

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



*GOING TO THE MILL.*

**M**INNIE B., when about five years old, went out in a cart one day with her little brother, under the charge of a servant-boy, who was sent to the mill to take some corn to be ground. Minnie's mother had given strict orders to the boy that the children

should remain in the cart while he delivered his message, as the mill-sails reached within a few inches of the ground, and when they were in motion it was dangerous for a child to go near them.

The mother looked after them as they drove away, and heard her

little Minnie singing one of her favourite hymns.

When they arrived at the miller's, the servant-lad probably *forgot* what his mistress had said to him—for, sad to say, he disobeyed her—and lifted both the little ones out of the cart. Hugh was a lively boy, and the servant held his hand, lest he should run away from him, leaving quiet little Minnie to stand or walk about, just as she pleased. The great mill-sails were swinging round, and Minnie feared no danger; but a few minutes after, as she was running close under the mill, on her way back to the cart, one of the sails struck her on the head, knocked her down, and caused her instant death!

It is impossible to describe the sorrow that filled the hearts of dear little Minnie's parents, and of her brothers and sisters, when they knew that their darling had been so suddenly taken away from them!

A few days before her death, Minnie said to her mother, "Mamma! I do not wish to stop here long, because I want to go and be with the Lord Jesus."

Her mother said, "Oh! do you want to leave us? to leave me and dear papa?"

The little one replied, "Perhaps

I shan't go *just yet*, dear mamma, but I'm sure I can't stop long."

A chapel had recently been built opposite Mr. B.'s house, and, during the time when the children belonging to the chapel school were singing hymns on Sunday afternoons, Minnie used to stand at the garden-gate, listening with deep attention; then, running in to her mother, repeating some of the words she had heard, she would say, "Mamma, please teach me *all* the hymn."

Dear, bright, good-tempered little Minnie! She was the pet of the whole family, and they will always miss her pleasant, smiling face; but she loved the hymns that spoke of the Lord Jesus and of His death for poor sinners, and, in her sweet, childish faith, looked forward with joy to being with Him, although to do so she would have to leave many who prized her much here.

H. L. T.

*DARLING EDGAR.*



T is some long, long years ago,  
And yet seems scarce a day,  
That Jesus down from heaven  
stooped,

And Henry took away.

The sturdy child was slightly ill  
Upon the Sunday morn,  
But when the clock the midnight tolled,  
Our boy was from us torn!

And week on week lay Edgar sick,  
But as his strength increased,  
"Is Henry well?" he frequent said;  
His questions seldom ceased.

Yet never heard he Henry's voice,  
He asked and asked in vain,  
Until, at length, obliged to tell,  
We said, "Not here again

"Will you your brother see, dear boy,  
For Henry is not here;  
To heaven, where Jesus lives, he's gone:  
Be patient, Edgar, dear."

"Oh! shall we never on this earth,  
Meet Henry any more?"  
Cried Edgar, lifting up his hands,  
And weeping very sore.

"Dear mother, let us take the train,  
And all to heaven go,  
Nor let us home return again,  
I long to see him so——"

"My darling boy," his mother said,  
"Such things can never be,  
But we must wait till Jesus comes,  
Then Henry we shall see."

"My mother," Edgar then would say,  
"You have but one boy here,  
Like two boys I will be to you,  
And try your heart to cheer."

And he would stroke away the tears,  
His little best would try,  
By loving and obedient ways,  
To hush his mother's sigh.

As in the goat-chaise by the sea  
He sat, and stronger grew,  
He oft would ask the passers-by,  
If they of Henry knew.

And if one cared to hear his words,  
And listened to his say,  
"Henry's in heaven—Do you love God?"  
Said he, in his sweet way.

The chaise-boy seemed so dull and hard,  
That Edgar bade him know,  
Unless he loved the God of love,  
To heaven he could not go.

When little more than five years old,  
To health once more restored,  
He with his uncle walked one day,  
And spoke thus of the Lord.

They strolled along a pretty lane,  
When two big men came by,  
Who begged for halfpence, said they starved,  
But spoke, alas, a lie.

Then holding to his uncle's coat,  
"Unless they Jesus love,"  
Outspoke the child, "these naughty men  
Will never go above."

"Dear boy," his uncle kindly said,  
"Would *you* to heaven go?"  
"Indeed, indeed, I think I should."  
"Then *why*, I wish to know?"

"Say, would it be because you're good?"  
"Oh! no," the child replied;  
"No, uncle, dear, but just because  
Jesus for sinners died;"

"And I believe upon the Lord."—  
Oh! children, what say you?  
God grant you may the Saviour love,  
And to His love be true!

"Edgar, my love," his uncle asked,  
"Do you to Jesus pray?"  
"Yes, very often, uncle, dear;  
Yes! many times a day."

"And sometimes in the night as well,  
Awake in bed I lie;  
'Oh! quickly make my sister well,'  
To Him my heart will cry.

"Please God to hear my little prayer,  
Make haste—do not delay—  
This week—to-morrow—very soon—  
Perhaps, O Lord, to-day."

"But God does not do what I ask,  
Dear sister is not well;  
Yet why He does not answer me,  
Indeed I cannot tell."

"My love, you are a little child,  
And do not always know  
The best and wisest; but the Lord  
Will teach you as you grow."

"Then I will say, 'If Thou dost please,  
Make haste and hear my cry,  
Good Lord, when right it seems to Thee,  
And He will then reply.'"

"And, Edgar, do you ask the Lord  
For uncles, aunts, and all,  
And for your cousins also, dear,  
Do you on Jesus call?"

Then Edgar said he prayed indeed,  
"That all might Jesus love!"  
His heart was large, his wish the best,  
That all might meet above.

His nurse, one day, was chiding him  
For disobedient ways:  
Then Edgar to his bedroom runs,  
And to his God he prays.

He tells his Father of the fault—  
Our sins we must confess—  
And in his little heart he feels  
God's love and tenderness.

Then sweetly to his nurse he comes,  
"Now, Nurse, dear, pardon me."  
"Stay, Edgar, you have naughty been,  
So quick I cannot be."

"But, Nurse, as God has pardoned me,  
Forgive me so must you;"  
Which, having heard, her tender heart  
Did not delay to do.

(To be continued.)

### HAPPY CHARLEY.

CHARLEY DUDLEY was a cripple, and the only child of poor parents. One day as Charley was sitting by his window, unable to move, a young lady paid him a visit, saying, "I heard that a little invalid lived here, and I have come to cheer one of his lonely hours." After chatting a while with him, the lady asked Charley if he would like to come to a Sunday school. "I can't walk, Miss," was the poor lad's reply; but when he heard that the young lady's father would send his carriage for him every Sunday, poor little Charley's face brightened up with delight.

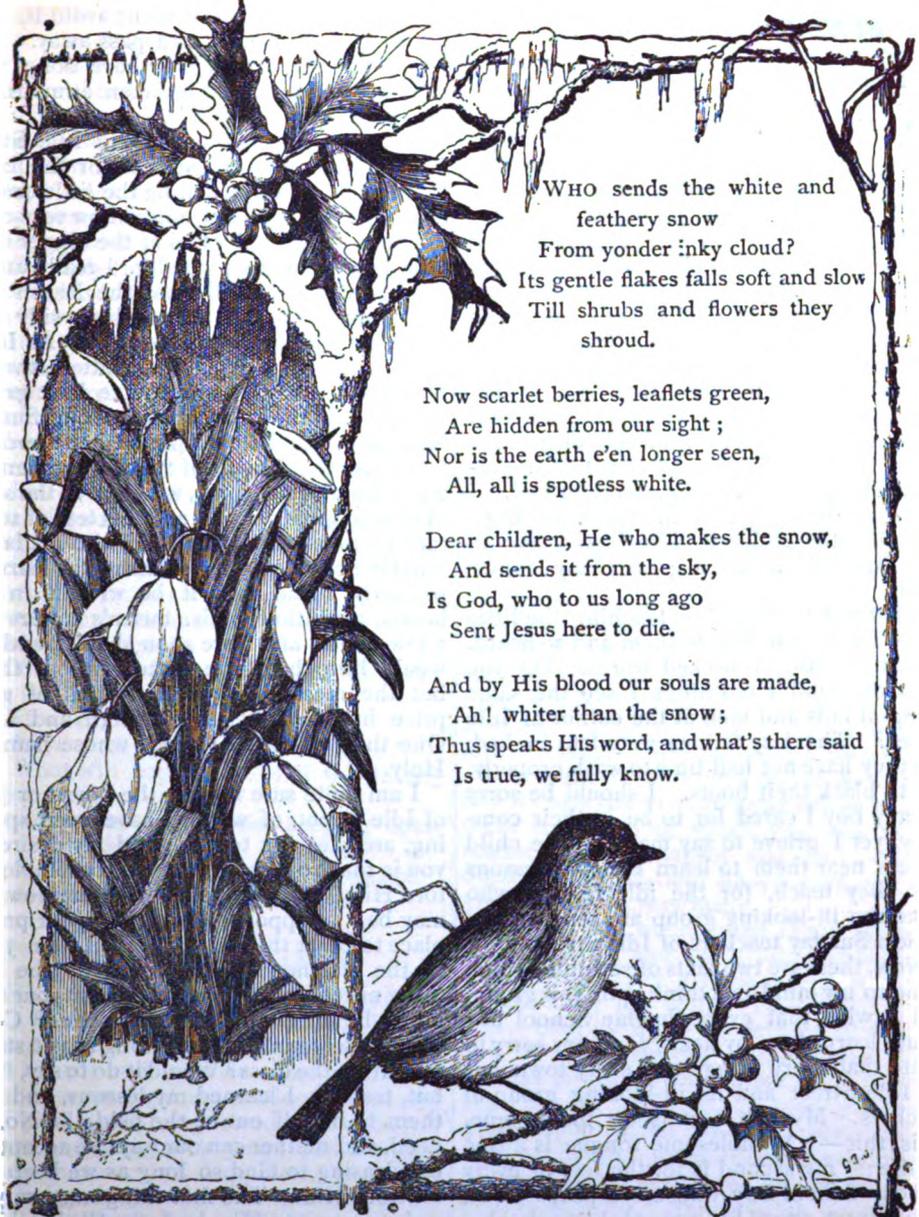
When Charley's mother came home, he told her all about the visit, and his mother promised him that if the carriage came, he should go to the school. And, sure enough, at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning the beautiful carriage drove up to the door, with the kind young lady seated in it, and Charley was driven off to the school.

You may guess why this young lady took all this trouble about the poor child. It was because she wished that he might indeed know the love of Jesus and be happy for ever. One day the boy said to her, "Miss Caroline, do you think Jesus loves me?" "He loved you so much that he came down from His home in heaven to die upon the cross for sinners," was the reply; and very simply did the poor boy receive in his heart the sweet story of Jesus' love. God gave him power to believe upon the Lord, and Charlie was enabled to say to his kind teacher, "Oh, I am so happy, so very happy, I have found Jesus." "Everything looks bright now;" and he pointed from his poor little window to the trees and fields—"The trees are more beautiful now, and I am so happy."

And the poor little sufferer would say, "I shall very soon be with Jesus, and then I shall not suffer any more pain; and shall not I be happy up there?"

My little friends, are you as happy as poor Charley the cripple?

F. B.



WHO sends the white and  
feathery snow  
From yonder inky cloud?  
Its gentle flakes falls soft and slow  
Till shrubs and flowers they  
shroud.

Now scarlet berries, leaflets green,  
Are hidden from our sight ;  
Nor is the earth e'en longer seen,  
All, all is spotless white.

Dear children, He who makes the snow,  
And sends it from the sky,  
Is God, who to us long ago  
Sent Jesus here to die.

And by His blood our souls are made,  
Ah! whiter than the snow ;  
Thus speaks His word, and what's there said  
Is true, we fully know.



*SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.*

## LESSONS LEARNT IN THE STREET.

**W**E purpose giving a page of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG to Sunday School children especially, and shall regard the readers of our pages as our class. But to begin, let us say that there are several children in our neighbourhood who do not go to any place of religious instruction on Sunday; they are growing up in sad ignorance of God's Word, but these children are not without their teachers, and they are learning many dark lessons, which will injure them for both this life and that which is to come. You know, children, that whether in school or out of school, you are always learning lessons, your minds are always taking in something, good or evil. I shall call the place from which we hope to gather the children, Idle Street, and in Idle Street there are a great many lessons learnt.

What was that big boy teaching the little one? I was close beside them and so heard. It was the use of wicked words. Do you know on Sunday mornings I see the same group of lads and men at the corner of Idle Street? The lazy fellows were late in bed, and they have not had time to wash properly, nor to black their boots. I should be sorry for any boy I cared for to be in their company, yet I grieve to say many a little child lingers near them to learn the bad lessons that they teach, for the idle fellows who make the ill-looking group are some of the busiest Sunday teachers of Idle Street.

Now, there are two texts of scripture which come to my mind as I think upon this group, and I wish that every Sunday School boy would learn them by heart, for I am sorry to relate that every village and every town has its Idle Street and its ill-looking group of teachers. My first text is for the tongue, it is this—"A wholesome tongue is a tree of life;" my second is for the feet of every Sunday School boy whose eye peeps down Idle Street upon his way to his school—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and

go not in the way of evil men; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away unless they cause some to fall."

But there are bad teachers in Idle Street for the little girls as well as for the boys. What was that girl teaching the little one by her side? Did you not notice how very carefully the little one looked at the bigger one? Her eyes seemed all wonder. I really am almost ashamed to tell what the lesson was, but I must. It was how to look silly in a small hat with fussy flowers on it. At least, that is my way of explaining matters, though Susan would say, It was how to look grand. Well, if Susan ever comes to our Sunday School, I trust the example set her there will teach her the beauty of "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price;" and this text of scripture I will ask every little girl who reads this Sunday School page to please me by learning perfectly. And may it be written in our hearts, my little friends. Susan's flowers cost a few pence, and were soon shabby, and she would have been the better without them, but the meek and quiet spirit is of great price in the sight of the High and Lofty One that inhabits Eternity, whose name is Holy.

I am quite sure neither the boys nor girls of Idle Street, of whom I have been speaking, are pleasing to God, and my desire for you is that your ways may be acceptable before Him. Can you explain to me how this may be? Suppose, now, it was your proper place to be at the Sunday School from 3 to 4 in the afternoon, what would be the first thing necessary for you to do so that your ways might be acceptable to your teacher? Could you please your teacher so long as you stayed away from the class? Would it do to say, "Oh, but, teacher, I learned my lessons, and said them to myself out in the field?" No, indeed, and neither can our ways be acceptable or pleasing to God so long as we keep afar off from Him. The first thing necessary for us is to come to Him by Jesus Christ. If you will read the third parable in the xvth of Luke,

you will clearly see this, because when the young man began to feel the burden of his sins, the first thing right that he did was to say, "I will arise and go to my Father."

Had the young man become ever so changed, and yet remained in the far country, it had been to no purpose. If he had said, "I have been very wicked and I will turn over a new leaf, and stay here until I grow better," of what good would that have been? No, the only right thing for him to do was to go to his father; and he did not wait to get a new coat, nor to change himself in any way, but just as he was he went straight home to his father, who at once received him in perfect love and grace.

And now, as we can spare only one page or so of our little magazine for Sunday School children especially, I must end for this month, and shall do so by asking you some questions, which, if you please, you shall answer, directing your letters to Editor of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, care of Mr. Holness, 15, Paternoster Row, London. You will reply to the questions as nearly as you can in scripture language:—

1. Who are invited to come to the Lord Jesus Christ?
2. How are we to come?
3. What shall we receive if we come?
4. What will happen to us if we do not come?
5. Give some texts about keeping company with wicked persons.
6. And some about using bad language.
7. And some about vain dressing.

### THE NEW YEAR.

**T**HIS time last year our little FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG made its appearance; and twelve months having rolled by, we now number some thousands of children amongst our readers. One and all of you, dear young friends, we wish you a bright and happy new year; and not only *one* happy year, but happiness unending. May God grant you the true and lasting joy which He gives all who love His Son, and with this happiness, the New Year, 1873, shall be

welcomed with a bright smile. For with the Saviour for our Friend, both time and eternity shall be peaceful.

We shall try to make our little magazine a welcome visitor to you: several friends will kindly help us in writing you stories, all of which, we say again, are true—quite true. Sometimes children say to us, "Is it true?" "Yes," we reply. "Really true?" they ask. "Yes," we say again, "all really true." And there's the end of the matter, and no more questions need be asked. If you can help us by finding other children to read our little magazine we shall be glad; and this you will be able easily to do if you try.

New-Year's Day is a time when many children receive gifts, and we love a gift because of its own worth, and because of the kindness of the giver. Some of your little treasures may not be of much value in themselves, but you love them dearly, and would not part with them at all, because every time you see them they make you think of the kind person who gave them to you. I knew a little boy who had a pretty book: he was too young to read it, but whoever came to the house was sure to have the book shown to him, with these words, "See this book; my papa gave it to me." The child loved the book for his father's sake. Now we should do what we can to make those round about us happy; and though you have no great things to give, there is one thing which you may always scatter about wherever you go. For by obedient, bright, and happy ways, you may give *pleasure* to very many.

A little boy would often climb upon his mother's knee, and smile into her face; he would stroke away her tears and pray God to take away her pain. Now, was not this better than giving to his mother all his toys and all his treasures? Yes, indeed, for it was like giving his heart to her: thus the dear boy was her treasure. A very grand and great lady in olden times was asked, where were her jewels? for she dressed very simply "I will show them to you by-and-bye," she replied, and when her children came home, she smilingly said, "These are my jewels." And a loving and obedient child is its parents'

jewel—better and brighter than diamonds and pearls.

God loves to give to us. He is the giver of all good, and it is His joy to give. He gave His Son to die for us, and Jesus gave Himself for us. None could give like this. I hope that this New Year you will all know God as the giver. "The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

And when God has thus given to us, He bids us give to Him. "My son, give Me thine heart," He says. If the heart be given to God, then everything else that belongs to us will be His also, and we shall be trying to please Him as dear children, and because we love Him.

I want you to be useful, and thus also to give others pleasure. Some of the little girls could with due care make a nice rag doll for a child who has no toys, for even a poor blind lady I knew did this. She was very anxious to please some poor children, and I assure you she succeeded very well. And the little boys could colour some of their picture-books, neatly and carefully, and then give them away to children who have none. But I daresay you know many more ways of being useful than I can tell you.

Hoping that if God spare us, we may have many a little chat together, I am your affectionate friend,

EDITOR.

### TOBERMORY.

I know there's a bright and a glo-rious land A-way in you heavens so high, Where  
all the redeem'd shall with Je-sus stand, Will you be there and I? Will you be there and I? . . . Will  
you be there and I? Where all the redeem'd shall with Je-sus stand, Will you be there and I?

With harps of gold, and in robes of white,  
With loud and ceaseless cry,  
They shall sing His praises day and night.  
Will you be there and I?

From every kingdom on earth they'll come,  
All by Christ's blood brought nigh;

Thousands of old, and thousands of young.  
Will you be there and I?

Oh! children, haste to the glorious land,  
To Jesus the Lord on high,  
For blest are they who shall near Him stand,  
Will you be there and I?

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



## OBEY AT ONCE!

**L**ITTLE DANIEL was particularly fond of having his own way, and though not on the whole disobedient, he had a habit of not doing what he was told *at once*. Thus if he were looking at pictures in a book, and his mother called him, he would answer, "Yes, mam-

ma," but would not come, until he had finished looking over the pictures. He did what *he* wanted first, and what his mother wanted by-and-bye. Daniel had been told many times that this was wrong, and at last he began to try and leave it off, and to obey immediately,

and it was well for him that he did, as you shall hear.

He was staying at Ilfracombe, in Devonshire, on the sea-coast, and one day he went with a kind friend to a pretty little bay where the sea runs into a hollow in the land, and where all round the water there are high cliffs. The flowers and grass grow on the top of the cliffs, and you may walk almost to the very edge before seeing the water underneath. When Daniel came to this place, and saw the smooth green grass sloping down like a beautiful lawn, he thought it would be a nice place for a run, and off he set skipping and racing, and in a few minutes more, he would have run right over the edge of the cliff and have fallen into the sea.

The lady he was with, called loudly to him to stop, which he did *at once*, and waited for her to come up. She then gently led him to the edge of the precipice, and little Daniel was amazed and terrified when he saw the deep water far below where they were standing. "Now," said he, "if this had happened six months ago I should have been killed, because instead of stopping at once when you called, I should have said, 'I will just have my little run first, and then come back.'" S. M.

### I CANNOT GO TO GOD FOR YOU.

(From an Address.)

A LITTLE girl of seven years of age was in great trouble about her sins, so much so that her father, who is a faithful minister of Christ, said of her, "That, to see her great sorrow about her soul, you might think she must be the greatest sinner in the world."

But—no! She had been a good and obedient child, and had been brought up in the fear of God. It was God's Holy Spirit who was showing her what her sins were in God's sight, and this made her feel herself so very sinful before Him.

"Oh, dear papa," she said, as she came to tell him her trouble, "do pray for me that God will pardon all my sins and give me peace!"

After praying and talking with the child, her father saw that his little girl was trusting to him instead of going to Jesus Christ for herself. So he unclasped her arms, which were fastened round his neck, and though he felt very sorry to leave her so unhappy, he tenderly said that his little girl could not be saved by *his* prayers. He told her that he must leave her quite alone with God, and that she must go to God herself, that the Lord Jesus could and would save her soul if she went to God through Him. The little girl entreated her father not to go away; but he rose, and left the room.

When quite alone, the trembling child knelt down and prayed to God to forgive her all her sins, and to fill her with His Holy Spirit. She went by faith to the Saviour—she put her whole trust in Him; and when her father, who had been pleading with God elsewhere, came again into the room he found his child quite happy. God had received her in His love, and had given her pardon and peace in believing on His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and since that day this little girl has been a happy follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

No one can go to God for us, we must go to Him ourselves; and if we go as poor, lost sinners, forsaking our sins and seeking His

mercy in the Saviour's name, and through His precious blood, God will give us pardon and peace, and put His Holy Spirit within us. No one who has thus gone to God has been turned away, and the Lord Jesus says, "Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out," and though heaven and earth shall pass away, not one word of His shall ever pass away till all be fulfilled. Come then to God for yourselves, and you shall, like the little girl, be a happy follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

#### THE POWER THAT PULLS.

**A**S I was passing the Royal Exchange, London, I saw a crowd of ragged boys surrounding a tall policeman, and chattering together like a score of small birds when they fly round a hawk. Coming up to them, I saw a gentleman by the side of the constable, who had in his graspa fine, sturdy-looking little fellow of some eight years of age. Presently one little boy near me whispered to another, "Don't go near, don't go near, or they'll catch you too," and then off they sped between the cabs and omnibuses, leaving the little captive calling out in vain, "I won't go to school."

To what school he was going, or being taken, I did not wait to hear. I was glad enough that the boy was no longer to learn the lessons of the street. But we do not want to fill our school with the aid of Mr. Policeman, nor, I hope, to call him to the door to keep order there, as is done in some ragged schools I know of.

There is a more excellent way of compelling the children to leave Idle Street than that of pushing. I should be very sorry to push any child into my class, and fear he would not be very well behaved or happy if brought in in that manner. I remember calling upon some boys' parents, in order to get the lads to the class, and the parents turned the boys out of the house, and bade them go to school; but when the boys came to the school door, they only peeped in, and

when the teacher peeped out after them, off they ran as fast as they could.

Can you tell me the happy way of getting children to the Sunday School? How do you think the Lord Jesus drew the children round Himself? Surely it was by showing His love to them. A little girl was looking at a picture of the Lord with the mothers bringing their children to Him: one of the mothers had her hand upon the back of a little child, as if she was gently pushing it near to Jesus. "Mother, I would go without the pushing," said the little girl. The way to draw the children is by love—by the love of Christ. No children are too young to be the lambs of Jesus, none too small for the Good Shepherd to love. I asked a child, the other day, "Who is Jesus?" "I don't know," she answered. "Who go to heaven—what sort of children?" I said. "I don't know," was her answer. It was some days ago, but I can still hear the strange little voice saying, "I don't know." I trust that the readers of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG would all be able to answer these questions.

It is the "I don't know" children—and there are, alas, thousands of them—whom we wish to get to our Sunday School. I have noticed a man put out his hand to a horse, and the animal immediately go up to him, and why?—because the horse knew the man loved him. But the bible tells us that in some things, animals and birds are wiser than men. Man does not believe that God loves him, and will not come to God. "Ye will not come to Me, that ye might have life," Jesus says.

If love will bring the children from Idle Street into the school, love will, I trust, keep them there. For when a child finds that his teacher loves him, the child loves the teacher, so the power pulls very strong. But listen to me. There is something in everyone's heart which loves evil. A wicked boy or girl does wicked things because of the pleasure which doing wickedly gives, and the Old Serpent, the Devil, knows this very well. He knows the evil thing which every boy and girl likes the best, and when God sends

persons to bid the children in Idle Street to come to Jesus, Satan at once tries to keep them away. And even if the children do come to the school, Satan comes too. God says, when he comes thus into the Sunday School, that Satan is like a bird. If you will watch the sower this spring, casting abroad the seed in the fields, and notice the birds following him, you will understand how Satan is like the bird. The birds do not come near to the sower because they love him, or because they wish to help him, but because they wish to catch away the seed which he sows. Whenever God's word does not enter into the heart, you may be sure that "the fowls of the air came and devoured it."

And now my page is full, so I will end with asking you a few questions:—

1. What is that which draws us to God?
2. What children go to heaven?
3. Who is he that seeks to keep children from God; and how is he described in the bible?
4. Give some texts, where God points us to animals and birds to learn how slow our hearts are concerning Him.

The answers to the January questions which have been received, came too late for referring to this month. Our young readers will find it an interesting and profitable task to sit down and *write* out the answers to our questions, and by so doing they will have the Scriptures more clearly presented to their minds; their replies should be addressed to Editor of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, 21, Paternoster Row.

### DARLING EDGAR.

(Continued from page 4.)

His ready mind saw lessons fine,  
E'en in most simple things;  
For to a child with open eyes,  
Each day instruction brings.

For parables the *busy* Bee,  
And *careful* Emmet speak;  
The Violet whispers "*Modesty*,"  
The Lily white "*Be meek*."

Two birds within a cage had we,  
Within our cosy room;  
As pretty birds as eye could see,  
Alike in chirp and plume.

But though they nestled side by side,  
At times they'd peck and scold;  
Then each would mope all by itself,  
All miserable, and cold.

Till one would hop, and nod, and look,  
As if to say "I'm good;"  
When down would fly the other bird—  
I'm sure they understood.

These little birds, with feathers green,  
And odd and child-like ways,  
Were quite a sermon to us all  
In darling Edgar's days.

For he would say, we must not tease  
Or quarrel, but shew love,  
And like the birds all nestled close,  
Our words by actions prove.

And Edgar sought, in word and look,  
A gentle child to grow;  
He strove to overcome himself,  
And love to Jesus shew.

A christian lady asked him once—  
"Your brother dwells on high—  
Would you to Jesus like to go,  
Above the bright blue sky?"

"I should, I should," dear Edgar said,  
"And Jesus soon will come  
To the bright cloud, and we shall meet,  
And all be then at home.

"To-day, perhaps, the Lord will come,  
To-morrow it may be,  
But very soon I know He will,  
Then Henry I shall see.

"Yet all will not the Saviour meet  
When He comes to the sky;  
But such as love Him, they will rise  
And see Him up on high."



Astonished at the words so wise,  
The lady asked again ;  
And Edgar, in his simple way,  
His meaning made so plain,

That she was sure, though young indeed,  
He looked to see the Lord,  
And in his heart, by God's own grace,  
Had treasured up the word.

With Sunday came the morn of joy !  
 How sweet it used to be  
 To read God's word, together pray,  
 And scripture wonders see !

He loved to hear the full-toned hymn,  
 And helped it in his way ;  
 When in the house of prayer we knelt,  
 He, too, would silent pray.

With solemn mind and reverent look  
 He sat, because God's word  
 Declares when christians meet to praise,  
 Among them is the Lord.

But Edgar lived not long on earth  
 His mother's heart to cheer,  
 For ere he grew to seven years old  
 He was no longer here.

" Alas !" said he, " when sick in bed,  
 There's nothing I can do."  
 Then brought we him his pencils three,  
 The black and red and blue.

But books and pencils only made  
 His head more sadly ache ;  
 So all his little treasures we  
 Had from his hands to take.

Then Edgar said, " How many boys  
 Have no sweet mother near,  
 Nor loving father, nurse, nor friends  
 Their little beds to cheer.

" I will not murmur, much I have,  
 So I will thank the Lord."  
 And thus it was our Shepherd kind  
 His lamb with goodness stored.

But childhood on the bed of pain  
 Brings tears to every eye ;  
 I'd rather think of Edgar's joys  
 With Jesus up on high.

When all the doctors said " 'Twas vain,"  
 And Edgar we must lose,  
 His mother with a sorrowing heart  
 Broke to her child the news.

" My darling boy," she weeping spake,  
 " Jesus from heaven on high  
 Is looking on you—see above !"  
 And Edgar turned his eye

To gaze above ; then gave a smile,  
 And nodded to his mother,  
 Whispered some words ; and he was gone  
 To heaven and his brother.

And many, many wept that day,  
 And still will flow the tear,  
 For Edgar's love and Edgar's smile  
 Were welcome far and near.

Once on a time his father hoped  
 That Edgar would proclaim  
 The love of God to young and old,  
 Thro' Jesus' saving Name.

But Edgar lies within the grave,  
 And Jesus knows the best ;  
 Yet though he's dead, he speaketh still  
 Of love, and peace, and rest.

" Do you love Jesus, little child ?"  
 My Edgar seems to say ;  
 " Oh, Jesus is the children's Friend,  
 Come, then, to Him to-day."

God grant that tho' my boy can not,  
 Yet that these lines may tell  
 Some little boy, or little girl,  
 The way with God to dwell.

And if the Lord should kindly please  
 To use dear Edgar's word,  
 How will the child in heaven rejoice,  
 And my poor prayer be heard !



### SHORT SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

No. 4.

THE bible does not tell us many things  
 about the Lord Jesus from the time of  
 His infancy up to the time when He

began to preach the word. But in the gospel written by Luke, one little incident is mentioned.

The parents of Jesus used to go from their city Nazareth year by year to Jerusalem, to keep the feast of the Pass-over. You will remember that many years before the birth of Jesus, God brought the people out of the land of Egypt, where they were slaves, and that on the night of their deliverance, He bade each family take a lamb and slay it, and sprinkle the blood upon the outside of their house doors. And year by year afterwards, when the day of this deliverance came round, the people of Israel kept the Pass-over. This was their New Year's feast. It was to them like keeping their Nation's birthday. Those who followed God's word went up to the city of Jerusalem to keep the Passover Feast there before the Lord, for Jerusalem was then their holy city, where was Jehovah's Temple. Upon these journies many families would go together and form one large company, for travelling was slow work in those times, and there were many robbers on the lonely high-ways.

When the child Jesus was twelve years old, He went up with His parents to Jerusalem, and entered the Temple, where the learned men used to meet. He sat in the midst of them, and listened to what they said, and then He asked them questions. These learned doctors were astonished at the answers which the child Jesus gave to their questions, for they did not know who He was. We know why He went into the Temple; it was not to please Himself, but to please His Father in heaven, for from the very first He said, "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God." When the child Jesus was thus occupied, the company with which Joseph and Mary was, returned home. They made a day's journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth, and then his parents sought Him amongst friends and relations, and not finding Him, they went back to Jerusalem. After three days they found Him in the Temple, and Mary blamed the child Jesus, and told Him of their sorrowful search for Him. Then He said, "How is it that

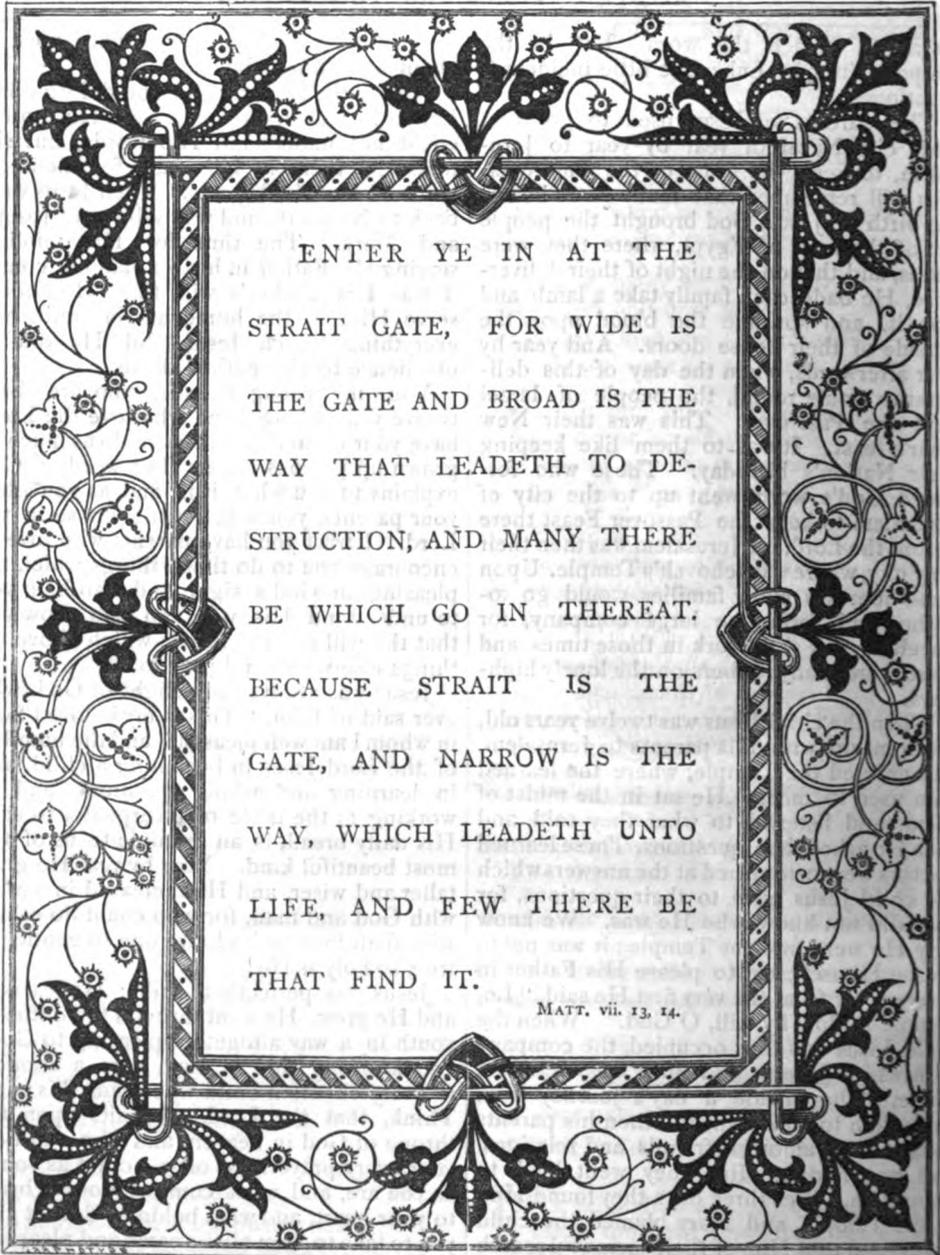
ye sought Me? Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

He was the perfect child, and did what His Father in heaven directed. Even His mother could not understand His words, but she treasured them in her heart, for the angel had told her who He was. Then Jesus went back to Nazareth, and was subject to Joseph and Mary. The time for His publicly serving His Father in heaven had not come; it was His Father's will that He should serve Him in the home at Nazareth, and everything which Jesus did He did in obedience to His Father above.

You, my young friends, who are about twelve years of age, and who love the Lord, have your Father's business to do as much as grown up persons have. The word of God explains to you what it is, and as you obey your parents, you will, I trust, do so in the Lord. I trust you have parents who love to encourage you to do those things which are pleasing in God's sight, and who help you to understand His will, and who show you that the will of God is that which above all things else we should pray to do.

Jesus was always the delight of God, who ever said of Him, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and the humility of the Lord Jesus in becoming a child, and in learning and asking questions, and in working at the trade of a carpenter to earn His daily bread, is an example to us of the most beautiful kind. Year by year He grew taller and wiser, and He increased in favour with God and man, for who could do otherwise than love and admire one so gentle, so true, so holy as He!

Jesus was perfectly a child; He learned, and He grew. He went through the duties of youth in a way altogether pleasing to God; and knowing this, is, I am sure, a comfort to every christian child who reads this page. Think, that the Lord, who sits upon the throne of God in heaven, and who can hear your every prayer, was once a child as young as you are, and what comfort does it bring to your heart, and what boldness does it give you to take to Him all the cares and pleasures of your childhood now!



ENTER YE IN AT THE  
STRAIT GATE, FOR WIDE IS  
THE GATE AND BROAD IS THE  
WAY THAT LEADETH TO DE-  
STRUCTION, AND MANY THERE  
BE WHICH GO IN THEREAT.  
BECAUSE STRAIT IS THE  
GATE, AND NARROW IS THE  
WAY, WHICH LEADETH UNTO  
LIFE, AND FEW THERE BE  
THAT FIND IT.

MATT. vii. 13, 14.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



## LITTLE MARGARET.

"What we learn about Jesus can never die."



LITTLE MARGARET'S father and mother had taught their child about the Saviour, and she wanted to belong to Him, but she could not say she was His. One day she stood with a company of children at

the grave of a little boy. There was an address given from those beautiful words in Mark x. 14, about the love of God in giving His Son to die to save little children. They were told that the little boy, at whose grave they then stood, had been very unhappy about his sins, that he had found peace and happiness in believing on

the Saviour who died for him, and that he was quite willing, after an illness of only four days, to leave his dear parents and all he loved on earth to go to Jesus. Little Margaret listened to what was said with the ear of faith. She heard that in the midst of the little boy's dying pains he could tell his father and mother how very, very happy his Saviour's presence made him, saying, "He loves *me*. It is worth all the pains in the world to love Him! He loves *me*. I'm wrapped up warm in His bosom. I forget my pains, He has made Himself so near to me." Margaret felt that Jesus would receive and make her happy too, and she returned from the dear child's grave with the love of Jesus in her heart. Thus had the blessed Saviour gathered one lamb into His bosom, and called another to follow Him.

All loved little Margaret, for she truly loved her Saviour, and followed in His footsteps. Shortly afterwards she asked her mother if she might read in the scriptures wherever she liked, and three portions were chosen which she always called her chapters, and little Margaret had a way of her own in joining them together, as if they were one chapter which God had written all for herself. Two were Psalms, the 23rd

and the 103rd; the other was the 14th chapter of St. John.

"Mother," would little Margaret often say, "it is because the Lord is my Shepherd that I shall not want, for He crowneth me with loving kindness and tender mercies, and I shall dwell in His house for ever." And then she would remark: "Will it not be beautiful when Jesus comes again to receive us to Himself, when God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor sighing, neither shall there be any more pain?" And then it says in the 22nd of Revelation, that God's servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and shall reign for ever and ever. We shall be happy then, mother, as my hymn says:—

"Soon Thou wilt come again,  
 Jesus our Lord,  
 We shall be happy then,  
 Jesus the Lord;  
 When Thine own face we see,  
 Then shall we like Thee be,  
 Then evermore with Thee,  
 Jesus our Lord."

We don't want to stay here, do we, mother, only to learn about Jesus?" At another time she remarked, "Jesus says in my chapter, 'If ye love Me, keep My commandments;' and if I mind what father and mother say to me, is not that keeping His commandments?"

One day little Margaret was watching her sister marking a card with a verse for their aunt, who had lost her little girl. "Must you put that verse?" said Margaret; "I think aunt would like what I saw the other day on a little grave in the cemetery, 'Not gone from memory, not gone from love, but gone to her Father's home above.' And I know something mother would like too, you will find it in the last verse of the 40th of Isaiah, '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; they shall walk, and not faint.'

"May we read it together before I go to bed?" and dear little Margaret added, "Though our lives may perish like the grass, *what we learn about Jesus can never die*, and He gathers the lambs with His arms and carries them in His bosom." How little did her mother think, when she heard Margaret's words repeated to her that night, that in four days time her lamb would be folded in the Saviour's bosom. The next day little Margaret was smitten with fever; she was unconscious, and only once came to herself, just, as it were, to comfort

her dear mother with one more precious word from the lips of Jesus. "Read, mother, the eighth chapter of Matthew" (she was too weak to remember the verse she wanted to hear). "Which verse is it, mother?" Her mother's eye fell on those words in verse 26th, "And He said unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then He arose and rebuked the winds and the sea; and there was a great calm." The dying child said, "That's it, mother." "Jesus would not have us doubt His love, my child." "No," whispered Margaret; and after hearing once more her favourite xiv. of John, the little one sank again into unconsciousness, only to wake up safely in the arms of Jesus. I think, as you have heard little Margaret's favourite chapters, you will like to know her favourite hymn, and that the fourth verse was the one she most liked—

I hear the words of love,  
I gaze upon the blood,  
I see the mighty sacrifice,  
And I have peace with God.

'Tis everlasting peace!  
Sure as Jehovah's name,  
'Tis stable as His steadfast throne,  
For evermore the same.

My love is ofttimes low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows;  
But peace with Him remains the same,  
No change Jehovah knows.

I change, He changes not ;  
 My Christ can never die :  
 His love, not mine, the resting-place,  
 His truth, not mine, the tie.

The Cross still stands unchanged,  
 Though heaven is now His home ;  
 The mighty stone is rolled away,  
 But yonder is His tomb !

And yonder is my peace,  
 The grave of all my woes ;  
 I know the Son of God has come,  
 I know He died and rose.

I know He liveth now  
 At God's right hand above ;  
 I know the throne on which He sits,  
 I know His truth and love ! L. P.

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### SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

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#### ORDER.

**E**VERYTHING which God makes, and which He calls good, is in order.

He has rules by which the clouds come and go, and by which some kinds of clouds rise higher from the earth than others, and He has rules by which the tiny insect at your feet makes its little home, gathers its morsel of food, and does its humble duty on the earth until it dies. And are children, who have their lives given to them by God Himself, and who are to live for ever and ever, not to be in order too ? I heard of a school—I will not say where, but it is not very far from London—the character of which is not like the work of God's hands. The children come late, they stay away from their classes, and they go first to one class, and then to another, just as they please. I should like each teacher and scholar to learn this text : " God is not the author of confusion," or, as the margin reads, " tumult, or unquietness." That noisy school, those irregular children, those little boys and girls peeping about, form anything but the sort of Sunday school the bible would teach us to have.

I wish that those disorderly children would notice some of the small creatures about them, and learn the beauty of order. Look within that bee-hive, through the little glass door which allows you to see its busy inhabitants. What a crowd it is ! There are thousands of little creatures in that small space, and yet each one is doing its duty, and there is no confusion among them. You can hear their hum as they go about their work, but they waste no time, though you will notice that they frequently touch each other, as if they had something to say. Some of the bees go and fetch the sweet juices from the flowers, whilst others build up the cells and store away the honey, and in the happy bee-hive all is pleasantness and order.

Our Sunday school should be as earnest as the hive, each child busy in learning and gathering up the sweetness of the bible, and all working in good order under the superintendent, like the bees under their queen.

Do you know that each bee out of the ten or twelve thousand in the hive, comes to the queen once at least in every three days, when he gravely touches her with his little black horns ; and in our Sunday school we expect each of the scholars to be as respectful to his teacher and the superintendent as the busy bees to their queen.

As working in order is working together, we like each scholar of the class to learn, as far as possible, the same lesson ; and it is always a bright afternoon when the children know that our superintendent will question the whole school upon the lesson for the day. Many a nice answer have we heard on those afternoons, which has been quite a help to the teachers. In each class the stranger will notice how the children help each other, for one asks one kind of question and another another kind, so that the little store of knowledge grows like the honey in the hive.

A dull child that is who has no questions to ask. The worker bee is sharp and quick, though very quiet in his way of going about ; he is not in a flutter like the butterfly, nor idle like the drone, but he sings as he flies



from flower to flower. I shall call that sleepy boy in the class a drone, he has no wise questions to ask ; and that fidgety one a butterfly, for I know he will only sip up what he hears this afternoon instead of carrying it home like the worker bee.

Look at the little picture of the bees and their home in the bank. They are that kind which live together in small families in little holes in the ground, but they are as busy as their cousins who live in the hive, and that one flying down is bringing home a store of good things fastened to his black shiny legs.

But I must tell you (if you should not know) why it is that those scholars are not diligent. If you were to rub two dry sticks together you would make fire come, but if you were to rub two pieces of snow together you would not get fire, would you ? And some children take a great deal of rubbing to make them ask wise questions, warm from their hearts, about God's word ; and some, I am sorry to say, never ask a question about its heavenly truth at all. If there were not something in the sticks to call forth the fire, not all the rubbing in the world would make the flame come : out of nothing nothing comes.

Now, the Bible is God's letter to us; and if we do not love His words, we do not love Him. Love to Him only comes from the heart in which His love is. But "we love Him, because He first loved us;" He gave His Son to die for our sins; and all who believe in this love will have many things they wish to know about God.

But our page is nearly full, and our school hour is over. Please, then, mind how you go away. Go home quietly and in order—one class at a time. Do you not hear the firm but kind voice of our superintendent? "There is a time for everything, and as you are leaving our school it is the time to be as quiet as possible. The people round about are watching you, and you must earn a good name, everyone of you, for order."

And now, please find out for me, and note down neatly, answers to these questions:—

I. Where is the text first quoted in this page to be found?

II. Give some proofs, shewing us that God as the Creator is the God of order.

III. Also some proofs of the same truth from the religious service of old testament days.

IV. Give some texts from the new testament which speak of order.

V. What does the Lord say about those who love Him and His word?

VI. Give some other texts upon loving the Word of God.

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

**W**E have been much pleased to receive so many answers to our questions of January and February. We trust that our dear young friends will continue to search out scripture proofs, and they shall meet our careful attention. Each of our young correspondents gives us the same text from St. Matthew as one answer to our first question in January number. Amongst others, we must mention the replies of E. D., C. W., E. H., as being pointed and good; and some of the answers of little "Jeanie," who is just seven years old, we print below. Jeanie's mother writes to us that her little

girl wrote out the answers herself, with great perseverance and painstaking.

We hope next month to hear from many more of our young readers, and trust that their search into God's word to find the proof texts will be the means of fixing the eternal Truth more firmly upon their minds. We purpose referring briefly each month to the answers which we receive, and, to encourage painstaking in replying, we shall be pleased, at the close of the year, to send some useful book to those of our correspondents whose papers evidence the most neatness, care, and diligence. Texts must be written out, and not references only given, and the proofs must be aptly chosen. Address, "Editor of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, 21, Paternoster Row."

#### Answers to January's Questions.

1. "Sinners" are invited to come, and those "who labour and are heavy laden"—Matt. xi. 28.

2. We must come by faith—Heb. xi. 6.

3. We shall receive "Life"—John vi. 47; "Salvation"—John x. 9; "Grace"—John i. 16; "Rest"—Matt. xi. 28; "Peace"—John xiv. 27; "Glory"—John xvii. 22.

4. We shall perish—John iii. 8.—JEANIE.

E. D. replies thus to

5. "Enter not into the paths of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men."

6. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."

7. "Take no thought for your life what ye shall eat, neither for the body what ye shall put in."

#### Answers to February's Questions.

1. God's love draws us to Him. "We love Him because He first loved us"—1 John iv. 19.

2. Children who love Jesus come to Him. "Of such is the children of heaven"—Matt. xix. 14.

3. Satan tries to stop us, and he is called "that old serpent the devil"—Rev. xii. 9; "A roaring lion"—1 Pet. v. 8.

4. Isaiah i. 10. Jer. viii. 7.—JEANIE.

*THE NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.*

**N**O one could tell who God is without being first told, and God has told us about Himself, and thus it is that we who live in christian countries know that His Name is love, and that He gave His Son to die for sinners. The heathen do not know who God is, and their gods, or rather what they worship, they regard as cruel. In some heathen countries the poor people do not even have a name or a word for God, for they have no idea of a Being all-powerful and all-wise. The heathen New Zealanders have a word, "Atua," which they use when speaking of God; but they call a lizard or a cloud by the same name. Indeed, the green lizard, which they call "Atua," is very sacred in their eyes. Their idols are exceedingly ugly and horrible, and they cut them out of large pieces of wood. Much skill is shewn in carving these idols, and the powers of the New Zealanders in designing figures and patterns are very great.

The chiefs are held as sacred persons, and they have great power over their tribes. The head of a chief is looked upon as very sacred, so much so that no one may touch it. The chief himself seldom puts his hands to his head, because whatever his fingers, which have touched his head, are placed upon is considered "tapu," or sacred, like his head. When a chief's wife has cut his hair, her fingers are looked upon as so very "tapu" that she may not even put them to her mouth for some days, and has to be fed!

But the "tapu" has its advantages as well as its disadvantages, for it stands in the place of a good deal of what is called law in civilized countries. Thus, if you were a New Zealander, and wished to have a fine tree you saw in the forest preserved for your own use (perhaps to make a canoe out of), you would mark the tree, and it would then be "tapu" to you, and no one would dare to touch it. Now I hope, when your parents give the word, and bid you not touch things, that their command will make the things as "tapu" to you as the tree with its bark cut is to the New Zealander!

The Island of New Zealand does not produce any large animals, and before the Europeans visited it the natives had not seen anything so large as a horse. Once a ship came to the island with some pigs on board, and the New Zealanders seem to have remembered the story of those who had seen the horse and the way in which the Europeans rode upon it; for when the pigs were sent ashore the New Zealanders began to ride upon the pigs, and in a very short time rode them to death!

However, pigs are very common in the island now, and the New Zealand girls make pets of the little pigs, just as our children do of kittens: they carry them about, and take them out for walks.

There is one thing in which the New Zealanders strongly resemble English children: they find it very hard to keep a secret. In some things they can control themselves very remarkably, but not in keeping counsel.

The Maori (the proper name for the New Zealander) can remember long passages of scripture, and recite hymns, in a way which would make some of our young readers very astonished; and now there are many who have the word of God before them, and some who love it.

Many years ago, some good men went to New Zealand and told the poor heathen about God, and of His Son, the Lord Jesus. A great chief listened to what they said, but he could not understand why the missionaries should come to his island. After the missionaries had left the part of the island where the chief lived, he began to long after the things of which they spoke; he did not know how it was, but he could not rest.

So the chief set out, seeking the preachers of God's good news to men, and travelled long journies to reach them. He went through the lands of his enemies, and risked his life to hear fully what were the strange words of love which the good men had to tell. He asked the natives who had heard the word to give him the riches which the missionaries had left among them, but they said they could not. "Go," said they, "to where the white man is; he has with him a

spring of water." "I will," said the old chief, "and will fill my empty calabash."

But when he reached the place, the white man had left, and his calabash or drinking bowl was still dry, and the old man had to return with a sad heart to his own land.

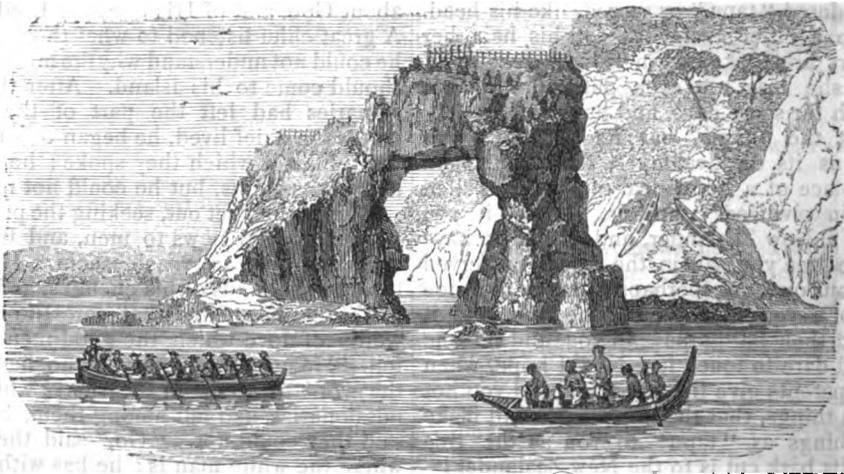
Several months passed by, and at length the old chief heard that another white man was coming towards his dwelling. How glad was the old chief! "Yes," said he, "I saw a missionary's face; I sat in his cloth house and tasted his new food. My heart bounded within me, as I listened and ate his words." While others slept the old chief sat hearkening to the good news of God; he learned now who made the earth and the sea, and that the great Creator became a man and died for poor sinners. He learned that God is love. The old chief found the true riches;

he found Jesus, and he rejoiced that all his sins were washed away in the precious blood of Christ.

He bade the people of his tribe heed his words; he told them he was fading like an autumn leaf: "My hair is white and I am old; the yellow leaf is fading away; my strength has left me, and the days of youth are past; soon I shall be gone to the home of God, to dwell in the presence of His Son. I have drank of the living waters, and I am refreshed. Fill your cups at the same stream." The people of his tribe heard him with deep attention as he besought them to be reconciled to God, and

reminded them how he had sought and at length found the missionary.

May the earnestness of this old man, once a heathen, now a happy child of God, be a bright lesson to our young readers to "seek the Lord while He may be found!"



# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



## *NONE TOO YOUNG TO HELP OTHERS.*

**S**OME twenty or thirty years ago, in one of our large sea-port towns, lived a little girl named Matilda Cousins. She had a kind and tender mother, who loved the Lord Jesus, and who sought to train her little

ones to love Him too. Thus, at the early age of four years, little Matilda began to think whether she were really fit to go to Heaven or not. She knew God could not look upon sin, and that she often did naughty, sinful things, and many times the tears

rolled down the little cheeks when she thought that perhaps, after all, she should never go to Heaven. But before very long, Matilda saw her sins were laid on Jesus—that He bore them all on the cross, and believing in Him, she began to love Him as her own Saviour.

Mr. Cousins did not know or love God, and Matilda now sought in various little ways to be a comfort to her mother, who had many sorrows and difficulties. When she could read, her first wish was to have a Bible of her own, and this desire was granted to her. One day a missionary, who often called upon Mrs. Cousins, brought Matilda a beautiful reference Bible, and on receiving it her joy was so great that she clasped it in her hands, saying with great emphasis, “Precious treasure, thou art *mine*.”

This dear child’s love to the Lord was not without its fruit, and she sought how she might be useful to those around her. She had many little brothers and sisters, and hearing one day of a school near, where she might be taught knitting, she thought how delightful it would be to make socks for them all.

Matilda was too useful to her mother to be spared in the day, so the kind person who kept the

school consented to have a little evening knitting class for girls who were busy all day.

She always began with prayer, and whilst the little ones were knitting, she would sometimes read a portion of God’s word. Matilda thoroughly enjoyed these evenings, whilst some present only listened to make fun of the kind teacher who sought to lead the little ones in the right way.

It was soon apparent to all that Matilda was not long for this world, and at the early age of nine she was called to suffer much upon a bed of sickness.

But amidst it all she would often say how little pain it was, compared with the Saviour’s sufferings on the cross; and once, when in great agony, the doctor asked her to drink some wine, she sweetly did so, saying, “Ah, my Saviour drank gall for me.” She would often beg her parents not to weep, for she was going to be with Jesus, whom she loved so much. A little while before the dear child fell asleep she asked for all her books and clothes, and calling her little brothers and sisters, she distributed to each one her earthly treasures. Her father was at this time away from Plymouth, and she begged that her

Bible might be given to him with her dying love, and a wish that he would never again ridicule God's holy word. May this story urge on some little christian child to serve the Lord—to follow in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus, who went about doing good. Who knows how rich the blessing of serving others and forgetting self?

E. B.

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*SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.*

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PUNCTUALITY.

**PUNCTUALITY!** This is a longer word than our young readers usually find in our pages. We are not fond of long words—they are like some of the dressed-up people we see about now-a-days—it is hard to tell what they really are. As a rule the longer a word is, the less it is understood; but I dare say you all know that punctuality means keeping the right time, and this, I hope, you all are in the habit of doing. You would not like to keep grown up persons waiting for you; it is very rude to do so, and worse, it is stealing! I knew a little girl who used to take five or ten minutes longer than needful in putting on her clothes for a walk, and thus she robbed those whom she kept waiting of all those minutes of precious time, which is more valuable than gold.

I heard some days ago of a Sunday School, in which the scholars come ten and even twenty minutes behind time. If there be order in the school, I am sure there will be punctuality, and the texts which you have sent, and which are printed below, shew us how that order is according to the scriptures. Not long since there were thirty persons, who had met together to speak about some important business, and they had to wait twenty minutes for one of the

chief speakers who was late. Now if you will multiply 30 by 20, you will see that this person (who is otherwise a very good man) had stolen no less than 600 minutes from other people!

And when the scholars come late to their class, a little dark cloud comes over the kind teacher's face, which is quite as sorrowful to see as the late-mark put in the book. But beyond keeping the teacher waiting, unpunctuality is a great dishonour to God; when prayer will be made to Him at a given hour, God is always ready to hear his people's prayer, and for children to come in late to school, is a sad want of reverence.

It is a rule in our school to lock the door at the very moment when school begins, and those who come behind time, are marked down as LATE. The other Sunday, just as the door was shut and the key was being turned round in the lock, a late-comer reached the porch. "They might have looked to see if anyone was coming," she grumbled; "they might have looked up the street before shutting the door." And this saying made me think of that solemn day, when the door of Mercy will be shut against those who are too late, and of what the foolish virgins said, when they came to the shut door, "Lord, Lord, open unto us." They did not say, "Alas, how wicked we were to sleep away our hour of grace," but were so foolish as to expect to have the door opened for them!

You are very young, some of you, but every one has a set time given him to think about his soul and to seek for mercy. Once a child asked a grown up person to tell him the way to heaven. "You are too young to think about such things," was the reply. But the child answered that there were shorter graves in the churchyards than he was tall. And so it is; there are children smaller than my dear young readers, whose bodies lie in the grave, and whose souls are with God. God's time is now. Just now, this very moment. What, in the midst of your play, or of your meals? Yea! now—God says to you, *Come*. It would be dreadful if the door were shut upon any of you;

I trust that you will all seek Him early, and then you shall find Him.

And none can be really happy but such as have come to Jesus, and are safe. If you were outside the door of your home, and could make no one hear, and the night grew dark and cold about you, you could not be happy! But how dreadful it is to be shut out from God's home. When the poor people believed, too late, that what Noah said was true, and saw the water rising up to drown them, yes, and saw, too, the door of the Ark closed against them, how they must have wept and longed for safety, but it was too late, *too late*.

On the opposite page you have a picture of some rooks at work helping each other. When I see these busy birds go home in the evening, I always think they teach us a lesson in punctuality. They keep time in a marvellous manner, for so sure as the sun sinks down, you may see their long black line in the sky, and hear their merry noise overhead. And perhaps you have noticed the old birds which fly behind the column, keeping watch for lag-behinds, and bringing them all home together.

1. Try to find a scripture from both the Old and the New Testament bearing upon punctuality?
2. Find a text upon the value of time?
3. What scripture proofs can you give shewing that God receives those who come to Him *Now*?
4. Give some texts upon the danger of delay.
5. Will God receive any who may seek for mercy after His time of mercy is passed?
6. Who were they, that were destroyed by fire because they delayed to escape in the time given to them to do so?
7. How many years did Noah warn people of coming judgment.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

SOME very good answers have been sent in reply to the March questions, and we feel sure that a great deal

of time and much patience were spent over many of them. Work on, dear young friends, and you will be all the richer for your labour. It takes much digging and much toil to bring the treasures hidden deep down in the mine to the surface, and the Bible is a mine full of precious things.

As all have found the answer to No. 1, we will not quote the text.

To No. 2, amongst others, these answers have reached us: "Because, when the earth had no shape and was dark, God put it all in *order*."—WILLIE. "Everything God has made shews us His love of order. The regular return of day and night, the regular seasons of the year."—JEANIE.

To 3, "The word '*order*' is used ten times in God's commands to Moses about the furniture of the Tabernacle and the sacrifices; also 1 Chro. xv. 13, and xxiii. 31."—JEANIE.

In answer to 4, several give these texts: "Set in order things that are wanting." "Let all things be done decently and in order." (1 Cor. xiv. 40.) "Beholding your order." (Col. ii. 5.)

5. "If a man love Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "If a man love Me he will keep My words." (John xiv. 23.) "I love them that love Me." (Prov. viii. 17.) "The Lord preserveth all them that love Him." (Ps. cxlv. 20.) "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." (Rev. iii. 19.) "All things work together for good to them that love God." (Rom. viii. 28.) "If any man love God, the same is known of him." (1 Cor. viii. 3.) "The crown of life which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him." (James i. 12.) "The kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him." (James ii. 5.) "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." (1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.)—These are sent by various children.

Here is a beautiful cluster of texts sent by one and another, all shewing what the Lord says about those who love Him and His word. May they be written on each heart of our dear young readers. We wish that you all would learn these bright and glad texts by heart; they are very well chosen.

6. "I will delight myself in Thy commandments, which I have loved."—F. K. "I rejoice at Thy word."—WILLIE. "He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me: and he that loveth Me shall be loved of My Father, and I will love him, and will manifest Myself to him." (John xiv. 21.)—JEANIE.

Replies to April questions must be sent not later than the 12th of the month, to Editor of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, 21, Paternoster Row. And please remember to send your addresses as well as your names and ages. See also note to March number.



FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH  
CHILDREN.

## I.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. i. 1, 2).

I AM going, my dear children, by the Lord's help, to give you some of the milk of His word, little by little, in order that you may grow thereby. You will understand better what I mean if you look at chapter ii. verse 2. When we are born into this world as infants, we are fed upon milk only; as we get older, we grow larger and stronger, and are able to eat bread and meat and many other things. So when you first can call Christ "Saviour," when you are first born into God's family, and believe in the Lord Jesus, you need the pure milk of God's word that you may grow up into men, able to take stronger food.

I once saw a man pouring milk into a can, but he poured so fast that a great deal of it went over the side and was spilt on the ground. Now this bible-milk is far too precious to be wasted, so I am going to try and pour it out drop by drop, and may God's Spirit make it enter into your hearts.

"The first epistle." That means the first letter. Do you remember the first letter you ever received? Then I am sure you know how delighted these poor people must have been to have Peter's first letter. "Peter, an apostle," writes it. An apostle was one who had seen the Lord Jesus Christ, and who was sent forth to spread His name. The word "apostle" means *sent from*, and epistle means *sent to*; so that the words are somewhat alike. There are now no apostles of Christ, but can you tell me if there are any epistles? Turn to II Cor. iii. 3, and you will see that *you* may be an epistle of Christ. What a wonderful thing! This is a letter of Peter's, telling us about God and Christ, and you can be a letter of Christ! How interesting it would be to read you, if you really were a nice long letter from Christ, telling us all about Him by your ways and actions. Jesus writes His letter on the hearts of His people, and He begins it just as Peter begins his. Peter puts his own name

first—"Peter an apostle," and the first thing Jesus writes on the little heart is His own name. "Jesus, *my* Saviour." Has He written these beautiful words on your heart? If I could look into your heart, do you think I should find these three words there written, not with ink, but by the Spirit of God? Oh! that all saved children were really little letters of Christ, sent to this dark world to tell others by their words and actions all about that Jesus whom they love.

I will tell you a story about a letter of Christ's that was torn to pieces. Many years ago, there lived a man on whose heart Christ had written His name, "Jesu." And this poor man tells us he got into a great many trials and troubles, which, as it were, tore his heart to pieces, and that this beautiful name was torn to pieces too. One day, when all his troubles were over, this good man sat down to try and put the broken pieces of his heart together, and the first bit he found had the letter "I" or "J" on it; then he found another bit with the next two letters "es;" and then another little piece with "u" on it. This pleased him very much, for he found that separately to his *broken* heart they read, "*I ease you,*" and together they read "*Jesu.*"

But I must begin this interesting letter of Peter's. First let us see to whom it is written. "To the strangers scattered throughout—" and then follows five hard names, but none of them spell "Canaan." Now these "scattered strangers" were all Jews, and ought to have been living happily in Canaan, and not in five countries with hard names. You remember, I am sure, how God gave Canaan to the Israelites for their own land, when they came out of Egypt; and yet here Peter is writing to a number of them who are in other countries. How is this? Ah! they had sinned against their good God again and again, until at last God was obliged to drive them out. So that these were poor sinners living in exile to whom Peter was writing, and he tells them in the second verse who had been thinking of them. God the Father had thought of them before they were born, God the Son had died to save them,

and God the Spirit had come down from heaven to separate them from this wicked world, and to make them follow Christ.

Thus we see that God, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are all interested in these poor exiles. They became exiles through disobedience; but since Jesus had died for them they were to be obedient *as He was*. His was a *willing* obedience. He obeyed, not from constraint, but because He loved to do God's will.

And now notice the last word in the verse. Paul never uses it in his letters. He always sends grace and peace; but Peter is not content with this. He wants it *multiplied* to these poor scattered strangers. How beautiful to see the love God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the Apostle Peter all had for them!

A. T. S.

*"I SHALL SOON SEE HIM."*

**I**F my little readers are quite sure they would like a true and solemn story, I think I can tell them one, but I hope they will do something more than read it; I hope they will remember it, and ask God to give them an interest in the blessed remedy of which it speaks.

Not long since, an invalid lady in the west of England was roused one day by the hasty entrance of her maid, who said, "If you please, ma'am, Jane P.'s mother is here, and wants to see Miss L." The lady's daughter was away, but the poor woman came in and told her tale. Her child Jane was very ill, and the woman wanted Miss L., who was Jane's Sunday school teacher, to come and read to her some portions of God's word. As Miss L. was not expected to return for some time, the poor woman had to go home to her sick child, with the promise that if Mrs. L. could get so far, she would visit her in the morning. The next day Mrs. L. set out, asking the good Lord for strength, and for a message to little Jane.

"You seem to be very ill; are you in pain?" Mrs. L. said to Jane.

"Oh, no!" Jane answered, "I shall soon be better. I am not very ill."

Mrs. L. took her Bible from her pocket, and read some of those sweet promises which God has given for poor sinners to know the way to Heaven.

Jane listened, but, to all appearance, cared for nothing but to get better. Ah, my dear children, I want you all to stop and think about this. Do you know any little ones who like to choose their own way, and forget all about the God who made them?

If I were to ask any of you to go with me to a very lovely garden, where you could gather all the sweet flowers, and eat of the rich, ripe fruit, and listen to the pretty song of birds, should you be sorry to go? I fancy I can hear you all say, with a merry laugh, "Oh! we should like it so much!" But God's home is brighter far than the sweetest place on earth. Children, do you know how you may be made fit for God's home? You must be clean; that is, your sins must be all taken away. Listen to what little Jane has to tell us, and you will learn that it is the Blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, which cleanseth us from all sin.

When Mrs. L. was able to visit little Jane again, she found the child much weaker, and very tired from coughing. Mrs. L. felt thankful to see a little Bible on the bed, and leaning over said, "Well, Jane, you are no better, are you sorry?"

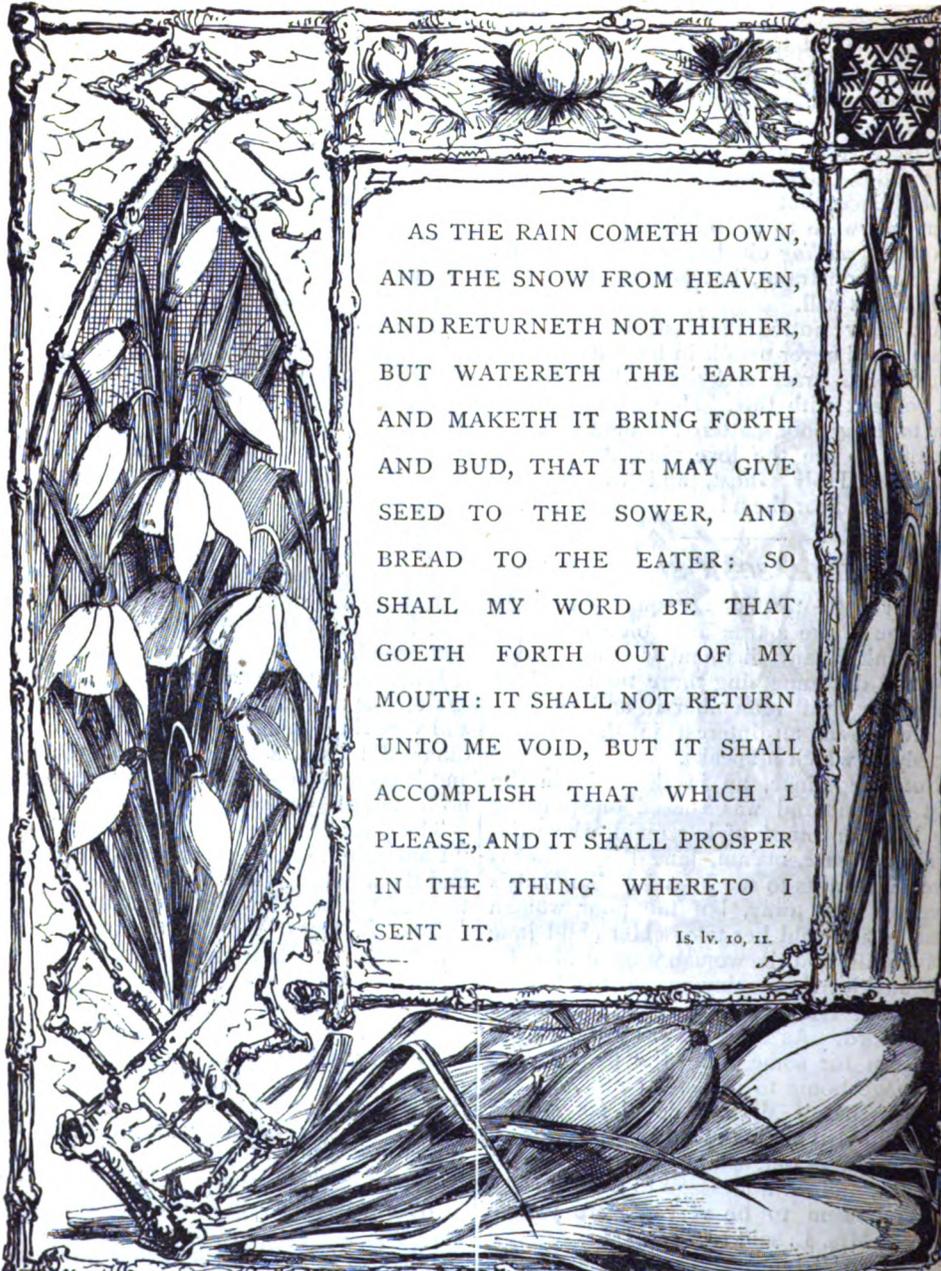
The poor little thing looked up and said, "I am going, I shall never get better here," and then, putting her thin wasted hand over the bed-clothes, she tried to find something.

Mrs. L. kindly said, "Do you wish for anything?" "My Bible, please," said Jane, and then pointed to a little marker, which was placed in the early part of the Bible.

Mrs. L. turned to the place, and found a passage which had evidently been often fingered. The weak voice of the child said, "It is about the Blood."

Mrs. L. read aloud, "When I see the blood I will pass over," asking her if that was what she had been trusting to.

With a face clearly showing that she was enjoying the peace which the blood had purchased, Jane lay back on her pillow and said, "I am so tired, but I shall soon see Him."

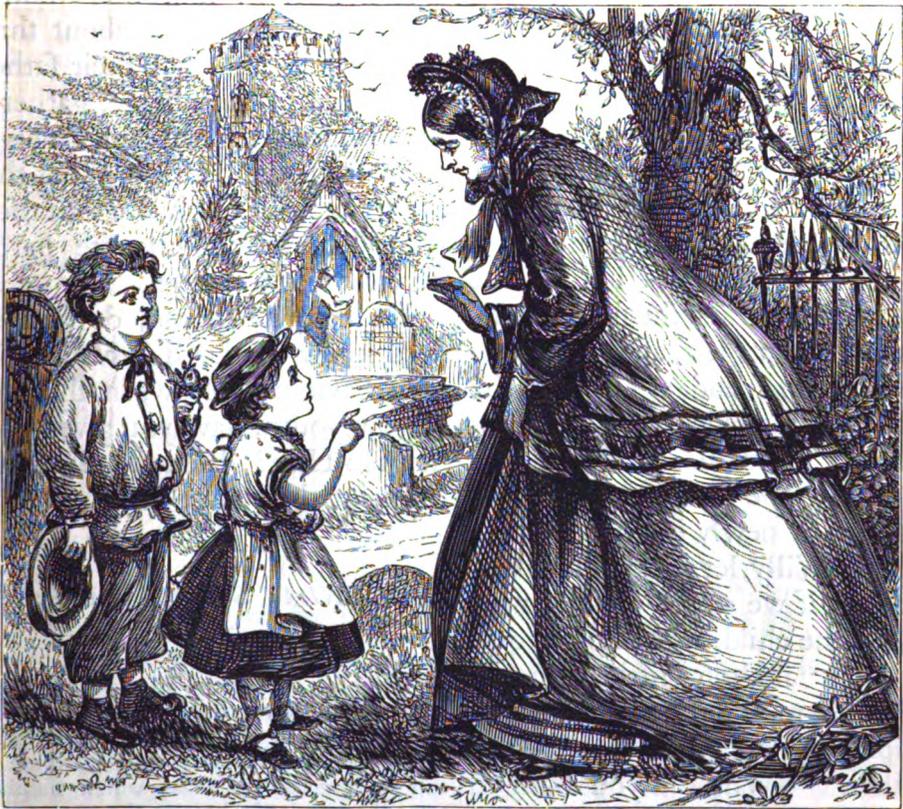


AS THE RAIN COMETH DOWN,  
AND THE SNOW FROM HEAVEN,  
AND RETURNETH NOT THITHER,  
BUT WATERETH THE EARTH,  
AND MAKETH IT BRING FORTH  
AND BUD, THAT IT MAY GIVE  
SEED TO THE SOWER, AND  
BREAD TO THE EATER: SO  
SHALL MY WORD BE THAT  
GOETH FORTH OUT OF MY  
MOUTH: IT SHALL NOT RETURN  
UNTO ME VOID, BUT IT SHALL  
ACCOMPLISH THAT WHICH I  
PLEASE, AND IT SHALL PROSPER  
IN THE THING WHERE TO I  
SENT IT.

Is. lv. 10, 11.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



“ME GO TOO SOME DAY.”



T was an autumn evening, and turning my back on the gay city, I bent my steps towards one of nature's loveliest scenes, on the banks of the Avon. On one side,

the sight was bounded by a hanging wood, the varied and beautiful foliage of which was just becoming tinged with autumn's hues; on the other, the Avon rolled its deep, dark waters through a luxuriant valley.

Before me, as I walked beneath a row of chestnuts, I could see the ivy-crowned tower of a little village church, and here and there, amid the trees, the curling smoke of the cottages of the villagers. As I walked on I heard the sound of the passing bell, and enquiring of a little girl whom I met, learnt it was for one of the villagers who had just been committed to the silent grave. I turned in the direction of the church yard, which the funeral procession had just left, and found two children alone, and, as I opened the little gate, the elder of them, a boy of about seven years of age, was calling to one younger, who was seated on a newly bound hillock: "Come, Willy, let us go; Mary will be angry if we stop." "No, no," replied the child, unwilling to quit the spot; "no, 'top a little, do 'top."

At this moment he saw me, and jumping up was going to follow his brother. "Why did you wish to stay here, dear? Who lies in that grave?" said I. He lifted his little bright eyes to mine, and lisped—"Moder ma'am, moder seeps dere, but her'pirit's gone up"—pointing to the sky. "And who told you her spirit was gone up there, my little fellow?" "Fader, ma'am, and me go too, some day, an' Georgy, and

all of us, to see poor moder." I was much struck with the child's simple earnestness, and, turning to Georgy, learnt that the children had lost their mother about three weeks since, and that their father, who lived in the village, gathered his children together and taught them from the bible, and that thus their young hearts knew that those who believe in Jesus are parted here but for a season.

Dear young friend, do you indeed know the Lord Jesus as your own Saviour? Now, in the days of your youth, have you given your heart to Him? Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him.

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*SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.*

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ATTENTION.

**O**UR Sunday School Page has now been some few months in existence, and we have the pleasure of knowing that amongst our young readers, whom we call "our class" (a class which numbers some thousands of scholars), there are several who take pleasure in searching the Scripture to find answers for our questions. With our young friends about us, punctual in attendance, and in good order, we ask what is that which the Sunday School teacher looks for in the first place from his scholars?

It is that which when your parents speak to you they expect, and that which when God speaks He requires of us all. Sometimes persons have to say the same things over and over again. Why is this? The words may be very beautiful and of the

utmost value ; but unless something be given by the hearer they will do him no good. You guess what we mean. You say, we must give attention. Yes, and a listening heart and mind is attention.

A boy was bidden run an errand. He was told to go very quickly, as what was wanted was most important. The little boy did not listen to all that was said to him. He heard, but did not pay real attention, and he came home without the medicine for which he was sent, and was told that for want of the medicine his kind father would have to suffer very much. If the boy had had more love to his father he would have been more attentive to his words, and though the boy grew to be a man, yet he never forgot his want of attention to his father's words upon that sad occasion.

God spoke in bygone days to His people, Israel. He told them the same things very many times, but they seemed deaf to His words. God said He should punish them if they would not hear; and now, because of their sin, these people are driven away from their once beautiful land. Inattention to God, that is not listening with the heart and the mind to His word, must and ever will bring sorrow.

A lady was strolling along a country road, when a man coming towards her, driving a cart, suddenly called to her, in an earnest tone of voice, "Turn back—Turn back!" The lady quickly ran into a cottage close by, and the next moment there was a loud crash, and the place where she had been standing was strewn with pieces of stone. Had she not at once given attention to the man she must have been killed. She could not see the men blasting the rock, but she heard the earnest warning voice—"Turn back, turn back!"—and, obeying it, was saved. How many, many times does God in His word warn the thoughtless, as they walk upon the broad road which leads to destruction! Attention to that word is salvation, and remember the day will come for each, when the last warning will be given.

There was a little boy named Ebenezer; a most troublesome scholar, and quite a torment in the class. His teacher often

warned him and entreated him, but Ebenezer, though only some nine years of age, went on in his wicked ways. One Sunday his teacher missed him, and again the next Sunday Ebenezer was not at the school. Then the teacher called at the house, and found that the poor boy was senseless, and too ill to see anyone, and a few days after he was gone. When we think of the sad Sunday afternoon when poor little Ebenezer's body was carried through the fields to the grave, we pray for our dear young friends that God will make them now really attentive to His word. Jesus says, "Come to Me," but how few attend to His loving invitation. God bids all hear His word and live: may every one of you listen to Him!

But there is another kind of attention which is needful for all, whether old or young. If we were to say to you, "Listen to us," and you heard every word, and could repeat all that was said, still it would not serve you unless you kept on listening in your heart. Many children forget what they hear, but a really lovingly attentive child does not need to be told the same things over and over again. A little child, when away from home, was asked to do things which were forbidden, but the child gently answered, "If you please, my mother does not like me to do this." This is attending for a long time together, and this is loving to attend. When the love of God is close in our hearts, we keep remembering what He tells us; when our hearts forget Him, we are not listening to His words. King David speaks of the safe place in which he hid the Lord's words, and when God's word is treasured in the casket where King David hid it, we are truly happy. Sometimes God's words do not get put by in the casket, but only enter the ear, then when the temptation to do wrong comes there is no jewel within to look at, and no riches to delight in to keep us from the evil into which we fall.

1. Give some texts upon attention to God's word.
2. How many times in the Book of Proverbs are we bidden attend to the word?
3. Where did David hide God's word?

4. Give a text shewing that Israel would have been blessed had they hearkened to God.

5. Who was the King of Israel that began to reign when a boy, who would not, when young, listen to God, and what befell him?

6. Give a text shewing that God ever hearkens to His people's cry.

### ANSWERS TO APRIL QUESTIONS.

1. WHEN God gives a set time for men to repent, or for bringing an event to pass, He adheres to the time given. The children of Israel coming into Canaan, after wandering the forty years appointed (Numb. xiv. 33; Joshua v. 6, iv. 19), is one example. The Lord's birth at the promised time is a New Testament example; "When the *fulness of the time* was come, God sent forth His Son." (Gal. iv. 4.) The Holy Spirit being sent to the earth as promised is another: "When the day of Pentecost was *fully* come." (Acts ii. 1.) But the best answer sent to us we consider to be this: "Peter and John went up together into the Temple *at the hour of prayer*, being the ninth hour. (Acts iii. 1.)—ERNEST HICKS.

2. "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." (Eph. v. 16.)

3. Many scripture proofs, both single texts and accounts of sinners being received, shewing that God receives all who come now to Him, are to hand. We trust such passages as "Behold now is the day of salvation," and such stories as the conversion of the jailer (Acts xvi.), and the dying thief being received by Jesus, will be graven upon the hearts of those who have found them in the word as answers to the question.

4. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." (Prov. xxvii. 1.) "The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night, for when they shall say, 'Peace and safety,' behold sudden destruction cometh." (1 Thess. v. 2, 3.)

5. None will be received by God who trifle with His word in this accepted time, and who delay seeking Him until the door of mercy be shut. (Luke xiii. 25; Proverbs i. 24 to 26.)

6. Lot's sons-in-law, who married his daughters (Gen. xix.), delayed and were destroyed by fire.

7. Noah preached 120 years of coming judgment. (Gen. vi. 3.)

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We have endeavoured to give the substance of the best answers sent to us by several children; where the most distinct verses are sent we print the name of the sender. Will you please forward your letters to us as early in the month as you can, and be sure to remember that we cannot accept letters which reach us later than the 12th of the month. Address Editor of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, 21, Paternoster Row. See also note to March number.

### BIRTHDAY FLOWERS.

"DEAR Grandpa', I bring you some sweet blooming flowers

That grew in my garden so gay,  
I've watered and tended them in my play hours.

On purpose to give you—to-day.

"They are tied with white ribbon, in true birthday style,

And arranged in my very best way;  
You'll like them, I'm sure, I can see by your smile—

'Many happy returns of the day!'

"Dear Fanny, I take them, and thank you, my pet,

For the love and attention you've shewn;  
Their beauty and fragrance say, 'Do not forget  
By whose power and wisdom we've grown.'

"Indeed, we *should* think of the wonderful care

That is seen in each flow'r, bud, and leaf;  
And 'consider the lilies' surpassingly fair!  
Though their lives be but fragile and brief.

"They remind me, dear Fan, of our Lord's precious words,

Of the lesson of *trust* that He taught,  
That, if God 'clothe the grass,' and give food to the birds,

We should surely be 'careful' for naught.

"He who gave His own Son to suffer and die  
That we, guilty sinners, might live,

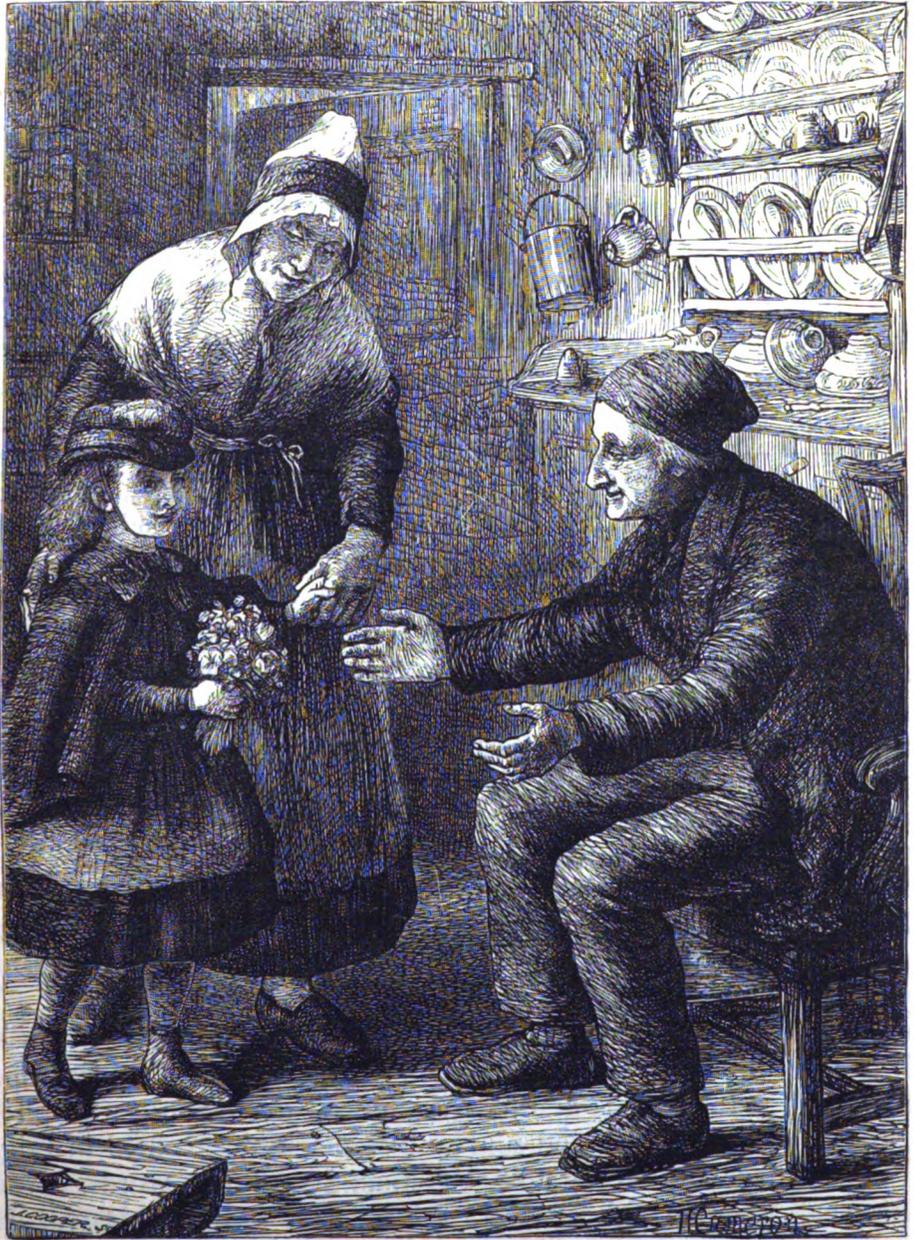
He knows all our need, and each want will supply,

For with Him, He does *all* 'freely give.'

"And thanks for the wishes of love you express'd,

I prize them—they came from your heart.  
I know that *in Christ* I shall always be bless'd,  
His own peace He to faith doth impart.

"My joy, too, in Him is for ever complete,  
And if soon I from earth pass away,  
In the glory eternal, my Saviour I'll meet,  
And be happier far than to-day." H. L. I.



## LAUGHING GEORGIE.

THE readers of the third number of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG will remember the account that I gave them of "Fair-haired Willie." I am now going to write about another dear boy whom I knew and loved—another dear little lamb, for whom the Good Shepherd died.

One Sunday evening, in a cold December, as I was sitting surrounded by my class in a mission hall in the neighbourhood of St. Giles's, a little boy walked up the schoolroom holding the hand of another teacher. The boy's black hair was nicely combed, his face was round and rosy, and his dark eyes sparkled brightly as he smiled to several of my scholars. His clean white holland pinafore, with the new leathern belt, told of a kind and thoughtful mother's care, and I was constrained to smile upon the boy. One of my boys said, "Teacher, that is little George Rushton, he is the best-tempered boy you ever knew. It is hard to make him cross, for, do what we will to tease him, he takes it all in good part." Indeed, as I afterwards found, George's kind and bright face made some of the sulky-looking lads ashamed of themselves, and his good nature would not

allow any one to take an advantage of him.

I learnt, too, that the rosy-faced boy lived in a street close by, in a first-floor back room, and while I was wondering how such roses could grow in the very midst of the dense streets of London, and wishing that all my boys were as happy-looking as little George, the superintendent touched my shoulder and asked me whether I should like a new scholar?

So George sat down in my class, and both his name and address were duly entered in the school books. "Please call me Georgie, teacher," he said; "that is what my mother calls me, and I like it best," and we were soon all at home together.

Georgie took a great interest in his lessons—he was first in class, both mornings and afternoons, and I always find that scholars who learn their lessons best are among the most punctual in their attendance. Georgie's favourite hymn was—

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,  
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;  
Through the darkness be Thou near me;  
Keep me safe till morning light.

and I gave it to him printed upon a picture-card, having a shepherd and some lambs painted in bright colours round the words. With this Georgie was very pleased. His father made him a frame for it, and

Georgie hung it up over the mantel-shelf of his little room.

Once, when I called upon Georgie, he pointed to the picture, and said, "Teacher, I often wish I had lived when the Lord Jesus was on the earth, for I should like to have seen Him as the Good Shepherd. I would have run to Him, knelt down, and asked Him if He loved a little boy like me?" So I explained to Georgie that the Lord Jesus is the Good Shepherd still, and that He tends His sheep and lambs now, as lovingly as He did when He was here upon earth.

Georgie always came into the school with a smiling face, and as he sat down in the class, would greet me, "Good morning, teacher, I know the verses and the hymn you gave me to learn." One day he said, "What name do you think I am called by now?" and as I could not guess he said, "Laughing Georgie, teacher, and that is what I like, for I never wish to cry."

When many of the other lads would go for "an airing" into the parks on the hot summer days, Laughing Georgie remained true to his post in the corner of the class, and found greater pleasure in the stories of the bible than in the company of the truants. The story

of Moses coming down from the mountain, where he had talked with God, how his face shone, and how he broke the stone tables upon which God with His finger wrote the words of the law, interested the little boy deeply, and Georgie was truly sorry when he heard that God would not let Moses enter the promised land, because he was angry, and scolded the people, when he struck the rock from which the water flowed to give them drink. The child wondered at the strange history of Moses's burial, how his body was hidden by God, so that not even to this day can any man say where he lies. But however Georgie loved the stories of the Old Testament, he loved more those New Testament stories which tell us in plain words of Jesus; and not only in the Sunday School, but often at home, Georgie read about the Good Shepherd giving His life for the sheep, and of the father who received with love and a kiss the prodigal son, who had wandered so far away from him and his home. Georgie's father would then help his little son, and show him things in God's book so far as he was able. Other questions Georgie would bring to me at the class, and the eager little seeker after knowledge of God's word often

made our whole class bright with himself. His mother once told me that Georgie was always contented. One evening when his father came home from work, Georgie mounted his knee, hymn-book in hand, and asked his father to sing with him.

After they had finished, Georgie said, "Father, don't you think I am the happiest boy on earth?"

"I hope so, my boy," replied his father. "But why do you say, 'I *hope* so,' father? Why cannot you say that I *am* the happiest boy? for those who love the Lord Jesus may always be happy, and I love Him, and *am* happy."

He would tell his parents that he was going to the beautiful land, where thousands of children dwell, and where they sing to Jesus, and see Him and love Him. "I hope, dear father and mother, you will meet me in that happy heaven," he would say. Soon after this Georgie was taken ill and died. Before he fell asleep, he laid his head upon his pillow, saying, "While folded in the Saviour's arms, I am safe from every snare," and sent a message to his teacher that "he was quite happy, that Jesus was waiting for him, and that he should soon be with Him."

Dear young readers, may you all be bright and happy as was my dear little Sunday scholar Georgie, and may you all have the joy in the Lord and Saviour which was this dear child's portion. c.

#### THE SHEPHERD'S LOVE.

"WHAT chapter in St. Luke shews most fully God's love to man?" was a question once asked at a school. A little voice replied, "The fifteenth, sir." "And how so?" said the examiner. "Because the first parable shews us Jesus's love, the second the Holy Spirit's, and the third God the Father's." This was a good answer, and you will all remember it when asked what the fifteenth of Luke teaches.

The first parable is of the shepherd seeking and finding his one lost sheep. I saw a flock of some hundreds of sheep and lambs, and noted how carefully the shepherds watched them, for there was not one sheep or lamb amongst the number which would not have strayed away unless kept secure. The shepherd in the parable was not angry with the stray sheep, he was sorry for it; he went after it, a long, long search he made, but he never rested until he found it.

"What did he do with it when he found it?" A Sunday-school was asked this question. Then the teacher said, "Suppose one of you were to stray away and be lost in yonder woods, what would your mother do with you when she found you?" After a minute's silence, during which the children looked at one another, a little boy cried out, "She would kiss me." And when the shepherd found his lost sheep he put it upon his shoulders, where it was quite safe, and bore it home rejoicing.

Jesus is the Shepherd, you the lost sheep; and when He finds the lost one, He receives him or her with love, and bears the wanderer upon His shoulder. Does not this beautiful parable shew us how Jesus loves us?

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



*THE LAMB.*

**T**HERE is a picture of a little girl with her pet lamb. She has made a garland of daisies to deck the little creature, which is pleased enough with the playful love of its kind mistress. Each

Spring the skipping lambs, with their merry little ways, please us as much as ever. You may remember the verses which say, "The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs." The 114th is a bright and joyous psalm of praise. It is the song of those whom the Lord delivered from slavery, and made His flock. How many times lambs are spoken of in the bible, I cannot say, but very often indeed; and God calls His people His sheep and lambs.

God loves His flock, and do you know how it became His? I once saw a shepherd driving a number of sheep along the road, when another man came up, who, after a while, took out some money and bought the sheep, and thus the flock became his own, to do what he pleased with. And God bought His flock, and paid for every one in it. The least child, as well as the oldest man that belongs to Jesus, has been bought by God. The man who bought the sheep from the shepherd paid different prices for the large strong sheep and the little lambs; but God paid the same price for every sheep and lamb in His flock—little and large—all exactly cost the same, and all are alike precious to God. You know what it cost

God to buy His flock. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," "He made it," all the gold and silver, and all the precious stones, everything on earth, belong to Him; but the world and all its wealth is not great enough to buy one little child for God. Look up, away from the earth, see the bright stars, "God made them also." One is now shining above my head as I write these lines. It is to my eye not so large as a pin's head, but it is really much larger than this earth. Now I see another and another—many more than can be counted—thousands and tens of thousands of bright shining stars, but all these distant worlds put together would not be great enough to buy one little child for God. There was once a rich man, with lands and houses, and so wealthy was he, that it was said of him that he could have all that he wished. This rich man had one son, and all his wealth was to him as nothing compared with his son, for he loved him so much. Do you think he would have given his only son to buy with him a poor little beggar child? Ah, no; he could never do such a thing: his love to his son would never let him give him up; but maybe the rich man might

give some money, or some trees, or a piece of land, for the beggar child.

But God purchased the sheep and lambs of His flock, not with gold or silver, nor stars, but with the blood of His only Son, the Son of His love, and now they are His, and His for ever. When the man bought the flock he put his mark upon them. "Do you see this?" said an old shepherd to me once, pointing to a mark upon the ear of a sheep; "I have used this same mark for my master forty years; I always know master's sheep by this, and nothing can take it away."

The old man smiled and was so pleased as he said this. But our little friend with her pet would not be satisfied with having only a mark upon her lamb; she has a name for it, and it knows its name, and runs to her when she calls it. "But," you say, "she has only one lamb, and therefore can easily know it; the shepherd has many sheep and lambs, and could not remember them all: besides, how different the sheep is from the lamb; the little girl would not know her pet again if she were not to see it for a few months, for it would have grown into a different shape." But God has not only a mark and a name for each of His flock, yet more He never

leaves nor forsakes any one of them. He calls the people His sheep and lambs because they are dear to Him. He watches over them here on earth, and will take them all to be with Him in heaven for ever and ever.

F.

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FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

## II.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. i. 3, 9).

*(Continued from p. 30.)*

WHAT had God for those strangers who were scattered, and who were not in their own land of Canaan? The first thing spoken of is their hope. You must remember that the great hope of all Jews was to live happily in Canaan, and perhaps to have their Messiah reigning over them there. Of course when they died they left all this. They could only enjoy it while they lived. But now where is the hope of these strangers? Not on earth, but in heaven; not before death, but after; not in an earthly king, but in a risen Christ in heaven. His resurrection has shewn us the way into heaven, and we look up the way He went and see Him by faith in heaven, and that is where our hope is. Let me tell you a story to illustrate this. Some time ago I was in Switzerland, and came to a beautiful valley. How lovely everything looked! As I stopped to gaze around me, my guide said, "This is nothing; we do not halt yet; we must pass on, for our way lies over yonder high mountain," and he pointed to the snowy Alp, which shone bright against the blue sky.

"And why must I go over there?" I said.

"Because our place of resting is there," replied my guide.

"How are we to get over that high mountain?"

Then the guide showed me a gap in the range: "The pass lies there! That is the

only entrance to the lovely valley beyond." So on we toiled, my eyes fixed on the pass through which all travellers had to go. There was no resting-place this side of the pass: all lay beyond. The resurrection of Jesus is, as it were, the gap, the opening in the mountains, which hide from us the home.

The 4th verse tells us that "an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, is reserved in heaven for you." Does some little pilgrim say, as he looks up at the gap in the great mountain range, "I shall never reach that. Many a danger is before me, many a snare lies in my way; I shall never cross that snowy ridge." See the answer which God gives to all the doubts and fears of His pilgrims—"Kept." It is the power of God that keeps the inheritance for us, and that keeps us for the inheritance.

Look, now, at the 3rd, 5th, and 8th verses, and you will find in them these three words—Faith, Hope, Love. Many girls that I know wear "charms." There are three they are very fond of: a Cross, representing Faith; an Anchor, Hope; and a Heart, Love. I do not admire these charms; but if I had to make them, I should have two Anchors and one Heart; and I will tell you why. A ship was once anchored near the shore by one anchor from her bows, and it happened that a storm came on, when the ship swung round and was dashed upon the rocks. The ship should have had anchors from both stern and bows, then she would not have been swung round and wrecked. Faith and Hope are the two anchors for the believer. Faith is the anchor behind: it holds us firm when our sins rise up—it is fixed upon what Jesus did for His people when He died for them; and Hope is the anchor before: it holds us firm when the trials and sorrows of life beset us—it is fixed upon all that Jesus will do for us. If we have these two securely fixed, we are safe from every storm.

The 21st verse tells us that God has done all for us, so that our "faith and hope might be in God." How peaceful we are when our faith and hope rest in God. Having these anchors, Faith and Hope, where is our heart set day by day? Can you truly say of Jesus,

"whom having not seen, we love"? The blessed Lamb of God has loved and died for His people. He lives for them and loves them—will love them unchangingly to all eternity—surely each of us who know Him can say, "Unseen, we love *Thee*."

Notice the difference between the joy in verses 6 and 8. The former is a great joy, because of the inheritance reserved for us, which may be compared to the beautiful valley beyond the mountain pass; but the latter is a joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Oh! how far it exceeds the first—and why? Can you not tell? This joy is because we shall see Jesus, and have Him who gave us all the beautiful things of heaven, and who is leading us there. Supposing you were born in India, and had been sent to England to be brought up, which would delight you most, to receive presents from your mother, or to return to her? Ah! many a child brought up far away from its mother knows the unspeakable joy of seeing her after years of absence. But Jesus' love is stronger than a mother's. He will never leave nor forsake His people, and believing in Him now, our hearts will be filled with unbounded joy when we see Him for the first time face to face.

A. T. S.

### NO WASTE.

WHEN from the cloth the crumbs are taken,  
They should upon the ground be shaken,  
The little birds to feed.

This work may by a child be done,  
Whose willing feet should always run  
To serve in case of need.

It is not well e'en crumbs to waste,  
Since birdies like to peck and taste

Wherever crumbs are found;  
And boy or girl, at open door,  
With apron or with pinafore,  
Can throw them on the ground.

In God's own word we all may see  
That wastefulness can never be

As right or proper viewed:  
Divine example there we find,  
When Christ the Lord, so true and kind,  
Had fed a multitude.



The scanty meal of fish and bread,  
By His creative power was made  
Enough to feed a host ;

And yet He gave this order plain—  
“Gather the fragments that remain,  
That nothing may be lost.”

Then, little reader, careful be,  
 For pleasant 'tis a child to see  
 Of thoughtful deeds and words;  
 And when, as in a house well kept,  
 The crumbs are from the table swept,  
 Think of the little birds. H. L. T.

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### SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

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#### OBEDIENCE.

**S**O you are all attentive, you have given good reasons for being so, texts and answers from God's word. What shall we ask of you next? That, which makes the class happy—yes, the home and the heart. Maybe we should say the heart first, for a happy heart goes a long way towards making a happy home and class. My watch is ticking busily and cheerily as I look upon its truthful face. Now I am peeping into its works, and noting its many wheels. Some move evenly round; some with a skip; some so slowly that I can scarcely perceive their motion; others rapidly. The secret of the life of my watch is its main-spring; upon this all the wheels and the hands depend. Should the main-spring get wrong, all the works will be out of order, and the watch will not tell true time. I shall call your heart a watch, and its main-spring obedience.

That class is not busy and cheery. Why is this? Some days ago my watch stopped—no shaking nor winding-up would do it any good—so I went to the maker. He looked very gravely at it. I saw something serious had happened. Then said he, solemnly, "The main-spring is broken. Your watch will never go again until this be put right!" And I must tell that dull and cross class that until it is obedient it will never go right. May the happy voices and bright looks be soon heard and seen!

Once, long ago, there were some persons who had a charming garden given to them, where the flowers and fruit excelled all our thought. You may have heard of the lands where the fruit grows so sweet and plentiful that everyone may have as much as he wants, and where the flowers, butterflies, and birds are as bright as shining jewels. Yet lovely as these lands are, there are poisonous creatures and fierce beasts in them, and such hot winds. But the lovely garden had more beauties than these lands

afford without any of their drawbacks, and all the charms of the garden were the unreserved portion of the persons who owned it. There was only one thing held back from them—only one; but if they disobeyed the command, and took the one thing which was forbidden, they were told both their garden and their happiness would vanish.

This is the story of Adam and Eve? you say. Yes; and the bible tells us, "By one man's disobedience many were made sinners;" and sad, too, for disobedience to God and sorrow ever go together. Disobedience to God is a dreadful poison, and all who take it die. Alas! we are all by nature disobedient and sinners, hence the sorrow and death about us and in us. Jesus came from heaven, the bible says, to do God's will. He was the obedient One; and though His life upon earth was a sad one—for His heart was tender, and He grieved over the sin and sorrow about Him—yet He had a joy within Him which none other ever had—the joy of obedience to His God, as He tells us, "I delight to do Thy will, oh! God." Some persons do what they are told, because they are obliged, but Jesus's life was that of joyful obedience to His God.

That happiness and obedience go hand in hand, you may see by watching children younger than yourselves. Look at baby yonder! "Baby, what are you doing?" See, he understands, though he is too young to say more than a very few tiny words, several of which are of his own making. Look at him! "Baby must not take that off the table." He gives a little grunt, which means, as clearly as words can say, "I want to have it very much." But he must be taught to obey, or he will grow up an uncomfortable child, and he is too precious to be spoiled, so, "No, baby," for see his hand is almost touching the forbidden thing. Now off he toddles, but his heart is upon the forbidden thing, just because it is forbidden; and see he is already trotting back to the table. "Baby," says his mother, very solemnly, "if you touch that, what shall I do to you?" "Ip, ip," he cries, at the same time patting his dimpled hands together, and away he turns to the offered toy, forgets his longings and is happy. He is too young to know why he is happy, but you can tell. He has learned a lesson in obedience. As I cannot finish this time, or ask you questions, having 'no room, before we part, as you are all attentive, let me ask you, Are you obedient? Let us part with this text to-day, "Hear counsel and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end."

## WORDS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 5.

THE bible says nothing of the Lord Jesus from the time when He was about 12 years old until "He began to be about 30 years of age," and in these few words—"He was subject unto them" (Joseph and Mary)—the story of those 18 years of the Lord's life is summed up.

The first thing which we read of after this is His baptism, and though it is rather a difficult subject for children, I shall try to explain it a little.

Before the Lord began His public service, John the Baptist told people that He was coming; that He would not be satisfied with outward things, but that He would look to the heart. The Jews might boast that they were the children of Abraham, even as now persons pride themselves upon being born in a Christian country. They might say that they were trees in Jehovah's garden, very different from the wild trees—the poor heathen around; but He who was coming required that each of them should be like a tree bringing forth good fruit, and if not, He would hew the professor down and cast him into the fire. If you had a number of fruit trees in your garden, you would require that the trees should bear fruit; it would give you no pleasure to have fruit trees that bore nothing; and the Lord is not satisfied with men and children who have His name upon them unless they do works pleasing in His sight.

As John preached thus, very many of the Jews felt self-condemned, and confessed their sins, upon which they were baptized unto repentance, and John told them to look for the Messiah who was coming. Those who did not own their sins would not listen to God's message through His servant John.

But why was Jesus baptized? He had done no sin. John was astonished to see Jesus coming to him, and exclaimed, "I have need to be baptized of Thee, and comest Thou to me." But the Lord explained that He came to be baptized to fulfil all righteousness. That is, the Holy One of God put

Himself among those who, by submitting to John's baptism, had owned their sin before God. The Lord is ever ready to be near anyone who owns his sin. There are numbers of texts showing us this. On the other hand, the Lord is never near such as do not feel their sin and unworthiness. It was the great grace of Jesus that led Him to be baptized of John, as it is His grace now which leads Him to listen to the cry, may-be of a child, that confesses to God the evil it has done.

And as the Lord came up out of the water, a most wonderful thing took place. God opened the heavens over Him, and the Holy Spirit, in a form like a dove, came down and rested upon Him, and the voice of the Father was heard, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Jesus had owned, by being baptized, the truth of all that which John the Baptist spoke. He had, in perfect obedience, done the will of God, and God spoke aloud His approval. This is very beautiful. God is love, and God loves the kindness of Jesus. Jesus had stooped to put Himself with a number of persons who had confessed their sins, and God said, "I am well pleased." There were, alas, many proud hearts in Israel who would not be baptized of John, but Jesus was not found amongst them. No, He was with those who humbled themselves at God's word. He came amongst them as the Lamb of God, who would bear away their sins, and to whom He would give the Holy Spirit to dwell in their hearts for ever.

You remember that when Jesus was born the angels sang near to the earth; but the Father's voice teaches us a lesson even more deep than the angels' delight. Jesus was ever the Father's beloved Son; never once in all His life upon earth was the Father other than well pleased in Him.

Another time we will look into the Lord's temptations by Satan, and the way in which He answered him by the Spirit; meanwhile, may our young readers who love Jesus be obedient to the will of God, and may their behaviour be such that the God and Father of the Lord Jesus may be pleased with them!

*"I HAVE ETERNAL LIFE."*

ONE afternoon, in the latter part of February, I was sent for to visit Ellen A——, a young girl of about 15 years of age, who had attended our Sunday-school for several months. I had often noticed Ellen's serious manner and earnest attention to the things of God, especially during the address; and now, upon entering her room, her countenance evidenced such sorrow as I cannot easily forget, as, looking at me, she said, "I am such a sinner!"

"Ellen," said I, "Jesus died for sinners upon the cross, and His blood is able to cleanse away your sins now, even as upon the moment it was shed, and He is as willing to save you now as when He was here upon earth. Do you believe this to be sufficient?"

"I think I can," said Ellen; then, shortly after, "I cannot now." Shewing that Satan was trying to snatch the good seed of the word from her young heart. After praying for her, I went away, leaving behind a little book in which were these words of the Lord: "My sheep hear My voice, and I give unto them eternal life; they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of My hand—none is able to pluck them out of my Father's

hand." Ellen read these words, and, by grace, believed what Jesus says. She believed that Jesus *gives* life, and she rejoiced in the forgiveness of her sins by His blood. She sent for me, and upon entering her room, instead of seeing a sad face, I saw one lit up with joy. "I am happy, happy," said Ellen; "I shall soon be with Jesus and see Him. I have eternal life."

She called her relations and friends together, urging and exhorting any who did not know the blessedness which she did, to believe, and by grace obtain it. One day, when her mother was arranging the pillow, Ellen said, "I cannot fall out of Heaven:" meaning that, in Christ, she was there already, safe in Him who is risen from the dead and seated above.

What a change from doubts and fears, to the sense of perfect security in Christ and joy in Him. Perhaps your young reader, like Ellen, is moral, amiable, and religious: but have you Christ? Have you eternal life? Can you rejoice in the Lord? None are too young to learn the Lord's love. Our dear Ellen speaks to you from this page, bidding you believe that the Lord Jesus *gives* life and forgiveness of sins through His blood to those who believe in Him.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



*“BRIGHT SHINING.”*

CAN you tell me, children, from which text these two words, “bright shining,” are taken? I asked some boys and girls not long since if they belonged to Jesus; they hung their heads; their faces grew dark; they were not “bright shining.”

You cannot shine for Jesus unless

you belong to Him. All who believe in Jesus are "children of the light," and He said, "I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness." Do you know what "whosoever" means? A poor blind man was sitting by the wayside reading these words, "whosoever believeth," from God's word; he passed his fingers over the raised letters and said again and again, "whosoever, who-so-ever," what does it mean? A boy was passing by, on his way to school, and the blind man cried out to him, "My boy, what does *whosoever* mean?" "Everybody, sir; you and I," said the boy. Then said the blind man to himself, "*whosoever* means me."

The children of the light should ever be bright shining. Are you a little candle for Jesus in this dark world, words and ways light for Him? Keep looking to Him, and so shall you shine for Him.

#### CAIN AND ABEL.

LET me for a few minutes, dear children, call your attention to the well-known story of Cain and Abel. Will you turn to Gen. iv. and read it for yourselves. I do not mean to speak of it all, but to point out to you a few remarkable things before giving you some questions to answer.

If you look at the 17th verse of the 3rd chapter you will see that God had cursed

the ground, and connected sorrow with it, because of the disobedience of Adam and Eve. Now Cain thinks to remedy for himself, by his own efforts, his parents' folly. He brings, of the fruit of the ground that God had cursed, an offering unto Jehovah. Adam and Eve had used the fruit of the ground—fig-leaves—to cover themselves. Cain did worse, and it could not answer. Now, what will Abel do? He does not copy his parents and Cain, but he brings one of the young of his flock as an offering to the Lord. God had clothed his parents with the skins of animals; and Abel slays an animal, and puts blood between himself and a God who could not have respect to an offering, that did not shew forth the death and blood-shedding of His dear Son. Abel was acquainted with God's thoughts, Cain was not; and he seeks, by his own ways and means, to satisfy God, and brings to Him of the work of his hands. Abel had accepted death and judgment as the punishment for sin, and now the life of another must go for him.

Oh, dear children, how wonderful to know that the death of God's Son has atoned for us, and that we now can be accepted in Him. Perhaps some of you would like to find out more about Cain and Abel, which you may do by searching for the answers to these questions:—

1. Why did Cain kill Abel? Find the reason given in the New Testament.
2. What is a person called who hates his brother?
3. What does Hebrews xi. teach us about Abel?
4. Who was the first martyr in the Old Testament, and who in the New? and in what way are they alike?
5. How did Cain try to make his punishment lighter?
6. Of what occupations or arts were Cain's descendants the beginners?
7. Give the texts mentioning Cain in the New Testament.

H. L. H.

You will address your answers, which you will write very neatly, to H.L.H., care of Mr. HOLNESS, 21, Paternoster Row, and we will read them through, and to the most diligent of you we will send a book, as stated in an earlier number of the Magazine.

*THE SEED WHICH FELL ON GOOD GROUND.*

**T**HE Lord Jesus was the Sower when upon earth, and He sowed the seed of God's word in the hearts of sinners. Whenever He opened His lips to teach, He sowed good seed, which, as it sprang up, brought forth fruit to everlasting life. And He is still the patient Sower, sowing the good seed by the hands of His faithful servants, old and young.

Children have the good seed sown in their hearts by their teachers in Sunday-schools; and as Jesus had four kinds of hearers, so every school has four kinds of ground where the seed falls, and three out of the four yield no fruit.

What a sower wishes for most is a clean field, where, after ploughing, neither paths, nor rocks, nor weeds can be seen, but where the fresh, clean mould covers all alike.

But in a day or two after ploughing the passengers, who walk across the field, have trodden down a path, and the seed cast upon this path is picked up by the birds. The careless child, who delights not to think of Jesus and His love, is like this path: the seed of God's word is soon trodden down by busy thoughts and foolish ways, and Satan, like the birds in the field, comes and robs the seed from the young heart, often even before the child of the Sunday-school reaches his home!

A short time after the seed is sown the field becomes fresh and green; the pathway will never yield fruit; but may we hope that all the field, now so promising, will be fruitful? It is only spring-time; we must wait and see. God, however, has not to wait and see, for He can look at the root and tell all that is going on underground. He looks into children's hearts, and knows what is there.

Spring advances, and the sower beholds some patches in his field turning yellow, and he knows that he shall have no fruit there. What causes these wheat plants to wither and die? Underneath the soft mould lie great, hard pieces of rock, and as the sun heats the ground all moisture is dried up,

and the tender root cannot pierce down through the stony ground, and thus, finding no moisture, and having nothing to live on, the green blade withers away. The hearts of some children are like this rock beneath the surface of the field—hard and graceless. For a time they may seem to believe in Jesus and profess to love Him, but God sees them to be bad stony ground; they have never felt really troubled about their sins, nor have they asked God to take away the stony heart out of their flesh. They trusted in themselves, said they were Christian children, but when a little persecution came, they gave up following Jesus. Those who watch over them see with deep sorrow the good words and fair promises of these poor children come to nothing—like the yellow patches in the field, they have no root; and so they wither away. Alas! how many stony pieces of ground are there in our Sunday-schools! There are Mary's, Lucy's, and Fanny's names still in the class-book, but the teacher only sighs while reading them over. These girls used to give their teacher hope, but the green blades have withered away, and now she has less hope of them than of many others who never shewed any love to Jesus. Oh, may stony hearts be broken and made soft, so that as the harvest draws near there may be life and growth and fruit for the Reaper!

But we must look again at the field; spring-time is followed by the summer, and everything is getting ready for the harvest. The little boys and girls, who used to sing how Jesus kindly said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me," who often wished that His hands had been placed on their heads, have grown up to be men and women, and now what have they done with God's word? Have they cast it out of their hearts? Not quite, perhaps, but they have let other things enter, and now they are full of the cares, riches, and pleasures of life, and they have become like those parts of the corn-field, where the weeds have grown faster and stronger than the wheat, and where, instead of ripening ears of corn, there are rank yellow flowers, great purple thistles, and bright scarlet poppies. These are very pretty

for children to play with, but of no use to make bread.

Such, alas, is all that comes from the unconverted heart, in which even the word of God is sown. Satan picks away what is sown in the heart of the careless. Trouble or persecution dry up the fresh hopes and early promises of others, till nothing remains but a barren covering to a stony heart. Pleasant things of this life grow up and choke the seed in others, till all hope for fruit to everlasting life is taken away from those who once seemed to be little sheaves for the Reaper at His coming.

This is sad, and sad too for the sower and waterer, but as Jesus was not weary neither must we be. Jesus always has some good ground for His seed in His field. If Johnnie let the birds eat up the seed, which if kept in his heart would make him happy for ever; and if Thomas give up Jesus because wicked boys laugh at him; and if William will have the bright weeds now, rather than the bread of life, yet God will have some hearts who shall receive Jesus. And these shall in times of persecution grow strong, for Jesus says it is blessed to be laughed at by the wicked, who crucified Him; and these shall not want the red poppies and yellow weeds of this world—the pleasures of sin for a season—but shall rather suffer affliction with the people of God. Yes, and these shall, when Jesus the Blessed Reaper comes, be gathered into His heavenly barn.

Only the other day Jesus gathered into His bosom a little child, who was like a pleasant plant for God in a Sunday School. You would not have had to write “christian boy” upon dear little Jack’s back to shew that he belonged to Jesus; and yet he was only six years old when Jesus called him! His father taught a number of little ones, but Jack was different from the rest of the scholars. He was not a wayside-hearer, for he would sit and listen with deep reverence to God’s word, and in his play he would sing sweet hymns about Jesus, and was quite sorry because his little sister would not sing them with him, but liked her childish songs much better.

One day, Jack came to his father when he was at his work, and said, “Father, my sins are all forgiven.” The little boy had felt himself a burdened sinner, and he went with the burden to Jesus, and at once, on the dear Saviour shewing him that He had borne the burden for him, Jack ran and told his father. From that time Jesus shone out in all his ways, and the good seed sprung up and bore fruit thirtyfold. He was obedient, loving, and unselfish, and the grace of God was upon him. How much little Jack laboured for his sister’s soul! And since he fell asleep the good seed has sprung up in her, and now she loves the hymns she would not sing with her brother. One Sunday afternoon little Jack was taken ill; it was near the school hour and his father went upstairs to see him. Not knowing how ill he was, the father asked him if he would not like to be at school once more? “If I get well again, I should; but I’d rather die and go to Jesus, father,” replied he, and then little Jack repeated his favourite hymn—

His heart is full of kindness,  
Sweet words He hath to tell;  
Come listen to Him, children,  
For He loves children well;  
And many to Him gather,  
From every clime and land;  
COME WELCOME, HAPPY CHILDREN,  
And join the holy band,  
CHORUS—Oh, Jesus He is kindness,  
Jesus the Lord is love;  
HOW SWEET TO HEAR HIM SPEAKING  
To us from heaven above.

He on the cross once suffered,  
Nails pierced His hands and feet;  
But all His pain and sorrow,  
Make us for heaven meet.

His blood our sin-stains cleanses,  
And takes our guilt away;  
COME WELCOME, HAPPY CHILDREN,  
For Jesus says you may.

He, He Himself will keep you,

He’ll hold you in His hand,  
He’ll never let you perish,  
But you shall reach His land—

The lovely, lovely country,  
All bright, and sweet, and fair.  
COME WELCOME, HAPPY CHILDREN,  
And all His glory share.

And in a few days afterwards he reached



**S**OME seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up :

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth : and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth : And when the sun was up, they were scorched ; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns ; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them :

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

ST. MATT. xiii. 4-8.

the lovely, lovely country, where he so longed to be, and on his tiny tomb a stone is placed, with his name and the second verse of the hymn he loved so much. May you all, while well and strong, be like this dear boy, that it may be said of you, "And these are they which are sown on good ground; such as hear the word and receive it, and bring forth fruit, some thirtyfold, some sixty, and some an hundred."—Mark iv. 20. R.

### FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

#### III.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. i. 10).  
(Continued from page 44.)

**T**HERE is a line at the end of verse 12, my dear children, that we think of very little. Fancy the angels longing to look into and understand the very things we are talking about now! How interested, then, we ought to be in reading of the sufferings and glories of Christ, when *we* can say, what the angels never can—"He suffered for us."

Let us see what we can learn from verse 13. Have any of my young readers noticed, when ladies walk about the streets, how careful they are to keep their dresses out of the mud? But when they come into the house then they let their dresses down, and do not mind them dragging upon the carpet. Or when a race is going to be run, I daresay you have seen the racers throw off their loose coats, and make everything tight, so that they may not be tripped up. This was especially necessary when Peter lived, for the men wore long dresses, that, when loose, were impossible to run in. This explains the meaning of verse 13. We are to keep a strict watch over the mind, and not to let it wander about: first, lest it get defiled with the folly and mud of this world; and, secondly, that we may be intent upon the race that is before us, "following after Christ."

There is a great deal more in this verse, but we must pass on to that word in the next, "obedience." Let the first care of

every young christian be, not service, not sacrifice, but *obedience*. God has very few obedient children, and yet He prizes obedience above everything else. I wonder if any who read this paper are among the number of God's obedient children! Whatever God tells you to do in His Word, do it at all costs. This will make you like God's own dear Son. The next verse speaks of resemblance to God our Father—"Holy, as He is holy." You all know what it is to have "a family likeness." For instance, the royal family of Austria have long been distinguished by a certain peculiarity of face, of which they are proud, because anyone seeing them can tell at once that they belong to the royal race. In the same way, many ancient families are known by certain distinguishing features and characteristics, of which, you may be sure, they think more than of all their riches. We belong to the royal family of Heaven, and we should bear these two well-known marks of our relationship to God—"Obedient," like Christ; "Holy," like God. Obedience and holiness are the two qualities we should cultivate and prize more than all our riches in heaven, because they show to those around us we are indeed God's children. If any of the young ones of God's family who read this, get drawn aside into unholy company or evil ways, let them remember they are born again into a heavenly family, and are to be holy, as God is holy.

In verse 15 we read that God has called us; in verse 17 we call on God our FATHER. This we are entitled to do, for He has put the spirit of sons into our hearts, by which we cry, "Abba, Father." Now, Jesus is not ashamed to call His people "brethren," but scripture nowhere allows us to call Him "brother." It is a wonderful thing to call God, Father. A great man may speak to a poor man by his christian name, but a poor man cannot do the same in return. God, however, has brought us so very near to Himself, that while He calls us His children (which we are by faith in Jesus Christ). He entitles us to—yes, and He delights to hear us, call Him, "Our Father."

Before passing on we will notice the word

## SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

## OBEDIENCE.

"conversation." We are to be holy in all conversation. Now there are four sorts of conversation; you talk by deeds and by words, amongst christians and in the world. Oh, how often our acts and our words vary according to our company! *This is not* shewing our heavenly origin. I am sure, my dear children who love the Lord, that you need to weigh every word of this very important verse.

In verse 21 you remember that we had our two anchors (faith and hope), and in verse 22 the heart of love, the three charms that every christian should possess.

I was walking down the Poultry, London, the other day, when I saw several houses with the glass all broken, the windows empty, and the doors cracked, and very strange they looked in the midst of so many gay shops. I asked a gentleman to explain the reason of it to me. He took me across the road and made me look up, and then I saw, rising just behind these shops and right out of them, a splendid stone building. My informant told me the street was going to be widened, and that all the empty shops were soon to come down, and that then every one would see the splendid building behind.

The 23rd verse is our stone building; it tells of what abides and endures for ever—the Word of God. And the 24th verse is the tumble-down shops, which will soon fall—the glory of man, which withers and falls away. If we are born of God, by His word, if that word be in our hearts, then we have a building of God, eternal in the heavens, and we need not be decking the exterior, the poor body, which must so soon fade away. I noticed that the other shops in the street made each of them a fine display, and people stopped and looked at them, but they had no fine buildings rising up out of them; yet the despised, broken-looking ones had that behind them which surpassed the others. Do not follow the fashion of the world; remember, each of you who loves God, that when this world's glory passes away you will abide in glory with God for ever.

A. T. S.

WE must not hurry away from our headword—obedience. When I began to learn to write, the teacher used to put a beautiful large word at the top of the copy-book, and it was my duty to try and make my poor words as beautiful as it. Some of you have tried this too. Shall I tell you a secret about this? Children are often too lazy to look at the top word, so they copy their own words, and what happens? Just this: the words get worse and worse till they get nearer the bottom of the page.

The life of Jesus is a life of obedience—happy obedience to God—and if we who love God would be in any way like Jesus, it must be by looking at Him and not at self. Not that anyone is ever exactly like Him; but remember, that the best way to be in any small way like the beautiful copy is to keep looking at it. "Be ye imitators of God, as dear children."

We might almost say that the bible is a book about obedience and disobedience; that the good people it speaks of are those who obey God, and the bad those who disobey Him.

When you see an engine moving along, you very well know that there is something which makes it move. And when we see a disobedient child, we know that there is something in the child which pushes. Steam pushes the engine; what pushes the child? It is something inside the heart. Children often call out loudly what this thing is. I saw a sturdy little boy pulling and struggling to go the very opposite way to which his nurse wished. "You must not go that way," said she. "I will," he shouted, till what with pulling and shouting he was red and tired. "I will" is the name of the something inside the heart which pushes along the wrong way. When a young child says "I will," and perhaps not very loud, maybe only in a tiny whisper—ah! sometimes in such a very small voice, and so far down in the heart is it said, that none save God in heaven can hear—then be sure that such a child is quite unlike the beautiful copy—the holy child, Jesus.

Let me say a word upon Willing obedience to my young friends who love their Saviour. The Lord said, there was a certain father, who had two sons, and he bade them go and work, the day he spoke to them, in his vineyard. The elder replied, "I go, sir;" but the younger said, "I will not." However, before the day was out, the younger son repented, became sorry for the evil

answer he gave to his father, and went to the vineyard and worked there. But the elder son never went at all, notwithstanding his promise.

How many boys and girls say, "I go," "I will obey God," when such words are only lip-service, not from the heart? Do not make rash promises to God about what you will do, yet may you not be sulky-obedient children.

Look at small Tommy yonder. Ah! my little fellow, you have a will of your own, though you are but six years old. Push, push it goes inside; and with that naughty will at work no wonder your face is so cross and unhappy. But why is all this? Why this pouting lip and angry eye? Tommy's mother bade her child jump up and run an errand for her at once. "Quick, Tommy, dear," said she, and he wanted to turn over some more pages of the picture-book she gave him. Tommy, to look at you walk, I should think you were quite ill; it seems that you can hardly move.

And indeed there is something very wrong with Tommy, he is quite ill with that dreadful complaint many children suffer from—Sulky-obedience.

But we have spoken together long enough, it is nearly time to be silent. What says my watch? It is ticking as bravely as ever; its main-spring is in good order. Its business-like, cheerful face will tell us. As I look upon it, it says to me, "To-day will soon be over, there will not be an opportunity for working in the Father's vineyard by-and-bye." Dear children, there will not be much longer given to those who love the Lord to be obedient for Him on earth, for eternity is at hand. And what shall I say to those children who do not yet love God? "To-day, while it is called to-day, harden not your hearts." Hearts grow harder as children grow older. May you, "to-day," obey the gospel, which bids you come to Jesus and be saved!

### BRIGHTER THAN THE STARS.

7's.

Bright - or than the stars on high, Or the sun of sum - mer sky,

Shines God's glo - ry from the face Of the Sa - viour full of grace.

Sun and stars with glory fair  
God's great handiwork declare;  
Every clime and every clare,  
"God hath made us," thus must hear.

Jesus, on the throne above,  
Gently whispers, "God is love;"  
Happy they that hear that voice,  
And, by faith in God, rejoice.

Sun and stars by all are seen,  
Save where darkness comes between;

Blind and cold the heart must be  
Jesus's love who fail to see.

Happy they who Jesus love,  
They shall live with Him above;  
Happy they whose lives are bright,  
Shining for Him with delight.

When in glory fair to reign  
Jesus comes to earth again,  
They whose hearts His love now see  
Shall, like stars, around Him be.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



“WATCH ME.”

SHE was only three years old, and it did seem very terrible to have to run past that big black dog, when he was unchained, too!

“Will you come with me?” was the appeal that reached my ears.

“No; Touch never hurts you,” was my answer; “so run away.”

But the child would not move. "Will you hold him, then?" was her next demand. But I shook my head while I told her that the dog loved her and she loved him, and that she knew very well there was nothing to fear.

One more frightened glance at Touch, and these words, I could not resist, "Will you *watch* me, then?" This I promised to do, and the little one began her perilous journey. More than once she cast anxious looks behind her to make sure my eye was upon her, and then, satisfied on that point, set forth at full speed, which soon brought her safely home.

Little reader, what do *you* learn from my story? There is an eye that never slumbers nor sleeps. God's eye is ever on His children; and if you are one of those happy children whose sins have been washed away in the blood of Jesus, it is pleasant to Him to look down upon you, for it is joy to His heart to watch even a little child who is seeking to follow Him.

I want to ask you one question. Does it make *you* feel safe to know that He who loves little children is watching you? Or are you afraid when you think, "God is watching me?"

"'TIS A-COMIN', TEACHER, 'TIS A-COMIN'!"

I WAS passing through Bow Street, Covent Garden, one Monday morning in the winter. The snow had fallen thickly during the night; the sky was clear, but the cold and piercing wind made one feel grateful to God for warm clothing and good food. As I walked quickly along, my eyes rested on a little girl of about nine years old, whom I recognized as a scholar from a ragged school where I had the honour of being a Sunday 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, whatever are you doing here, standing alone in this place, your little face almost blue with cold? You look shivering and 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, dear! I am sorry to hear that; tell me, how did your mother get there?"

"Taint the first time, teacher; I've seen her there afore. 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, something like the Lord Mayor's,

only the horses were like 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 upstairs. 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. 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 stumble 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'm glad you pray to the Lord 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 Covent Garden 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 was so lonely and so sad. The door of the van was opened, one by one the hapless offenders came out, and were led inside the police court to be examined. The last was a miserable-looking woman, at whose appearance Jessie pushed through the crowd, crying 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 sad scene.

Four years have passed by. It is Sunday afternoon in the winter, in 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 very sweet and pretty. Intelligence and thoughtfulness are written upon 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 close to me, teacher dear; my

eyes are getting so dim. I can't see you, but I know your voice 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 say bad things, 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 Bow 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'!" said the child again. "What, dear?"

"That beautiful, 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 favourite 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 for ever and ever."

J. L. M. V.

### THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

JUST look! this poor boy has no shoes to his feet,  
As he runs to and fro on the hard, stony street;  
And see how his clothes are thread-bare and old,  
Not nearly sufficient to keep out the cold.

He is busy, and smiling, with broom by his side,  
Sweeping a crossing, both tidy and wide,  
That the people who wish to cross the broad street  
May do so in comfort—not splashing their feet.

I wonder, poor boy, if he's ignorant, too,  
No kind friends to teach him—as I have, and you;  
In the wide world alone, a poor sweeper boy,  
With hard work before him and little of joy.

Ah, children, with plenty to eat and to drink,  
Just pause in your gambols—I want you to think:  
From whom are these blessings, so lavishly given,  
From whom do they come, but our Father in heaven?

May your hearts often thank Him for all His  
great love,

The gifts that He sends us from heaven above;  
But one gift there is, that for ever shall shine,  
Unequaled and glorious, eternal, divine.

You know Who this Gift is—you often have read  
Of the kindness of Jesus—the blood that Heshed;  
And, children, that blood is sufficient to save  
Lost souls from perdition, from death, from the grave.

For Jesus has risen! His dear wounds declare  
There's room in His heart for the little ones there.  
Oh, come then to Jesus, for sinners once given,  
And haste to the home preparing in heaven.

A. G. A.

### ENOCH.

THE short history of Enoch you may find  
in Gen. v. 18-24. His age can be  
easily remembered, for he lived as many  
years as there are now days in a year. A very  
old man, you would call him, and yet his son  
lived to be nearly three times his age. He  
was born when the world was about 600 years  
old, and when men were beginning to be very  
bad and to forget God. Adam was alive dur-  
ing most of Enoch's lifetime, so there could  
be no excuse for those whose wickedness was  
so great, for had not sin begun with Adam,  
and could he not have told them how Abel  
had been accepted by God?

But Enoch was quite unlike those who were



around him. After Methuselah was born, "he walked with God;" and then we read a wonderful thing about him—"God took him." He would not leave him amid all the sin, but he pleased Him so much that, instead of letting Enoch die, God took him to Himself. Do you know, children, that there are thousands of people to whom this will one day happen? Everything will perhaps be going on just as usual, and suddenly they will have been taken away. God will have taken them. Shall you be left behind? Only those who are saved will be taken, as you can see from 1 Thess. iv. 15.

Enoch is a type of those who belong to Christ, and who will go up to meet Him when He comes; and now they should be walking with God. If any of you, my readers, love the Lord Jesus, He knows it; and though wickedness may be around you, God never takes His eye off you, and He cherishes any desire you have to walk so as to please Him; and when Jesus comes you will go up to meet Him.

1. Write down Enoch's genealogy from Adam.
2. Who tells us a prophecy of Enoch's that we do not find in the Old Testament?
3. Does anything make you think that Enoch was looked for by his neighbours after God took Him? Who else was?
4. What did God tell him before He took him?
5. Was any one ever taken away, like Enoch, without dying?
6. How did Enoch, Noah, and Abram walk in relation to God?
7. Who else had a son called Enoch?

H. L. H.

### ANSWERS TO JULY QUESTIONS.

[Several answers have been received, all of which have been carefully attended to; the correct replies are printed here so that our young friends may compare theirs with these.]

1. 1 John iii. 12. "Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous."
2. 1 John iii. 15. A murderer. And a man who says he loves God and hates his brother is also a liar. 1 John iv. 20. Cain was both.
3. God testified of Abel's gifts. His faith made him bring a sacrifice which God could accept, and which made him righteous.
4. Abel. Stephen. Both understood God's way of

salvation as revealed in their times, and both testified against those who were setting up themselves and their thoughts against God. Cain was cut to the heart at Abel being accepted. The wicked Jews who slew Stephen could not stand the truth of his words about themselves.

5. By building a city. Gen. iv. 17. He was to have been a fugitive and a vagabond.

6. Jabal taught men to dwell in tents, and to keep cattle. Living in tents made it easy for them to follow their flocks about when they needed fresh pastures. Gen. iv. 20. Jubal made harps and organs, (iv. 21). Tubal-Cain worked in brass and iron, (iv. 22).

7. Heb. xi. 4. 1 John iii. 12. Jude ii.

### FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

#### VI.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. ii.).

(Continued from p. 55.)

**I** TRUST that my young friends who love the Lord have followed me thus far through Peter's interesting letter, and have understood what we have been talking about, and I trust that they have put some of our conversations into practice. We shall find, as we go on, how particular Peter is about our ways and actions, even more so than about our words—especially in this second chapter, at which we will now look.

Notice in verse 2, that the use of the milk of the word is to "make us grow." Rain descends upon the corn and the grass and makes them grow; and we should be very much disappointed if, after the soft April showers, the grass did not get on; and I shall be disappointed if our study of this precious letter does not make us grow in grace. I have often heard it said of a boy, "He is growing very like his father." Oh! that it may be said of us, that we are growing much like God in holiness and love through His word. As soon as a babe has tasted milk it desires more; because milk just suits it; and, as we read in verse 3, if we have tasted of the goodness of the Lord, we shall desire to know more and more about His word.

Verse 5 shews us God building us, as living stones, on that precious corner-stone, which men rejected, Jesus Christ. But before we can be built together we must learn from the first verse. It is a well-known fact that houses

cannot be built in frosty weather, since as fast as the mortar is set during the day, the frost forces it out and separates the bricks during the night. So with christians, old and young. The five things in verse 1 represent the frost of the soul, and the stones cannot be cemented together until these are laid aside. How can I be joined with another christian if I bear him malice in my heart? or, if guile, hypocrisy, envies and evil speakings are not cast out? No; all the frost must go, that in the sunshine of love, the building may be firmly joined, stone to stone, "in the bond of charity."

You will notice that Christ is called a living stone in verse 4, and that we are called the same in verse 5: Christ's people have the same life as Christ.

We now come to the 5th and 9th verses, which speak of two priesthoods—the "holy" and the "royal;" "holy," to offer up sacrifices of praise to God; "royal," to shew forth His praises to man. Observe—praise must ascend to God before it is shewn forth to man. Each one of the hearts of God's people should be full of praise always rising to God. My dear children, who have been saved by Jesus, are your hearts praising God for all his goodness, or are you murmuring and complaining? Nothing keeps Satan at a distance so much as a thankful spirit; no, if our hearts are full of praise he will not come near us. I was once on a mountain ridge in Switzerland, on one side of which was a very deep and wooded valley. I looked down upon the valley from the ridge top, but not a single house could I see, though I knew that a village was beneath me. At last, far away down amidst the trees, I saw a little wreath of blue smoke curling up to the sky, and then I saw another little column, and then another, and I knew there must be houses in the valley with fires alight inside. If you belong to God, He looks down on to the very house where you live. Just think, then, Is praise rising from my house? Does my heart bless God for all His goodness as I kneel morning and evening before Him? There may be a fire without smoke, but there cannot be smoke without a fire. Should you ever feel inclined to murmur or complain, you must think

"there's no smoke rising out of my cottage to-day." Then may your hearts have a good stirring up like a fire, that they may send up praise to God. You may have eternal life, and yet no praise be ascending from your heart to God. But none who are unsaved can really praise God. We know that there is one special time when worship should be rising from every Christian heart; but praise ought also at all times to rise to heaven from every heart that loves God, so that we may fulfil the duties of the "holy" priest.

The royal priest is different. He has to shew forth the praises (or virtues) of Christ. Now the word "shew forth" is very much more forcible than if it said "talk about." It is very practical. If there were a poor widow, living in some tumble-down cottage, with broken door and cracked window, and containing neither fire nor furniture, and some rich friend were to give her money to put it in repair and buy all she needed, that widow might go all over the village telling of what she had got, and of the goodness of her friend to her; but unless her own cottage was repaired and furnished, who would believe her story? Her words would then only bring discredit on her friend's name! While talking *about* his praises she would not be "*showing* them *forth*." A humble, contented spirit; a holy walk and consistent conduct are the ways in which the "virtues" of Christ are shewn forth by a royal priest. And this is the test of the true christian; for we may "talk about," but we cannot "shew forth," what we do not possess. God grant that my dear young friends who read these papers, and are indeed "babes in Christ," may know what it is to be holy priests continually praising God; and also how, as royal priests, to manifest the virtues and graces of Christ before men.

You will notice I have only touched on three out of the seven positions which belong to every christian by the grace of God in these verses; but I have no time to speak now of the "spiritual house," the "chosen generation," "holy nation," and "peculiar or purchased people." These I must leave for you to think over. So, for the present,

farewell. We have a good deal more yet to say upon the epistle.

A. G. S.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

#### COURAGE.

**C**OURAGE is required in order to obey, and as our last chat was upon Obedience, we will now speak together upon Courage. As this world is evil, and as the bent of our naughty hearts is to do wickedly, but little courage is required for wrong-doing. True, fear of God's anger is in the heart, until the heart grows hardened by sin, and with children there is more fear concerning wrong-doing than we find amongst grown persons. This to me is one token of God's goodness to children; He looks at them every now and then, and does not allow them to go on in wicked ways in the same bold manner as those who are older. People would be frightened to do so wickedly if they knew that God was watching them, but this would not mend their hearts, for they would only wish that God would take His eye off them. If the heart be wrong, the things we do will be wrong. The eye is the lamp of the feet; it is only a little thing, but if it be dark how can we walk? And the heart is the lamp of our ways, and if it be dark how can we do right things? And as God gives us power to see, so does He make the heart love His word and ways.

One thing you will all find, that if you brave God's anger about an evil thing to-day, you will be less fearful of doing the same thing to-morrow, and thus it is, alas! that as children grow older they become "hardened through the deceitfulness of sin." Many a giant sin, which looks so terrible at first sight, becomes, alas! less hideous to the eye the second time it is seen, till at length we find the sin and the sinner bosom friends. "Hence," says the scripture, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." And this requires courage. What! courage to turn back on the road, not to go near, to run away from the giant? Yes, my young friends, because God says so. And "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

But it is not all giants we are to flee from. There is an old giant on the road of life which destroys many boys and girls, his name is "Others." In one hand he carries a great club, called Derision, and out of his mouth goes forth a kind of smoke, termed Laughter. It is often quite enough for him to shake his club at a boy or girl and laugh, for him to frighten his victim

away from the bible road. I assure you I know several grown-up persons, at this very moment, who dare not pass by old giant Others. Sometimes they have sat down near to me, and cried for sorrow, because they wished to walk the bible road, but when the giant shook his club and laughed, away they fled like frightened hares. Neither did my saying, "Oh! never mind Others" help them at all.

Now when any one wears the garment called the fear-of-the-Lord, he is not afraid of old giant Others, nor of his club Derision. And, for this reason—he sees through him. What, sees through the giant? Yes, right through him. Then he cannot be a real giant. Well, he is only a giant who laughs at and derides us.

Perhaps you will ask me, Then have you seen this giant? Yes, I reply, and so have you; but the less you look at him the better. Don't notice him. He is really a coward. You never saw boy or girl, brave for Christ, speaking boldly for Him, do what God's word bids, and say: "I do this because I love to do what God bids me;" you never saw any little child act thus of whom the old giant was not afraid. You cannot laugh when you are frightened, nor can the giant, and down falls his club, and he puts it behind his back before the brave spirit for Christ.

Whether this giant is growing bigger as he grows older, I do not know; but I hear about him almost every day, and of the great deeds he and his club perform; but I tell you, my young friends, again, the less you look at him, and the more you look at God, the better.

There is a very small word which few have courage to say. It has but two letters, and if I suppose that someone asks you to do what is wrong, I daresay you can tell me what this little word is? No, you reply. Yes, NO is not an easy word to say. I believe that when we love God, we need His strength to make us say NO. Not only with the lips, but with the heart! I have watched a little child peeping, and looking, and wishing, when its lips said NO. But that was not a real NO; I mean heart-no as well as lip-no.

Courage is spoken of in God's word again and again. He bids His people be of good courage and not to fear. For He is with His people, and He will help them keep His word. May you all be His people, and you shall be if you hear His voice of love bidding you come to Himself, and, being His people, may you, everyone, be brave for Christ, through the grace of His own Spirit! Let us remember this word of God when we think of Christian courage, "I will be with thee; I will not fail thee nor forsake thee."

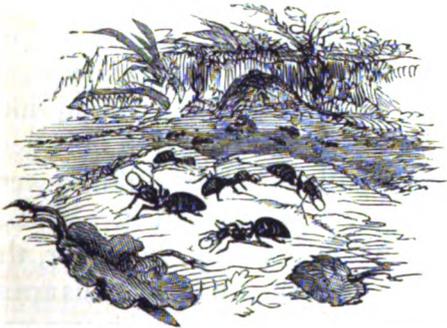
# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

## True Stories and Bible Teachings.

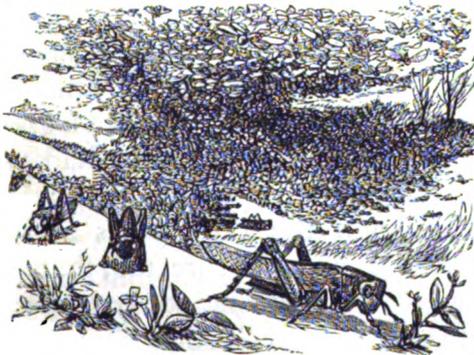
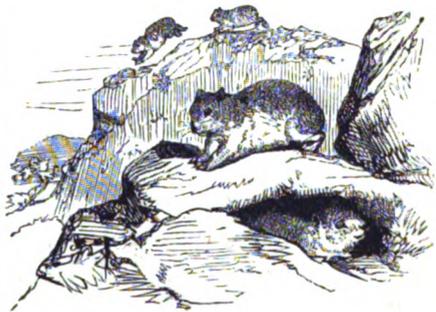
### THE FOUR LITTLE THINGS.

(PROVERBS xxx. 24—28.)

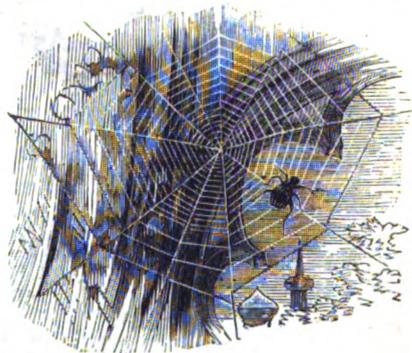
Not strong, O Lord, are we,  
Yet hast Thou given us grace,  
Before the winter storms shall come,  
In Heaven, our everlasting home,  
Our treasure safe to place.



A feeble folk are we,  
A weakly little flock;  
Yet have we, Lord, no cause to fear,  
For our defence and shelter near  
Art Thou, th' Eternal Rock.



No earthly king have we,  
To move beneath his sway,  
Yet onward steadily we go,  
Passing through scenes of night below  
To realms of cloudless day.



Despis'd of men are we,  
Yet with faith's hand we cling  
To Thee, the Lord our Righteousness,  
Whose blood has given us such a place—  
The palace of the King!

We praise the sovereign grace  
Which did the plan devise  
Whereby the little ones and weak,  
The poor in spirit and the meek,  
Should be "exceeding wise."

A. M. H.

“DO COME TOO!”

LITTLE Charlie was one of those children who have a very scanty portion of earth's bread; but Jesus gave to him “the bread of life.”

Charlie's pale face and large blue eyes had a sad and suffering expression in them. He was brought up in the midst of want and misery, and seemed almost unable to enjoy anything new or bright, and was so dulled by sickness that he seldom answered even when spoken to.

One cold morning in the seventh winter of his little life, Charlie came to me, with his brother, to help carry home a can of soup. The snow was falling fast, and the children were glad to wait in a warm room till it ceased. As they sat by the fire they repeated slowly after me the words, “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.” The elder boy soon knew the words, but seemed utterly without thought or sense as to whether the crimson sins were his own. Little Charlie needed to have every word explained to him, and very slowly indeed he took the text into his mind. He repeated each word, and con-

stantly wiped the tears away from his eyes as he gradually understood what the Holy Son of God had suffered, to bring little sinners, such as he was, to His home of love and joy. And before he went away he said, in a low, solemn voice, “Jesus has washed *my* sins whiter than snow.”

After that bleak morning, and the walk home over the snow, Charlie's little weak body wasted away more than before. I often found him lying asleep on the bed in the afternoon, while the other children were playing noisily around it. Whenever he was awake, however, the little baby was sure to be in his arms, for Charlie was a careful nurse, and the baby was so fond of him that his mother was quite happy to leave the little thing in Charlie's care. Charlie's mother had a great many troubles, and often had not enough food for the children; but she knew the Lord Jesus as her Saviour, and was sure, too, that He was “a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.” Still sometimes the poor mother would be very sad, especially during the winter when Charlie lay so ill. Then many times would Charlie cheer her up by saying over anything he had heard or learnt about the Lord Jesus. “Never mind, mother,” he said, in answer

to her tears, "we shall all have such a plenty of nice things soon, when Jesus comes and takes us home."

Charlie's mother sadly missed her little nurse when he became too ill to hold the baby any longer. As he lay in his little crib he partly learnt this verse—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." Although Charlie's father did not love Jesus, and spent his nights in the publichouses, singing bad songs with idle men, yet he was very sorry to see his little boy's sufferings, and he became softened and patient towards the child, even when Charlie told him "He was sure Jesus did not like the music that father sung, nor his playing on the banjo." There was one thing Charlie's father taught his children—one thing, and only one—in which the Lord's name was respected; he bade them all say, before they ate their food, "For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us truly thankful."

One night his father sat watching beside Charlie's bed; now and again the little fellow's slumbers were broken, and then each time as

he awoke he would beg his father to come to Jesus. "I know I'm going to heaven, father, because my sins are washed whiter than snow—do come, too; they are always singing up there beautiful music that *Jesus likes*. Jesus will be quite glad to have you, father—do come." Then little Charlie lay motionless for some time, but rousing up again, he said, "Oh, father, you can't think what beautiful things God has got ready for me—nobody has ever seen, and nobody has ever heard anything *half* so beautiful." Then, making an effort to rise, and looking up and clasping his hands together, he prayed the prayer his father had taught him, saying, with a bright smile, "For what I am going to receive, O Lord Jesus, I *am* truly thankful." And then his little head fell heavily back on the pillow; his happy spirit had entered into those pleasures that are at the Lord's right hand for evermore.

The father's heart was broken, and he, too, longed that death might have no sting for him. "The sting of death is sin," but "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin. The poor man has now given up the bad songs and the music "that Jesus did not like," he is quite changed, earning honest

bread for his children, and more, he knows that his scarlet sins are whiter than snow.

My dear little readers, Jesus will receive you; He will make you so happy that each of you shall say, "I am truly thankful." "Do come too; they are always singing up there beautiful music that Jesus likes." C.

#### A CHILD'S DREAM.

"OH! I have been to-night, papa,  
Where *no one* else has been,  
And I have seen such wondrous sights  
As *none besides* have seen.

"For, dear papa, I've been to heaven,  
And seen the angels there!  
Oh, heaven is so beautiful!  
It is so bright and fair.

"And gentle Jesus, too, was there;  
I saw His glorious face;  
It was the sweetest, loveliest  
In all that holy place.

"And then I heard the angels sing—  
The music was so sweet;  
Then I sang, too, as loud as they,  
And sat at Jesu's feet."

"My boy, you dreamed!" "Oh no, papa,  
I did not dream, I *know*.  
I *know* I've been to heaven to-night,  
And there again would go."

A few short months have quickly flown,  
That bright young boy has rest:  
He lays his head in sweet repose  
On his dear Saviour's breast.

He hears the angels sing once more  
The sweet, untiring strain.

Oh, *could* we wish his joy to cease,  
Or call him back again?

M. B.

[The foregoing lines give as nearly as possible the dear boy's own words. The words in italics are those he said with great emphasis.]

#### "I WANT YOU TO LOVE JESUS."

LITTLE Emma, the basketmaker's child, is very poor, she has few playthings, is seldom able to go down the lanes flower-gathering, and is very delicate. But little Emma loves Jesus, and Jesus loves her, and she is bright and happy.

I will tell you how it was that Emma first came to know the Saviour's love. One day she was taken very ill, and she thought, perhaps, she might die. The naughty things which she had done came before little Emma's mind, and she said, "Father, how dreadful it would be for me to die, and never to go to the beautiful House above. Jesus will not forgive my sins, I fear. I am a bad and naughty child, what shall I do?"

"None are too bad for Jesus, my child," said her father, "He love sinners. He loves to wash away their sins, and to make them fit to live with Him in His beautiful House."

Emma believed what her good father told her, she trusted to God's word, and became happy in the knowledge that Jesus loved her, and had washed her from her sins in His own blood. Emma would now often say, "I wish Jesus would come and fetch me away, and dear father and mother also, so that we might be all together at Home with Him." What a change this was in Emma's heart from that time when she said, "Jesus will not forgive my sins, I fear."

When the child became well again she would sit in a corner of the room in her little wicker chair, and, rocking herself to and fro, would speak of the love of the Lord Jesus, and she would tell the people who came to see her father of the good, kind Saviour.

One day, hearing a number of persons merry-making together, Emma slipped in amongst them. "I want you to love Jesus," said she to one of them in a quiet little voice, and then to another, "I want you to pray to Jesus," and so she spoke to one and another until the people clustered around her and stopped their music and dancing. And the people said in astonishment to the little girl's father, "Your child has learned such beautiful things."



Yes, God's Spirit had taught the child beautiful things indeed, and now, dear little reader, let me ask you whether you love the Lord Jesus. I want you to know how kind He is, how He pities little children, how He forgives their sins and makes them His Lambs for ever.

Think how He suffered and how He died upon the cross for us. And He is calling little children to Himself still. "Come unto Me," are the words of the Lord to you, my young reader. "Come unto Me." Come, in your heart, come, with your sins, come, as you are, come even now. When you call to baby, come, and he stretches out his little arms to you, it is just as if he really came; his heart comes to you, though his feet cannot bring him, for he is too young to walk. Now it is the heart's coming which the Lord Jesus asks for, and none of you are too small or too young to come thus. I have seen baby turn away his little face from the word "come," and though he cannot say words, yet we all know what that turning away means. So it is with those who turn their hearts from the "Come" of the Lord Jesus, for it is not only in a loud voice children say "No, I will not come," the heart can say "No" to Him.

"I want you to love Jesus." Why? Because then you will be happy for ever; because, too, the good Lord Himself is longing to have your heart. May many of you be like little Emma, the basketmaker's child!

### HOW HAPPY IS THE CHILD.

How happy is the child  
 Who loves the Saviour's name;  
 In whose young heart the fruits of grace,  
 Love, joy, and meekness reign;  
 Whose young affections all  
 Are set on God's dear Son;  
 Who loves the Lord for what He is,  
 As well as what He's done.  
 Thus early brought to Christ,  
 To know and love His ways,  
 The object of his life shall be  
 To sound abroad His praise.

### FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

#### VII.

1 PETER, ii. 11 to end.

(Continued from p. 64.)

THE first twelve verses of chapter i. are distinct from the remainder, so also are the first ten of this 2nd chapter. The beginning of each chapter is occupied with upholding our privileges in Christ, the latter part with detailing and enforcing the duties that flow therefrom. So we see in verse 11, the apostle begins his exhortations to us as "strangers and pilgrims!" Strange contrast, since a verse or two before we were spoken to as "royal priests." First, our place before God is established; then what we are to be with reference to this world is treated of. We must never forget that our place is the lowest in man's estimation, though the highest in God's.

Observe, dear young friends, that the Holy Ghost never uses two words where one would do. Every word of God is full of meaning. Pilgrims and strangers do not mean the same thing. A stranger is one who is not at home; a pilgrim is one who is journeying to some distant land. A tourist is a stranger, but he is not a pilgrim. Our holiday resorts are filled every summer with thousands of strangers, but you cannot find a pilgrim amongst them. A mere stranger is always looking about him and observing everything, but a pilgrim has his face in one direction, and cares for nothing that is passing around him; his thoughts are towards the country whither he is going. Ages ago, pilgrims used to journey by hundreds across Europe, with strange dresses and long staves. They all had one aim, they were all going one way—to the city of Jerusalem—and every one could tell that they were pilgrims. Are all of our faces set Christwards? For Jesus wants us not merely to be strangers in this world, but to have our faces so plainly set towards heaven that we may confess we are "pilgrims" also. How astonished the world would be, if it saw us, who are Christ's, all pressing one way towards an unseen goal;

all passing on to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Let us be strangers—not at home in the world, and pilgrims—pressing on to heaven. There are a great many things that we might talk about in these verses, but I must hasten on.

In verse 12, “good works” are spoken of for the first time. How delightful it is to see the perfect foundation, which Peter lays in Christ for the living stones, before he mentions good works at all. Many people, and maybe some of your own friends, build upon good works, and make them a foundation, instead of Christ, and a very rotten one it is. It is like building a house upon the sand by the sea-shore.

But good works have their place; by them, and not even by good words, are we to answer the enemies of God, and to shew them the truth. My dear children, in this day of so many shams let me warn you that Christianity is not to be learnt as you learn French or a new language, but it is to be *lived*. You may only know a little truth, only have drunk a little milk as yet, but *live* what you do know, let Christ be seen in your *lives*, and let your religion be not merely that of the lips. I think many of us would be less talkative about the *letter* if we drank more of the spirit of God’s word, if we learned to sit more at His feet in deep reverence, and listened to these words of our apostle—“Be ye holy, for I am holy, saith the Lord.”

Remark the force again of *well-doing* in verse 15, for this is evidently God’s way of silencing the ignorance of foolish men.

Verse 21 shews us something new—“*an example*.” Let me explain this:—When I learned to swim, many years ago, friends gave me all sorts of directions as to what I should do when I was in the water, but I gained the true help by closely watching what a good swimmer did, how he glided and pushed himself through the water. Then I tried myself, but made such a splash, that I could hardly get on at all. So I watched the example again, and more closely than before, and found out little by little what my faults were, till at last I learned

to swim nearly as well as he. The verses from 11 to 20, which you have read, give directions, but verses 21, 22, and 23 present to us a living Example, the One who breasted with perfect ease all the waves of sin and misery. How delightful it is to watch Jesus; and then we try to copy Him a little. True, it is very poor work which we make of copying our Example, and exactly like Him we shall never be on earth, but after endeavouring to follow Him let us take another look at the Master, and thank God for giving us such a perfect model.

In verse 24, to which we turn, we see Christ as our Substitute. A substitute is one who takes another’s place, and we could never walk a step of the way which Christ walked had He not taken our place and died in our stead, and it is after we know that by His stripes we are healed, and that He bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we are called to behold Him as our Example.

How happy the poor scattered strangers must have been to read the last verse of this chapter, to hear from God that they had returned to the great Shepherd, though they had wandered so far, as to be exiles from their own land. The Lord is called the Bishop of our souls as well as the Shepherd, that is, the Overseer of our souls. He guides, and He watches over us.

And now, as we have travelled hand in hand through two stages of this beautiful letter, just gathering a thought here and there upon our way, tell me, my dear children, before we go further, has the journey thus far done you any good? I wish I could see you and talk with you, instead of having to use this printer’s ink and paper, and then you could let me know if you have been helped at all. However, God does bless His own word, and my only object is by these few, simple remarks to make His word more interesting to each one of you. My earnest prayer for you, the lambs of the Good Shepherd, is that Jesus may write His name more deeply upon each of your young hearts, so that all may know that you are His.

A. L. S.

## NOAH.

**M**ORE than 5000 years ago a remarkable sight, recorded for us in the bible, might have been beheld. An aged man, in a land far away from the sea-shore, directing the building of an enormous house, or covered boat, intended to float on the water. All around him people were going on with their usual occupations, eating, drinking, and marrying, and probably laughing at him for his folly, as they would call it. This man was a preacher too; he had a message to deliver, and there, amidst all the wickedness by which he was surrounded, he was walking with God as a just man and perfect in his generation.

But why should he do such a foolish thing as build a boat away from the water? *He believed* God, and he found grace in His eyes. Therefore God made him a witness for Him, and told him what He was going to do with the earth on which he dwelt, even to destroy it with a flood of water on account of the violence and corruption of the men who lived on it. In Isaiah lix. 15 you will see a remarkable verse, "He that *departeth from evil is accounted mad*" (margin); and this is just how it must have been in Noah's time. Though he had never seen such a thing as a shower of rain, as far as we know, yet, because God said so, he believed that the earth would, even in his day, be destroyed with a flood. Dew had hitherto watered the ground (Gen. ii. 6).

What a thing it must have been for God to look down on the fair work of His hands and see it all spoilt by sin. Man brought sin into the world, and death by sin, and when we look abroad on what are called "the beauties of *nature*," we must remember that it is subject to vanity and marred by sin on *our* account. Man had to be turned out of Paradise for sin, and now, in Noah's time, the earth must be cleansed of the men whose thoughts were only evil continually. So Noah and his family were shut into the ark by God—"The Lord shut him in." There was a window looking upwards, so that they might look up towards God, but not abroad on the flood and the dead bodies of the men and animals strewn around.

Noah could not get out unless God opened the door. How safe he must have felt! If you are *in Christ* there is perfect safety for you from the judgment that is coming on the ungodly. "None shall pluck them out of My hand," the Lord Jesus said, and if you believe in Him you have everlasting life.

1. What is faith?
2. What relation was Noah to Enoch?
3. How old was Noah when the flood came?
4. What souls went into the ark?
5. What was the state of the earth in Noah's time?
6. Describe in the words of scripture the state of the people on the earth in these last days.
7. How may we escape being condemned with the world? \_\_\_\_\_

H. L. H.

## ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. Adam. Seth. Enos. Cainan. Mahalaleel. Jared. Enoch.
2. Jude v. 14, 15.
3. Yes. "He was not *found*." Heb. xi. 5. Elijah. 2 Kings ii. 15—18.
4. That he pleased Him. Heb. xi. 5.
5. Elijah. 2 Kings ii.
6. Enoch and Noah walked *with* God. Gen. v. 22; vi. 9. Abraham was to walk *before* God. Gen. xvii. 1.
7. Cain. Gen. iv. 17.

[Some of our young friends having asked for longer time to send in their answers than the 12th of the month, we therefore leave the date for receiving letters open.]

*JESUS DIED: JESUS LIVES.*

Jesus died, and still the story  
God proclaims on high,  
That we each may reach the glory  
By and bye.

Jesus lives—in heaven a Saviour  
Witnesses to God  
All the value and the savour  
Of His blood.

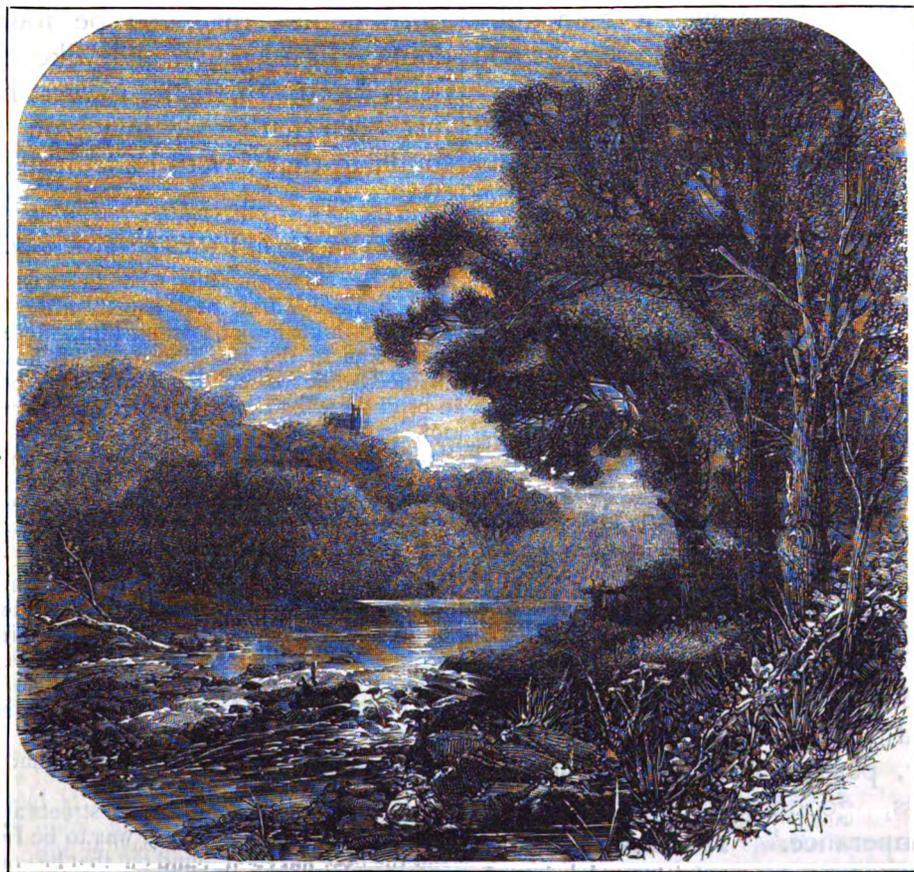
Children now should come to Jesus  
In their early days;  
Children now may swell the chorus  
Of His praise.

'Twas for us His life was given,  
And He longs to see  
Round His throne in that bright heaven  
Such as we.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.

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## AUTUMN.

THIS month you see the moon rise early, and before you are asleep her gentle light finds its way through some little opening about the window to peep in and smile upon your bed. Autumn has come again.

The long, warm days have left us, the evening air is damp and chilly, and as we hear the trees sighing in the wind, and see their brown leaves blown hither and thither, we exclaim, "Winter will

soon be here!" The ripe corn has been gathered in, "the harvest is passed, and the summer is ended."

When Jesus was a man upon earth He observed the seasons and spoke about the flowers, and we may find daily lessons in all that which is around us. You, young as you are, have your opportunities for bringing forth fruit. Bright, glad opportunities. Youth is the joyous time of life, and God says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Those who seek Him early find Him more readily than others. God is their Friend, and Protector, too, shielding them throughout their lives. How many of our young readers are there who, from their hearts, can say, "We are God's children?"

The child of God desires to bear the fruit that pleases his Father, and "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." The autumn is the year's fruit season; all the husbandman's care is directed to the crop; and the word of Jesus is, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

Now is the precious opportunity for pleasing God. You have not to wait until you grow older, to-

day is your time, as, indeed, to-day, and no other day, is the opportunity for each of us. When the Lord comes, may you be found doing His pleasure, and, like the fields from which the harvest has just been gathered, may you be found in that day to be fruitful!

#### JOSEPH, THE WORKHOUSE BOY.

JOSEPH'S mother died when he was quite a little child, and shortly after her death his father forsook him. Joseph was taken to the Workhouse, where he remained some years. He might have been a bright boy had he been loved, and cared for, in a nice home such as most of my young readers have, but the Union training made little Joseph hard, sullen, and unloving. When old enough he left the "House" to earn his bread, and he became an errand boy in a little shop. But Joseph had no idea of obedience, or of yielding to those who were over him; he was just a little block of flesh and bone, with apparently no mind, or feeling of any kind or sort. Nobody cared for him, and he cared for nobody; the only thing he liked was to idle his time away in the streets with other boys of his own stamp. It is no wonder, then, that he soon lost his situation.

Joseph, after this, took to the streets altogether, thinking how nice it was to be free. But the poor lad soon found out that he could not live upon air, and that as well as food he wanted a bed to sleep upon; but this was a great luxury not often indulged in. For two or three years Joseph lived in a very wild manner. Sometimes he would be in London, sometimes in the country. In the gipsy's camp, with the hop-pickers and haymakers, or on the race course, and he would often tramp the country on foot for miles together. You see, dear children, that Joseph's occupations were very varied, and that he suited himself

to his circumstances without much ado. However, one winter it fared very hard with him, and the poor lad was very nearly starved and frozen to death. Winter is the trying season for the homeless boys. Little Joseph became unwell, and could no longer go about and earn his pence. But God watched over our poor solitary wanderer.

"If I were you, Joe," said one of his companions, "I'd go to the House, you ain't fit for any work now."

"Not I," said Joseph; "not if I know it. I'll die first, before I goes to the Union again."

"There's nothing left for you, then, old boy," replied his friend, "for a change, but the coffin."

"I can't but die once," said Joseph, in reply to his companion's strange sympathy. "I hate the Union. I'll sooner go to prison right off."

However, Joseph recovered a little, and one day you might have seen him crawling in the best way he could through the streets. As he passed through Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn, he noticed a house with a large board placed in front, upon which he read, "St. Giles and Bloomsbury Refuge, for Homeless and Destitute Boys." Joseph believed that he had a claim as well as the rest, and so he rang the bell. He was not troubled with much luggage, as you may suppose, and the master of the Refuge, pitying the boy's sickly look, took him in at once, and was very kind to him. After a while Joseph improved in health very much; he had at last found a nice little bed to sleep upon, and enough of good food to eat. But in manners and temper, Joseph was just the same, not very fond of work, nor even of play. The other lads could not get anything out of him. And if he had any thoughts he kept them for himself to enjoy.

There is no lack of christian love shown to the boys at the Refuge. And most of all, we try to lead them to know the Lord Jesus, who is a kind Friend and loving Saviour for us all. We seek to lead these poor lads out of their former selves; to show them that, if they seek God's grace and

help, they may become changed altogether. On Sunday evenings there are classes for teaching these lads God's word. It was at these times that Joseph would sit in his corner of the class, quiet enough, indeed, but perfectly uninterested. Sometimes I would say to him, "Well, my boy, what are you thinking about? you look so solid."

"Nothing," he invariably replied.

However, there was at last something which really aroused Joseph. A number of boys were going as emigrants to Canada. And as Joseph had no one to claim him, and as he expressed a great wish to go with the other boys, his name was added to the list. This hope made Joseph really cheerful, and he looked another lad as he listened to the boys, talking all day long of the wonderful things they were going to do and see in their new home. But Joseph was not yet fully recovered from the effects of his exposure to the wintry weather, he complained of pain, and it was thought that a change of air might restore him to health before he went to Canada. So he was sent into the country for some weeks; but it was of no avail, for when he came back, Joseph looked like a little skeleton.

But there was something which struck me more than the alteration in his appearance when I saw him again at the Refuge—the wonderful change from his former silent ways, and the very kind manner in which he spoke to us all.

"Oh, teacher," he said, when he saw me, "I am so glad to see you. I am very ill, and I fear I shall not go to Canada with the boys; they start next week."

"My dear Joseph," I replied, "there is a brighter land than Canada—a land I long to see, a city of pure gold, like unto clear glass. The Builder of that beautiful city is God. Do you guess what place I mean?"

"Yes, teacher, I know; it is heaven."

"That is it, my boy. You are right; but do you think that you will ever get there?"

"I think I will," said Joseph.

"And what has given you this bright hope, my lad?"

"Because God says in the bible, 'When

my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up."

"Then do you think, my boy, that because your mother died, and your father forsook you, you will go to heaven?"

"Oh, no, teacher; that ain't quite the thing, but because Jesus has took me up, as a poor sinner, and has died for me, that's why."

"Did you ask the Lord to take you up, Joseph? When was it? Please tell me all about it," said I, deeply interested, as you may be sure, to hear such words from dull and indifferent Joseph.

"Teacher," said he, "it was one Sunday night, after school was over. I went to bed. I felt very miserable. That text, 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up,' was the lesson, and I thought how nice it would be if Jesus would take me up in His arms—take me up, even me!—and love me. I knew I was a bad boy, and a great sinner, but I heard you say many times that Jesus died for wicked sinners. So I thought I would try to pray to God, and ask Him to love me. I made a little prayer, for I could not go to sleep, and said, 'Oh, God, look down upon me, a poor, sinful boy. I haven't anybody to love me. Take me up. May Thy Holy Spirit give me a new heart, for Jesus Christ's sake.' I thought God heard my prayer, and I fell asleep while I was a-crying. The next morning I felt so happy. I made sure that God had heard me, and forgiven me."

This was Joseph's simple story.

As he could not be kept at the Refuge, he was taken to the infirmary of the Workhouse, which he so dreaded; but God gently prepared his mind, and gave him grace to submit. On Whit-Monday afternoon I was sitting by his bed-side; he turned his little face towards me, and said, "The boys are going to start for Canada this evening; I did think I should have gone with them, but it was not God's will. Then another thing—I didn't like to die in this place," and he could say no more.

"But only think, my boy," I said to him, "how different is your future from that of

the boys. They are leaving London for a strange land, where they will find trials and temptations of every sort. Sin and sorrows are to be found in Canada as well as in England; besides this, their own evil hearts will go with them to Canada; and what is to become of them, unless Jesus is with them as their Saviour and their stay? But when I think of your prospect, and of what God says about His home, then all earthly dreams for getting on in this world sink to nothing. Listen, dear boy; you who know something of hardship and suffering here, listen to God's word about His country, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light upon them, or any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'

"Then as to your being in this place, which you seem to feel so much, it is just the trial in which you are to glorify God. He could have prevented it if He had thought well, but He did not do so; He has allowed it just to teach you obedience to His will. You must then remember your dear Lord, who pleased not Himself, but was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. What a shameful, cruel death His was. 'Oh, think of Calvary, and see there the Lamb of God, willingly dying for your sins.'" Joseph spoke no more then, but looked at me with gratitude and love. A little while after, he repeated, slowly, "For me—for me."

I was obliged to leave the poor boy, but I knew he was safe in the arms of Jesus. In the evening, I met the emigrant lads at the Euston Station to bid them farewell. As they were entering into the railway carriages for their journey to their new home, dear Joseph reached the Golden City above—the Lord had taken him up. J. L. M. V.

"Jesus called a little child to Him," and still He calls children to Himself. Have you gone to Him? He casts none out. Come in your heart to Him now. Trust Him for your own Saviour.



*GENTLE WORDS AND TENDER.*

LITTLE acts of kindness  
Christian love display,  
Make home bright and happy  
Through the busy day.

Gentle words and tender—  
Like soft drops of rain  
Making spring-time blossom—  
Take away sharp pain.

See the little maiden  
 At the nursery door,  
 With her baby-brother  
 Playing on the floor.  
 Baby, in his frolic,  
 Dolly tries to feed;  
 See his little sister  
 Sorrowful indeed!  
 Dolly's face is broken—  
 Sister's doll so choice—  
 While her baby-brother  
 Shouts with cheerful voice.  
 Shall she let her anger  
 Like a storm arise?  
 "Baby knows no better,"  
 Mildly she replies.  
 Children, in your trials,  
 Patient be, and meek,  
 Check the rise of anger,  
 Help from Jesus seek.

### FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH CHILDREN.

#### VIII.

FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. iii.).

(Continued from page 75.)

PERHAPS my young readers wonder what there can be for them in the exhortations to wives and husbands with which this chapter opens! Well, I may be wrong, but I think a great part of the first four verses would do equally well for children and parents. Have any of you ever seen an illustrated bible? Some have very beautiful pictures, so arranged that you may read on one page all about some scene, and on the other you get a picture of it. Before you learned to read you used to look at the pictures, and now you often would rather look at a picture of a thing than read a description of it. There are many parents who will not read their bibles. What, then, are their children, who love God, to do? They are to illustrate the bible to their father and mother; the children are to become bible pictures, so that when the parents see the children, they can understand what the bible is like. This is the sort of illustrated bible I like to see! If I read of a meek and quiet spirit, how beautiful to have an illustration of it before me! or if of "pilgrims and stran-

gers," what a comfort to be able to see them. My dear children, who belong to the Lord Jesus, seek in prayer that you may illustrate the word of God in your homes, and let your lives shew Christ to those who will not read about Him.

I must pause a moment at verse 2, to call attention to the different sorts of conversation that Peter speaks of in this letter. In ch. i. 18, is our whole life before conversion spoken of as "vain" conversation. When we become Christians, our conversation or life is of three sorts—holy, pure, honest. "Holy" (ch. i. 15) in its nature, "chaste or pure" (ch. iii. 2) in its character, and honest (ch. ii. 12) in its actions. Our nature God alone can see, but our nature is the source of our actions. The nature, therefore, is to be holy, like God. The next thing is our character; this is known to our relations and friends and all with whom we mix. It is to be pure. Beyond this, there is the outer circle of strangers, who know and judge us only by our actions, and our actions are to be honest. Consider, then, what a Christian is! Before conversion, he was *vain* in every sense; but afterwards, holy in nature, pure in character, and honest in action.

Verses 3 and 4 are especially worthy of note to any Christian girls who may read this. I daresay you have heard some people say it is wrong for girls who are converted to be adorned. What a mistake! I do not understand Peter thus. On the contrary, you are to be more adorned than ever; but, remember, with quite another set of charms! I have seen some girls who have put off the outward ones and never thought of putting on the inward, so that they were unadorned. I mean they left off fine ribbons and gay garments, but there they stopped. Don't copy them. That is not what this verse teaches. Does not the lovely description in v. 4 commend itself to you as an adornment more worthy of a daughter of the Lord God Almighty than the outward show of v. 3? I often think when I see a girl decked out with finery and jewellery, whether there can be much real worth in her if it takes so much to set her off.

A little hymn comes to my mind here:—

The bird that soars on highest wing  
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;  
And she that does most sweetly sing  
Sings in the shade while all things rest.  
From lark and nightingale we see  
What honour hath humility!

Thus Mary chose the better part  
And meekly sat at Jesus' feet;  
And Lydia's gently opened heart  
Was made for God's own temple meet.  
*Fairest and best adorned is she  
Whose clothing is humility!*

The saint that wears heaven's highest crown  
In deepest adoration bends;  
The weight of glory bows him down  
Then most when most his soul ascends.  
Nearest the throne itself must be  
The footstool of humility!

Note how frequently Peter uses the Old Testament Scriptures. In ch. i. 16 he quotes from the law, and in ii. 6 from the prophets, and in iii. 10 from the Psalms.

We have a nice distinction in v. 13 and 14. At first sight it may appear contradictory; for if we suffer (v. 14) then surely we must be harmed (v. 13). Not so. The child of God may suffer, but that does not harm him; on the contrary (1—7) it tries and purifies him. Far from harming us, suffering is oftentimes the christian's greatest blessing.

Three sources of suffering are brought before us in this and the following chapter, about which it is well to be clear. There is suffering for sin. That was Christ's part, not ours (iii. 17, 18). He suffered for sin on our account. He took our place, and bore the pain of our sin. Then there is suffering for righteousness. This we have often to do in an unrighteous world if we would maintain a good conscience before God, for we have to walk in the light before Him, and the rules by which man walks are often very wanting when we come into God's presence. But there is another character of suffering still, connected not with the conscience, but with the heart. If you were asked to do a thing which your father or mother told you not to do, and you obeyed their command, and for obeying them were ill-treated, that would be suffering for conscience' sake. You would not dare disobey your parents,

but if you come to be ill-treated and laughed at for seeking to please your parents, and for your love to them, I should call that suffering for love! In ch. iv. 13, 14, we are looked at as suffering for Christ—that is, our hearts, drawn by His love, go out after Him. We follow Him, and in doing so are counted fools for Christ. This is not a question of right or wrong, but of the attachment of the heart to Christ, and causes us at once to be cast out by the world. Yet, never mind! "The Spirit of glory and of God doth rest upon you," for on your part He is glorified.

The closing verses of the chapter do not say that Christ preached to spirits in prison, but that *by His Spirit* (in Noah) He preached to those whose spirits are now in prison (because they believed not). See 2 Pet. ii. 5.

A. T. S.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

#### PERSISTENCY.

THE bible speaks about persistency, although I do not think it uses the very word. Do you understand what it means? It signifies keeping on, on, on in the same thing. "Patient continuance in well doing;" "continue thou in the things which thou hast learned;" these passages from scripture give to us the idea of persistency.

Do you not often find that you readily leave one thing to begin another? Baby takes up one toy, throws it down, and cries for another. He is very small, so we must not scold him; but when an older child does like baby, I think a word of rebuke necessary—we will not say a cross word, for we may rebuke in a very kind manner.

Last time we chatted together about courage, but, even where there is courage, persistency may be wanting. I really think no lazy person could keep on, on, on in one thing. Doing a little at one thing and a little at another, instead of continuing at what you begin until it is done, is only laziness. Some lazy children loll about doing nothing, and some run from one thing to another, and still nothing is done.

Some little time ago a robin began to build its nest under the eave of a garden shed, but the wind blew the branch of a tree against the half-finished work and destroyed it. Then the brave bird began again, and built again as busily as before; but a second time did misfortune overtake its work, and the nest was once more broken. Still a third time the lesson of persistency was

taught us, as the robin kept on at its work till at length it finished it. How many boys and girls would have given up, sat down and done no more! I once watched a little ant at work which had within its tiny grasp a morsel of food twice its own size. Upon the road to its home were pieces of gravel, small, indeed, and crushed in a moment under our giant feet, but, to the little limbs of the ant, as great rocks upon the way. The road, too, was long, but the prize was great, so on, on, tugged the ant, pulling round the stones and gravel; resting and working, working and resting, but never giving up, until by brave-heartedness it had dragged home its prize. I fancy I see some boys and girls giving up their work because it is difficult, and beginning something else, hoping to find it easier. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

You must expect difficulties upon the road. You cannot cry them away, or wish them further, you must seek God's strength to continue in the things which you have learned. You will find as you grow older, for I speak to those who know the Lord and His holy scriptures, that numbers begin well, but do not continue well. I could tell you of several such. Yes, of several children who once seemed to be really the Lord's, who when they got out into the world began to turn aside from Him and to follow the multitude to do evil.

Courage and continuance are necessary for us in this world of strife and enmity to God. "Ye did run well," said the apostle to some. He delighted to see their zeal in hastening to follow God's word and His Son; but he adds, "Who did hinder you, that ye should not obey the truth?" They had ceased to run. They were sitting down, nay, turning back, going from God's word, so that the apostle was obliged to call out to them in a changed voice, "I stand in doubt of you." And when the boy or girl who has said, "I am a christian," goes along with the multitude to do evil, or forsakes God's word, we are forced to cry out after such an one, "We stand in doubt of you."

There is another cause, too, which hinders us from persistency; it is impatience. Very often impatience and laziness walk hand in hand, and an unlovely couple they are. But our brave friend Persistency has his hand in the grasp of gentle Patience, and very beautiful do these two look as they walk along the road of life. I do not call it work to run a little distance very fast and then to lie down; but to keep moving on, and to make no fuss about it, never to let go the object we have in view, let the difficulty be what it may, this I call worthy of the name of work.

### NOAH. [No. 2.]

HOW wonderful to think of Noah, with death all around him, for he and they that were with him in the ark only remained alive! He was in the ark because God counted him righteous (chap. vii. 1), and his household were there because they belonged to him. No doubt while they were shut in they had to tend and feed the immense number of animals gathered around them by God to keep seed alive for the new earth. God did not forget Noah. Even the cattle He thought of. In Jonah's time, He would not destroy the great city Nineveh when its people repented, on account of the people who dwelt in it and the cattle.

The new earth was peopled by those who had been saved alive during the fearful judgment of the flood. After the flood, instead of being allowed only to eat "the herb of the field" (chap. iii. 18), man was given "every moving thing that liveth for food" (chap. ix. 3); and the fear and the dread of him was put upon every animal, bird, and fish. Blood man was never to eat, neither was he to shed man's blood, for blood is life. The blood of Christ shed by man, though it "cleanses us from all sin" who love the Lord Jesus, yet witnesses against man for his guilt in shedding it.

On the renewed earth Noah began by offering burnt offerings to the Lord and worshipping Him; but he ended by getting drunk from the wine of his own vineyard—a fearful example of how even God's servants may be led astray if they are seeking their own ease and pleasure instead of watching, and with purpose of heart cleaving to the Lord.

### QUESTIONS.

1. How many days was Noah in the ark?—2. How many times did Noah send birds out of the ark, and what became of them?—3. What is the meaning of a rainbow?—4. How was Noah an heir of righteousness?—5. How will this earth one day be destroyed?—6. Why does not God send judgment at once upon those who do not obey Him?—7. Are you afraid when you think of the judgment?

H. L. H.

[Answers to be sent to H. L. H. (care of Mr. HOLNESS), 21, Paternoster Row.]

### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Thinking God's thoughts instead of our own. A good old man once sat with the bible open before him—"I think Thy thoughts after Thee, O God!" he said. This was faith.—2. Great-grandson.—3. 600 years old.—4. Noah—his sons Shem, Ham, and Japheth, and their four wives. Gen. vii. 13.—5. Men had multiplied on the earth. Gen. vi. 1. There were giants then (vi. 4). The wickedness of man was great on it (vi. 5). It was corrupt and filled with violence (vi. 11, 12, 13.—6. 2 Tim. iii. 1—5 describes it; also 2 Pet. iii. 3, 4.—7. By flying for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. Jesus is in the glory, and we can only escape, in entering in by a new and living way, and having our life hid there with Christ in God.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.

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## *JEMMY, THE SHEPHERD-BOY.*

IN a lonely valley in Scotland lived a poor shepherd, named Robin. He was nearly eighty years old, and his beard and hair were white as snow. His wife and children were dead, and there was only left to him a little grandson, whom he called Jemmy. Jemmy dearly loved his grandfather, who had taken him to his home when he was an orphan, and was the only friend he had in the world. The shep-

herd taught Jemmy to read and to pray to God; and when the old man's eyes were dimmed with age, it gave him great pleasure to hear little Jemmy read two or three chapters to him every evening. Jemmy was pleased, above all, to see Jesus Christ spoken of as the Good Shepherd, for the little boy took care of the flock of his grandfather. When sitting on the top of a mountain, eating his dinner, often a piece of dry cake, he would say to himself, "If I, who am but a child, am able to take care of a flock, how much more able is Jesus Christ to take care of those He calls His sheep. The children are little lambs, and I am sure He always guards them with tenderness. What did my grandfather say when children did not obey their parents, as God has ordered them? 'Some evil will befall them, like my stray lambs.'"

The time which Jemmy passed all alone on the top of the mountains never seemed to him long, and besides his bible he had his little book of hymns, which he liked to learn by heart. Sometimes the sheep of the other shepherds strayed from their pasture, and mixed themselves with his; and then Jemmy took great care to run to their help, for he

had been taught to do to others as he would wish them to do to him.

Robin had a dog named Watch, which had been of great service to him. The faithful creature followed Jemmy every morning when he went out with his flock; and when the little shepherd was tired with reading and reflecting, he would play with his dog. The good dog loved him so much, that he never quitted him; and if Jemmy hid from him, Watch was never easy till he had found him. One day Jemmy forgot his duty; wishing to make a sling, like King David when he was a shepherd boy, he left his grandfather's flock and ran to the house to look for a cord. It was very naughty, and he was well punished for his fault, as you will see. Jemmy ran back to his sheep as fast as he could, for his conscience told him he was guilty; but when he reached the mountain, he saw that four of his sheep were gone; he looked on all sides, but he could not see them; he went up higher, but he saw nothing. He ran home directly and told the truth to his grandfather. Instead of being angry the old man put his hand upon his head and said, "I am rejoiced, my child, to see that you are afraid to offend your Creator

when you commit a fault. The sheep are probably gone to the right side of the mountain to go into the other pastures; go, and look for them, my child; make haste, for it will snow soon. Bring home your flock quickly."

When Jemmy reached the top of the mountain the snow was falling, and the ground was soon white. Old Robin began to repent he had told Jemmy to go out; for he knew that if the poor child were once to lose his road on the mountains when they were covered with snow, he would not be able to find it again all the night, and that he would be dead with cold before morning. The old man sat near the window, listening with anxiety. The shades of night grew thicker and thicker, and at last the old man could see nothing, and he made up the fire. He was very uneasy about the child; he saw in a corner of the room the little stool on which Jemmy used to sit every night, and his eyes filled with tears. He did not hear any noise in the village; the people were all gone into their houses to take shelter from the storm; he heard nothing but the wind in the valley and the ticking of the clock, which was placed in the corner of

the room; at last it struck seven. Robin fell on his knees, and prayed God to restore him his poor child. While he was praying, the tears ran down his cheeks, though he did not forget that God has promised to help those who put their trust in Him. Old Robin then put on his cloak, and was going to his neighbour Mackey, to beg him to go and look for Jemmy, when he heard a scratching at the door. What do you think he saw when he opened it? Do not be disappointed; it was not Jemmy, but only his good dog Watch. Poor dog! when he saw Robin he sent a sad glance at him, and then ran a little way from the door and came back again. The dog wanted to make the old man understand that he came to show the way to the place where his little master was.

Robin then went as fast as he was able, to his neighbour Mackey.

"What is the matter, my friend?" said John Mackey; and having heard, he at once said, "I shall go and look on all sides for Jemmy. Courage, my good neighbour; do not despond. God has not left your dear Jemmy. No, no, Robin, you will have him again."

He was going to add something, but Watch interrupted him by

jumping upon him and running towards the door. "Well, Watch, well," said he, "go on before, and I will follow you." And on very fast he went, but not so fast as the dog wished. Watch ran always in front, when suddenly the dog stopped, but Mackey heard him uttering bitter cries. Mackey then came up, and saw Watch scraping the snow with all his might. A moment after, he heard a feeble voice which said, "Help me, save me;" and he saw the head of little Jemmy appearing above the snow.

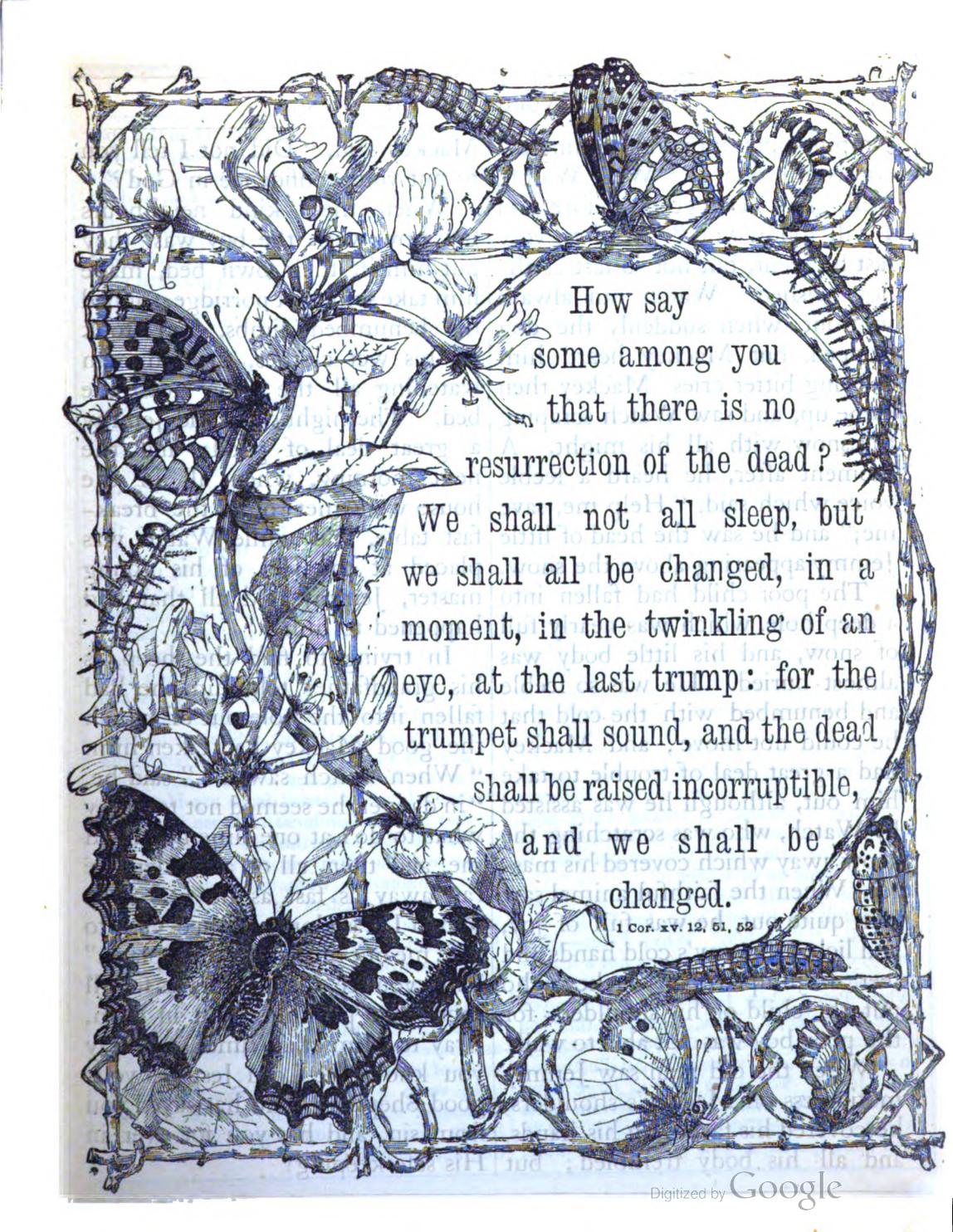
The poor child had fallen into a deep hole, which was nearly full of snow, and his little body was almost buried. He was so feeble and benumbed with the cold that he could not move; and Mackey had a great deal of trouble to take him out, although he was assisted by Watch, who was scratching the snow away which covered his master. When the faithful animal saw him quite out, he was full of joy, and licked Jemmy's cold hands and feet, and jumped upon Mackey, who put the child on his shoulders, for the poor boy was not able to walk.

When the old man saw Jemmy motionless on Mackey's shoulders, he covered his face with his hands, and all his body trembled; but

Mackey said, "Did not I tell you to put your confidence in God?"

When these kind neighbours saw how weak the boy was, they put him in their own bed, made him take some hot porridge, rubbed his benumbed limbs, and took off his wet clothes, the old man watching all the time near the bed. The night's rest did Jemmy a great deal of good; and the next morning, when all in the house were met round the breakfast table, and while Watch was placed at the feet of his young master, Jemmy told all that had happened to him.

In trying to find the sheep, as his grandfather told him, he had fallen into the hole out of which the good Mackey had taken him. "When Watch saw me," said he, "in danger, he seemed not to know what to do: at one time he pulled me, and then, all of a sudden, he ran away as fast as he was able. When I was alone, I asked God to take me out of that dreadful place." Thus you see, that God cares for all those who put their trust in Him. Pray to Him at all times, and may you know the Lord Jesus as your good Shepherd who has saved you from sin, and has you for ever in His safe keeping!



How say  
some among you  
that there is no  
resurrection of the dead?

We shall not all sleep, but  
we shall all be changed, in a  
moment, in the twinkling of an  
eye, at the last trump: for the  
trumpet shall sound, and the dead  
shall be raised incorruptible,  
and we shall be  
changed.

1 Cor. xv. 51, 52

FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH  
CHILDREN.

## IX.

## FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. iv).

WE have at the opening of this chapter the very important principle, that we are not to allow the flesh, that is ourselves, our wills or passions to act, for if we do, the life of Christ in us is hindered.

Passing on to the 5th verse, we are struck by this solemn word, "Who shall give account to Him that is ready to judge the quick and the dead?" The Reckoning day looms before every sinner. *Our* reckoning day, who believe, was that day when Jesus hung upon the cross in our stead. At that time our mighty debt was paid. But there is a day coming when sinners must give account to the Lord Jesus about their sin. Every hypocrite will be unmasked. Each will have to pass singly before the all-searching eye of God.

The contemplation of this day reminds me of the story in the Book of Judges, when the men of Ephraim were fleeing across the Jordan. They were stopped at the fords by the men of Gilead, and were bidden to say the word "Shibboleth." But the Ephraimites could only say "Sibboleth." They were thus detected by their speech, and were ruthlessly slain. God, in the same way, has a means of testing every soul, which will show in an instant whether he is false or true, and the gospel test is, "What think ye of Christ?"

Verse 7 calls for particular attention, not merely for its own sake, but for his who wrote it. "Be sober." Why? Peter—often hasty, often rash—sobriety was not a feature of your character! "Watch unto prayer." Why? Peter, when Jesus was praying, you were fast asleep! How, then, is it that you can warn others about the very two things in which you failed yourself? An illustration shall reply. You have seen a large pond frozen over, and have noticed certain parts where there were numerous cracks, and in one spot, perhaps, you saw a large hole,

where some one had fallen in. Over this spot you saw a board, having on it, in large letters, the word "dangerous." Thus it is Peter marks the very spot where he fell, and he warns us against the danger, bidding us, "Be sober, and watch unto prayer."

In verses 9 and 10 we are spoken to about hospitality, and that in Peter's practical way, namely, by action. Some time ago I was walking with a christian friend through the north of Ireland, and as we journeyed we decided to pass the night at a small village, in which we heard there was an inn. It was dusk when we reached the village, to find to our discomfort that the inn had been closed for some years. There was no town near, and our only hope for the night's shelter lay in getting some farmer to drive us to the nearest village. So we made our way to an adjoining farmhouse, and knocked at the door. It was opened by the owner, who, after a little conversation, agreed to provide us with tea, and then to drive us over to the nearest town. It was a lonely spot, and, being complete strangers, the worthy farmer looked upon us with a certain amount of distrust; we could not fail to notice that whenever our host left the room, his son remained to watch us. Presently the farmer's sister brought in the tea. She set to work so heartily that I could not help remarking to her how kind she was. "Yes," she replied, "I trust I have learned from my Heavenly Father to shew kindness to those in need."

This at once broke the ice. What a change came over the family in an instant, and in five minutes we were shaking hands as brothers and sisters in the Lord. The farmer insisted upon our remaining in his house that night, and though we protested, yet they would give us their best room. It was very sweet to me to meet so unexpectedly an instance of the bonds of love in Christ in this wild spot, and I shall ever associate the above incident with the 9th verse of our chapter.

In verse 8 the word "*fervent*" means "*burning*." That is, let love be like a good, bright fire, giving out plenty of heat, not dull and smouldering.

The subject of persecution for Christ's sake is next taken up (verse 12.) We may be sure, my dear children, that those who share His love and His glory must share in the hatred that was His portion; and we are not to think this strange. You would think it very strange to be exposed to a murderous fire of musketry, but a soldier does not. He enlists for battle. Warfare is a part of his duty. The soldier does not flinch, nor even wonder at the prospect of death, and christian soldiers must not cry over every hard knock, but rejoice, and take it as a matter of course, "for they that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." We have a Captain, too, who has been through all the battle, "who was, in all points, tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—(Heb. iv. 15.)

"Should tribulations rise,  
Should sore afflictions come,  
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm  
That drives us nearer home."

The force of verse 17 is this: A stream is always smallest at its source, and gathers strength and volume the further it flows. We who believe are nearest to God. He judges His house now, but if He judges thus those who are near and dear to Him, what will His judgment be for those who are afar off, and whom judgment does not reach until it has gathered the strength of a torrent?

It is well to be clear about judgment. The difference between the unbeliever and christian is this: An unbeliever is judged eternally in the next world. A christian is judged in this, or rather chastened, temporarily.—(Heb. xii.)

It is important for us, my dear children, to observe the force of verse 19, "suffering according to the will of God." Not running into suffering, still less running away from it, but bearing what is in our path. Many a christian suffers most bitterly from his own indiscretion, or even sin. This is not suffering according to the will of God, but suffering chastisement for evil doing. Let us see that the suffering through which we pass is the result of doing God's will, not of doing our own.

### THE TOWER OF BABEL.

FROM Ham, the son of Noah, descended the Canaanites, who were afterwards idolators, and thorns in the sides of the children of Israel. Ham's grandson was Nimrod, who possessed Babel or Babylon, and other cities in the land of Shinar. At this time but one language was spoken on the a rth.

But I must tell you how Babel or Babylon received its name. As Noah's children began to spread abroad on the new earth they came to the plain of Shinar and dwelt there. (Gen. xi. 1.) There, as before the flood, only evil thoughts came out of their hearts, and "Let us make ourselves a name," they said. But God had begun by accepting a sacrifice in the stead of the sinner, and He can accept nothing else. These men wished to exalt themselves and consequently to make little of God; like Cain, they esteemed the work of their own hands very highly. God once had come down to see Adam when he had *clothed himself*, and Adam was so afraid that he had hid from God. Now, for the second time, God comes down to see the work of men's hands. "Let us build a city," they had said. "Let us go down and there confound their language," God must say. So God made the people speak different languages, and thus they soon scattered from each other, and the name of their city was called Confusion, that is, Babel.

Do you hope to reach Heaven by your own doings? To do so is to make much of yourself and little of Christ. You may feel secure, as did the builders of Babel, when they added brick to brick, and saw the tower rising before their eyes; but what if you meet God, and He were to turn all the work to confusion? May you know God's way of salvation, Jesus Christ, and peace, through His sacrifice!

### QUESTIONS.

1. What young man called a pillar after his own name? and what sort of people do such things?—2. What does Babel mean?—3. Give a text speaking of a name under heaven that God has respect to.—4. What shall be the end of Babylon, that great city?—5. After Gen. xi. where is the next mention of something belonging to Babylon?—6. When did people begin to speak different languages?—7. On what other occasion were a company of people scattered abroad with a very different result? H. L. H.

[Answers to be sent to H. L. H. (care of Mr. HOLNESS), 21, Paternoster Row.]

### ANSWERS TO OCTOBER QUESTIONS.

L. 377 days.—2. First, a raven, that remained away, feeding, it may be supposed, on the dead bodies floating on the water; second, a dove, that returned to Noah; third, after seven days the dove that came back with an olive leaf, shewing that trees had appeared; fourth, again, after seven days, the dove, which returned not again.—3. It is a token of a covenant between God and the earth and living creatures that He will no more destroy it with water.—4. By faith. Heb. xi. 7.—5. By fire. 2 Thess. i. 8; 2 Pet. iii. 7.—6. Because "He is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." His "long suffering is salvation." 2 Pet. iii. 9, 15.—7. No, I am not, because I have "known and believed the love that God hath" to me. I can have "boldness in the day of judgment," "because even now as He is" so am I "in this world," so when I see Christ in that day I shall be like Him. 1 John iv. 16, 17; iii. 2.

## WORDS ABOUT JESUS.—No. 6.

WE often hear boys and girls say, as an excuse for wrong-doing, "I was led astray;" but if an angel from heaven were to live for a whole year amongst the most wicked people upon earth do you think that he would be led astray? No, you reply; and why not? Because the angel would not find any pleasure in the wicked ways of sinful people. We do wickedly because there is that within our hearts which takes pleasure in sin.

Satan came to Jesus to try to make Him do evil. Jesus was led by the Spirit into the wilderness, a desolate place, full of wild beasts, and very lonely. Jesus was there forty long days and nights, and had nothing to eat, but the angels ministered to Him. All this time Satan tempted Jesus. Satan tried his utmost to make Jesus do what was wrong, but he could not, for there was nothing in Jesus but holiness. Hence it was only pain to Jesus, as Satan offered Him one wrong thing after another.

There were many stones in the wilderness, and Jesus was hungry; Satan pointed to one, saying, "If Thou be the Son of God, command this stone that it be made bread." He knew that the Son of God could in a moment make the stone bread, for when the people of Israel went through the wilderness, He had rained down bread from heaven for them to eat. And all the many years they lived in the wilderness not one of them ever wanted bread. Satan knew that the Son of God had power to turn the stone into a loaf, and he knew, too, that because He was man, He was hungry, and he hoped to lead Jesus to use His power as the Son of God to satisfy hunger.

But, as we have already seen, the Son of God came to earth to do God's will, and if God pleased to send Him into the wilderness, He would not use His own power, but He would wait until God commanded. Hence Jesus said to the Tempter, "It is written, That man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." We remember how ill the people of Israel behaved when they were in the wilderness, how they grumbled at God, and sometimes at the bread He gave

them to eat, as we read in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, where Moses says to Israel, "The Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments or no. And He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna, which thou knewest not, neither did thy fathers know, that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live."

Satan knows very well what our hearts are, by the kind of answer we give to his temptations, and Jesus shows us that we are to answer Satan by the word of God. Satan said to Jesus "If"—do you think he was ignorant of Him to whom he spoke? This "if" sounds very much like a lie, and Satan is often putting "ifs" into the hearts of men still. "If," says he, "God is love. If God is light?" Do not listen to these "ifs;" too many do so, and are made unhappy for ever.

I knew a boy, who listened to these dreadful ifs of the Tempter, rather than to the sure word of God. Often did his teacher tell him that God is love. Often did he tell him that God is light, and that unless his sins were all forgiven he would go to hell. But the boy listened to the fatal ifs—"If God is love then I might go to heaven, if God is light, then I shall go to hell," till it was too late, and he was taken away in his sins.

I knew another, a christian child, who used to listen to Satan's "ifs," and thus he was kept from peace with God, and no one can have peace with God who puts an "if" before His sure word. "If your heart were not so hard, if you were a better child, then you might think you were one of God's lambs," said the Tempter. But God said, "I will take away the heart of stone;" there is no "if" there; and God said, "Your sins and your iniquities I will remember no more," and there is no "if" there. And when, at length, the child fully listened to God, peace entered the heart. Let us take the word of God as He has said it, for by every word of God do we live.

# FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.

True Stories and Bible Teachings.



*WINTER.*

God knows whether the winter will be severe or not, and He sends food for the birds accordingly. Jesus said, "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap, which neither have storehouse nor barn, and God

feedeth them." They go forth in search of their food each morning, never troubling themselves, because they have no store at home, and when the day is over, they have had enough, for "God feedeth them." You will consider the little birds this winter, for each of which God cares, and sends the crumb or berry, and while you look at them will you not remember the words of Jesus, "How much more are ye better than the fowls?"

The bright red berries shining from the midst of the rich green leaves seem to smile and say, "See God's care for His creatures." There is not even so much as the chirp of a hungry bird unheard by God; and His eye sees the thirsty thrush seeking for its drop of water by the frozen pool! "How much more are ye better than the fowls?" dear children; and all your little comforts and mercies, like the bright holly berries, say, with cheerful voice, "God cares for you."

You will do your little best to help the poor, the cold and hungry, this winter. There is nothing like working with your own heart and hands in helping others. Your busy fingers can do something, I know, and your hearts even more than your hands.

Look out of your window at the pure white snow, the sun is shining upon it, and there is not one dark or dirty speck there. Now, hold up that scarlet berry against the pure white—how different is the scarlet from the white—could any one mistake the one from the other? God says that some persons are like the scarlet, others like the white. Do you think He could fail to know the difference between them? What is it to be white like the pure snow in God's sight? It is to be washed clean by Jesus from every stain of sin. He washes scarlet sins quite away, and makes His people whiter than snow, so bright, so white, that the more the light of His holiness shines upon them the fairer do His people seem. And why does Jesus wash His people thus? Because He loves them; and so they sing "To Him who loves us and washed us from our sins in His own blood."

There was an old man, I knew, who had lived a very great many years, and when he thought of all those years he sighed because of the wicked things he had done during his long life. How shall I meet God? he thought. He knew he could not wash away his sins. He knew he could not make himself white as snow. He knew that his

sins were deeply dyed in him. What was the poor old man to do?

One day a friend bade the old man get down the bible from the shelf by the fireplace, and put on his spectacles, and read for himself this word of God, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Many times before, the old man had read that word, but he could scarcely believe his eyes this time. "All sin"—yes, *all*—all cleansed away by the blood of Jesus, the scarlet now whiter than snow. The old man believed God.

Put the berry in your hand upon the snow—tell me, which are you in God's sight, the scarlet or the white? All who trust in the Lord Jesus Christ are like the pure, white snow, and may you indeed believe in Him who so loved us as to shed His blood upon the cross that our sins might be cleansed away. Then you shall praise God for His love in washing away your sins, while you bless Him for His daily care and for your mercies and comforts.

#### GOD'S CARE.

**A** BLACK woman went out one day with some rubbing-stones to sell. Poor creature! they were all she had. They had cost her thirteen-pence; and she had no money left. She had baked the dust into cakes the evening before, and hoped that some servants would buy them to clean their

hearth. She had eaten no breakfast, and was very hungry, and very cold. Knocking at a door, the servant came. "Do you please to want some rubbing-stone?" said the poor negro woman. "No," said the servant, and shut the door in her face. Yet this old woman felt a great deal of comfort in her heart. How could that be? She knew that God heard her, as she prayed in her heart, "Lord, open door for me." So she knocked at another door. The servant came, and sent her away. Still she thought in her heart, "Me know the Lord will open door." The poor woman knocked and knocked at many a door, but no one would have her rubbing-stones. "Ah," said she to herself, "what will me do? Serbal (servant) will not buy rubbing-stones! but still me know Lord will open door; so me go on knocking." But she could not sell the stones, and thought she must go home. Still she knew God would not let her starve; but could not tell how He would help her. Presently she came near a great house; she was aching with cold, "Me will try once more; Lord will open door," said the poor creature, and knocked, but no one came! "Me must go home," said she, despondingly. At that moment a gentleman came that way, and observing how sad she looked he said to her, "Where do you come from?" Poor Sally thought he was only laughing at her, because she was black; and she answered, "Why can you want to know where I come from?" The gentleman replied, in a kind manner, "Good woman, tell me from what country you come?"

Then the poor creature gladly told him the name of her country.

"What!" replied the gentleman, "do you come from thence? I was once there myself; and when I was a stranger, I was kindly treated. Take this half-crown, poor woman, and come to my house every week; my wife will buy your rubbing-stones."

"Ah!" said poor black Sally, full of joy, "thank you, massa, thank you. Me know Lord open door. Me pray to Him; He hear me; He always provide. He is so good to me! Me love Him always."

*A STRAYED LAMB.*

A LITTLE lamb strayed far away,  
 It left the happy flock,  
 It wandered all the dreary day  
 O'er mountain, waste, and rock—  
 Till, weary, 'mongst the thorns it fell,  
 And there it feebly cried.  
 Poor hapless lamb! I know full well  
 That left there it had died.  
 But lo! a stranger o'er the braes  
 Is wandering all alone;  
 He stops, he listens; "Hark," he says,  
 "I hear a plaintive moan;  
 "What is this sound? Can child be here,  
 Lost on this mountain side?  
 Affliction, oh! I sorely fear,  
 Doth some lost one betide."  
 He hastens o'er the wilderness,  
 Sure guided by the cry,  
 Till bound with thorns, in sore distress,  
 The wanderer meets his eye.  
 He gently bears it on his arm,  
 And softly down it lays,  
 Then seeks to soothe the lamb's alarm;  
 But vain his voice and ways;  
 For knowing not the stranger kind,  
 The lamb is filled with dread;  
 And though against his will inclined,  
 'Twas thus the stranger said:  
 "So leave thee, helpless thing, I must,  
 Since all my care is vain,  
 The Shepherd soon will come, I trust,  
 To soothe thy fear and pain.  
 "The stranger's voice thou knowest not,  
 Ah! from me thou wouldst flee;  
 Poor lamb! This rough and lonely spot,  
 A lesson teaches me."  
 Then as the stranger turn'd again  
 And climb'd the rugged brake,

With thankful heart and joyful strain  
 'Twas thus aloud he spake:

"In yonder lamb myself I see,  
 A wandering one was I,  
 And in my guilt and misery,  
 I feared that I must die.

"Nor die as sheep, and be no more,  
 Such end, thought I, were sweet;  
 The death I feared so dread and sore,  
 With every woe's replete.

"The pow'ful briers, shame and sin,  
 Both tore and held me fast,  
 Alas, wept I, my woes begin  
 Eternally to last.

"Then hasting down my mountain side  
 To where I bleeding lay,  
 A loving Shepherd I espied,  
 Who thus did gently say—

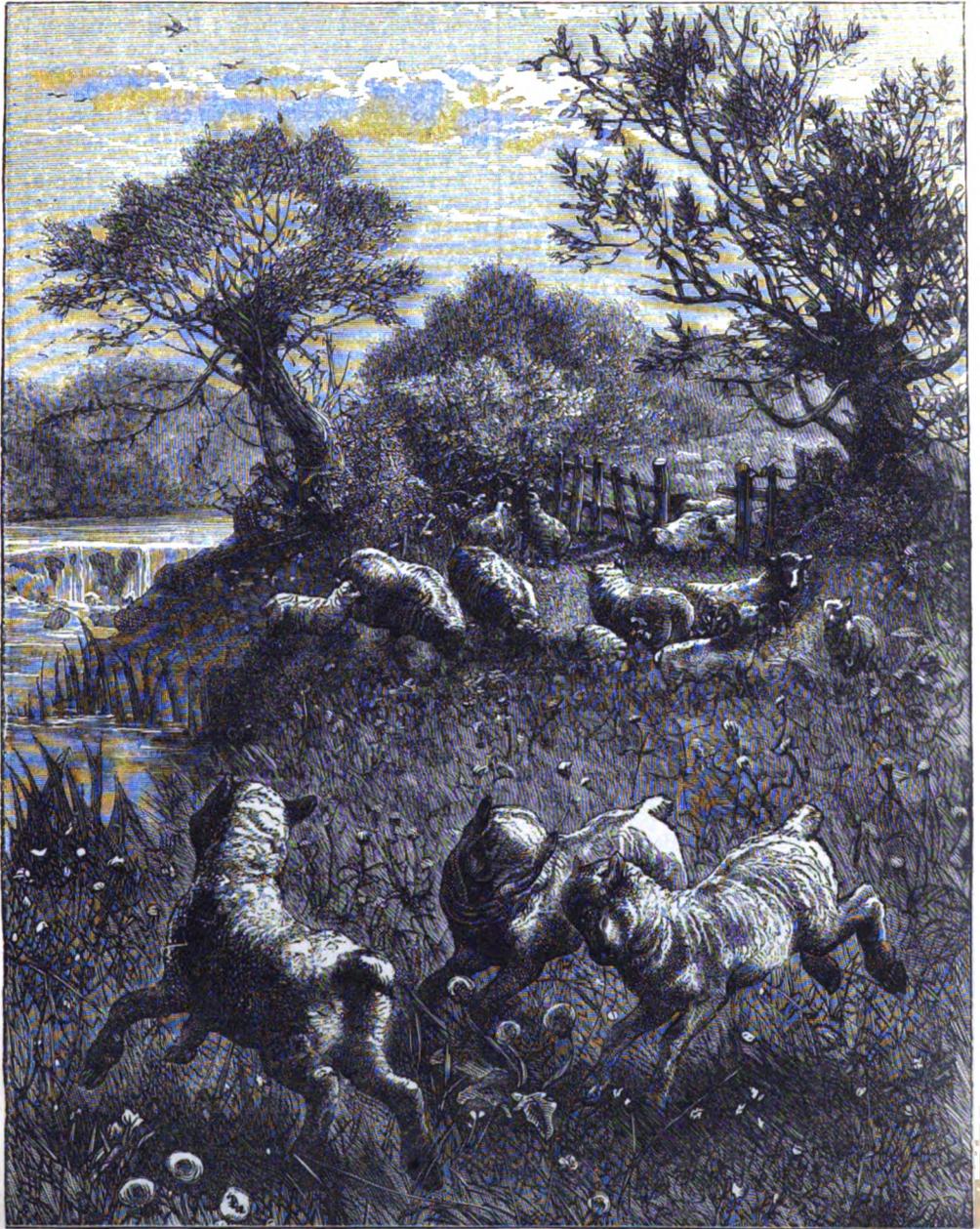
"Poor helpless soul, I come to save,  
 The weak, the lost are Mine,  
 Wilt thou a Mighty Shepherd have,  
 And I be ever thine?"

"He raised me with His arm so strong,  
 My wounds He quickly healed.  
 'Thy Shepherd I, to Me belong,  
 My own thou now art sealed!

"I am thy Shepherd!—lo! My hands,  
 Once nailed upon the tree;  
 I am thy Shepherd!—see the bands  
 That bind thy heart to Me.'

"The bands are love; His love not mine;  
 Healing and strength, the same."  
 Know'st thou this Shepherd? Is He thine?  
 For Jesus is His name.

"No stranger's voice, nor stranger's love,  
 Was Thine, oh! Lord for me,  
 And now Thou bearest me above,  
 And with Thee I shall be."



FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS WITH  
CHILDREN.

X.

THE FIRST EPISTLE OF PETER (Ch. v.)

(Continued from p. 87)

WE will now briefly glance at the last chapter of this interesting letter. Remark, to begin with, the expression "flock of God." Those who teach and feed the children of God are under-shepherds of God's flock, every lamb of which belongs to the Great, Good, and Chief Shepherd. For we see Him in all these three aspects. In John x. 11 Jesus is the Good Shepherd, who died for the flock; in Heb. xiii. 20 He is presented as the Great Shepherd, brought again from the dead, that is, in resurrection; and, lastly, in this chapter (v. 4) He is the Chief Shepherd, who is coming to reward all those who have faithfully watched His interests in caring for His flock during His absence.

The under-shepherds are to be "*examples*" or "*models*" to the flock. You know what a model is, and many of you could tell me the difference between a model of a building and a drawing of one. In the same way, there is a great difference between a mere teacher, however good, and an "example." Those who meet the approval of the Chief Shepherd shall have their reward—"a crown of glory that fadeth not away." The crowns that were thought of so highly when Peter wrote, were leaves of laurel and bay, which faded in a few days. For these crowns, so soon withered, men were content to undergo the severest struggles; but the crown that Jesus gives is indeed a contrast to these perishing ones. It will enrich the brow of the redeemed *for ever*. I pass over several beautiful verses, and notice the 8th, where Satan is brought before us as a roaring lion. I once heard a beautiful remark made in connection with this verse by an Indian. He was in early life a Parsee or fire-worshipper, but was afterwards truly converted to God, and became a missionary amongst his own people. He called my attention to the fact that Satan is presented to us in two characters—as a lion, and as a serpent. Now, travellers in the East often have to encounter these dangerous enemies, especially at night, and they find their only protection to consist in completely encircling themselves with a wall of fire, through which the serpent cannot glide, and over which the lion dare not leap. If we turn now to Psalm xvi. 8, we find the Lord

before us, and, in the same verse, He is at our right hand, and in Zech. ii. 5 He is represented as a wall of fire round about; also in Psalm xxxiv. 7, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him." We thus see that the Lord surrounds us on every side, and is our sure protection against Satan, whether as the wily serpent or the furious lion.

In verse 10, the suffering "a while" is in contrast with the eternal joy of God's people, and remember that there will be an end to the trials of every one of God's people, and that their trials are sent by the God of all grace for their blessing and profit. We now reach the last clause of the letter, "This is the true grace of God in which ye stand." In Rom. v. 1 and 2, we find the Christian's position spoken of first, "Therefore, being justified by faith we have peace with God." That is, we look back to what Christ did for us, and faith brings perfect peace to our souls as to all our sins. Next we read, "We have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand." That is, the heart enjoys and enters into the present favour and love of God. The third is, "And rejoice in hope of the glory of God." This is the look-forward hope, reaching out to those things that are before and letting the light of the coming glory in upon the soul. Our verse seems to refer to the second of these three positions, and by practically carrying out the exhortations of our epistle those who can say that they have peace with God, will immediately enter into and enjoy the present favour of the grace in which they stand.

The letter concludes with peace to all who are "in Christ Jesus." I trust, my dear child, this includes you who read these pages. If you are in Christ my desire for you is, that Christ may be found in your heart, that His name may be more clearly written on your life.

We must now part, after having travelled hand-in-hand through this beautiful letter. But I cannot leave you without a prayer that this epistle may be really blessed to your soul and be used in conforming you to the likeness of Christ, so that you may grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord. If these few conversations be blessed by the Lord to this end, to Him be all the praise and honour and glory. Amen.

A. T. S.

EVEN a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right.

Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from sin? (Prov. xx. 11, 9.)

**THE DAY OF PENTECOST.**

Acts ii.

**B**EFORE we go on to the history of Abraham, let us consider a scene in wonderful contrast to that last looked at. More than 2000 years after the tower of Babel was built, there might have been seen a company of about 120 persons gathered together in one place in the city of Jerusalem. Why were they there? God had told them to tarry at Jerusalem. And what were they doing? Waiting, because the Lord Jesus had told them to do so—"waiting for the promise of the Father," which was the Holy Ghost (Acts i. 4, 5).

At the tower of Babel, God came down to confound the works of men, and here God the Holy Ghost comes down as the witness that the Jesus whom men had crucified, was at God's right hand in glory. And He gives gifts to men, so that the language which these poor, uneducated disciples were ignorant of they now speak, and to the crowds of Jews from divers places who assembled, they told each in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God. To the multitude Peter preaches, not of man who likes to make himself a name, but of that One now exalted, dear to God and cast out from the world, who had sent down the promise of the Father to convince them of sin. Repent, says Peter to them; be baptized for the remission of your sins, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost. All may come—Jews, Gentiles who were afar off; all whom the Lord should call. Here was a meeting-place! That same Jesus whom they had crucified was *Lord* and *Christ*—a true Centre; and instead of a scattering of nations consequent on their sins, there should be a gathering unto Him because of His having borne the sins of many, for "there is *none other name* under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." From this centre at Jerusalem spreads the gospel. God the Holy Ghost had come down to be the power for testimony, and God can give in free grace to man far more than sin and his own will had deprived him of.

1. In how many languages did the Jews who came together, hear the disciples speak, on the day of Pentecost?
2. Where were those Jews living?
3. How many were added to the disciples on that day?
4. Where is the first promise of the Holy Ghost in John's gospel?

5. How many names are given to the Holy Ghost in the gospel by John?

6. Why is the Holy Ghost down here?

H. L. H.

*ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER QUESTIONS.*

1. Absalom. 2 Sam. xviii. 18. The fool and the brutish. Ps. xlix. 10, 11.
2. Confusion.
3. Acts iv. 12.
4. Rev. xviii. 2, 8. It shall be utterly burned with fire.
5. Josh. vii. 21.
6. After the Tower of Babel.
7. Acts viii. 1, 4. The disciples were scattered abroad at the time that Saul was persecuting the Church, and they went everywhere preaching.

NOTE.—We shall decide by the middle of next month whose answers are the best, and then shall, with pleasure, fulfil our promise of sending a book to those children who have been most painstaking and regular in their replies.

We could wish that there were more than twenty of you to whom we could send books; but there has not been that regularity in answering our questions which we *wish*. Some of our young friends have plodded on month by month; their letters prove the pains they take, and they shall hear from us, please God, in January.

With the new year we trust you will make a fresh start, and month by month send in your answers, carefully written, to H. L. H., care of MR. HOLNESS, 21, Paternoster Row.

*A BIBLE PICTURE.*

**METHINKS** I see an aged man standing alone on a rocky mountain-top. Though full of years, there is a vigour of frame, a brightness of eye, and a strength of youth about him that has never since been seen in one of his age. Behind him stretches a waste of sand and rock; before him lies a well-watered country—a very garden for beauty, dotted here and there with strongly-walled cities. He gazes afar with longing and yet satisfied eyes, as of one who has beheld far greater sights than these. Who is this man?

## SUNDAY SCHOOL PAGE.

## KINDNESS.

THE twelve months of 1873 have nearly rolled round; and as this is our last chat this year, we will speak together about that pleasant word—Kindness.

Now, is it not a beautiful word, and of a charming sound? Kindness is the child of Love, and is ever at her side with a sweet smile and a basket full of things to make others happy. If Kindness is not in the house, Love is absent; and when Love is away from home, home is a dreary place. Have you seen the little basket that Kindness carries? Let us look inside it. See those Thoughtful Ways. They are very small, and cannot be seen afar off, but a few of them taken out of that basket daily are sweet indeed. Look at these Helps for Others. I never new anyone not like one of them, unless it were a very surly person, or Mr. Cross. These are Cheerful Words, bright and clear as jewels; and these, Unselfish Actions—oh! how they shine and sparkle. Now, I will give you a basket each, but you must fill it with Thoughtful Ways, Helps for Others, Cheerful Words, and Unselfish Actions, as you trip beside quick-footed Love.

God's kindness to us is spoken of in His word many times. He is kind to the unthankful and the evil, He sends His rain and sunshine to those who love Him not. But His great kindness toward us was the gift of His own dear Son. He loved and He gave. Alas, that amongst you, dear children, there should be some who have never thanked God for the gift of Jesus. You take God's gifts of health and food, and you bless Him for these things, while for the gift of Jesus to die in our stead, you have never said from your hearts, "Oh! God, I do bless and thank Thee." I am only speaking now of some; there are, I know, many of you, dear young friends, who, from your hearts, often say, "Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift."

By and bye God will "shew the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us, through Christ Jesus," for He will bring all who thank Him for His love, to His own home on high, where His delight will be to make every one of His children perfectly happy. He will then bring out joy upon joy from the exceeding riches of His treasure-house of Kindness.

I said Kindness had always a sweet smile upon his face, Selfishness, who only seeks to please himself, has no such happy look. I never saw

him pleasant yet, and know that the word of God has nothing to say in his favour. Selfishness is altogether unlike God; read all the life of Jesus and you will not find one act or one word which was to please Himself. He lived for God and for men, and He died upon the cross for His enemies.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ has forgiven you," is the word to God's people, for we, who call God, Father, are to seek to be like His Son; and thus to be "followers of God, as dear children."

May you all know God's love and kindness. Would that each of you called God, Father, from the very bottom of your hearts. May His kindness in giving His own dear Son, the Lord Jesus, to die for such as we, by the grace of His Spirit, lead your young hearts to Himself. Let us once more in a few words, and for the last time to you this year, tell you the way of salvation. God so loved you that He gave His Son to die for sinners; His kindness led Him to do this. The death of Jesus has answered for the sins of all who trust in Him. There is nothing more to be done now, for Jesus said "It is finished;" the way of salvation is made. What then have you to do? How may your sins be forgiven? How may you know that you are saved for ever? You have to believe in what God has done; to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and your sins are forgiven, and you are saved freely, and for ever. Freely—this is God's word. His gift of salvation to us is "without money, without price," and faith believes God's love and kindness. God says, "Whosoever will let him take the water of life freely." And the good God who thus gives to us so freely, loves to see in them He has made rich the spirit of unselfishness and kindness, for "God loveth a cheerful giver." May you have faith in God, young as you are, then you shall be God's dear children, each and all of you.

And now for 1873, I must bid you all farewell; maybe, we shall have more chats together, in another volume, if God spare us; but, for the present, to God's care and keeping each one of you.

*Those who have the everlasting welfare of children at heart, and are in possession of stories or papers calculated to be useful to them, are invited to contribute to the pages of FAITHFUL WORDS FOR THE YOUNG.*

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