; nor would that tongue again give vent to the learning which he had acquired as a bookworm. We parted, never again to meet. They said he died resigned ; but what virtue is there in giving up what you can't hold any longer ?

Many a bright youth glowing in health pitied poor James, cut off in the flower of his youth ; and then he was forgotten.

I never see those youths full of young strength and joyous hearts going to their cricket field with bat and ball and wickets, without calling to mind the young friends of early years. But the glad tidings of the gospel are scattered more widely now than in those days ; and in one town I

know, I think there are few boys or young men but who have read it, judging from the many books that have been put into their hands. May every young reader be able to say when thinking of what God says about the work of Jesus, "*He did it for me.*"



The Little Green-baize Boy,



LESS than fifty years ago, in a lonely place in the country, a little boy might have been seen, whose neat *blue* dress and childish simplicity attracted the notice of a lady, who happened to be visiting in the neighbourhood, and who, afterwards forgetting the colour of his dress spoke of him as the "Little green-baize boy." It was a curious mistake of hers, but so it was, and she could never be persuaded it was otherwise.

There were no other children living near him, and as his big brothers were engaged in some useful employment, he had to be his own playmate, and so amuse himself in the best way he could, sometimes by swinging on a gate, then playing at ball, or



It was not long before her little green-baize friend presented himself at the school.

taking a run with his hoop. Of course he did not spend *all* his time in play, as that would have been *wasting* time. No, he had kind and loving parents, who taught him to read, and told him about God, and about Jesus Christ the Son of God, and that he was a sinner, and needed that Jesus should save him from his sins, that he might, by-and-by, be with Jesus in heaven.

No doubt there are many boys and girls in lonely places in the country, who, like this little boy, have to amuse themselves in the best way they can ; so I will not say more about that, but tell you what became of our little friend in "green baize," after he had grown clean out of it, and began to feel himself a small man in jacket and trousers.

The kind lady, who was at first so interested in him in his "green-baize dress," as she called it, often saw him afterwards, and always had a smile and a

kind word for him, but the kind word was not about Jesus ; no, she never spoke of Him ! This was very sad. Shall I tell you why she never spoke of Jesus ? It was because she did not *then* know Jesus, herself, did not know Him as *her* Saviour, so how could she tell a child about Him ? She did not know God as her Father, though she had often said, “ *Our* Father which art in heaven,” as many people do now, without knowing what they say ; and how could she speak of God’s love in giving Jesus, His own beloved Son, to die upon the cross in the sinner’s place ? But it pleased God, about this time, to shew her that, though she was a lady, she was a lost and ruined sinner ; and she was led to look unto Jesus, and found joy and peace in believing. What gave her joy and peace ? Why, she believed in Jesus as her Saviour, believed that all that God had against her as a sinner, was borne by Jesus on the cross, and that His

precious blood had for ever washed away her sins ; *that* gave her joy and peace, and she could now truly call God her Father, and God had now something for her to do, He opened her heart to care for the children who were running about wild, like sheep without a shepherd, and no one to lead them to Jesus ; so she opened a school, and invited the little boys and girls from the country round to come and be taught to read and write, and she could *now* also tell them about Jesus, how that He had come into the world to suffer, bleed, and die, that children, as well as men and women, might be saved from death and hell. I wish every child who may read this to remember that he or she can never go where Jesus is, unless they are washed in His blood.

It was not long before her little "green-baize" friend presented himself at the school, and, you may be sure, met with a hearty welcome, and with much patience

she sought to lead him to Jesus, told him what Jesus had said when He was upon earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." See how earnestly and kindly, as represented in the picture, she is explaining to the little ones some portion of God's word, seeking to make it simple and easy to their young minds : but their hearts were very dark, and it was long before our little friend really understood that he was a poor lost and ruined sinner ; but, when he did understand, he often feared much lest he should die, and go down to hell. Sometimes he would pray to God to forgive him his sin, and make him fit for heaven ; he did not know that when Jesus died upon the cross, it was for *sin*, and that He, as the "Lamb of God," had put away sin for ever—had died in the sinner's place, and was now ever ready to receive and welcome all who came to Him, God having

raised Him from the dead and received Him up into heaven again.

Sometimes in his childish troubles and sorrows, he would pray to God, through Jesus Christ, to help him, and God always heard and answered his simple prayer. It seemed to him a very solemn thing to have to do with God in such a way, and he knew that God must know all about him ; he felt that he was a sinner, and knew that God must know it too, and he began to think that sin must be a very dreadful thing, if God had to give His dear Son, from heaven, to die a cruel death upon the cross, and to shed His precious blood to put it away.

A few years of happy school life, and the scene was changed. Most of the little boys and girls had grown into big ones, and one after another left school for some useful employment. Our "green-baize" friend lingered, being loth to leave, but his turn came at last, and he, too, had to go

abroad into the world, and often did he remember with thankfulness to God, the place where he heard so much of the Saviour.

The kind lady soon after left the scene of her labours, grown aged in her service of love, and has I believe, long since gone to be with Jesus, where she is truly resting from her labours, and where her works follow her ; and I trust many of those children will follow her too, whom she sought to lead to Christ, as the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

As to little "Green-baize," God was watching over him, and following him with His lovingkindness and tender mercies : he was no longer a little boy, but growing into a man, and many a conflict he had with sin, and the wickedness that was in his heart, always trying to keep it down, but finding it a hard and hopeless task ; always hoping that Jesus would

save him, yet fearing he would die in his sins, and then where would he find himself? If any of my little readers wish to know what becomes of those who "die in their sins"—who have not trusted in Jesus as their Saviour—they can read about it for themselves. In the 8th chapter of the Gospel by John, and 21st verse, Jesus said to the unbelieving Jews: "Ye shall die in your sins: whither I go ye cannot come." Where did Jesus go after He arose from the dead? It says in Mark xvi. 10, that "He was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God." You see from the words of Jesus that the Jews, dying in their sins, could not go there, neither can any other person, young or old, for it is true of all; then there is but one other place spoken of, and shall I say what kind of place that is, or will you read of it for yourselves? I will just say it is the "lake of fire," and you will find it mentioned in Rev. xx. and xxi. There

is no other place than that for those who die in their sins. May God lead every one, reading this, to look at once to Jesus, and so be *at once* and for ever delivered from such a place, prepared only for the devil and his angels. Read also in Matthew xxv. 41.

The one about whom I am writing might have saved himself so much sorrow, and have enjoyed so much peace, had he really trusted in the Lord Jesus, as a little child. (Jesus loves to have the hearts of little children for Himself.) He has now for many years known and enjoyed peace with God through Jesus Christ, knowing that all his sins were washed away in the "precious blood of Christ," and he can look back with wonder, love, and praise, on the ways of God, His gracious dealings with him, His loving care and watchfulness over him, and how He brought him to bow to the sweet and precious name of Jesus ; in all the troubles and trials he has

since met with, he has found Him to be the same loving Saviour, and can look up to God as his Father, and can also look forward to a very happy day that is coming, when Jesus will again come from heaven, and call *all* those who know Him, and love Him, because they have known His love, to be with Him for ever in heaven ; yes, truly to be WITH HIM. That happy day may come *very soon*, and I should like my young readers to think well of this, as I am sure you would be very sorry to find yourselves shut out from the presence of Jesus. Do you wish to know Him? He is ever ready to make Himself known. Do you wish to be forgiven, and to be saved? Jesus is ever waiting to fill your young hearts with joy and peace, and to make you know how much He loves you. He says, "Come unto me ;" will you not listen to His voice? He wishes to make known to you all the love of God, and fill you with thoughts of Himself. Will you

not let Him have your young hearts? If you once truly know Jesus as *your* Saviour, then the more you know of Him, the more you will love Him; and if you live to be men and women, you will find how much you need Jesus, to guide you through the stormy world, with all its sorrows and cares.

The writer has but one desire and object in giving this simple little narrative, and that is, that all who read it may be led to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; for in the day that is coming all those who do not know Him, and whose sins are not put away,—who are not washed and made whiter than snow in His precious blood, will be **FOR EVER** banished from His presence. Read for yourselves in the 2nd of Thessalonians the solemn consequences of neglecting or despising the gospel or *good news* of the love of God to sinners.

E. E. C.

HARRY ARNOLD.

WINTER, with its dark and dreary days, was gone, and Spring was again opening her lap, and pouring forth her multitude of flowers, dotting the green meadows with a thousand tints. Once more the little warblers of the wood were heard twittering away in notes of gladsome praise. But poor Harry Arnold was shut out from all this, and though living only a short distance from the meadows, so full of life and beauty, he was shut out from it all—in a dark back room of the house, with a little window looking out into a dingy yard of a few feet square, and which had nothing inviting in it to look at.

Poor Harry was ill, and slowly, yet surely dying. He was a victim to consumption. Though but a youth, he had

tasted the bitterness of sin—had lived a life of pleasure—had had plenty of gay companions—and now, laid aside, left alone to his own bitter reflections, he was not only ill, but unhappy also.

I had known him from a little boy, and having lost sight of him for a while, I inquired what had become of him, and found he had been ill for some time. I had often longed to speak a word to poor Harry about Jesus, and about his own soul, but had no opportunity. I could not tell why, but I often seemed to think of him with much concern, and from feeling interested in him, I had learned to love him.

Finding he was ill, I took an early opportunity of visiting him. I found him sitting alone. He had lost his mother when a child, and his father, being more fond of the public house than his home, was seldom found there. Harry had two sisters, but they preferred roaming about

the fields or strolling through the town, to a sick chamber, and so he was left mostly to the care of a kind neighbour, and was consequently much alone.

He could not lie in bed, nor could he keep in one position long together. When I went in he was sitting on an old sofa, with his head resting on a pillow which lay on the table before him. He lifted up his head on my entrance, and shewed a poor shrunken face, which was very dirty. He asked me to sit by him, but in a manner that shewed he did not much care for either the visit or the visitor.

However, I loved poor Harry, and I saw the danger he was in, if he did not; and through grace, I knew the One who could save him. I could not get on much at first; he scarcely answered my inquiries. However when one we love is in danger, and we know how he can be rescued, we do not mind a little opposition and coldness, but rather persevere in the endeavour

to save him. Besides, the love of God is a tale that goes home to the heart and conscience of the poor unhappy sufferer. To find that God cared for him, when no one else seemed to, and that He loved him, gradually opened poor Harry's ear, and found its way to his heart; and so he listened at least to what God said about him—that He had loved him in such a way as to give His only Son Jesus to die for him on the cross.

I need not say, that I not only spoke to poor Harry, but that I also prayed about him, and sought wisdom to speak just the right words which were needed to give him confidence in the love of God, who hates *sin*, yet loves the sinner; and who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all—to put away sin by the shedding of His precious blood, and so to bring the sinner nigh to Himself.

Several times I had visited him before I marked any real change, and during those

visits met his father and sisters, and had frequent opportunities of speaking to them also.

I was particular in shewing poor Harry from the scriptures what the glad tidings were, and that He who believes in Jesus hath everlasting life ; and so from time to time he got instructed in such a manner, that it was like the light, which entered into his dark heart so quietly and gradually that it got full before he was aware of it.

One evening, just after dark, I paid him another visit, and as he looked up in my face, while shaking my hand, it was with such a peculiar expression, that he needed not to tell me ; I saw it was all right with him. The word of God had spoken peace to his soul, and he had peace with God, through the Lord Jesus Christ. His soul rested for happiness on what Jesus had done, and he was happy. He was sinking fast, and was too weak to

read much, so I spent with him all the time I could spare.

Sometimes I found him in quiet thought, pondering on what we had read about the previous day. Often, when alone together, he would desire me to pray with him, that he might speak for Jesus to those around him, which he frequently did in his own way.

Once when I stayed later than usual, his father retired to rest, and bade his son good night, Harry turned, and with a look of earnest desire, such as I shall never forget, said, "Good night, father, and before you go to bed ask Jesus to forgive you your sins, and save your soul." His father, holding down his head, left the room in silence.

Harry was nearing home I could see, and he often expressed a wish to get better, that he might shew by a different life that he loved the Lord, and in order that he might tell others of the precious-

ness of Jesus. But this was not to be ; God in His wisdom thought it best to take him home soon after his conversion, not however till he had told to his friends what great things the Lord had done for him.

When any little thing was sent to him—for necessaries, much less luxuries, were not always within his reach—he gave Him the praise who so graciously cared for him.

His malady now rendered it necessary that he should keep his bed, to which he submitted with quietness of spirit. He had told me one of his objections to lying in bed was that he was afraid of being left alone. Not so now, however, as he one night said to me on my entering and inquiring, “Well, Harry, my boy, how are you now?” “I seem to be lying here always either praying to Jesus or thinking of Him.”

We were sitting and talking about the

future, his two sisters being in the room one said, thinking to console him, "You'll have a softer bed in heaven, Harry."

He looked at me, and smiling, said, "Shan't want beds in heaven—no weakness, no sickness there."

I was thankful that the whole of his course, after conversion, was a quiet and peaceful one. The peace his heart possessed was a peace of a settled character, which nothing could disturb, for he laid hold of Christ, and He was the peace and the strength of his life.

Being called to go on a long journey, I went to take leave of Harry for the time. I stayed with him till a late hour. He seemed to think this would be the last meeting on earth, and consequently was slow to part, wishing that we might go home together; but I told him that would be selfish, as there might be some more Harry Arnolds to whom I could speak of the love of Jesus.

I knew he was in the hands of One who loved him, and who had taken away the sting of death. In shaking hands with him for the last time, he said, with a look of confidence, "You'll know where to find me."

Early on the following morning, before I had started on my journey, Harry's father came to tell me his son had "gone home."

He told me he had laid himself down by the side of Harry, who was speaking to him about Jesus, telling him he hoped to see him in heaven, when suddenly he ceased speaking. The father, thinking he had dozed, lay still, not wishing to disturb him, but in that moment of silence, the spirit of poor dear Harry Arnold was gone. In a moment, while speaking of Jesus and His grace, Jesus had called him away to Himself.

A weeping group was around the poor body as I called to see it for the last time.

The father's heart was bowed in the presence of death, although it was soon forgotten, and had no lasting effect upon him. The girls were in tears, and "hoped their brother was saved." I reminded them of his true belief in the blood of Christ, and his confidence in His love; that he trusted himself altogether to Jesus, the Resurrection and the Life, who assures us, that if we fall asleep He will raise us up again, and that the poor body, laid in the grave awhile, will be raised in power, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Jesus, according to the working of His mighty power. (Phil. iii. 18.)

And the same gracious God whose love drew poor Harry to Himself is willing to draw the reader of this little narrative—if he has not known the love which God hath to him—to His arms and to His heart.

Harry's parting words to me were, "You'll know where to find me." "Yes,

good bye, we shall meet again presently in happier circumstances."

What a shout of victory and triumph will that redeemed company send forth, as they are caught up to meet the Lord, and to be for ever with Him! It will be a company of sinners saved by grace, and let me ask my reader, *Shall YOU be there?*

G. C.

